

'Art & Craft' Explores How One Forger Duped More Than 45 Museums

- Robert Wittman, founder of the FBI's Art Crime Team
September 27, 2014

npr.org



A new documentary called *Art & Craft* tells the story of notorious art forger Mark Landis (above) and the museum registrar who spent more than three years hunting him down. Landis duped more than 45 museums with his copies.

Sam Cullman/Courtesy of Oscilloscope Laboratories

For nearly 30 years, art forger Mark Landis duped dozens of museums into accepting fakes into their collections. His stunts made headlines around the world. But Mark Landis never asked for money so he never went to jail. Now his

A new documentary called *Art & Craft* tells the story of notorious art forger Mark Landis (above) and the museum registrar who spent more than three years hunting him down. Landis duped more than 45 museums with his copies.

paintings and drawings are in a touring exhibition called *Intent to Deceive*, and he's the subject of a new documentary called *Art & Craft*.

Landis is a paradox. He's a shut-in who craves interaction. His house in Laurel, Miss., is extremely cluttered, but his scams are well-organized. In *Art & Craft*, we also learn that Landis is a huge fan of old movies and TV shows.



Sam Cullman/Courtesy of Oscilloscope Laboratories
hide caption i toggle caption i toggle caption Sam Cullman/Courtesy of Oscilloscope Laboratories Landis works on a "Picasso" at his home. His materials — including magic markers and frames from Wal-Mart — are not those of a "proper" forger, says filmmaker Sam Cullman. Sam Cullman/Courtesy of Oscilloscope Laboratories

Landis works on a "Picasso" at his home. His materials — including magic markers and frames from Wal-Mart — are not those of a "proper" forger, says filmmaker Sam Cullman.

"Mark has seen almost everything up to a point, maybe the 1970s," says *Art & Craft* producer and director Jennifer Grausman. "He remembers not only names and titles and actors but lines from all of these movies which do make their way into his vernacular."

In the film, Landis quotes from, among other old gems, *Outer Limits* ("Those who have nothing to hide have nothing to fear") and talks about how he

and his late father "lived by the code of *The Saint*," as in the Roger Moore character Simon

Templar from the 1960s TV show.

Landis is a wisp of a man. He's thin, pale and bald and looks a little like Truman Capote. He admits he has always had a mischievous streak. The filmmakers tag along as he performs some of his stunts. When contacting museums, he would often use aliases and dress like a Jesuit priest. With his odd demeanor and near encyclopedic knowledge of art history, Landis could easily come across as an eccentric art collector, says Sam Cullman, co-director of *Art & Craft*.

"Mark is one of those people that are so unusual that you kind of don't know what to make of when you meet him," says Cullman.



Sam Cullman/Courtesy of Oscilloscope Laboratories
hide caption i toggle caption i toggle caption Sam
Cullman/Courtesy of Oscilloscope Laboratories Landis
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Above, Landis heads in to one of his "philanthropic"
visits. Sam Cullman/Courtesy of Oscilloscope
Laboratories

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His skills with a pencil or paintbrush are undeniable. Often using a magnifying glass, Landis studies a print of an original work and, with meticulous attention to detail, copies exactly what he sees: religious icons, impressionist or modern works. His re-creations in the style of old masters are astonishing — and so are his tools.

They include "magic markers and pens and Wal-Mart frames ... raw materials that proper forgers

might not use," says Cullman.

More than 45 museums could not tell the difference between Landis' copies and original works, from his sketches of academic nudes to his Charles Schulz characters from *Peanuts*. Not only were his fakes convincing, but he also knew exactly what to say when he met with museums. As one museum director explains in the documentary, Landis would imply he had more paintings he might donate "and possible endowments from the family's estate." The museum director admits: "He knew right where to hit us. Our soft spot: art and money."

Since Landis was donating his copies to museums, he wasn't doing anything illegal. *Art & Craft* includes an interview with Robert Wittman, who founded the FBI's Art Crime Team.

"It wasn't like Landis went in and said, 'Here, I want to give you this fabulous painting by Picasso and you need to pay me \$100,000 for the painting.' ... That would be a crime. That's a fraud. But the fact is he gave it to the museum for free.

"It wasn't like Landis went in and said, 'Here, I want to give you this fabulous painting by

Picasso and you need to pay me \$100,000 for the painting,'" Wittman explains. " ... That would be a crime. That's a fraud. But the fact is he gave it to the museum for free."

In fact, Landis considers himself a "philanthropist." But after nearly 30 years of giving his fakes to museums, he finally got caught.

You might call Matt Leininger the story's Sherlock Holmes. He was the registrar at the Oklahoma City Museum in 2007 when Landis offered to donate works of art there. Leininger did his due diligence and found out that other museums had some of the same works. "I mean, these are no small potatoes," Leininger says in the film. One Landis version of an Alfred Jacob Miller painting made it into "six or seven museums."

Leininger spent a few years doggedly tracking down which museums Landis had fooled and tried to spread the word. Leininger admits that he became "obsessed" with stopping Landis. For the documentary filmmakers, that gave the story some great tension, says Cullman.



Sam Cullman/Courtesy of Oscilloscope Laboratories
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Sam Cullman/Courtesy of Oscilloscope Laboratories
Landis was diagnosed with schizophrenia at age 17. Art fraud investigator Colette Loll believes making fakes was the way he managed his mental illness. Sam Cullman/Courtesy of Oscilloscope Laboratories

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"The setup as we were introduced to the story was these people were on opposing sides," says Cullman. "Mark was the villain. Matt was the guy trying to bring justice to the world. And I think over time we learned that, while they may have opposing roles, they shared an obsession."

Cullman believes it was an obsession not only for art and forgeries, but also for finding a "place for themselves in the world." In the documentary, when the two finally meet, Landis asks Leininger, "Did I get the colors right?"

Landis was diagnosed with schizophrenia when he was 17. Among famous art forgers, he's in a class by himself, says Colette Loll, an art fraud investigator. She's organized a touring exhibition of works by five notorious forgers, including Landis. Although what he was doing was wrong, Loll believes the process helped him manage his mental illness by giving him a sense of purpose, and by "feeding his desire for acceptance and friendship and camaraderie and simply to be liked and respected."

Earlier this month, Loll, the filmmakers and Landis attended a screening of *Art & Craft* at a conference for mental health professionals and families affected by mental illness. When it was over, Landis received a standing ovation. "To them Mark was a symbol of hope and wellness and productivity," says Loll.

As Landis puts it in the film, for him, "Copying is reassuring." So was the attention he got from museums when they thought he was a philanthropist. The real Landis is living on disability. To keep him busy and prevent him from trying to dupe more museums, Loll and the *Art & Craft* filmmakers have set up a website where people can commission him to make portraits from photographs.

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Video: 'Gnome' Startles Toddler's Family in Argentina - Cryptozoology News

cryptozoologynews.com

By Cryptozoology News September 14th, 2014

ARGENTINA — The video of a toddler playing on a hallway's floor created bouts of controversy among South American internet users when a gnome-looking creature made sudden appearance behind the child.

Santa Fe resident Silvia says she was videotaping her son when the little being came out of the kitchen and stormed toward the backyard.

The video, sent to an Argentinian YouTube channel last April, is about one minute long and it shows a sprinting skinny humanoid with a gray skin.

"We received this video taken with a cell phone in 2011," they said. "They kept the secret for years, but they finally decided to share it with the world for as long as we keep them anonymous."

According to Silvia, the "creature" produced an intense foul odor and an electromagnetic interference that can be seen on the film.

"This family has always noticed a strange behavior in the toddler, playing and talking to himself around the house at nap time," they explain. "In January 2011, the child was playing in the hallway when she noticed he was a little nervous, so she wanted to videotape the behavior," they continued.

Reportedly, the woman first thought that the fast moving silhouette was just a mouse. It was later on that she panicked when she noticed its "odd body structure".

But the strangeness, they said, didn't end up with the video; the child purportedly kept playing with these "entities" for three years.

"They don't appear to be hostile, but the stench is unbearable and they emit a bloodcurdling scream at night."

And while the video is certainly interesting to watch, some believe it is clearly a hoax.

"The shadow of the creature is a single, strong, distinct shadow that remains clear and distinct even as the shadow comes close to the table leg, which has no discernible shadow at all. Plus, it looks like CG motion, not natural motion: Small, light creatures don't move like that – its just the physics of the situation (mass/weight increases with the cube of the height). It's running with the gate of a full-sized human," a coherent James Nelson writes after watching the rediscovered footage.

Back in August, book writer Keith Sniadach shared pictures of a similar creature taken while staying at his summer cabin in the mountains of western Pennsylvania.



*"Gnome"
sprints toward
the backyard
door as
Benjamin the
toddler plays
on the floor*

Leprechauns and gnomes are little mischievous entities present in folklore legends in many countries around the world. In 1989, a dead creature believed to be a gnome was found in Spain. It was later determined by doctors and investigators that the "Gnomo of Girone" tissue belonged to an unknown animal never seen before. Others, like researcher Pedro Palao, explained that the strange creature could be the fetus of a ruminant and dubbed it a hoax.

By Cryptozoology News September 8th, 2014

A Florida woman says that little blue lights invisible to the naked eye have taken over her house. The lights are visible through the lens of a camera.

The woman, who opted not to reveal her identity, captured footage showing the moment when round little lights the size of a pea, mostly of blue color, fly freely across her living room in an insect-like pattern.

She first saw them on a photo she had taken of someone in her home, but she thought it was just a reflection. So she moved the camera around and that's when she realized the house was full of them.

And while at first sight the phenomenon appears to be just dust particles, John Bomhoff, who has been a videographer and editor for over 30 years, says he has never seen anything like this.

"An old friend of mine that I will call Sally came to my studio. She prefers not to reveal herself right now because she doesn't want any personal attention brought to her or to her home," Bomhoff said. "She just wants an explanation of what is starting to appear on her cell phone. She came to me thinking there was a logical explanation, like something involving cell phone pixel charges or lenses reflection or something like that," he continued.

Reportedly, Sally had used a different cell phone and she kept getting the same results.

"The tiny blue dots of light appear randomly, and they are always moving quickly, I call them Blue Picketts," the videographer explained.

At first, he says, he thought the lights were just some sort of bioluminescent insect, but he quickly dismissed that theory when Sally mentioned that they were invisible to the naked eye.

"I began to analyze the footage. A few things were obvious from the start," he explains. "They are not reflections of anything, they move in directions totally unrelated to the camera movement, and they move just as much when the camera is still. They move much faster than the camera is moving, and although many seem to be straight lines, they are not all in straight lines."

The lights also taken random turns and don't seem to be afraid of the camera.

"That's a more disturbing fact, they either move across the screen or at angles toward the camera."

He figured that maybe "only the front half of this organism or particle glows".



One of the lights is studied by Bomhoff as he finds out more about its body mass

"How could I prove that? One way would be if one of them turned away from the camera in mid-travel. I just needed one that seemed to go dark in mid-travel. I looked, nope. There were no obvious cases of the particles suddenly going dark," he explains. "It appears that they glow over, travel fast in straight lines, with occasional sudden turns and never away from the camera."

But what if, Bomhoff theorizes, the camera wasn't what the lights are attracted to? What if the attraction was actually Sally, the homeowner?

"What are the picketts themselves? Animal, vegetal or mineral? I moved in as close as my software would take me, which was 600%, and this is what emerged: the Samsung camera, like most cameras, shoots at approximately 30 frames per second. Most of the images are very spherical, except when they are moving very fast. This photographic trait is called motion blur."

He found out that something was also moving inside the lights. Something, he says, more substantial and capable of encapsulating the seemingly gas-like shell of these organisms.

"These things have mass, it's probably a tiny amount, but they are real. If you look at this frame in the middle of the turn...in the outside of the turn there is a clear rounded mass. It's almost like centrifugal forces throwing it against the side."

So Bomhoff decided to bring in his professional equipment. But the lights were not there anymore.

"I definitely do not doubt their existence. I saw the footage. But it was much warmer and drier," he said.

He believes that the lack of "Blue Picketts" is some "sort of very small flying insect that disappears with warm dry weather".

"I have no theories as to why they only show up on Sally's phone. We will try again in the Fall."

Bomhoff is asking for help trying to identify these "mysterious" blue lights.

In 1994, a similar phenomenon was discovered by Jose Escamilla while trying to film a UFO in Roswell, New Mexico.

The "air rods", as researchers later referred to the oddity, are highly controversial as many believe there is proof that they are just flying insects traveling at high speed creating an optical effect.

'Vampire' unearthed in Venice plague grave

By: Daniel Flynn, Reuters August 15, 2014 2:23 AM

interaksyon.com



An undated photo from the University of Florence shows the remains of a female "vampire" from 16th-century Venice. REUTERS/Handout

InterAksyon.com

The online news portal of TV5

ROME - Italian researchers believe they have found the remains of a female "vampire" in Venice, buried with a brick jammed between her jaws to prevent her feeding on victims of a plague which swept the city in the 16th century.

Matteo Borrini, an anthropologist from the University of Florence, said the discovery on the small island of Lazzaretto Nuovo in the

Venice lagoon supported the medieval belief that vampires were behind the spread of plagues like the Black Death.

"This is the first time that archaeology has succeeded in reconstructing the ritual of exorcism of a vampire," Borrini told Reuters by telephone. "This helps ... authenticate how the myth of vampires was born."

The skeleton was unearthed in a mass grave from the Venetian plague of 1576 -- in which the artist Titian died -- on Lazzaretto Nuovo, which lies around three km (2 miles) northeast of Venice and was used as a sanitorium for plague sufferers.

The succession of plagues which ravaged Europe between 1300 and 1700 fostered the belief in vampires, mainly because the decomposition of corpses was not well understood, Borrini said.

Gravediggers reopening mass graves would sometimes come across bodies bloated by gas, with hair still growing, and blood seeping from their mouths and believe them to be still alive.

The shrouds used to cover the faces of the dead were often decayed by bacteria in the mouth, revealing the corpse's teeth, and vampires became known as "shroud-eaters."

According to medieval medical and religious texts, the "undead" were believed to spread pestilence in order to suck the remaining life from corpses until they acquired the strength to return to the streets again.

"To kill the vampire you had to remove the shroud from its mouth, which was its food like the milk of a child, and put something uneatable in there," said Borrini. "It's possible that other corpses have been found with bricks in their mouths, but this is the first time the ritual has been recognized."

While legends about blood-drinking ghouls date back thousands of years, the modern figure of the vampire was encapsulated in the Irish author Bram Stoker's 1897 novel "Dracula," based on 18th century eastern European folktales.

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WISCONSIN Green Bay: The remains of a World War II soldier have returned home for burial nearly 70 years after his death. Army Air Force Staff Sgt. David Kittredge's B-26 bomber was shot down in April 1945.

Agoura - 101 Freeway Near Las Virgines Road -

Young man killed by drunk driver on that road. Driver was convicted and committed suicide. Accident appears to recreate itself, most strongly on the anniversary of the accident. CHP has had reports of accidents at that area, caused by people swerving to miss the white car, although later investigations show that the white car was never there.

Arcadia - First Avenue Middle School -

The school used to have a pool, but someone drowned in it and they covered it over. Teachers said they've heard footsteps at night through the halls, even after they've set the alarm, and if anyone was in the halls the alarm would go off. Loud banging on the lockers and girl's locker room doors have also been heard, and water goes on and off by itself, the toilets also flush by themselves. Lockers with locks on them are closed one minute and open the next even when there's no one else in the room. Some students have seen a figure of a little boy wondering through the halls late at night with a "green glow" to him.

INDIANA Clarksville: Representatives from the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers have secured \$50,000 to curate more than 6,000 artifacts that were discovered when floodwaters damaged Emery Crossing Road and washed away a portion of the original site of the town of Clarksville.

IOWA **Newton:** An Iowa school district has overhauled its safety policies after a man accused of enticing a minor while posing as an actor from the *Twilight* movie series was allowed to meet with students. KCCI-TV reported the Newton Community School District board voted Monday on the changes.

The 3,000-mile drunken escapade

By Magazine Monitor A collection of cultural artefacts 25 April 2014 Last updated at 20:20 ET

<http://www.bbc.com/news/blogs-magazine-monitor-27161833>

Binge drinking is in decline, according to new research. It was recognised as a problem in Victorian times, as is demonstrated by the 1878 case of a man who drank himself all the way from London to Ohio without noticing, writes Jeremy Clay.

With his skull pounding, John Wren lay in bed, grieving for his poor, dead brain cells.

He peered around the unfamiliar room, searching for clues to his surroundings. Nothing.

Happily, someone appeared who could help. Wren promptly asked her for a whisky. When refused, he was moved to ask where he was.

Hospital, said the nurse. He guessed the name of one in London, the city he'd been in before alcohol wiped his memory. No, not London, she told him - Cleveland, Ohio.

"Good heavens!" he cried out. "Have I crossed the Atlantic drunk?"

Wren's rather sordid story began seven weeks earlier, at the tail end of 1878, when the teetotaler had been enjoying the convivial company of friends in England.

They persuaded him to have a drink. He declined. They tried again. He accepted. One thing led to another. And another. And another besides.

Wren travelled more than 3,000 miles without noticing. Christmas and New Year passed by in a boozy blur. In the press, they called it "one of the most extraordinary drunken frolics on record".

"Drunk for seven weeks" was the headline in the Edinburgh Evening News. "The voyage of an inebriate", said the Staffordshire Sentinel. "One way to escape sea sickness", offered the Dundee Courier.

"The discomfort attending a long sea voyage has been successfully avoided by an Englishman named Wren, who crossed the Atlantic the other day in a state of drunkenness so complete that he was unconscious of the fact that he had left Liverpool until some time after his arrival in America," the reports began.

"So hopeless was his state of intoxication that he was taken to the hospital where he remained for three weeks under medical treatment."

So how and why did a night out in London end up seven weeks later in Cleveland? The answer depends on which papers you read.

According to the British press, he'd sobered up to find he'd emigrated, after his friends put him on a ship with a through ticket to Cleveland.

The American newspapers, more plausibly, said Wren already lived in Ohio, and had been visiting his son in London.

Thus the case was framed in terms of the unerring homing instinct of a drunk.

ILLINOIS North Chicago: The makers of Jelly Belly candy say they're reducing their workforce at the company's North Chicago factory and will no longer make jelly beans there.

NEW MEXICO Albuquerque:

Lucky Crowder, charged with shoplifting cookies last month, sits in jail at around \$80 a day because no one will pay his \$5 bond fee, KOAT-TV reported.

ILLINOIS Chi-
cago: The Field
Museum will
open a new

permanent exhibition on China
next June. Museum officials say
the Cyrus Tang Hall of China
exhibition covers thousands of
years of China's history, from the
Paleolithic era to the present.

Victorville - 7th Street -

Women Dressed in 1800's style clothing stares down the street.

9 of the Most Fascinating Abandoned Mansions from Around the World

8/26/14 12:47pm

io9.com

9 of the Most Fascinating Abandoned Mansions from Around the World

14

Vincze Miklós

Filed to: modern ruins 4/06/13 4:00pm



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2 3 4 5 ...31

There's something particularly spectacular about witnessing the decay of a once-grand building. Lavish trappings fall into disrepair, once proud halls play host to insects and dust, and elegantly constructed architecture is

exposed to time and the elements. Here are nine crumbling mansions that are fascinating to look at and come with some intriguing backstories.

Pidhirtsi Castle, Pidhirtsi, Ukraine



This castle, built between 1635 and 1640, was once richly furnished, but during World War I, Russian soldiers destroyed the lavish interior. Later, the castle belonged to prince Roman Sanguszko, who removed some of its valuable furnishings in 1939 and took them to Brazil. After WWII, the Soviets reopened it as a Tuberculosis sanitarium, but in 1956 the old castle

caught fire and burned for three weeks, destroying the last of its interior beauty. The Lviv Gallery of Arts is trying to restore the building, but at present, there aren't any visible changes.

(via Shutterstock/seregalsv and Explore Ukraine)

Château Miranda or Château de Noisy, Celles, Belgium



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Château Miranda was built in 1866 by an English architect for the Liedekerke-Beaufort family. The family lived there until World War II, when it was taken over by the National Railway Company of Belgium. It's empty since 1991, in part because the family refuses to turn it over to the municipality of Celles.



(via Jonathan Aubry/Flickr, Pom2/Flickr 1 - 2 and Paul-Henri S/Flickr)

Halcyon Hall, Bennett College, Millbrook, New York

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Halcyon Hall was originally built as a luxury hotel in 1890, but closed in 1901. However, the hall enjoyed a second life when, a few years later, the Bennett School for Girls moved in, making the building home and school to students from prominent families. However, with the rise of coeducational schooling, the Bennett failed to thrive, going bankrupt and shuttering its doors in 1978.

(via Joseph A/Flickr)



Kasteel van Mesen, Lede, Belgium

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The almost 500-year-old (built in 1628) building has functioned as a castle, a gin distillery, a tobacco factory, and, after World War I, a boarding school for girls financed by the Belgian aristocracy. In 1971, after French education was banned in Flemish regions, the school

ceased activities and the building was abandoned. It was demolished in 2010.

(via Niek Beck - Flickr and Forbidden Places)

Lillesden Estate Mansion, later The Lillesden (or Bedgebury) School for Girls, UK



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This mansion was built between 1853 and 1855 by a banker named Edward Lloyd. After World War I, the house was sold and became a public school for girls. It closed in 1999, and the building has been abandoned since then.

(via Ghost Of, 28dayslater and nellyurbex)

Bannerman Castle, Bannerman Island, New York

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A Scottish immigrant, Francis Bannerman purchased the island in 1900 and built a castle to advertise his military surplus business. Two years after Bannerman's death in 1918, 200 tons of ammunition shells and powder exploded, destroying a small part of the structure. Then in 1969, a fire destroyed the floors and roofs as well. The island is vacant, uninhabited since 1950, after the only ferryboat that serviced the island sank in a storm. In 2009, one-third of the remaining structure collapsed.

(via dapawprint/Flickr)



**Muromtzevo
Mansion, Russia**

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Russian architect P.S. Boitzov built many French-style medieval castle in the 19th

century—but Muromtzevo Mansion is by far the most spectacular of them.

(via
RussiaTrek,
Dark Roasted
Blend and qip)

**Prince Said
Halim's**



**Palace or (wrongly known as)
Champollion House, Cairo, Egypt**

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This residence was designed by Antonio Lasciac in 1899. Later, it was converted to one of the best secondary schools for boys (Al-Nassiriyah) in the country.

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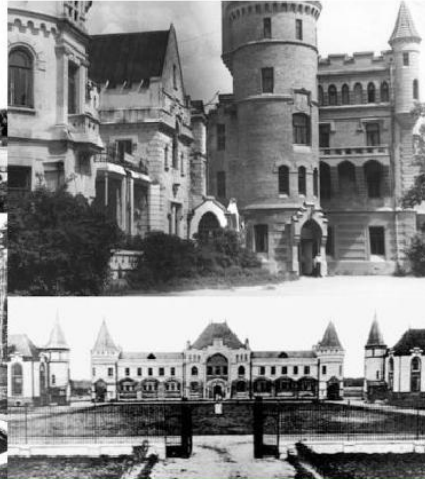


It has been empty since 2004.

(via *uesuperfunhappytime*)

Pokrovskoye-Streshnevo Mansion, Moscow, Russia

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[\(via English Russia\)](#)

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Vincze Miklós's Discussions

All replies

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CLVincze
Miklós
8/26/14
12:47pm

Does the



government own all of these properties? This may be a dumb question considering how historic these places are, but can they ever sell them and turn them into hotels or mansions? Taking into consideration of course the stability of the foundations and the cost it would take to replace and install many things. It would be really freaking cool to be in a hotel that looks like that! And another dumb question, how much would these places be worth, would their value be higher or lower because of how old they are?

You know, it costs too much to turn these marvels into hotels or mansions – but there are



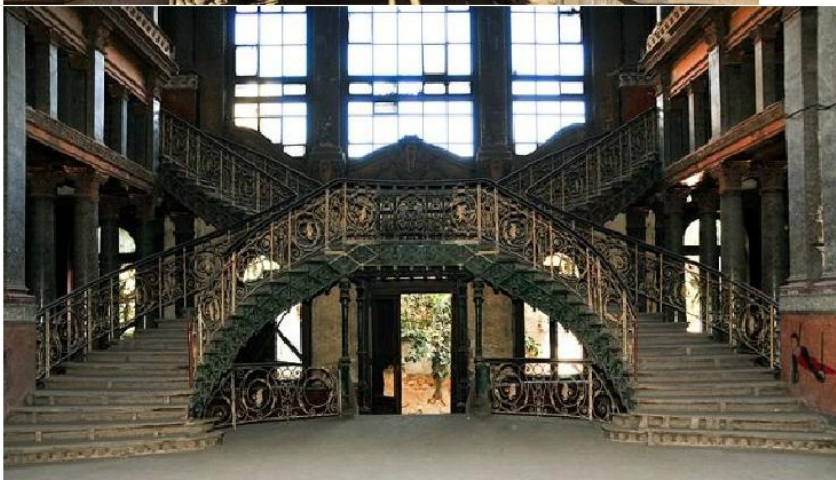
some fantastic people who are purchasing these buildings and working on the restoration.

My favourite story is about a 18th century French mansion named Chateau de Gudanes: it was purchased by an Australian family (Craig and Karina Waters) in 2013, and they're working on the restoration since then.

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Here is their official page:
<http://www.chateaudegudanes.org/>
 and Facebook account with some photos:



<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Chateau-...>

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And the most amazing Instagram feed I've ever seen: <http://instagram.com/chateaugudanes>

"How much would these places be worth, would their value be higher or lower because of how old they are?"



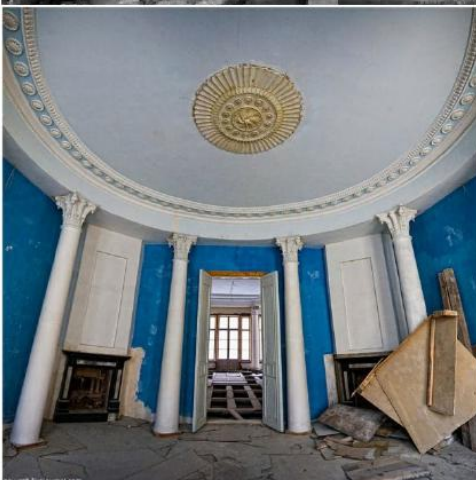
It depends on their state and their location. A crumbling mansion may worth more in the Loire Valley, France than a quite inhabitable in Central Ukraine.

Nathan SkresletVincze Miklós
4/08/13 11:59am

I'm surprised this one didn't make the list. It's the Baron Palace in new Heliopolis, Cairo, Egypt. Very odd architecture, fascinating history and reputed to be very haunted:



Profile
Michael

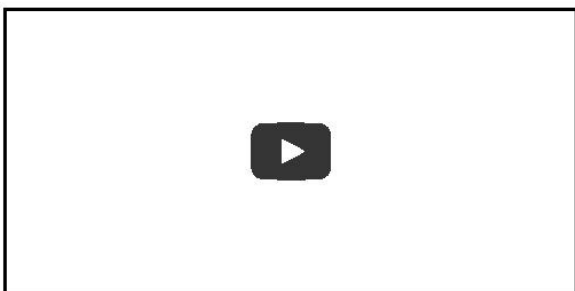


cl22



MunroVincze Miklós
4/06/13 5:15pm

The Hegeler Carus Mansion in Lasalle, IL is my personal favorite. In the 1880s, the original owner made a fortune on the zinc industry and then set up a family business publishing books intended to introduce the American public to the works of the world's great philosophers. The mansion was also the place where Zen Buddhism was introduced to the Western world.



It is a 33 room Arts and Crafts Manor originally built for one Colonel Harold Bickford in 1914 but the really interesting part of its history is when it was purchased by Rosa Breithaupt Hewetson in 1932. Hewetson went on to marry Herbert Spencer Clark, and the two of the first converted part of the house into a museum, and then went on to create The Guild of All Arts in the late 1930's. They created housing and studios for artists on the property and began collecting architectural elements from demolished buildings, which they set up around the gardens.

During the Second World War, the house was leased by the Crown, and became a base for the Women's Royal Naval Service. After the war it became a hospital for the treatment of shellshock until 1947. When the Clarks regained control of the property they turned it back into an Artist colony, and continued to amass architectural elements from a variety of

demolished buildings, so now there are over 60 pieces on the site. Coming into the 60's it was a popular resort and a 100 room block was added. However, overtime the hotel's fortunes declined, and it was closed in 2001. The property now belongs to the city, and the park is open to the public. It's a popular place for photo shoots for weddings. The Toronto Steampunk Society has also used it for photo shoots.

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Yanks in Germany by Night "Anesthetic Prowler" on Loose

MRS. KEARNEY AND DAUGHTER FIRST VICTIMS OF G.O.P. ANESTHETIC ATTACK

Both Recover; Robber Fails to Get Into Home

A prowler who used some kind of anesthetic or gas to knock out his intended victims was on the loose in Mattoon Friday night.

Mrs. Bert Kearney and her three-year-old daughter, Dorothy, were victims of the anesthetic Friday night as they slept in bed at their home, 1408 Marshall avenue. Both had recovered today, although Mrs. Kearney said that her mouth and throat remained parched and her lips burned from effects of whatever was used by the prowler who was unsuccessful in getting into the house.

Here's What Happened.

Mrs. Kearney told the following story:

"I was shortly after 11 o'clock Friday night when I went to bed. I was with me, my daughter, Dorothy. My sister, Mrs. Edna Reedy, was in the living room of the home, and my daughter Carol, 2, and Mrs. Reedy's son, Roger, 2, were in another part of the house.

"I first noticed a sickening, sweet odor in the bedroom, but at the time I thought that it might be from flowers in the window. However, the odor grew stronger and I began to feel a paralysis of my legs and lower body.

"I grew frightened and screamed for Martha (Mrs. Reedy). She came into the bedroom, to which the door had been closed, and asked me what the matter was. I told her of the sensation I had, but I was unable then to move from bed.

"Mrs. Reedy at once noticed the odor, which seemed to come in from the window, and she summoned a next door neighbor, Mrs. Earl P. Robertson, 1412 Marshall avenue, who called police.

"Mr. Robertson went to the Kearney home and searched the yard and neighborhood, but could find no trace of the prowler. Police also searched without success.

Seen by Kearney.

The prowler returned to the house about 11:30 o'clock, and was seen at the bedroom window again by Mr. Kearney, a taxi driver, as he came home after word had been sent to him concerning the earlier events.

Mr. Kearney said that as he arrived in front of the house he saw a man at the window. He gave chase but the prowler escaped. The prowler was tall, dressed in dark clothing and wore a light fitting cap, Mr. Kearney said.

Police were called a second time, but another more thorough search of the neighborhood also was fruitless.

Mrs. Kearney said that she recovered the use of her legs and arms completely within 30 minutes after the paralysis had set in. Her daughter, Dorothy, became ill from the anesthetic, but had recovered this morning.

Opinions differed as to the type of anesthetic used, however, because of its odor, it was believed to have been chloroform or ether, or a combination of both. The ingredients could have been sprayed into the room from the mist and it used at a distance not too far from the sleepers would have proved effective, it was said. Both chloroform and ether would have accounted for the parched throat and mouth burns of Mrs. Kearney, as well as the sickness which her daughter suffered afterward.

Mrs. Kearney and Mrs. Reedy had at the consideration of the case, and it was shortly before Mrs. Kearney went to bed. They could have been seen counting the money from the street, they said.

After the prowler was discovered at the house the second time, Mrs. Kearney, Mrs. Reedy and their children were taken to the home of a relative in another part of the city to spend the night.

Kansas, Minnesota, Pennsylvania Gov. Errors Speak

BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

The New Deal was belabored as a tool of subversive elements today by Republican leaders attacking simultaneously from three states and the White House and Congress by next November.

The Republican governors of Kansas, Minnesota, and Pennsylvania flayed the Roosevelt administration in a synchronized offensive described as the prelude to Gov. Thomas E. Dewey's opening campaign speech in Philadelphia Sept. 7.

In the second of a series of programs sponsored by the Republican National Committee, Gov. Andrew P. Schoepel spoke Friday night from Kansas City, Gov. Edward J. Thye from Minneapolis and Gov. Edward Martin from Harrisburg, Pa.

Brownell Claims Victory.

In Chicago, National Chairman Herbert Brownell Jr. emerged confidently from a six-hour session of the Republican National Executive Committee.

He told the survey of committee members, "The most careful analysis to date" showed that "if the election were held today, Dewey and Bricker would win with some votes to spare."

Both Governors Schoepel and Thye declared in their speeches that the issues of the 1944 presidential campaign are not "partisan."

"The thing that is at stake next November," Gov. Schoepel declared, "is your freedom and my freedom. It is whether our children will be their own masters in a nation where hereafter the people have been made slaves, whether a war, all-powerful super-government will order their lives."

Both the governors of Kansas and Minnesota attacked the C. I. O. Political Action Committee as Communist-inspired.

Communist elements, Thye declared, "reach into a government to pervert it—to divide the people—to stir up class hatred—to obstruct, to disrupt, to destroy."

Gov. Martin turned the attack against Sen. Harry S. Truman, the Democratic candidate for vice-president. The governor attributed to Truman a statement that the war might be lost in Washington because of "red tape and bureaucratic waste."

When he made that statement, Martin said, Truman was "only a United States Senator bent on winning the war."



J.-G. Shows Up on Guadalcanal, Bougainville

BY KINGSBURY SMITH

Washington—Collapse of Germany within the next 90 days was foreseen in high official circles in Washington today.

Officials who are not given to rash predictions believe there is now a strong possibility that the military might of Nazi Germany will be crushed within that time.

This belief is based on the latest reports from the American military commanders in France, the swift, unconditional surrender terms, or the military might of Nazi Germany will be crushed within that time.

"I used to get the paper at different intervals, sometimes as many as 31 at a time. Boy, they were welcome and just as fresh to me as if they were hot out of the press."

Bergant Allison, who was a photographer in civilian life, entered the service in April, 1942. He saw action, close up, in most of the invasions by marines in the South Pacific. It was his job to photograph invasions, the action of establishing beachheads, landings and raids. These pictures (thousands of feet of film) were used for study by military authorities to assist them in correcting mistakes in tactics.

Sergeant Allison will be here until Sept. 15. Then he will go to Camp Lejeune, N. C.

Additional evidence that "The Journal-Gazette" gets around was received here from an Ashmore man, who said that a souvenir which he received from his son in Bougainville in the Pacific, came wrapped in—yes, a Journal-Gazette.

COLLAPSE OF GERMANY IN 90 DAYS SEEN

This Is View of Conservative Officials in Washington

BY KINGSBURY SMITH

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Sen. Pepper in Blunt Attack on G. O. P.

Los Angeles—(AP)—With a blunt attack upon the Republicans and big business, which he linked together, Sen. Claude Pepper of Florida today had opened President Roosevelt's fourth term campaign on the Pacific coast.

"You cannot have prosperity in America and let big business run the country for its own selfish interests," Senator Pepper declared, speaking Friday night at a Democratic rally.

"You can't have prosperity in America and have in power a government which is the creator of monopoly and special privileges. Within the memory of this generation the Republican party has choked labor into subjugation and aided the selfish in its exploitation."

"It has been the administration of President Roosevelt which has given labor the wage-hour law and real collective bargaining. The best wages and the best working conditions which labor has ever had have been under the administration of President Roosevelt."

In making the Pacific coast to support the re-election of President Roosevelt, the Florida senator said that the west needed a Washington administration interested in and friendly to its continued growth and development.

Earlier, speaking before the state convention of the C. I. O., he described Gov. Thomas Dewey as a little man who has to sit on a telephone book to fill a man's chair.

Among the Senator's proposals to the labor gathering were an annual wage and a minimum of 65 cents an hour for every worker.

FORMER SENATOR NORRIS' CONDITION WORSE

McCook, Neb.—(AP)—Nebraska's aged legislator, former United States Senator George W. Norris, took a turn for the worse early today when his temperature started rising. It was reported at his home at McCook.

The 83-year-old veteran of 40 years in Congress was still unconscious. He has been in that condition since suffering a cerebral hemorrhage last Tuesday.

CONGRESS TO TAKE RECESS ON SEPT. 15

Ghost Writers and Fala Blasted as Silly Season Opens

BY WILLIAM THIES

Washington—Congress closed down the nation's biggest political "sounding board" for the Labor Day week-end today with best congressional intelligence forecasting a campaign recess starting Sept. 15.

More Oratory Coming.

The political temper of House and Senate members and the tempo of their election drum-beating indicated that when Congress reconvenes Tuesday a fresh flood of vote-slanted oratory will be loosed.

There were reports that next week in the Senate might produce a campaign bombshell which would pale the charges and countercharges hurled in the House the past five days.

The House heard various of its members criticize each other, the C. I. O. Political Action Committee, both the Republican and Democratic national committees, President Roosevelt, his opponent, Gov. Thomas E. Dewey, and other party leaders in both camps.

The blasts were so inclusive as to involve "ghost writers" of the two national committees—and President Roosevelt's widely-travelled canine pet, Fala.

With only two legislative matters to be resolved in conference committees—the surplus property and reconversion bills—Congress appeared to be bent on using the remaining sessions for campaign speeches before members begin election battles on home ground.

Wala Story "Banned."

While the House session to the verbal shoving match at election year, it was forced to chuckle when Representative Knutson, (Ill.) of Minnesota reported "rumor" that a destroyer was sent 1,000 miles to fetch Mr. Roosevelt's scottie, Fala, when the dog was left behind in the Aleutians during the commander-in-chief's recent Pacific trip. House Majority Leader McCormack quoted Admiral William D. Leahy, the President's chief of staff, as saying "the dog was never lost" and that the whole story was made out of whole cloth.

BREACH NAZIS' LINE IN ITALY

BY MICHAEL CHINIGO

Rome—The vaunted Nazi Cordon across Italy has been breached by the British Eighth Army for a distance of 20 miles inland from the Adriatic coast while the American Fifth Army smashed against the line in a new big-scale offensive between Pisa and Florence.

Thousands of Polish, Canadian and British Indian troops of the Eighth were pouring through the breach early today and had advanced "for distances up to four miles through the heavy concrete and steel fortresses built by the Nazis to protect the northern plains of Italy."

Allied Mediterranean headquarters disclosed today that the combined powerful offensive sweeping across almost all of the Italian peninsula got under way Aug. 26 after elaborate preparations conducted in the greatest of secrecy.

The defending Nazis drew heavily on their dwindling reserves in a desperate attempt to block the smashing advance of the Eighth Army armored and infantry forces driving northward from the Foglia river.

Hitler obviously is keeping the forces of Marshal Albert von Kesselring in Italy as a suicide gesture to prevent the American Seventh Army, whose advance into the Italian Riviera had reached a depth of 17 miles, according to one report, threatened to turn the plains of northern Italy into a vast trap for the German forces there.

1,000 PRISONERS BACK FROM ROMANIA

BY JAMES L. KILGALLIN

Rome—Jubilant and smiling happily, more than a thousand Allied soldiers who had been prisoners of war in Romania were back in Italy today, after a long and arduous journey. They were flown to Italy from Bucharest Thursday and Friday in strongly escorted 15th A. F. Flying Fortresses.

Some of the former captives sported German helmets and wore Russian uniforms. Others were attired in colorful shirts and trousers, wore fancy belts and carried weird looking knives. Many had grown beards.

High ranking officers, surprised bystanders, war correspondents and photographers gave the returning flyers an enthusiastic welcome.

Many of the aviators happily reported how they soon will get to go home, and all of them told matters of factly their interesting experiences.

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After the prowler was discovered at the house the second time, Mrs. Kearney, Mrs. Reedy and their children were taken to the home of a relative in another part of the city to spend the night.

ONLY ONE OPEN SUNDAY

Service with Supt. Leroy McDowell at 10:45 a. m. Sunday 9-2

NOTICE!

The Journal-Gazette will not be published Labor Day, Monday, Sept. 4. The offices and plants of The Journal-Gazette and of Gazette Printing Co. will be closed throughout the day.

RETAIL DINNER

Mattoon has been unusually fortunate in securing Mr. Geoffrey P. Morgan of the Douglas Aircraft Company to speak at the Fall Dinner Meeting of the Retail Division of the Association of Commerce, to be held in the Masonic basement, Friday evening, Sept. 2, at 8:30 o'clock. Mr. Morgan has an address, "Shape of Wings to Come" that has been delivered all over the country and has gained national acclaim.

The dinner is open to all members of the Association. Dinner and tickets are \$1 each. Make your reservation at the A. of C. office at once. Don't miss this pep into aviation's future!

OPEN SUNDAY

Effective Sept. 2

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COME BEFORE 6 P. M.

The Savin-Jones Co. cordially invites you to shop today at its store before closing hour which is 6 p. m. on Saturdays.

N. Y. A. BUILDINGS FOR SALE

The Board of Directors of the Association of Commerce has authorized the sale of the three easternmost NYA buildings at Lake Mattoon. These buildings are 136 feet long, 20 feet wide and 10 feet high with double wood floor and an "A" part, threatened to turn the plains of northern Italy into a vast trap for the German forces there.

FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Sunday, Sept. 3, 9:30 a. m. Guest speaker, C. R. Howard, minister of Christian church at Oats, Ill. Subject: "The Good News." Come worship with us.

METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday, Sept. 3, morning worship 10:45.

THE CANNERY

Will be open Labor Day and until further notice.

CLOSING NOTICE

Whit's Package Liquor Store will be closed Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Will be open Thursday, Sept. 4, at regular time, 12 noon, 2-4.

NEAR PRISONER CAPTURE

Spryfield, Ill.—(AP)—The dash for freedom of Wilhelm Ziegler, German prisoner of war who escaped from Camp Ellis Tuesday, had ended today. Ziegler was picked up by police in a Peoria tavern Friday night, the Springfield FBI office announced. He was returned to Camp Ellis.

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The Contract

One lucky person will win a signed contract for the duration of my lifetime that entitles them to ownership of my soul as specified by the clauses in a legal and binding contract. Please note: the winner will only be entitled to the specific rights as outlined in the clauses in this contract. The owner of my soul will have no control over my free will and will only be allowed to make personal decisions about my life as outlined in this contract. Here is the current list of clauses that will be included in the contract for my soul. If you would like to suggest additional clauses, [click here](#).

1. A clause, which entitles the winner to a percentage of my taxable income for the rest of my life with a guaranteed minimum of \$500.00 per year.
2. A clause, which entitles the winner to the right to chose the first name of all of my children. The name has to be gender specific and cannot contain profanity or derogatory words.
3. A clause, which entitles the winner to a percentage of profit ownership of any intellectual works that I create. The buyer will have no control over the direction of the works or how I manage or sell the works. They are just entitled to a % of the profit in addition to clause 1.
4. A clause, which will require that I provide a report on each year of my life after a winner is selected for my soul, on an annual basis.
5. A clause, which leaves a percentage of my estate to the winner in a legal will.
6. A clause, which stipulates that I must write a book, after the sale of my soul is finalized. I will have up to 2 years to complete the book after the contract is signed.
7. A clause, which will require that I perform a set amount of community service each year. Tentatively set at 40 hours per year.
8. A clause, which requires that I donate blood a minimum of twice per year.
9. A clause, which requires that I include organ donation in my will.
10. A clause, which requires that I plant a minimum of two trees per year.
11. A clause, which requires that I send the owner of my soul a birthday card and present every year on my birthday.
12. A clause, which allows the owner of my soul to decide one new years resolution for me.
13. A clause, which provides the owner of my soul the option to plan my wedding.
14. A clause, which provides the owner of my soul the option to pick the date of my wedding.
15. A clause, which provides the owner of my soul the option to decide a message to be inscribed upon my tombstone.
16. A complete release of all liability to the winner for any actions that I take during my possession of the soul.
17. Penalties for failure to meet the clauses in the contract.

18. A waiver of recourse. I will sign away my right to dispute this contract in any way. The contract will be final and binding.

19. A buy back clause. There will be a clause that allows me the option to buy back my soul for the price of \$1,000,000.00.

20. A clause, which allows for the owner, if said owner is not satisfied with the performance of my soul, to resell my soul at a price determined by the owner. The owner is entitled to 100% of the profit from the resale of my soul. However, any sale or transfer of my soul must receive my final approval.

*** If you are a lawyer and would like to help draft this contract, click here.**

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A Bronx Man Tore His Own Head Off in Broad Daylight

32

Gabrielle Bluestone

Filed to: Gruesome Yesterday 8:11pm



Expand

In a particularly gruesome story out of the Bronx, a Hunts Point man apparently decapitated himself in broad daylight today.

According to the *New York Daily News*, an unidentified 51-year-old man parked his 2005 Honda CRV on the street on Monday around 9:35 am. He reportedly looped a chain

around his neck, secured it to a pole, and got back into his car.

Police told the newspaper that the man then stepped on the gas, decapitating himself. According to the *Daily News*, "The man's head was left on the street by the pole after his vehicle hit a parked truck on the opposite side of the street."

[image via Shutterstock]

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ancientart:

A quick look at: Mictlantecuhtli, the Aztec god of death and lord of the underworld.

Mictlantecuhtli was believed to live in *Mictlan*, the cold, damp and gloomy underworld of the Aztecs, or lower part of the cosmos, where the remains of humans were kept.

This Templo Mayor Museum figure of Mictlantecuhtli, which is perhaps one of the most famous representations of the god, was found in the House of Eagles. Here he wears a loincloth, and stands grinning. Some have suggested that this grin of Mictlantecuhtli, who once harassed Quetzalcoatl on his journey to the underworld, may suggest his desire to torment. His claw-like hands are posed, as though ready to attack someone.

The holes on his scalp would have once been filled with black, wavy hair -which the Aztecs associated with chaos. Parts of his flesh has been torn off, and his liver falls from his chest cavity. This organ was connected to Mictlan, and housed the *Ihiyotl* soul (see Aguilar-Moreno 2007, chapter 7). Recent residue analysis has found traces of human blood on the statue.

Artefact courtesy of the [Museum of the Templo Mayor](#), Mexico City. Photos taken by Travis: [oosik](#).

Recommended reading: *Handbook to Life in the Aztec World* (Oxford University Press, 2007) by Manuel Aguilar-Moreno. This is a very good overview and introduction to the Aztec culture, and expands on many of the points I briefly mentioned here.

A Museum Full of History from the Wild West

by Sue Silver

squidoo.com



When I first started working at Mineral County Museum in Hawthorne, NV, I didn't realize all of the history of the area. As I learned more about the area, I realized it had definitely been part of the Wild West. Communities in the area were established because of mining and the railroad. Gold, silver and many other minerals were mined in the area. Alcohol was cheaper and more readily available than water. The Native Americans had legends such as the sea serpent in Walker Lake. Stagecoach robberies, lynchings, gambling, overnight wealth followed by ghost towns are all part of the history. In the 1930's the Navy built an ammunition depot here. Supporting the war efforts became a big part of the community and provided great growth during the 1940's and into the 1950's. Many people have donated items from throughout the history of the area to the museum. There are mining

equipment, railroad artifacts, munitions tools, household items, clothing, furniture, photos, tools, a pharmacy display, Native American artifacts, minerals, rocks, crystals, office and business equipment, musical instruments, toys, dolls, cars, a fire engine, a gas pump, paintings, sculptures, and many more items on display in the museum. Stop in to visit if you are in the area. You're sure to enjoy your time spent here.



Prior to gold and silver being discovered in the area the Paiute Indian Tribe lived on the north side of Walker Lake, fished in the lake, hunted deer and harvested pine nuts. The Paiutes told of a legend about a sea serpent in Walker Lake.

Mineral County has its name for a reason. Many different minerals are in abundant supply here. Mining in the late 1800's was a major industry here. A railroad was built to service the mines in the area, and the town of Hawthorne was built by the railroad. Aurora, Candelaria, Rawhide, and Lucky Boy were well known mines in this area. Bodie, although in California was only a short distance from Aurora. Aurora had the distinction of being claimed by

both Nevada and California at one time. There were numerous small mines in the area and some mines are still being worked today.

The museum has a lot of mining equipment—an ore cart, gold separator, stamp press, picks, shovels, lanterns, and much of the equipment used in mining.

The railroad that built Hawthorne was the Carson Colorado Narrow Gauge Railroad. Later Southern Pacific bought out Carson Colorado. Since Southern Pacific was a standard gauge railroad and would have to build a new rail line, they decided to bypass the town of Hawthorne. Mina, a town about 35 miles southeast of Hawthorne, grew rapidly as the railroad was built through the town.

Hawthorne dwindled down to 300 people. Shepherding was the major occupation in the town, until in 1930 when Hawthorne was selected as the location for a Navy Ammunition Depot. Hawthorne became a military town. Babbitt was built as housing for the base and was at one point bigger than the town of Hawthorne. Today Babbitt is a ghost town full of deteriorating roads and cement foundations. Some business development has taken place in the area and more is hoped for the future.

The museum has pictures of what life was like in Babbitt in the 1940's and 50's.

If you are visiting Hawthorne, Nevada or even just traveling through



Stamp Mill

take time to stop and visit this museum. The museum is located at 400 Tenth Street. It is straight across from the rest area. It is one block to the west of Highway 95. If you are traveling from Reno, NV to Las Vegas, NV you will go through Hawthorne. It makes for a nice rest break to walk around through the museum. The director and assistant director are very knowledgeable and helpful. The museum is open from 11 a.m to 5 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday during summertime hours. Winter hours are 12 noon to 4 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday. Enjoy a walk back in time by visiting the Mineral County Museum.



There are stories of murder and lynchings in Aurora. There is the story of Samuel Clemens (later to be known as Mark Twain) moving west to mine in Aurora before moving to Virginia City and starting his career as a writer. There is the

story of the railroad building the town of Hawthorne. There is the story of boom and bust as mines opened, flourished and closed. There is the story of the Navy building an ammunition depot in the middle of a desert. There are many interesting stories to be learned with a visit to this museum.



There are interesting stories to be found in the museum. One story is the legend of the Walker Lake Sea Serpent. The Native American Paiute tribe which has lived around Walker Lake for hundreds of years called the Sea Serpent, Tawaga. Since the town of Hawthorne was established the Sea Serpent has come to be known as Cecil. Today he is the high school mascot and a motorized Cecil is driven in every parade in town.

There are local people who say they have seen Cecil, but claims of seeing Cecil have gone down as the size of the lake has shrunk with overuse of the water upstream and drought conditions. There are

several accounts of sightings and of killing a monster from the lake, but unfortunately no proof has been provided that there really is or was a sea serpent in the lake.

It's not so hard to believe in sea serpents if you realize Nevada was largely covered by water in the past, and that less than 90 miles away is a large deposit of Ichthyosaur bones.



There is a display at the museum of bells found buried in the desert near by. Why the bells were buried is not known for sure. It is interesting to read the legend of why these bells might have been buried. Some of them have Mexico on them and are dated in the 1800's. If you visit the museum, maybe you can solve the mystery of the bells.



One of my favorite items in the museum is a statue of Paul Revere's Ride made from junk. Different metal parts and pieces are joined together to create Paul Revere and his

horse. I love the fact

that something creative has been made from things that would otherwise just be thrown away.

If you want to know more about the history of Mineral County in Nevada, here are some books you will enjoy.



The Old Mineral County Courthouse card

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Here's what you'll see as you enter Hawthorne, Nevada from the northwest. A visit to Berlin, Nevada is less than two hours away from Hawthorne, Nevada. Near Berlin remains

of large sea creatures were found. These sea creatures were Ichthyosaurs. Many skeletons of Ichthyosaurs have been found. Now evidence is indicating this spot may have been a Kraken's lair, because of the way the bones have been laid out. Check the following links for more information.

[Ichtyosaur Bones in Nevada State Park](#)

Visit a park where many Ichthyosaur bones have been uncovered. The excavation site is open to visitors. Stand next to a life size mural of an Ichthyosaur and see the size of these ancient giant creatures.

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Accidental festival now a classic 'Campout'

By Lynn Lieu
The Desert Sun

Pappy & Harriet's Pioneertown Palace has hosted a number of notable artists over the years, establishing a reputation as one of the best locations for live music in the desert. The remote venue has hosted the likes of Queens of the Stone Age, Lucinda Williams, Eagles of Death Metal, Feist, Billy Corgan, Wanda Jackson and Band of Horses to name but a few. It's also a favorite of musicians who frequent the high desert, including David Lowery, the man behind both Cracker and Camper Van Beethoven.

On Thursday, Lowery returns with his bands to the Pioneertown roadhouse to host a festival a decade in the making: The Cracker/CVB Campout.

"It started out not as a festival, I just wanted to have both bands play. And some people in both bands had birthdays in September and late August so it was like a joint birthday party," said Lowery, who hosted the first event in 2005. "It's not a huge festival like Coachella or anything like that."

The first campout featured individual performances by Johnny Hickman, a member of Cracker, as well as CVB members Victor Krummenacher, Jonathan Segel and Greg Lisher alongside both bands.

"It wasn't a festival in the beginning," Lowery reiterated. "It was more a convention of people in the bands, friends and hardcore fans. The idea was to have all the bands that came out of Camper Van Beethoven there and to have a kind of Trekkie convention. Over the years we got some of our

IF YOU GO

What: Cracker/Camper Van Beethoven Campout

When: Thursday, Sept. 11-Sunday, Sept. 13

Where: Pappy & Harriet's Pioneertown Palace, 53688 Pioneertown Road, Pioneertown.

Information: (760) 365-5956 or pappyandharriets.com

famous friends in there."

Following the initial event, the campout went on to feature Built to Spill, Neko Case, The Watson Twins and Magnolia Electric Company. This year's lineup includes Paul Chesne Band, The Dangers, Brant Bork and the Bros, Los Rios Rock School as well as various formations of Cracker and Camper Van Beethoven.

According to Lowery, the desert has a unique music scene that spans both bands' sounds.

"Cracker leans more towards the Stagecoach side of things, the country side of things. It's rock but it leans towards the country roots of the desert," said Lowery. "Camper Van Beethoven leans more towards the vision quest, psychedelic side of the desert scene."

Camper Van Beethoven will take the stage on Friday, closing the show. The group released its ninth studio album, "El Camino Real," earlier this year. The follow-up to last year's "La Costa Perdida" reveals a grittier side of the group. Where "La Costa" offered more bouncy, lo-fi tunes, "El Camino" serves up an edgier, almost sarcastic tone. "I was living happily/Waiting for the world to end/Eating pickled cabbage in a taqueria," sings Lowery in opener "The

Ultimate Solution." The record has received good reviews and will be featured at the campout.

Cracker will close the show on Saturday. The group has been working on new material for their forthcoming double album with the working title "Berkeley to Bakersfield," set to drop in early 2015. The group will unveil new material at the campout.

An Inland Empire native, Lowery had frequented the high desert and Pappy & Harriet's for years before starting the campout.

"My history goes back to that place probably to the '80s, the early-'80s when I was in college," said Lowery. "We would go and hang out in the high desert and I would drive by that place when it was much, much smaller."

Erected in 1946, Pappy & Harriet's began as a cantina set for western films. It was transformed into an actual cantina in the '70s and has since been through a few reincarnations. At one time the restaurant and bar had a reputation as a biker hangout.

"Part of it was a gas station and there would be like 60 motorcycles parked by it and we would never go in because we were afraid we would get beat up or something. We're talking like 30 years ago or so," said Lowery. "Of course I think they had more of a reputation for that than was reality."

At the time, Pappy & Harriet's was owned by its namesake, Pappy and Harriet Allen. The couple offered live music by way of their own acts and local performers. In the early '90s, Lowery visited the area in search of recording space with producer Don Smith.



COURTESY PHOTO
Camper Van Beethoven performs this weekend at Pappy & Harriet's in Pioneertown.

"We stopped in at Pappy & Harriet's for dinner and Don was taken aback from the place, he's from Texas. He thought the place was cool and so we asked Pappy and Harriet if there was a place to record around here. They said, 'Yeah, there's this sound stage they used to do interiors for the westerns they shot out here,'" said Lowery. "So long story short, we recorded one of our albums in Pioneertown and after that I sort of developed an affection for the place and we rehearsed and played up there."

Current owners Robyn Celia

and Linda Krantz took over the venue in 2003 and further developed its reputation for great live music. The first campout was in 2005 and it's continued as an annual event ever since.

"It was like, 'Hey, we are going to have a festival at what basically was once a biker bar,'" said Lowery.

"Ten years ago it wasn't really that far away from its original history as a biker bar. Of course now Pappy & Harriet's has been transformed into quite the concert destination. And it's incredible considering where it is — in the middle of nowhere."

The Desert Sun Sept 5th 2014 California

Adelaida - Adelaida Cemetery - A ghost wearing a long white nightgown makes her appearance in this old cemetery every Friday night, between 10PM and midnight. This Mennonite ghost lays flowers on the grave on one of her children that died in the Diphtheria epidemic. She may have also committed suicide in her own life. - February 2004 Update/Correction: Was formerly posted under Palo Altos – It is actually located 20 miles outside of Paso Robles - A ghost researcher visited this cemetery in August 17, 2001 and even though they did not see any ghosts while taking photos, an apparition which may have been "Charlotte" showed up on their film/negative, along with another one of a large orb. They had three witnesses with them that particular day and night, to verify that there was no one else in that cemetery, except of course, the spirits.

Alameda - Haunted Insane Asylum - October 2007 Warning: as with every haunted place on this site, make sure you get permission to investigate. Trespassing is a crime. You could get arrested or worse, hurt. Be smart, courteous, and be legal.-

At the intersection of Marina Village Pkwy and Mariner Square Dr, turn left and go straight. Take the first right into an industrial parking lot and you'll see the asylum straight ahead. Patients used to be tortured and killed there, and it's abandoned now. At nighttime, stand out in the front and look at the fifth window from the right on the second story. The blinds open and close themselves. Sometimes when you walk inside, you'll hear a loud scream the second you enter the door. Also, you get the chills and have the feeling that someone's behind you. When you're inside, you will hear screaming coming from a distant room in the house. Down in the basement there are ropes that people used to hang themselves with. Even during the day, if you take pictures occasionally there will be orbs or even a glowing, ghostly figure in the picture.

Albino cobra caught in Thousand Oaks

By Susan Abram , Los Angeles Daily News

dailynews.com



This albino monocled cobra, which was on the loose after escaping near the 1300 block of Rancho Lane in Thousand Oaks on Sept. 3, 2014, was captured on the afternoon of Sept. 4, according to Los Angeles County officials. (Photo courtesy of the Los Angeles County Department of Animal Care and Control)



A Daily News reader sent this picture of the loose albino monocled cobra being captured on Thursday, Sept. 4, 2014, in Thousand Oaks. (Courtesy photo)

The albino monocled cobra that inspired both fear and humor as it slithered around Thousand Oaks was captured Thursday afternoon after animal control officials found the rare, venomous snake in the same backyard where it was first spotted days ago, Los Angeles County officials said.

With its glow-in-the dark scales seen in a grainy, Most Wanted-like surveillance photo, the cobra became a national media sensation. Twitter handles such as @albinomonocobra and @toakscobra pretending to be the snake quipped after capture: "It's over folks, send bail," and "These were the greatest 2 days of my life. Had coffee. Rented bike."

State wildlife experts and Los Angeles and Ventura county officials nearly dubbed the reptile public enemy No. 1 as they warned local residents around the 1300 block of Rancho Lane in Thousand Oaks to be on high alert if they spotted it.

The cobra reportedly had a confrontation with a dog on Monday. The dog's owner snapped a photograph of the snake and alerted officials.

Ten minutes after the snake was spotted on Thursday, Los Angeles County Animal Control officers climbed over a wooden fence and found the cobra coiled beneath a woodpile.

"The snake was agitated and it tried to strike at the metal pole as (the animal control officer)

picked it up," said Brandon Dowling, a Los Angeles County spokesman. "But it went off without a hitch."

The cobra was placed in a wooden box and will be evaluated and housed temporarily at the Los Angeles Zoo, he said.

Dowling said while the situation was parodied on Twitter and social media, it raised public awareness about exotic animals. Not generally found in California, cobras are native to Southeast Asia. They can grow up to five feet long, and it is illegal to own one, Dowling said.

Dowling said the county is examining public tips and leads to find the owner.

"At the end of the day it's a dangerous animal," Dowling said. "But we are very happy with how it all turned out. The residents of Thousand Oaks can breathe a sigh of relief."

Reach the author at susan.abram@dailynews.com or follow Susan on Twitter: @sabramLA.

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Amboy - Amboy School -

The teachers and students have experienced someone coming in the front door, but when they look out into the hall from the classroom, there is no one there. Also, on windless days, the swings out on the back playground would swing on their own. Down in the gym at night, when students play basketball, items would relocate themselves. A broom standing against the wall would be seen standing against another wall. This, of course, went unseen by the students, until they looked to see the broom was in a new location. The teacher, working down in the school at night, on numerous occasions, experienced something watching her. One night she had to abandon her lesson preparations and hurry out of the classroom. It was said that several Indians working on the nearby railroad (1868) died, and that their ghosts roam the town. The school was closed in 1999.

Published on 9/19/2014

By Matt Meltzer

Because you love drinking, you love history, and, of course, you love the history of drinking, we've tracked down the oldest bar, tavern, or pub in each of the 50 states... and Washington, DC.

Now obviously, tracing bars through time is an admittedly inaccurate science, especially in a country that once banned booze. Some bars opened, closed, and reopened again years later; some burned down and were rebuilt; others moved buildings, changed names, turned into post offices, or stopped serving alcohol all together. And still others, amazingly, remain the longest, continuous-running, liquor-pouring establishments in their great states, having weathered Prohibition by peddling turkey sandwiches and O'Doul's.

While records are scarce, debate fierce, and the laughter we received when calling state historical societies very real (not to mention, slightly hurtful. *Come on, we're just asking a question!*), in the end these 51 bars can -- to the best of our research -- lay at least some claim to the title of the state's oldest watering hole.



TP Crockmeirs Mobile AL

Alabama

T.P. Crockmeirs -- Mobile, AL (Est. 1875)

It should surprise absolutely nobody that the oldest bar in Alabama was started by "a plantation owner with large holdings, and a loyal Southerner who fought in General Lee's army". In New York this would likely lead to your bar getting picketed (unless you put it in

Williamsburg to be "ironic"), but in Alabama it makes you one of the most popular spots in Mobile.

Alaska

B&B Bar -- Kodiak, AK (Est. 1908)

When the sun doesn't come out for a month, it's nice to have a friendly dive bar where you can go to drink until sunrise... in a few weeks. This little spot in the largest city on Kodiak Island (is there more than one city?) is exactly that dive bar, and it proudly displays the oldest liquor license in the Last Frontier.

Oregon

Huber's -- *Portland OR (Est. 1879)*

It's rare that a bar would become better known for sandwiches than for drinks, but when Jim Huber bought the old Bureau Saloon in 1891, he hired a chef and started giving away a free turkey sandwich with every drink. In fact, it was the famous turkey that kept the place alive during Prohibition. While the free deal sadly no longer exists, the sandwich is still worth the stop.



Broad Axe Tavern

BROAD AXE

Pennsylvania

Broad Axe Tavern -- *Ambler, PA (Est. 1681)*

Originally an intersection of dirt roads in rural Pennsylvania used for trading with local Indian tribes, Broad Axe Tavern's been serving up grog since the 17th century and was once home to horse races, revolutionary soldiers, and even a family of ghosts (allegedly).

WHITE HORSE TAVERN

Rhode Island

White Horse Tavern -- *Newport, RI (Est. 1673)*

Not just the oldest bar in the smallest state, but *the oldest bar in the whole freaking country*, this spot was home to colonial assemblies, criminal courts, and civic government before it ever served a single drink. Once run by a pirate, WHT was restored in 1957 and is now better known as a home for some of the best seafood in New England. But don't worry, there's still plenty of booze for you to sip while snapping a selfie of yourself having a drink in America's oldest bar.

MCCRADY'S

South Carolina

McCrady's -- *Charleston, SC (Est. 1778)*

Now that McCrady's has graduated from saloon to fine-dining establishment, you may find yourself having more than a couple of courses while you partake of their extensive lineup of craft beer, wines, and cocktails. But you'll never top George Washington, who in 1791, enjoyed a 30-course dinner here.

BUFFALO BODEGA

South Dakota



Buffalo Bodega Bar Deadwood, SD

Buffalo Bodega Bar -- Deadwood, SD (Est. 1877)

Now known as the Buffalo Bodega Gaming Complex, this was actually the **NEWEST** bar in town when it became the city's 18th saloon during the heyday of Buffalo Bill Cody, a close friend of original owner Mike Russell. Today, you can still drink and gamble there (with considerably less risk of being shot) and even get a room at the Bullock Hotel upstairs.

SPRINGWATER SUPPER CLUB

Tennessee

Springwater Supper Club -- Nashville, TN (Est. 1896)

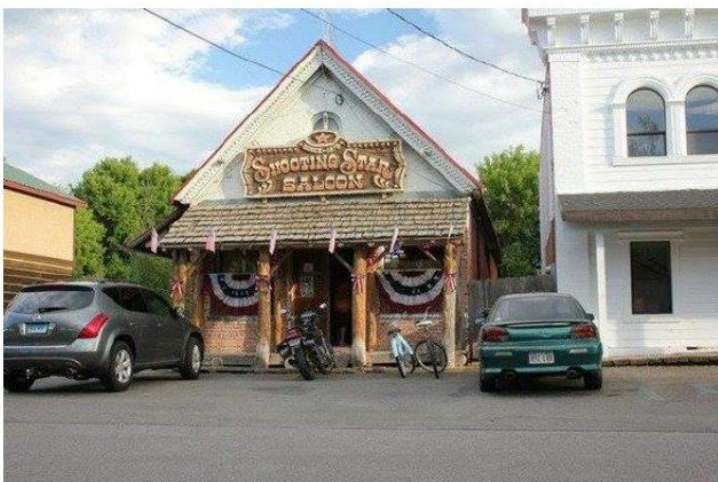
Originally opened as a bar for the Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition, this grungy rock club was a southern speakeasy during Prohibition, then a bar called the Pirate's Den, Norma's, and finally, its current iteration since 1978. It's a divey live music venue that, in the ever-changing world of Nashville nightlife, has managed to survive for over a century.

SCHOLZ GARTEN

Texas

Scholz Garten -- Austin, TX (Est. 1866)

Since it's in the capital, the oldest Lone Star bar has been a popular hangout for local politicians, as well as a staging ground for fundraisers, campaign events, and pretty much anything else alcohol-related that Texas politicians do. Founded originally by German immigrant August Scholz, this beer hall is, not surprisingly, also known for its schnitzel.



Shooting Star Saloon Utah

SHOOTING STAR

Utah

Shooting Star Saloon -- Huntsville, UT (Est. 1879)

Yes, there *are* bars in Utah. And yes, they serve beer that's over two percent ABV. And this one, formerly known as Holin's Bar, got its name when a regular patron, Whiskey Joe, was asked to leave and began shooting at a decorative star over the doorway. We're

guessing he was angry that he didn't get to finish his Star Burger, two all-beef patties and a knockwurst on two buns with onions, mustard, ketchup, and pickles.



The Tavern Abingdon VA

ABINGDON TAVERN

Virginia

The Tavern -- Abingdon, VA (Est. 1779)

The oldest bar in the Commonwealth has been a lot of things through the years, including a post office, private residence, and hospital for both Confederate and Union soldiers during the Civil War. And as an inn, it housed Andrew Jackson, King Louis Philippe of France, and other foreign

dignitaries. It now serves drinks nightly, having been re-opened by a retired Air Force officer in 1994.

YE OLDE TAVERN

Vermont

Ye Olde Tavern, Manchester, VT (Est. 1790)

Formerly known as Thayer's hotel, this Manchester landmark was a social gathering spot for the Vermont elite through much of the 18th and 19th centuries. Home to the first phone line in Manchester, it was fully restored as an operating bar and restaurant in 1975, just in time for the bicentennial. It still maintains uneven floors and slanted doorways as a tribute to its colonial past.

THE BRICK

Washington

The Brick Saloon -- Roslyn, WA (Est. 1889)

Despite being the oldest bar in *Washington*, the producers of the offbeat '90s TV show "Northern Exposure" wanted us all to believe it was the favorite local watering hole of the good folks in Sicily, Alaska; the show didn't even bother renaming it. Despite being the most famous bar in the state during the '90s to NOT launch a grunge rock band, The Brick would have been well equipped to handle the crowd if it got rowdy -- there's even an in-house jail cell.

3 GABLES CLUB

West Virginia

Three Gables Club -- Hilltop, WV (Est. 1935)

Don't let that "club" in the name fool you into thinking there's a velvet rope and a two-bottle minimum. Or even that there's any sort of membership required. This classic local dive has been in the same family for nearly eight decades and serves, at least according to them, the best steak in Fayette County. Beef steaks. Not possum, in case you still harbor negative stereotypes of West Virginia.

UPTOWNER

Wisconsin

The Uptowner -- Milwaukee, WI (Est. 1884)

Ironically dubbed "the home of the beautiful people", this Milwaukee spot originally opened by Joseph Schlitz has been a blue-collar mainstay for the industrious workers of southern Wisconsin since the end of the 19th century. One of the best things about The Uptowner: It opens at 6am!

WYOMINGS OLDEST BAR

Wyoming

Miner's and Stockmen's Steakhouse -- Hartville, WY (Est. 1862)

If you're reading this story in a bar, there's a good chance it has more people in it right now than in all of Wyoming's oldest incorporated town. The 0.25sqmi city of Hartville boasts 62 residents and is home to the Miner's Inn, which in addition to being the town saloon is also the town steakhouse. It will no doubt top our Hartville Patio Power Ranking when we launch Thrillist Hartville.

Correction: The original version of this article cited the Iron Door Saloon in Groveland as California's oldest bar. Turns out, not so. It's actually The Saloon in San Francisco, and the story has been updated to reflect the change.

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THE PALACE

Arizona

The Palace -- *Prescott, AZ (Est. 1877)*

About as close to an authentic Wild West saloon as you're going to get, this Arizona watering hole claims Doc Holliday and the Earp brothers as early patrons. While a fire in 1900 engulfed the street known as "Whiskey Row" and destroyed the original building, loyal patrons reportedly rescued the hand carved bar; you can still sidle on up to it today.

OHIO CLUB

Arkansas

Ohio Club -- *Hot Springs, AR (Est. 1905)*

We'd like to think this was a bar where Bill Clinton took and/or met all his ladies NOT named Hillary, but we have no idea. What we do know is that before Bill ever came to Hot Springs, the Ohio Club was a bookie joint frequented by the likes of Al Capone, and a target of frequent police raids until the late 1960s.

NIKKI HOWARD

California

The Saloon -- *San Francisco, CA (Est 1861)*

When you've been around since 1861 and survived the most destructive American earthquake of the 20th century, you don't need to go around finding fancy names. So this North Beach boozery hasn't bothered changing its name -- or much of anything else if old pictures are accurate -- since the 1860s. While the upstairs once doubled as a house of ill repute, today The Saloon doubles as one of SF's favorite small live music venues.

BUFFALO ROSE

Colorado

Buffalo Rose Tavern -- *Golden, CO (Est. 1859)*

Known as the International Bowling Saloon when it first opened in 1859, this place later served as a meeting house for the Colorado Territorial House of Representatives. The current building has stood since 1902, and is now a live music venue that we're guessing serves a LOT of Coors.

Connecticut

Griswold Inn Tap Room -- *Essex CT (Est. 1776)*

This spot on the Connecticut River in the tiny town of Essex actually still operates as a working hotel AND bar, and was actually a British command center during the War of 1812. Much as we're sure that interests you, the REALLY cool part is that it was also used as a

filming locale for *Dark Shadows*, and still boasts live entertainment nightly.

Delaware

Jessop's Tavern -- *New Castle, DE (Est. 1724)*

America's second-oldest bar goes to great lengths to keep it real with the folks who founded it, offering Dutch, English, and Swedish food, as well as what they claim is the largest selection of Belgian beers in Delaware.

OLD EBBITT GRILL

District of Columbia

Old Ebbitt Grill -- *Washington DC (Est. 1856)*

Once part of the Old Ebbitt Hotel (where President William McKinley lived when he served in Congress), the bar was a favorite drinking spot of other presidents as well, including Ulysses Grant, Andrew Jackson, and Warren Harding. DC's oldest bar once stood on F Street before the Old Ebbitt was demolished for an even grander drinking club: The National Press Building.

PALACE SALOON

Florida

Palace Saloon -- *Fernandina Beach, FL (Est. 1903)*

In 1903 the "normal" part of the Florida (if there ever was such a thing) was up north, and Fernandina Beach near Jacksonville was a major rail and sea port in need of a bar. And so opened the Palace Saloon, complete with a embossed tin ceiling (that's still there today), Italian marble, and a mahogany & oak bar that was purchased in 1905 for the ungodly sum of \$1250; in today's dollars, that's \$33,783.78!!!

PIRATE HOUSE

Georgia

The Pirate's House -- *Savannah, GA (Est. 1753)*

Originally built as an inn for sailors in Georgia's main port city, it didn't take long for the Pirate House to morph it into a drinking establishment. We *are* talking about sailors, after all. The oldest bar in Georgia was also once the site of an experimental garden that early colonists used to determine which crops would grow best in the region. It sits next to a house that's reported to be the oldest standing building in the state.

SMITHS

Hawaii

Smith's Union Bar -- *Honolulu, HI (Est. 1935)*

Back when Hotel Street was the main drag for Honolulu's red light district, this bar opened up

so sailors and merchants could get a good buzz on before, ah, patronizing the other businesses. Today Smitty Smith's is the best dive bar in Honolulu -- or at least the best one not filled with guys Dog is hunting -- and a part of the popular First Fridays block party.

WHITE HORSE

Idaho

White Horse Saloon -- *Spirit Lake, ID (Est. 1907)*

This 100-plus-year-old structure also has the distinction of being the tallest building constructed in Idaho in 1907. So there's that. Not only does this boozier boast its original hardwood floors, but there are still eight rooms upstairs in which patrons can crash. And, yes, they've been updated since the flop house days of 1907.

VILLAGE TAVERN

Illinois

The Village Tavern -- Long Grove, IL (Est. 1849)

In a city that may very well have more bars than people, you've gotta get out to the northern suburbs to find the oldest bar in Chicagoland: The Village Tavern, a family-owned and operated joint in Long Grove. While nothing of great historical significance happened here, the 35-foot mahogany bar did survive the "other" great Chicago fire at The McCormick Place in 1967 before finding its new home in Long Grove.

KNICKERBOCKER

Indiana

Knickerbocker Saloon -- *Lafayette, IN (Est. 1835)*

Reading the liquor license displayed on the wall in Indiana's oldest watering hole may be the only time you'll see the words "Knickerbocker" and "#1" in the same sentence this century. Even better, if you're a history buff, that liquor license was the first one issued in the entire state. Which makes sense, given it's the oldest bar. Also, the Knicks still suck.

Iowa

Breitbach's Country Dining -- *Sherrill, IA (Est. 1852)*

Talk about a place that brings the community together. In 2007, this hometown, country bar and restaurant (that's so old its liquor permit was issued by Millard Fillmore) was decimated by two fires in a year and a half. Throughout 2008, people literally bussed themselves from *all over the Midwest* to get this place rebuilt; and in the best Iowa feel-good story since *Field of Dreams*, BCD reopened in August 2009 and now stands as Iowa's oldest bar in its 6th generation of family ownership.

KANSAS TRAVEL

Kansas

Hays House -- *Council Grove, KS (Est. 1857)*

Not only the longest-standing liquor serving establishment in the Jayhawk State, it also claims to be the oldest continuously operating restaurant west of the Mississippi. Founded by the great grandson of Daniel Boone, this spot was the town's main building; it was used as a courtroom, post office, and, on Saturday nights, a church after all the booze was covered from the prying eyes of the good Lord by God-fearing parishioners.

WIKIMEDIA COMMONS

Kentucky

Talbott Tavern -- *Bardstown, KY (Est. 1779)*

It's cute how every hipster enclave in America now has its own little bourbon bar. But long before skinny jeans and drinking brown booze was cool, Abraham Lincoln, Jesse James, and Daniel Boone were knocking 'em back at this Bardstown joint. Talbott Tavern's the oldest bourbon bar in America, and still displays both bullet holes courtesy of Mr. James and murals painted by the entourage of exiled French King Louis Philippe.

LAFITTE'S

Louisiana

Jean Lafitte's Blacksmith Shop -- *New Orleans (Est. 1772)*

You wouldn't think the oldest bar in Louisiana would be smack at the end of the tourist trap that is Bourbon Street, but it is. Jean Lafitte's used to be a hangout for pirates and other carriers of contraband -- and then a gay bar in the 1950s -- before becoming a nice, quiet little pub on America's most raucous street.

Jameson Tavern

Maine

Jameson's Tavern -- *Freeport, ME (Est. 1779)*

A plaque out front of this Freeport restaurant and bar proclaims it as the "Birthplace of Maine," since it was the supposed meeting spot for citizens of the Province of Maine seeking independence from Massachusetts. And although over the years it temporarily reverted to being a private residence, among other things, it's been an operational bar and restaurant since 1981. Fun fact: Bobby Flay stopped by in 2003 to learn how to cook a proper Maine lobster dinner.

MIDDLETON TAVERN

Maryland

Middleton Tavern -- *Annapolis, MD (Est. 1750)*

The great American tradition of elected officials drinking to excess during legislative sessions may well have started at this Annapolis tavern, which was an after-work hangout for the

Continental Congress and such luminaries as George Washington, Ben Franklin, and Thomas Jefferson. Today, it's still one of the best places to get Maryland Crab cakes. Also, just so you know, nearby Reynolds Tavern -- which reportedly predates Middleton by three years -- also claims to be the oldest bar in the Old Line State. Do people really call it that?

WARREN TAVERN

Massachusetts

Warren Tavern -- *Charlestown, MA (Est. 1780)*

Named after Major General Joseph Warren -- a key figure in the battle of Bunker Hill -- this tavern was one of the first places built after Charlestown was burned down during the war. The site of George Washington's funeral speech, the Warren hosted other historic patrons including Ben Franklin and Paul Revere. FYI, this one's also the subject of some debate as the Green Dragon Tavern, billed as "the headquarters of the Revolution", also stakes a claim.

OLD TAVERN INN

Michigan

Old Tavern Inn -- *Niles, MI (Est. 1835)*

This isn't just the oldest BAR in Michigan; it's the oldest BUSINESS, aside from maybe bribing public officials. What started as an overnight stop for people making the treacherous journey from Chicago to Detroit has become a Michigan institution, and still serves some of the best sandwiches in the state.

NEUMANN'S BAR

Minnesota

Neumann's Bar -- *North St. Paul, MN (Est. 1887)*

Helping patrons stay warm through those long Minnesota winters during Prohibition, Neumann's sold non-alcoholic suds in the downstairs main room while running a heated speakeasy on the second floor. The back bar was installed by the good people at the Hamm's Brewery.

KINGS TAVERN

Mississippi

Kings Tavern -- *Natchez, MS (Est. 1769)*

What's worse than tearing out a wall during a renovation and finding a dead body? Tearing out said wall and finding THREE dead bodies, plus a jeweled dagger, all of which date back a good 160 years. That's exactly what happened in the 1930s when workers uncovered what they suspected to be the remains of original owner Richard King's mistress, along with two unidentified males.

O'MALLEY'S



O'Malley's Pub Weston MO

Missouri
O'Malley's Pub -- Weston, MO (Est. 1842)

It seems like every trendy nightspot now is trying to be some kind of secret "speakeasy" where you need a reservation to pay \$19 for a drink made with ingredients you can't pronounce. O'Malley's is slightly more legit -- as in, it really was a speakeasy. But it was also around long before Prohibition. This cavernous, three-level Missouri hideaway is located 55ft underground

in the basement of the Weston Brewing Company.

Flickr user The Q Speaks

Montana
Bale of Hay Saloon -- Virginia City, MT (Est. 1863)

Now owned by a couple of sisters, this bar literally runs a promotion that refers to its sordid "Brothel Days". So, yes, it used to also be a house of ill repute. Bale of Hay rocks a giant mahogany bar that the original owners had hand-carved in Cincinnati, there's live music playing all summer, and they claim to pour the best selection of Montana microbrews in all of Virginia City. Granted, there probably isn't a whole lot of competition as the town's population is 196, but hey, a title's a title.



GLUR'S

Nebraska
Glur's Tavern -- Columbus, NE (Est. 1876)

This whitewashed wood building is, according to its owner, the oldest bar west of the Missouri River operating continuously in the same building. Which fits nicely on a plaque, we're sure, but isn't nearly as notable as its place

among favorite watering holes of Buffalo Bill Cody.

Nevada
Genoa Bar -- Genoa, NV (Est. 1853)

You know you're an authentic Old West saloon when John Wayne and Clint Eastwood have

both filmed movies here. Maybe? This drinking den in desolate northern Nevada was also used as the set for a Coors Light commercial, and makes a brief appearance in *Misery*. Opened in 1853 as Livingston's Exchange, Genoa is billed today as "Nevada's Oldest Thirst Parlor". A wood stove is the only source of heat, and Raquel Welch's leopard print bra reportedly hangs from some deer antlers behind the bar.

HANCOCK INN

New Hampshire

Since we're talking rural New England here, it should come as no surprise that the oldest tavern in the state is in what now operates as primarily a bed and breakfast. This colonial landmark is the oldest Inn in New Hampshire, and was a regular hangout for the only guy from the state to ever be President, Franklin Pierce. It's still got a tavern and restaurant, so you can stop in *without* having to spend a romantic weekend watching the leaves change or some other equivalent unpleasantness.

The Barnsboro Inn

New Jersey

Barnsboro Inn -- Sewell, NJ (Est. 1720)

Though there's no shortage of historic bars in the Garden State, at nearly 300 years of age this one is the oldest; plus, it still goes off with nightly live music, boasts a solid outdoor terrace, and offers a menu long on comfort food.

El Patio

New Mexico

El Patio Cantina -- Mesilla, NM (Est. 1934)

This building was originally owned by Billy the Kid's lawyer A.J. Fountain, and has been passed down through his family since the 1880s. Ironical, since prior to Fountain, the place was home to a saloon owned by Judge Roy Beam, the region's notorious "hanging judge". So while this incarnation of the bar's only been around for 80 years, the building itself has been a bar for a lot longer.

OLD 76 HOUSE

New York

The Old '76 House -- Tappan, NY (Est. 1755)

Though some have mistakenly thought this stone house on the New York/New Jersey state line was an old prison, it's only ever incarcerated one person: Revolutionary War spy Major John Andre. And despite being referred to as "Andre's Prison", it has pretty much been a bar the whole time before and since. It was also a safe house for revolutionary soldiers hiding from the British, and was a regular dining spot for George Washington.



The Old 76 House Tappan NY

TAVERN IN OLD SALEM

North Carolina

Tavern in Old Salem -- *Salem, NC* (Est. 1784)

Ever wonder what traditional Moravian attire is? Did you just Google Moravian? We'll save you the time: It's a reference to the families that lived around Salem at the turn of the 19th century. During the day, the servers at the historic Salem restaurant and bar don that style of attire, while serving

craft beers and cocktails together with traditional Moravian food.

PEACOCK ALLEY

North Dakota

Peacock Alley -- *Bismark, ND* (Est. 1933)

In addition to being the oldest bar in North Dakota, it is also, by far, the world's best bar located below a senior center. We *dare* you to find a better one. Originally the bar for the Patterson Hotel, the hotel was later converted to senior living, making the now hotel-less watering hole a convenient pick-up spot for the swinging singles who live upstairs. Before the change, Peacock Alley hosted such famous patrons as JFK, Joe Louis, Teddy Roosevelt, and Lyndon Johnson.

YE OLDE TRAIL TAVERN

Ohio

Ye Olde Trail Tavern -- *Yellow Springs, OH* (Est. 1848)

Sure, eating in the second oldest restaurant in Ohio is cool and all; and drinking in the oldest bar in the Buckeye State certainly has a certain novelty. But where else can you do both of those things AND down all-you-can-eat spaghetti and homemade sauce every Thursday thru Sunday? Who says Ohio doesn't have any redeeming qualities?

EISHEN'S

Oklahoma

Eishen's Bar -- *Okarche, OK* (Est. 1896)

Fried chicken is the main attraction at this 118 year-old Oklahoma drinking den, but the sleek black bar in the back has a more interesting story than the yardbird. It was hand carved in Spain nearly 200 years ago, shipped to California during the Gold rush, and somehow ended up in Okarche in 1950. It's one of the few surviving items from a fire that destroyed the original Eischen's in 1993.

Ammonia truck explosion site 'unstable': fire chief

7 Sep 2014, 11:31am Sun 7 Sep 2014, 11:31am

abc.net.au



Photo: The explosion was felt in nearby towns, with the scene likened to a "bomb blast". (Supplied: Qld Police Service)

Related Story: Truck hauling fertiliser explodes; 8 hurt

The site of an ammonia truck explosion near Charleville in Queensland's south-west is still too unsafe for authorities to enter, Queensland Fire and Rescue Service (QFRS) says.

A two-kilometre exclusion zone remains in place at the scene of the blast, which occurred after a truck carting more than 50 tonnes of ammonium nitrate crashed and rolled about 10:00pm (AEST) on Friday.

Eight men, including a police officer and four firefighters, were injured in the blast, which police said was so powerful it "disintegrated" the truck, destroyed two firefighting vehicles and two bridges, and blew a hole in the Mitchell Highway.

Two motorists who stopped to help were also injured and the truck driver remains in a critical condition with serious burns and head injuries in the Royal Brisbane Hospital.

Two rescue workers remain in the Toowoomba hospital with serious internal bruising and damage to their ear drums.

Shockwaves from the blast were felt by residents in nearby towns, and the local fire chief described the fact no-one died as "a miracle".

Tom Dawson, the Assistant Fire Commissioner for the south-west region, said a team of experts gathered in Charleville this morning to determine the best way to stabilise the blast area.

"We still actually believe we've got a little pocket of ammonium nitrate burning, so that in itself, with the fumes that'll come from that burning process, still indicates we've got an unstable situation," he said.

I have been involved in this industry for 20 years now and to my knowledge an incident of this type and this size has not occurred anywhere in this state, and to the best of my knowledge, Australia, in that 20 years.

"It's going to be a very scientific call to say it is now stable, then we'll go about it very guardedly to go closer to determine the degree of safety.

"We now believe a lot of the product is actually buried under earth."

Assistant Fire Commissioner Dawson said the devastation from the explosion was immense.

"We're talking up to two to three kilometres of damage to foliage, structures, the rail bridge, the bridge itself," he said.

Police said motorists should avoid the area while specialist officers examine the scene.

A 600-kilometre detour is in place.

Workplace Health and Safety officers would conduct their own investigation into the explosion.

The owner of the truck, Kalari, said it was deeply saddened that people were injured in the explosion and that their welfare was the company's priority.

In a statement, Kalari said it had stopped the service route pending more information about the incident.

600km detour in place; damage to affect transport industry

The Queensland Trucking Association (QTA) said the road damage would cause big problems for the national transport and heavy vehicle industry.

QTA spokesman Peter Garske said the Mitchell Highway connected several states.

"My understanding is they expect to have up - in a fairly short space of time - a side track, but that will only be suitable to motor vehicles; it will not be suitable to heavy vehicles," he said.

"It could be quite some days before a route in and around the Mitchell highway for heavy vehicles [is available].



Photo: One of the fire trucks damaged in the explosion near Charleville. (QFRS)

"It will conceivably be weeks or months before the infrastructure is properly restored to its original condition."

Mr Garske said the accident was a warning to companies hauling dangerous goods.

He said the extent of the damage would resonate in the industry.

"It is a wake-up call to everybody in the industry - whether it is a heavy vehicle owner or whether it is a heavy vehicle driver or indeed the customers, the owners of the

freight, the consignors the consignees - we all have a responsibility in the safe movement of heavy vehicles in Australia and the safe carriage of the freight," he said.

Mr Garske said he had never seen an accident like it in Australia.

"I have been involved in this industry for 20 years now and to my knowledge an incident of this type and this size has not occurred anywhere in this state and to the best of my knowledge Australia in that 20 years," he said.

No concerns over road transport of chemicals: fire chief

Firefighters said the damage and destruction caused by the truck explosion was rare.

Assistant Fire Commissioner Dawson said trucks hauled dangerous chemicals and fuels on Australian roads every day and it was not a problem unless they crashed.

"This product - and trucks like this very same truck - travel these roads every day," he said.

"Every day they're out there and they don't go bang.

"Something's happened to bring this truck in a situation, which has possibly mixed the product on the back of the truck - maybe with the diesel fuel, the impact of the initial [crash] when it goes off the road - so those circumstances have had more of a connection to the end result.

"You'd be surprised - there's a lot of these trucks - they do it very safely and very effectively.

"It's when they leave the road there is a problem."

Fears region has lost tourism and trade

Murweh Shire Council Mayor Dennis Cook said damage to the Mitchell Highway would affect tourism and trade in the region.

He said the Department of Main Roads needed to act quickly.

"We have lost our tourist trade as well, because the main road is gone," he said.

"We need to do a bypass of some description before we even put the bridge back together because it will take a while.

"We need someone to find some emergency money to get moving on this because this is what we need. It is our main thoroughfare through the west."

Queensland Transport Minister Scott Emerson said his department was working as fast as possible to open an alternative four-wheel-drive track around the explosion site.

"We will assess the situation is," he said.

"I think there will also be some sort of insurance pay-outs as well as part of this process - that's the advice I've received.

"Until we can get into the site and assess what the damage is, it very difficult to say what the job will require."



Topics: road, emergency-incidents, road-transport, charleville-4470, toowoomba-4350, longreach-4730

Photo: Highway construction work may have shielded emergency workers from the full force of the blast. (Supplied: Queensland Police Service)

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Anaheim - Anaheim Fairfield Inn By Marriott -

This motel is right next to a freeway, and it is said to be haunted by a couple that died in a car accident that took place on the freeway.

Anaheim - Anaheim High School - Theatre/Auditorium -

**Voices have been heard in the auditorium and deep laughter is heard on the balcony.
Erratic footsteps have been heard on the roof.**

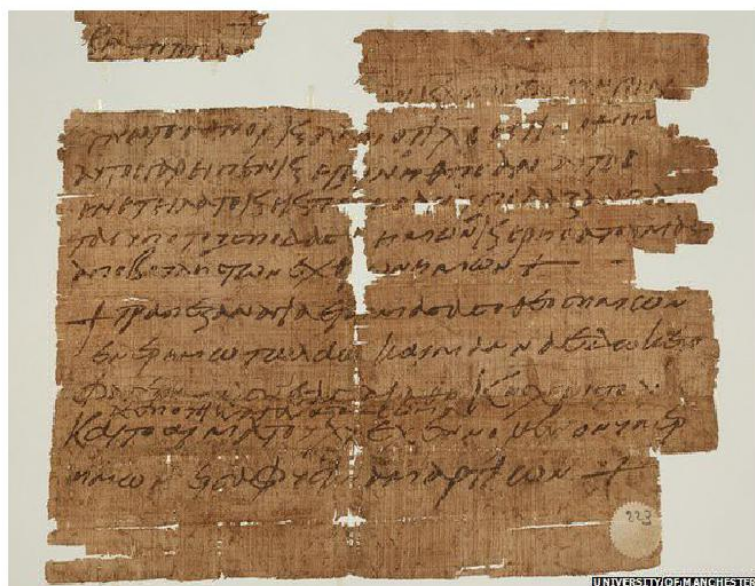
Anaheim - Anaheim High School -

There's a bomb shelter under the school from World War 2. You could here constant banging on the old, locked steel door on certain nights, usually after football games.

Anaheim - Performing Arts Building (*Formerly a senior home*)-

Reports of feeling a presence, the feelings of being followed, cold spots, & hearing footsteps & whistles can be experienced on the second floor.

Ancient Last Supper charm found in John Rylands Library



The text was written on the back of a fragment of a grain tax receipt

[Continue reading the main story](#)

A 1,500-year-old papyrus charm thought to be "the first ever found to refer to the Last Supper and use magic in the Christian context" has been discovered in the vaults of a Manchester library.

The fragment was found at the University of Manchester's John Rylands Library by researcher Dr Roberta Mazza.

Dr Mazza said it was an "incredibly rare example of the Bible becoming meaningful to ordinary people".

She said it would have been put in a locket to protect wearers from danger.

The document, written in Greek, has been held by the library since 1901, but was largely ignored until Dr Mazza came across it.

'Doubly fascinating'

On one side, it has a combination of biblical passages from the books of Psalms and Matthew, while on the other is part of a receipt for payment of grain tax.

Dr Mazza said the amulet maker "would have cut a piece of the receipt, written the charm on the other side and then folded the papyrus to be kept in a locket".

She said the use of written charms was an ancient Egyptian practice, which was adopted by early Christians, who replaced prayers to Egyptian and Greco-Roman gods with passages from the Bible.

The papyrus may have been originally owned by a villager living near Hermopolis - now called Al Ashmunin - in east Egypt and "we now think knowledge of the Bible was more embedded in sixth century AD Egypt than we realised," she said.

"This is an incredibly rare example of Christianity and the Bible becoming meaningful to ordinary people - not just priests and the elite.

"It's one of the first recorded documents to use magic in the Christian context and the first charm ever found to refer to the Eucharist - the Last Supper - as the manna of the Old Testament."

She said it was "doubly fascinating because the amulet maker clearly knew the Bible, but made lots of mistakes".

"Some words are misspelled and others are in the wrong order - this suggests that he was writing by heart rather than copying it."

Anderson - City Hall -

The Anderson City Hall used to be a dance hall during the 1800's. An Indian woman and her child were murdered on the site. Workers have heard sounds of dance music and the cries of a child late at night.

Antelope Acres - Rosmond - Burnt down insane asylum -

Strange feelings, weird occurrences, burnt rubbish, human remains, human sacrifice materials, and extreme temperature difference from outside.

Arcadia - Arcadia High School -

Said to be haunted by a janitor who walks the kitchen and indoor cafeteria- Says students who have actually encountered the ghost. It said late at night if you're in the foyer you can hear him walk up and down the kitchen and cafeteria pushing a squeaky cart with cleaning tools rattling in it.

Archaeologists Uncover “Vampire” Burial In Plovdiv - Novinite.com - Sofia News Agency

Society » ARCHAEOLOGY | August 27, 2014, Wednesday // 12:25 | Views: 1671 | Comments: 0

novinite.com

Archaeologists Uncover “Vampire” Burial In Plovdiv



Bulgaria: Archaeologists Uncover “Vampire” Burial In Plovdiv

Archaeologists uncovered a Christian necropolis with 80 graves during a dig in downtown **Plovdiv**, reports Vesti.bg.

One of the skeletons had a brick in its jaws and a roof tile on its head. “This is a typical European practice between XV – XVII c. and was done to prevent the dead from turning into a **vampire**,” the leader of the archaeological team Elena

Bozhinova said.

All graves in the necropolis were dated in the same period. In many of them the experts found coins, jewels, buttons and other belongings of the deceased.

“In one of the graves we found a purse with 30 silver coins”, Bozhinova said.

Archaeology » Be a reporter: Write and send your article Expats.bg All Are Welcome! Join Now!

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Archaeology: Bulgaria's latest 'vampire' skeleton found in Plovdiv

sofiaglobe.com

Written by The Sofia Globe staff on August 26, 2014 in Bulgaria



Plovdiv archaeology vampire 1

Bulgaria's collection of "vampire skeletons" – burials in which measures were taken to prevent the deceased from rising as undead – can now be updated to

include remains found in the country's second largest city, Plovdiv.

Following the media excitement generated by the find in the seaside resort of **Sozopol** in June 2012, similar skeletons have since been found in Veliko Turnovo, **Perperikon** – already famous for a trove of legitimate discoveries – and the town of **Vratsa** in north-western Bulgaria earlier this summer.

Given Plovdiv's rich history, with the first signs of human habitation going back to about 4000 BCE and the modern city inhabited continuously since 340 BCE (known as Philippopolis for most of that time), it would have been more surprising if it had been unable to stake a "vampire burial" claim of its own.



Plovdiv archaeology vampire 1a

The skeleton is one of 80 found in a necropolis in the old town part of Plovdiv, tentatively dated from the 15th and 16th centuries.

The remains, facing westwards, had a brick fragment placed in the mouth of the deceased, with a clay roofing tile put over the head during the burial. The practice of placing brick fragments into the mouths of the deceased – especially those believed most likely to rise as undead, such as plague victims – was spread in 15th-16th century Italy, according to archaeologist Elena Bozhinova, quoted by local news website podtepeto.com.

The archaeologists found the remains of at least 50 burials at the site over the past week



OLYMPUS DIGITAL CAMERA

back to the 12th-13th centuries.

alone, as well as tombstones, although none of them appear to have any surviving inscriptions. Archaeologists found iron horseshoes in several of the coffins, but it is unclear why they were placed there, since no such burial practices had been observed before.

About 280 coins were also found between the various remains, with the largest individual find being 30 silver coins in one of the oldest burials excavated so far. Archaeologists said that below the current level they were investigating, there was an older layer dating



Plovdiv archaeology vampire 3

The dig team found also items from a much earlier period including coins and pottery shards believed to be from the Ancient Roman period, raising hopes that the team may find even older remains at the site, Bozhinova was quoted as saying.

The dig site has become an attraction for local residents, some of whom have volunteered to help the archaeologists with their work, podtepeto.com reported.

(All photos courtesy of podtepeto.com)

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Armagosa - Armagosa hotel and opera house -

haunted by several ghosts who were residents during the borax mining. The hotel workers have pictures of orbs and many stories as well as some documentaries have been filmed on the hauntings.

'As Above/So Below' digs up Paris' scary past

Ancient catacombs serve as a backdrop for a terrifying tale

Brian Truitt

@briantruitt
USA TODAY

One way to make a horror movie really creepy is to actually film it in a city of death.

Filmmaking brothers John Erick Dowdle and Drew Dowdle have created claustrophobic nightmare places in horror films before — a building in 2008's *Quarantine*, an elevator in 2010's *Devil*. Yet they went on location to a unique one for *As Above/So Below*, the first ever allowed to shoot in both public and private spaces in the Paris Catacombs.

The centuries-old underground caverns are a cemetery that houses the remains of more than 6 million people. In the movie, which opened Friday, an archaeology student (Perdita Weeks) rounds up a translator (Ben Feldman, *Mad Men*) and others to venture underground to



BRUNO CALVO, UNIVERSAL PICTURES

Producer Drew Dowdle, left, and director John Erick Dowdle filmed their horror movie among the bones of more than 6 million dead Parisians.

search for Nicholas Flamel's mythical Philosopher's Stone.

What they find as they go deeper are terrifying connections — such as a broken piano or a burning car — to the demons of their pasts. "It's like hell, but as if hell is within us all," says director John Dowdle.

They didn't want to focus on "a Ten Commandments kind of sin" but instead personal ones, his co-writer brother Drew adds. "The thing that torments you, the thing you regret, something you wished you would have done differently, for whatever reason."

On their first day, they spent

five hours in the most off-the-grid system in the catacombs, with water up to their armpits and the ceiling just above their heads. "You're 10 stories underground with nothing but stone above you. There were moments where I was like, 'Oh, God, get me out of here!'" John Dowdle says, adding that the movie's "found-footage" style came out of necessity because of the enclosed spaces.

In order to capture authentic reactions to strange situations, the Dowdles often would quarantine the actors before a scene, so they would be surprised by new characters or plot elements. It didn't always work; when confronted with a creepy choir of naked folks, "we all sort of started chuckling," Feldman says. "I can't imagine they used that take."

For Feldman, the catacombs' history and folklore lent an element of adventure and made *As Above/So Below* seem much more than a regular horror film. "It's not just a bunch of kids running into a haunted house and screaming," he says. "It felt like we were making something a little bit bigger than just a bunch of scares."

Aug 31st 2014 Desert Hot Springs CA P1
The Desert Sun

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Tuesday, Aug. 26, the 238th day of 2014. There are 127 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1883: The island volcano Krakatoa began cataclysmic eruptions, leading to a massive explosion the following day.

1920: The 19th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, guaranteeing American women's right to vote, was certified in effect by Secretary of State Bainbridge Colby.

1939: The first televised major league baseball games were shown on experimental station W2XBS: a double-header between the Cincinnati Reds and the Brooklyn Dodgers at Ebbets Field. (The Reds won the first game, 5-2, the Dodgers the second, 6-1.)

1944: French Gen. Charles de Gaulle braved the threat of German snipers as he led a

victory march in Paris, which had just been liberated by the Allies from Nazi occupation.

1958: Alaskans went to the polls to overwhelmingly vote in favor of statehood.

1964: President Lyndon B. Johnson was nominated for a term of office in his own right at the Democratic National Convention in Atlantic City, New Jersey. The Kinks' single "You Really Got Me" was released in the United States by Reprise Records, three weeks after its British release.

1968: The Democratic National Convention opened in Chicago.

1972: The summer Olympics games opened in Munich, West Germany.

1974: Charles Lindbergh — the first man to fly solo, non-stop across the Atlantic

— died at his home in Hawaii at age 72.

1978: Cardinal Albino Luciani of Venice was elected pope following the death of Paul VI. The new pontiff took the name Pope John Paul I. (However, he died just over a month later.)

1986: In the so-called "preppie murder case," 18-year-old Jennifer Levin was found strangled in New York's Central Park; Robert Chambers later pleaded guilty to manslaughter and served 15 years in prison.

1996: Democrats opened their 42nd national convention in Chicago.

2004: The nation's supply of vaccine for the impending flu season took a big hit when Chiron Corp. announced it had found tainted doses in its factory, and would hold up shipment of about 50 million

shots. At the Athens Olympics, the U.S. women's soccer team won the gold medal by beating Brazil, 2-1, in overtime; Shawn Crawford led a U.S. sweep of the 200 meters. Pop singer Laura Branigan died in East Quogue, New York, at age 47.

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Wednesday, Aug. 27, the 239th day of 2014. There are 126 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1776: The Battle of Long Island began during the Revolutionary War as British troops attacked American forces, who ended up being forced to retreat two days later.

1908: Lyndon Baines Johnson, the 36th president of the United States, was born near Stonewall, Texas.

1928: The Kellogg-Briand Pact was signed in Paris, outlawing war and providing for the peaceful settlement of disputes.

1939: The first turbojet-powered aircraft, the Heinkel He 178, went on its first full-fledged test flight over Germany.

1949: A violent white mob prevented an outdoor concert headlined by Paul Robeson from taking place near Peekskill, New York. (The concert was

held eight days later.)

1962: The United States launched the Mariner 2 space probe, which flew past Venus in December 1962.

1967: Brian Epstein, manager of The Beatles, was found dead in his London flat from an overdose of sleeping pills; he was 32.

1979: British war hero Lord Louis Mountbatten and three other people, including his 14-year-old grandson Nicholas, were killed off the coast of Ireland in a boat explosion claimed by the Irish Republican Army.

2008: Barack Obama was nominated for president by the Democratic National Convention in Denver.

2004: President George W. Bush signed executive orders designed to strengthen the CIA director's power over the nation's intelligence agencies and create a national counterterrorism center. Three students were killed in a fire at a University of Mississippi.

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Friday, Aug. 29, the 241st day of 2014. There are 124 days left in the year.

On this date:

1533: The last Incan King of Peru, Atahualpa (ah-tuh-WAHL-puh), was executed on orders of Spanish conqueror Francisco Pizarro.

1814: During the War of 1812, Alexandria, Virginia, formally surrendered to British military forces, which occupied the city until September 3.

1864: The Democratic National Convention, which nominated Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan for president, opened in Chicago.

1877: The second president of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, Brigham Young, died in Salt Lake City, Utah, at age 76.

1910: Korean Emperor Sunjong abdicated as the Japan-Korea Annexation Treaty went into effect.

1944: 15,000 American troops of the 28th Infantry Division marched down the Champs Elysees (shahms ay-lee-ZAY') in Paris

as the French capital continued to celebrate its liberation from the Nazis.

1958: Pop superstar Michael Jackson was born in Gary, Indiana.

1964: Roy Orbison's single "Oh, Pretty Woman" was released on the Monument label.

1982: Academy Award-winning actress Ingrid Bergman died in London on her 67th birthday.

2004: Tropical Storm Gaston made landfall in South Carolina at near-hurricane strength. Protesters filling 20 city blocks peacefully swarmed Manhattan's streets on the eve of the Republican National Convention to demand that President George W. Bush be turned out of office. Closing ceremonies were held in Athens, Greece, for the Olympic games.

2005: Hurricane Katrina hit the Gulf Coast near Buras, Louisiana, bringing floods that devastated New Orleans. More than 1,800 people in the region died.

2009: Funeral services were held in Boston for Sen. Edward M. Kennedy, who was eulogized by

President Barack Obama; hours later, Kennedy's remains were buried at Arlington National Cemetery outside Washington. Eight people were found beaten to death at a mobile home in Glynn County, Georgia; family member Guy Heinze Jr., who reported finding the bodies, was later convicted of murder and sentenced to life in prison with no chance of parole. Space shuttle Discovery and seven astronauts blazed into orbit on a flight to the international space station.

2013: In a sweeping new policy statement, the Justice Department said it would not stand in the way of states that wanted to legalize, tax and regulate marijuana as long as there were effective controls to keep marijuana away from kids, the black market and federal property.

Thought for today: "People are very open-minded about new things — as long as they're exactly like the old ones." — Charles F. Kettering, American inventor (1876-1958).

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Saturday, Aug. 30, the 242nd day of 2014. There are 123 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1861: Union Gen. John C. Fremont instituted martial law in Missouri and declared slaves there to be free. (However, Fremont's emancipation order was countermanded by President Abraham Lincoln).

1862: Confederate forces won victories against the Union at the Second Battle of Bull Run in Manassas, Virginia, and the Battle of Richmond in Kentucky.

1905: Ty Cobb made his major-league debut as a player for the Detroit Tigers, hitting a double in his first at-bat in a game against the New York Highlanders. (The Tigers won, 5-3.)

1945: Gen. Douglas MacArthur arrived in Japan to set up Allied occupation headquarters.

1954: President Dwight D. Eisenhower signed the Atomic Energy Act of 1954, which was intended to promote private development of nuclear energy.

1967: The Senate confirmed the appointment of Thurgood Marshall as the first black justice on the U.S. Supreme Court.

1983: Guion S. Bluford Jr. became the first black American astronaut to travel in space as he blasted off aboard the Challenger.

1984: The space shuttle Discovery was launched on its inaugural flight.

1986: Soviet authorities arrested Nicholas Daniloff, a correspondent for U.S. News and World Report, as a spy a week after American officials arrested Gennadiy Zakharov, a Soviet employee of the United Nations, on espionage charges in New York. (Both men were later released.)

1987: A redesigned space shuttle booster, created in the wake of the Challenger disas-

ter, roared into life in its first full-scale test-firing near Brigham City, Utah.

1989: A federal jury in New York found "hotel queen" Leona Helmsley guilty of income tax evasion, but acquitted her of extortion. (Helmsley ended up serving 18 months behind bars, a month at a halfway house and two months under house arrest.)

1991: Azerbaijan (ah-zur-by-JAHN') declared its independence, joining the stampede of republics seeking to secede from the Soviet Union.

2004: Republicans opened their national convention in New York, with speakers belittling Democratic Sen. John Kerry as a shift-in-the-wind campaigner unworthy of the White House and lavishing praise on President George W. Bush as a steady, decisive leader in an age of terrorism. President Bush ignited a Democratic inferno of criticism by suggesting on NBC's "Today" show that an all-out victory against terrorism might not be possible.

2009: Voters in Japan ousted the country's conservatives after more than a half century of rule and put the untested Democratic Party of Japan in control. The space shuttle Discovery docked at the international space station, delivering a full load of gear and science experiments. Chula Vista, California, came up big late to win the Little League World Series, defeating Taoyuan, Taiwan, 6-3.

2013: Indonesia's highest court upheld a death sentence for Lindsay Sandiford, a British woman convicted of smuggling \$2.5 million worth of cocaine into the resort island of Bali. Seamus Heaney, 74, who won the Nobel Prize for literature and gained a global reputation as Ireland's greatest poet since William Butler Yeats, died in Dublin.

Thought for today: "Walk on air against your better judgment." — Seamus Heaney (1939-2013).

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Sunday, August 31, the 243rd day of 2014. There are 122 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1290: Jews are exiled from England by proclamation of King Edward I.

1704: Forces of Russia's Czar Peter the Great take Narva in Russia.

1876: Turkey's Sultan Murad V is deposed on plea of insanity and is succeeded by Abdul Hamid II.

1886: In one of America's worst disasters to that date, 110 people are killed when an earthquake rocks Charleston, South Carolina.

1888: Mary Ann Nicholls is found murdered in London's East End. She is the first victim of Jack the Ripper.

1900: British forces under Frederick Roberts occupy Johannesburg, South Africa.

1918: Bolshevik troops attack British Embassy in Petrograd, Russia.

1922: Czech-Serb-Croat Alliance is signed at Marienbad.

1923: Italy starts a brief occupation of the Greek island of Corfu after the murder of a boundary delegation.

1935: U.S. President Franklin D. Roosevelt signs an act prohibiting the export of U.S. arms to belligerents.

1942: German Gen. Rommel renews offensive against British at Alam Halfa in North Africa in World War II but is driven back to original lines.

1947: The U.S. Investigating Committee recommends that Great Britain give up control of Palestine.

1957: Malaysia gains independence as Federation of Malaya.

1962: Trinidad and Tobago become independent nation within British Commonwealth.

1971: Cuba terminates the airlift that had brought 246,000, Cuban refugees from Havana to Florida since December 1965.

1980: Polish labor leaders sign agreements with Communist government establishing for first time in a Soviet-bloc nation the rights to strike and to establish free trade unions.

Thursday, October 25, 2007

We'll take a cruise up I-79 and head towards Erie for today's story. This gruesome tale starts in a quiet wooded area off of Sterrettania Road in Millcreek. There you'll find the burned out foundations of a small home. (Not anymore, though. We've been told that plot was the last site sold in the housing project that's sprung up in the area.)

A rock path from there will lead you to a creek with a tree stump near its' bank. A jealous husband who suspected his wife of cheating on him with a farmhand chased her down that path and beheaded her with an axe on that stump. (Other versions say he killed her and his children in the house.) Then he immolated himself by setting the small house on fire.

Skip ahead a few years. A young couple are driving down a narrow road along the creek in the rain when the car got mired in the mud. The driver, being cautious in the secluded spot, told the girl to lock herself in the vehicle while he went for help.

She sat for what seemed to be forever in the car. Then she heard the muffled sounds of a struggle, followed by a gurgling noise. A bright light shone in the car and a voice commanded her to get out. Too terrified to protest, she unlocked the door and stepped into the rain. Hanging from a tree by his ankles was her dead boyfriend, blood dripping from his slit throat.

She turned to the man, and then ran screaming into the dusk. The shadowy figure held a light in one hand, an axe glistening with blood in the other, and was reaching out for her. If you ever visit an old friend that's a long-time Erie local, ask him about the tale. He'll know it. He may offer to take you there. A nice rainy evening would be a perfect time to visit.

Erie's not the only place with a similarly gruesome tale. A reader wrote "There was a tragic murder in York county on Iron Stone Road. A husband killed his pregnant wife and children with an axe and then hung himself. It's said that spheres of lights circle the house!"

There's also supposed to be another Axe Murder Hollow in McKean. A reader, Sally, wrote that "Axe Murder Hollow is located in an area of Thomas Road between Sterrettania Road and California Drive. I lived within walking distance of Axe Murder Hollow for over 30 years and never met any kind of Ghost or supernatural being."

"The property around there is all privately owned property and I knew one of the owners. He owned a lot of construction equipment and was sick of curiosity seekers trespassing on his property and would go out at night with a shotgun with rock salt and fire in the direction of trespassers. This, of course, just added to the excitement and rumors." As for us, we think we'd rather bump into an unarmed spook.

Developers in Erie gobbled up the land and built suburban homes in the Hollow; even the old

burnt-out lot was sold. You can barely recognize the place now. But the road is still there, running right along the creek...



Gaslight said...

Gaslight

Why are there never any names or dates in stories about "Axe Murder Hollow?"
This story is not even urban myth, it is pure fiction.

March 2, 2010 at 11:56 AM

Ron Ieraci said...

Gaslight - that's what makes it and other like tales an urban legend rather than historic fact. Maybe it's rooted in some dusty old event passed down by mouth; maybe it's a figment of someone's imagination that's somehow taken hold in popular lore. Could it be fabricated out of whole cloth? Sure - but something about the area lent itself to the story. Heck, it may be nothing more than a cautionary tale meant to scare backseat Romeos away from the lane. Who knows? The person that started the story, maybe three generations ago, sure ain't telling.

March 3, 2010 at 10:37 AM

Anonymous said...

My thoughts are this. A jealous man kills his wife. We hear this everyday in the news. Some creep decides to kill innocent travelers and blame an old tale. We hear this in the news too. My mother grew up here in Erie and she personally knew people that were able to research facts and nothing has been able to prove that it didn't happen

March 15, 2011 at 9:36 PM

Ron Ieraci said...

Anon - that's the beauty of these tales; they've been passed down through the generations, and there's some event behind the lore. This one could very well be the story of a long-ago crime. As you say, it happens every day.

March 15, 2011 at 11:22 PM

Anonymous said...

If it is pure fiction then by definition it is an Urban Legend.

April 30, 2011 at 3:57 PM

Ron Ieraci said...

Anon - We categorize things as urban legends when the events aren't verifiable. That's not the same as not happening, though that, of course, is one possibility.

May 3, 2011 at 6:41 PM

Azurerains said...

I am from Erie & have been there many times growing up. They built houses there & the site where the old foundation stood was the last lot to sell.

August 25, 2011 at 9:52 PM

Sally Owen said...

Axe Murder Hollow is located in an area of Thomas Road between Sterrettania Road and California Drive, in McKean, Pa. I lived on Sterrettania Road, within walking distance of "Axe Murder Hollow" for over 30 years. I used to walk my dogs through the area known as "Axe Murder Hollow" quite frequently. Never met any kind of Ghost or supernatural being. I have walked through there all hours of the day & night. I did; however, stay on the road. The property around there is all privately owned property and I knew one of the owners. He owned a lot of construction equipment and was sick of curiosity seekers trespassing on his property and would go out at night with a shotgun with rock salt and fire in the direction of trespassers he would hear in the woods. This, of course, just added to the excitement and rumors.

 November 26, 2011 at 8:40 AM



Debbie

Debbie said...

I ACTUALLY LIVED THERE in Erie, Pennsylvania on Thomas Road. My dad built a house in those same exact woods. He never told us the story till about a year later of living there but I personally thought it was pretty coolest thing living in the haunted woods. I live in Florida now but I miss those beautiful woods and the big open stream of water by them. Living there I never saw anything mysterious but you never know ;)

November 12, 2013 at 12:42 AM

Willy T said...

I grew up in this area of Millcreek. Any kid who went to Walnut Creek Middle School, right down the road from here, can tell you a different version of this urban legend. Based in truth or total fabrication, it was harrowing stuff at that age! When I went there in the 90's, they still did a hay ride down that road every Halloween, and some faculty member would usually dress up like the bloody, lantern holding murderer. It was memorable enough for me to look it up just now! Thanks for posting this

January 27, 2014 at 10:47 PM



unexplained-events:

Axe-Man

'John' who works at sea as a dockworker came into dry dock(which means it was locked up, water pumped out, and left high and dry on blocks) to carry out refit and repairs.

Next to the ship he worked on, was a military frigate being broken down for scrap and when all of it was done, she was left to her fate.

Once all the sensitive stuff had been removed, the dock workers were free to go on. The

dock foreman, 'John' went on board first with a camera to take pictures of work areas. He took a couple of hundred all in all. The picture on top was one of the ones he took. The area where this picture was taken was in a cross alley way, deep inside the ship. He was going around with a torch and a camera. When he'd go to take a picture, he would turn off the torch (leaving him in total darkness) snap the shot, turn the torch back on and be on his way.

He had no idea who the man in the picture was (the only thing he knew was that he wasn't one of the dockworkers), as there was supposed to be nobody on the ship. The bottom picture, which is a more cleaned up picture of the one on top shows that the man had an axe.

He doesn't think it was a ghost, but a man with an axe seems a lot scarier anyway.

SOURCE

Below is the Original Post on Imgur, with orig. comments.

<http://imgur.com/gallery/AEPTUof>

Seriously Creepy. A pic of a ghost or a scary fucker with an axe. A must read.

by [stevgoldhound](#) · 2 months ago



As I have said in previous posts, I work at sea. Last month we came into dry dock to carry out refit and repairs. Dry dock is when a ship is brought into a lock, the gates closed and all the water pumped out,

leaving the ship high and dry 'on the blocks', thus allowing repairs/inspections etc.. of the underside of the hull. Next to us was an old Military frigate being broken down for scrap. She had arrived about two weeks prior to us. Once the Frigate was on the blocks and dry, all of the crew left the old girl to her fate. A sad sight but that's how these things go. Once all the sensitive stuff had been removed, the dock workers were free to go on. The dock foreman, 'John' went on board first with a camera to take pictures of work areas. He took a couple of hundred all in all. This was one of them. He later sent all of the pics to his boss, who upon seeing this one, called John straight away asking "Who is the guy with the axe at the edge of the camera flash?" John had no idea. He never saw anyone. The area where this picture was taken was in a cross alley way, deep inside the ship. He was going around with a torch and a camera. When he'd go to take a picture, he would turn off the torch (leaving him in total darkness) snap the shot, turn the torch back on and be on his way. Due to the fact that it was a military vessel the police were called. A search was carried out but no one was found. There was one way on and off the ship, and that was by a gangway covered by CCTV. (You couldn't jump over the side as it was a 25 meter drop on to concrete). No one was seen to leave the ship after John had taken this. I am a sceptic. Maybe its a trick of the flash reflecting off something, but if you really zoom in you can just make out the fuckers face, ear, collar of his jacket and the fucking axe in a meaty fucking fist. Now it could be John blowing smoke up my ass, but when he was telling the story he seemed genuinely rattled. And the guy in the pic looks nothing any of the other workers we met at the dock. If someone who is handy with cleaning up pictures, I'd be really interested to see what you can pull out of it. And before anyone asks, I'm not going to name the ship or even where she is, as I'm not sure if I'm supposed to have a picture of the innards of a military vessel. This gave me serious goosebumps. Needless to say, I did not go on board for a look. TLDR Scary guy with axe on abandoned ship EDIT: A lot of people are showing serious doubt as to the authenticity of the picture. As i have said, I too am a sceptic. But this isnt John. Looks nothing like him at all. I didnt stage this as Im not the one who took the pic. It was sent on to me. I say 'Ghost' as this was the running joke about it in the dock. I'm not a big believer in the paranormal. But which is creepier, a ghost or a fella with an axe just standing down the way from you? I have no doubt there will be more edits as I try to address each quip and quibble EDIT 2: These are a few pics of the ship in question at various stages during the weeks I was there <http://imgur.com/a/atagn> EDIT 3: A cleaned up picture of the face. All credit to my fellow redditor MagnusRobot. Great job man. <http://imgur.com/a/T3qb9>

[dredmorbius](#) 41 points : 3 replies : 2 months ago [reply](#)

Here's some levels adjustment on the background, def. a guy w/ an axe:<http://imgur.com/lbaHsH5>

+ [Torrk](#) 17 points : 1 replies : 2 months ago [reply](#)

"If you zoom in" WELL MAYBE IF YOU LET US

+ [stevgoldhound](#) OP 12 points : 2 months ago [reply](#)

Sorry guys. I'm a total techno-tard. If someone could explain how I can amend the lack of zooming I'll try to fix.

+ [ext1jdh](#) 8 points : 2 months ago [reply](#)

Creepy Fucker at twelve o'clock <http://i.imgur.com/FEVksjz.png>

+ [kidsparrow](#) 5 points : 2 months ago [reply](#)

I DO NOT LIKE THIS.

+ [WhoTookMyUserNameWhataJerk](#) 7 points : 1 replies : 2 months ago [reply](#)

I always believe everything I read on the internet.

+ [JamieLeeTurdis](#) 7 points : 2 months ago [reply](#)

I'm going to assume it's not a ghost because they don't exist.

+ [AlyssaKelley](#) 3 points : 2 months ago [reply](#)

perhaps its a homeless man who is squatting there?

+ [GingerTheBeard](#) 3 points : 2 months ago [reply](#)

stop lying to me man.

+ [DrCockterHelicopterMD](#) 4 points : 3 replies : 2 months ago [reply](#)

I require a red circle asap

[unstableReputation](#) 2 points : 1 replies : 2 months ago [reply](#)

zoomed with levels adjusted: <http://i.imgur.com/t5TboXu.png>

[panthermodern](#) 2 points : 1 replies : 2 months ago [reply](#)

tl;dr

[FuckUpDebra](#) 2 points : 2 months ago [reply](#)

Walter White?

[bismarcksd](#) 2 points : 1 replies : 2 months ago [reply](#)

"if you really zoom in" uh

[homer15](#) 2 points : 2 months ago [reply](#)

i don't think a thorough enough search was done.

[TimeTravellingAssassin](#) 1 point : 2 replies : 2 months ago [reply](#)

From what I see, he doesn't seem to have a face, and according to a bit of research, it seems to be a pretty modern axe/hatchet. [CONT]

[TimeTravellingAssassin](#) 1 point : 2 replies : 2 months ago [reply](#)

[CONT] The death could have been fairly recent, although he could have also found an axe and decided to use it.

[nitro2k01](#) 1 point : 2 months ago [reply](#)

Actual, boring, plot twist: The image is real but staged by you and a pal, and the part of the story about no one being on the ship is fake.

[AmberEldridge](#) 1 point : 2 months ago [reply](#)

In the pics you posted on "Edit 2," the bottom of the ship appears to be ground level. Do you think he could have climbed up that way?

[arodriguez585](#) 1 point : 2 months ago [reply](#)

more than likely a crew member was still on board and was going to start breaking down doors and other wooden stuff

[WokkyVokky](#) 1 point : 2 months ago [reply](#)

If you look at some of the colour photos, you can make out a dog by his feet, so probably a homeless man I'm guessing

[daprezjer](#) 1 point : 2 months ago [reply](#)

Do you have a higher resolution image than this? The person who sent it to you originally should have one.

[nextgenphonograph](#) 1 point : 2 months ago [reply](#)

Some dude with an axe trying to find some guns

[Nyanino](#) 1 point : 2 months ago [reply](#)

From the looks of it, it seems like the man is wearing a mask. Left side of his face there is a strap going over his head.

[pirasust](#) 1 point : 2 replies : 2 months ago [reply](#)

I've sharpened it a bit it looks like there's a face... just not a normal one

[DrChance](#) 1 point : 2 months ago [reply](#)

Looks sorta like an old guy.

[itsallgoodyo](#) 1 point : 2 months ago [reply](#)

Zoomed in Axe Man: <http://i.imgur.com/AEWppZn>

[WashedAshore](#) 1 point : 2 months ago [reply](#)

Did a level adjust as well. Looked behind me right after because that's pretty damn cuh-ree-py.

[Euhaka](#) 1 point : 2 months ago [reply](#)

I had to pull some CSI shit.

[Sycorax](#) 1 point : 2 months ago [reply](#)

+1 for a creepy read. gave me goosebumps

Azusa - Railroad Overpass Bridge -

Haunted by a transient and his dog seen walking the tracks at night.

MATTOON GETS JITTERS FROM GAS ATTACKS

MATTOON, Ill., Sept. 9.—Groggy as Londoners under protracted aerial blitzing, this town's bewildered citizens reeled today under the repeated attacks of a mad anarchist who has sprayed a deadly nerve gas into 13 homes and has knocked out 27 known victims.

Seventy others dashing to the area in response to the alarm, fell under the influence of the gas last night.

All skepticism has vanished and Mattoon grimly concedes it must fight haphazardly against a demented, phantasm adversary who has been seen only fleetingly and so far has evaded traps laid by city and state police and posses of townsmen.

With lips still swollen from el-



A MAD GASSER AT MATTOON



SOUTH CAROLINA Simpson-ville: The city is preparing for its inaugural Bacon Labor Day Festival. The event will feature bacon-based foods — bacon funnel cake, bacon sundae and bacon kettle corn.

Badass of the Week: Albert Johnson, the "Mad Trapper of Rat River"

badassoftheweek.com

Albert Johnson



Life in the frigid temperatures and untamed wilderness of Canada's Northwest Territories, especially in the 1930s - a time when things like "propane heating" and "not getting eaten by bears" were unheard-of luxuries - was pretty much a miserable experience for anyone who didn't enjoy freezing their nuts off and/or being forcibly kicked in the abdomen by a bunch of angry moose. Survival in this hostile, almost-inhabitable environment was far from guaranteed, making the foolhardy venture of frontier life one that was generally only undertaken by those who possessed an iron will, a hardy constitution, a modest arsenal of kill-crazy weapons, and a tenuous grip on their own sanity.

Unfortunately for the officers of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the man known only as Albert Johnson, the infamous "Mad Trapper of Rat River" possessed all of these things and more.

Albert moved to the Northwest Territories for some strange reason in July of 1931, and immediately went to work being a total jackass and pissing everyone off with his crazy antics. Living by himself in a log cabin he probably built out of wood he harvested with little more than a series of devastating karate chops and operating a small series of traps on the Rat River, he lived the lonely life of an eccentric badass frontier mountain man – hunting for food, selling animal pelts, fucking with the natives, and generally rocking out like a Depression-Era Unabomber.

Well, one day the local Inuit tribe filed a formal complaint with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, claiming that some local nut was jerking around with their strategically-placed animal traps, so the Mounties decided to pay Big Al a little visit. On December 26, 1931, two RCMP officers traveled roughly 80 miles by dogsled (a two-day journey in temperatures that hovered between negative-40 and negative-50 degrees) out to the middle of goddamned ass-nowhere to ask Mr. Johnson a few harmless questions about why he was being such a jackoff to the Indians. After banging on his door for a half-hour with no response, the Mounties decided that they didn't basically travel half of a fucking Iditarod just to go home empty-handed, and opted to kick down the door and bust their way inside Albert's log cabin. This proved to be a tactical error. Mr. Johnson politely declined comment to the nice officer by putting two bullets through the door and wounding one of them. The cops got pissed opened fire on Johnson's cabin, but he had strategically drilled gun ports through the walls of the cabin and successfully fought them off in a brief but decisive firefight.

A crappy log cabin in the middle of nowhere.

That was fucking it. The RCMP went back, licked their wounds, and put together a totally sweet frontier posse capable of assaulting pretty much anything this side of Omaha Beach. A few days later, nine men, forty-two dogs, forty pounds of TNT, and more handguns than the local NRA chapter arrived outside the home of the Mad Trapper. Once again, Albert Johnson decided to give the RCMP a warm reception by busting a few hundred caps in their direction. For fifteen hours (!) the cops exchanged fire with Johnson, who was firing out of the gun ports, and basically making his unassuming log cabin into an immobile 20th century version of the goddamned Killdozer.

Seeing as how this shitty little log cabin was seemingly impervious to bullets, the Mounties decided to whip out their home-made TNT grenades and shove them up Albert's ass with the realness. They thawed out a huge-ass stick of dynamite (remember, this is all taking place in temperatures that make the walk-in freezer at the local liquor store look like Miami Beach in mid-July), lit the fuse, and chucked it through the window of the cabin. In a flash of flame, splintered wood, and billowing black smoke, the entire log cabin went up like the White House in *Independence Day*. The roof collapsed. Three of the four walls were blown into sawdust. Children and small dogs were weeping silently to themselves. Sad orchestral violin music was playing in the background. Finally, when the fog of war cleared, the Mounties casually strolled up to the wreckage, half expecting to shovel whatever was left of Albert Johnson into an unmarked body bag and call it a day.

Unfortunately for the Mounties, this guy had other plans.

As they neared the smoking crater that had once been *Chez Johnson*, the Mad Trapper jumped up out of a fucking insane bomb-proof foxhole he had dug (by hand) in the middle of his living room, clutching an automatic pistol in each hand. He opened fire, shooting the flashlights out of the Mounties' hands and basically scaring the ever-loving shitballs out of anyone unlucky enough to witness this insanity. The cops turned around and did their best impression of that thing Shaggy and Scooby-Doo do where they jump up in the air, kick their legs like they're running, and vanish in a cloud of smoke. They didn't slow down until they'd reached civilization.

Well the RCMP may wear funny uniforms and ride around on horseback, but that still doesn't mean you can arbitrarily go off and start shooting at these guys for no good reason and not expect them to want to shove a boot or two up your ass. These guys always get their man, and a little something like "almost being fragged into gibs by a bomb-proof lunatic in a homemade nuclear fallout shelter" isn't going to deter them from bringing this nutjob to some righteous Canadian Justice. They put together a massive posse of pissed-off motherfuckers, and went out to show Mr. Johnson what happens to bitches who mess with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

The problem is, when they arrived at the remains of Johnson's cabin, he was nowhere to be found.

You see, Albert Johnson, the Mad Trapper of Rat River, took the only possessions he needed to survive in the harsh, unforgiving Arctic climate of the Northwest Territories – a pair of showshoes, and a couple firearms – and made a run for it on foot through one of the most inhospitable lands on the Planet Earth in the dead-ass middle of Winter.



The Northwest Territories in Winter.

If this sounds suicidal to you, then you need to learn some shit about Albert Johnson. This guy was fucking nuts - and apparently also unkillable - with like a +10 Resistance to Cold and/or Starvation. In what is now known as "The Arctic Circle War", this guy led the Royal Canadian Mounted Police on a wild goose chase that would last for 48 days through temperatures so ball-shatteringly cold that it could probably flash-freeze a polar bear. He covered hundreds of

miles, on foot, while being relentlessly pursued by the RCMP, the Candian Army, civilian trappers, dogsled teams, crazy vigilantes, Indian trackers, and goddamned surveillance aircraft. Twice he led the cops on chases through intense blizzards and complete-whiteout conditions, including one time when he somehow avoided capture by scaling a 7,000-foot mountain in a raging blizzard with no climbing gear or extra food.

Even if you don't particularly like this guy (you know, because he's a crazy criminal whackjob who needlessly opened fire on police officers), you really have to respect the fact that he was the ultimate survivalist. It is believed that this dude, traveling alone on foot, actually covered ground twice as fast as the RCMP dogsled teams. He continually doubled-back on his trail to throw off his pursuers, lived off the land, and caught or foraged all of his food with his bare hands (firing a gun would have given away his position), all the while constantly evading the ever-searching eyes of Canada's Finest.

Well, as they say, all good things eventually must come to an end, and after evading the authorities for nearly two months, the fuzz finally caught up with Albert Johnson. He was spotted by an airplane and cornered by the police. He opened fire on them with his rifle, of course (did I mention he was fucking off his rocker?), and was only brought down after the RCMP plugged nine bullets in him.

Albert Johnson, the Mad Trapper of Rat River, lives on today in the folklore of the Canadian wilderness. This crazy bastard is notorious for his rampant insanity, and his epic flight from the police - and the fact that he is almost completely shrouded in mystery only helps to bolster his legend. This guy never spoke a single word to police during the entire engagement... and shit, if it's not bad enough that to this day they don't even know if he was the guy responsible for tampering with the Inuit traps, the government of Canada can't even verify that Albert Johnson was even the man's actual name! He's like the Snake Eyes of crazy frontier mountain men.

The Mad Trapper of Rat River

Sources:



Ferrell, Ed. Frontier Justice. Heritage, 1998.

North, Dick. The Mad Trapper of Rat River. Globe Pequot, 2005.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -90px !important; width: 180px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Bakersfield - Bakersfield High School -

Reports of apparitions of a young couple, they look to be 16 to 18 years old. The girl is wearing a prom dress and the guy is wearing a football jacket with "BHS" embroidered on the back. The area has a strange chill to it, and a feeling of being watched. Where they are seen is up near the top of the bleachers.

Bakersfield - Bakersfield Californian Newspaper Building -

This old building is haunted by a few ghosts. A German Shepard Dog who can be seen, waiting patiently for his master to come and pick him up. An old security guard who can sometimes be seen in the lunchroom. Finally, the former editor of the Californian can be seen walking through the hallways of the building.

Bakersfield - Central Park -

A lady with the flowing robe seen wafting along the canal at dawn. A lifelong resident of this city was told the ghost belongs to a woman believed murdered. Her bones were found buried in the old foundry across from the park. The bones, discovered when the foundry's floor was torn up, had bullet holes in them.

Bakersfield - Club Paradise -

Reports of apparitions, locked employees in the storeroom from the inside, pushed people in the bar room hallway, grabbed, groped customers, objects move.

Bakersfield - Garces Circle -

People have reported that right before a major car accident at the circle (there's been quite a few) people can either see the hands of the statue moving or they hear him muttering in prayer for them.

Bakersfield - Bakersfield High School - the Quad -

The Quad is supposed to be very haunted. There used to be a hospital on the grounds of BHS and they would bury body parts from the operations in the area of the quad.

Bakersfield - Bakersfield High School - Harvey Auditorium -

Supposedly, while they were building Harvey Auditorium, a worker fell from the rafters all the way into the basement. They say that the Auditorium is haunted by his ghost, as well as some others.

Baldwin Park - Baldwin Park High -

Early in the morning strange sounds can be heard in the basketball gym. Also footsteps and thumping noises can be heard behind the stage. It is said to be the ghost of Gary Cooper.

Wilmington - Banning Residence Museum -

Generals of the Civil War are seen in one room planning a strategic attack of some kind and several people that once lived there are also seen.

Beverly Hills - Barrymore Estate -

ghosts of John, Lionel and Ethyl haunted the estate.

Cameron Park - Bass Lake Road - girl in white gown near the reservoir at the bend where the water sometimes over flows onto the road. -

November 2005 Update: At the actual lake by a bench it was dedicated to an old man he can be seen sitting on the bench smiling at you.

The skeletons who fought to the death

Magazine Monitor A collection of cultural artefacts 6 June 2014 Last updated at 19:20 ET

Some rather dramatic things happen at the theatre, but here author Jeremy Clay tells the singular story of the fighting skeletons trapped in a sealed chamber.

It had all the ingredients of a hit melodrama. An atmospheric setting. A terrible secret. Murder and mystery galore.

But although this tale seems tailor-made for the stage, it actually played out right above it. Up in the roof, to be more exact.

The timbers of the theatre in the province of Alicante were showing signs of decay back in 1867, so builders were called in and tasked with replacing them. Whatever fee they'd agreed on, it wasn't nearly enough.

When they ripped down the boards in the upper reaches of the playhouse, a narrow passage by the brickwork was revealed. And there, hidden away from view for years, stood a pair of skeletons in the tattered, shredded remains of their clothes.

For the startled workmen it was a nasty surprise, but the unexpected discovery of the bodies was something of a recurring theme in the 19th Century. It was an age of unprecedented construction, and with the ground being churned up like never before, skeletons popped up like ghoulish jack-in-the-boxes. In one particularly lurid case the remains of a postman were found bricked up behind a wall in North Carolina, his bag stuffed with letters half-a-century overdue.

But there was an extra twist to the creepy find in Alicante. When the builders conquered their shock, they took a closer look, and the story took an even darker turn.

The "two ghastly forms", as the Illustrated Police News described them, "were locked together in a last deadly embrace". One of the figures had a large knife buried deep in its chest. The handle was still gripped by the fleshless hand of the other, which had a broken blade in its own neck.

"It was evident from the position of the combatants that a deadly struggle had taken place in which the lives of both men had been sacrificed," said the paper.

So if the corpses fought to the death, how did they come to be sealed behind those wooden boards? Good question, and one that doesn't seem to have unduly troubled the Illustrated Police News.

But there was, at least, a clue to the identity of one of the victims/culprits.

Around 15 years earlier, the paper said, the theatre's carpenter had disappeared without trace. The very chap, in fact, who could have warned the owners they had a bit of looming trouble with the beams in the roof.

'Beardless Jesus' found in Spain

3 October 2014

bbc.com

Last updated at 11:37 ET



Ancient plate

Archaeologists in Spain say they have found one of the world's earliest known images of Jesus. It is engraved on a glass plate dating back to the 4th Century AD, reports from Spain say.

The plate is believed to have been used to hold Eucharistic bread as it was consecrated in early Christian rituals. It measures 22cm in diameter

and fragments of it were unearthed outside the southern Spanish city of Linares, ABC newspaper reports.

Scientists working for the FORVM MMX project found it inside a building used for religious worship in what remains of the ancient town of Castulo. The find made scientists "review the chronology of early Christianity in Spain", FORVM MMX project director Marcelo Castro told El Mundo newspaper.

The pieces were in an excellent state of preservation - 81% of its original area has now been pieced together by scientists.



Hands holding an ancient plate

In the image, Jesus Christ is flanked by two apostles, believed to be Peter and Paul. "The scene takes place in the celestial orb, framed between two palm trees, which in Christian iconography represent immortality, the afterlife and heaven, among other things," ABC writes.

El Mundo notes that Christ

looks very different from later depictions: he has no beard, his hair is not too long and he is wearing a philosopher's toga.



A reconstruction of images on the plate

Ancient plate

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Sable Island horses 'eviction threat'

11 September 2014

bbc.com

Last updated at 08:57 ET



Wild horses drinking water on Sable Island

A Canadian biologist has reignited a long-running debate over whether the famous wild horses that roam a remote Atlantic island should be evicted for endangering the local ecosystem.

About 400 horses wander undisturbed on Sable Island. But scientist Ian Jones of the Memorial University of

Newfoundland says the horses are an "invasive species" causing desertification on the island. They eat too much of the vegetation and compacting the soil with their hooves, the National Post newspaper says. He insists they should be relocated to Canada's mainland to stop further damage to the environment.

But he faces firm opposition. Legend has it that the animals came to Sable Island centuries ago, swimming ashore after their ship was wrecked at sea. "It's a debate between this romantic idea of horses and conservationism and biology," Jones says. "But you have to differentiate between values and science." The public have opposed earlier attempts to remove the horses, even though it's more likely they were brought to the island as farm animals sometime in the 18th Century.

Other scientists also challenge his theory. Bill Freedman, a Dalhousie University biology professor, tells the National Post: "The horses have been on the island for centuries, and I believe the ecosystem is now in a steady-state condition with respect to their ecological effects."



A young foal rest on Sable Island



A family of horses on Sable Island

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Ancient college opens after 800 years

1 September 2014

bbc.com

Last updated at 11:18 ET



Nalanda University ruins

An ancient Indian university has reopened 800 years after it was destroyed in an invasion, it's been reported.

Nalanda University, in the eastern state of Bihar, was first established in the 5th Century during the Gupta dynasty. It was said to have attracted thousands of scholars and thinkers from around the world but the site was destroyed in

the 1193 AD by an invading Turkish army. The new campus is set to be spread over 443 acres (179 hectares) about 15km (9 miles) from where the original university stood, the Times of India reports.

But the institution is reopening with just a handful students and about 11 members of staff, the Indian Express newspaper says. Vice-chancellor Gopa Sabarwal says: "Over 1,000 students from 40 countries have sought admission in Nalanda University. But only 15 students have been selected, including one each from Japan and Bhutan and others from India," More students will be enrolled in September she adds.

Meanwhile, construction on the new university campus is behind schedule. It's due to be finished in 2020 but work reportedly hasn't started yet, and courses are being taught in a local conference centre for the moment, the Hindustan times reports. Eventually, Nalanda will have seven schools and offer courses in science, philosophy and spirituality, and social sciences. The university is funded by the Indian government and backing from the 18 East Asia Summit (EAS) countries, including China, Singapore and Australia.

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Magpies 'don't steal shiny objects'

15 August 2014

bbc.com



Magpies do not steal trinkets and are positively scared of shiny objects, according to new research.

The study appears to refute the myth of the “thieving magpie”, which pervades European folklore.

It is widely believed that magpies have a compulsive urge to steal sparkly things for

THINKSTOCK

their nests.

But Exeter University scientists show that the birds are actually nervous of such objects, presumably because they are novel and may prove dangerous.

The study involved a pile of shiny items (metal screws, small foil rings, and a small rectangular piece of aluminium foil), and a pile of the same objects covered with matt blue paint.

Researchers placed mounds of edible nuts just 30cm away from each of the collected objects. In 64 tests during feeding, magpies picked up a shiny object only twice - and discarded it immediately.

The birds essentially ignored or avoided both shiny and blue objects, and often fed less when they were present.

Lead author Dr Toni Shephard said: “We did not find evidence of an unconditional attraction to shiny objects in magpies. Instead, all objects prompted responses indicating neophobia – fear of new things.

“We suggest that humans notice when magpies occasionally pick up shiny objects because they believe the birds find them attractive, while it goes unnoticed when magpies interact with less eye-catching items. It seems likely that the folklore surrounding them is a result of cultural generalisation and anecdotes rather than evidence.”

Righting old wrongs

The scientists – psychologists from the Centre for Research in Animal Behaviour (CRAB) - undertook the study after an internet search uncovered just two published accounts of magpies actually stealing shiny things: a missing engagement ring found in a nest in 2008, and a magpie in Rochdale stealing keys, coins, and a spanner from an automotive garage a year earlier.

Dr Shephard told BBC News: "Some birds do use eye-catching objects in the nest after mating occurs, like black kites, to warn off potential predators. But we had already looked inside a dozen magpie nests and not seen any shiny objects. So, I was not expecting magpies to use objects for this purpose."

The test may challenge the Collins English Dictionary definition of the magpie as "a person who hoards small objects".

It may prompt calls for a belated revision of the libretto of Rossini's opera *La Gazza Ladra* (The thieving magpie), which features a servant girl sentenced to death for a series of silver thefts actually committed by a magpie.

It may upset, too, the publishers of The Tintin comic *The Castafiore Emerald*, in which a prized gem is stolen by a magpie.

But the research is not conclusive – yet. Due to the nature of the test with fixed feeding stations, the scientists could only assess "married" magpies that inhabit a set territory. Single magpies without a steady partner are less predictable in their feeding habits.

So maybe, just maybe, it is bachelor birds wanting to woo potential mates with silver rings that have sullied the birds' name.

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Four-year-old sleepwalks over 5km

15 September 2014

bbc.com

Last updated at 09:12 ET

A four-year-old Norwegian girl has terrified her family by sleepwalking over 5km (3 miles) to a nearby town on a stormy night, wearing just her underwear and a pair of thin boots.

Police found the girl unharmed in the town of Honningsvåg on the northern island of Magerøya after locals called at 06:30 on Monday, the Finnmark Dagblad reports. Her aunt - who is looking after the girl and her three young siblings while their mother went on holiday - thought her niece was asleep in bed when the police rang. "I ran into the bedroom and was devastated when I saw that she wasn't lying in bed," she tells the Verdens Gang newspaper.

The girl apparently remembers dreaming that the house was on fire, putting on her boots and unlocking the front door, her aunt says. She probably went first to a nearby fish factory and then walked through an 800m (2,600ft) tunnel to get to Honningsvåg. "She must've been out for several hours," the aunt says. "And in this weather, it's been really cold and miserable. The house was rumbling in the night, there's been such a strong wind."

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Zombie game draws 2,000 in Spain

9 September 2014

bbc.com

Last updated at 11:10 ET



Zombies

More than 2,000 people have taken part in a survival game simulating a zombie apocalypse hitting a small Spanish town.

Resembling a scene from the zombie classic *Walking Dead*, players roamed the streets of Collado Villalba by night trying to elude people dressed as zombies, the El Pais newspaper reports. The

rules are simple - you're eliminated from the game if one of the slow-moving "un-dead" characters touches you between 23:00 and 07:30 local time. Meanwhile, actors in full battle gear simulate a military response by the government.

Events like this one in the small town near Madrid have become wildly popular since being launched in 2012, newspaper El Mundo says. Organiser Diego de la Concepcion says he got bored with the existing forms of adventure games and wanted to "create real adventure". He says he's fully booked for 2015, and even has bookings for 2016. But he admits some players get frustrated when they're "infected" and eliminated within minutes, but insists this only makes things more "real".

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Thai PM says coup critics cursed him

5 September 2014

bbc.com

Last updated at 07:24 ET



Thai Prime Minister Gen Prayuth Chan-ocha (left) with other officers after an audience with King Bhumibol

Gen Prayuth Chan-ocha led a coup in May

Thailand's military leader and premier, Gen Prayuth Chan-ocha, has accused critics of using black magic against him, it's reported.

In a high-profile speech on Thursday, Prayuth says he'd been warned of attempts to cast a spell on him, the Bangkok Post newspaper reports. "Today, I have a sore

throat, a pain in the neck," he says, speaking to officials at the Royal Thai Army Club in Bangkok. "Someone said there are people putting curses on me."

The general also says he performed a purification ritual to ward off possible evil influences - but hadn't counted on the side effects: "I had so much lustral water poured over my head, I shivered all over," he explains. "I'm going to catch a cold now."

In May, Prayuth led a coup against the elected government, saying he needed to restore order after months of mass protests. But opponents say the military is suppressing democracy and they are defying a ban on public gatherings. Prayuth addressed his critics: "If you still want to fight on and go underground, bring it on. If you resort to performing rituals, just bring it on."

Magical symbolism has long played a role in Thai politics. During the last big wave of protests in 2010, anti-government demonstrators splattered buckets of their own blood outside the PM's residence as priests cast a curse on the authorities.

Thai protesters performed a blood curse ritual against a

previous government in 2010



A supporter (C) of deposed Thai Prime Minister Thaksin Shinawatra pours a canister of human blood onto the gates of the Government House in protest in Bangkok on 16 March 2010

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'The polar bears made me do it'

12 September 2014

bbc.com



Sir

Painting by Edwin Landseer "Man Proposes, God Disposes" (1864)

John Franklin's fabled Arctic ship that vanished more than 160 years ago was found this week. But a painting related to its mysterious demise hanging in one university has been haunting exam students for decades, writes Tom Heyden.

"The polar bears made me do it," are the eeriest words to emerge from the urban legend of Edwin Landseer's painting - a grisly depiction of two polar bears hanging at Royal Holloway, University of London. Since the first exams were taken there in the 1920s and 1930s, it's been a painting associated with failure. "If you sit directly in front of it in an exam, you will fail - unless it's covered up," goes the myth, according to the college's curator Dr Laura MacCulloch.

The painting of two polar bears devouring a ship's remains - as well as those of the humans onboard - was inspired by the mysterious disappearance of Sir John Franklin, who led two ships and 129 men to their doom in 1845 trying to chart the Northwest Passage in the Canadian Arctic. The macabre spectacle is probably enough to distract even the most conscientious student. But bad luck rumours started almost immediately. There's an obvious connection to failure, says MacCulloch. I'm going to fail my exam just like they failed to find the Northwest Passage, one might conclude - and then I'll get eaten by a polar bear.

In the 1970s, fear of the curse reached fever pitch, says MacCulloch, when a student point blank refused to be seated near it. "The poor registrar, who just wanted to get this exam underway, ran off and tried to find the biggest thing that she could to cover the picture," she says. It turned out to be a massive union jack flag. Ever since, the same flag has adorned the painting every year during exams.

But as that tradition verges on four decades, the urban myth itself has diverged. Recent graduate Michaela Jones was told that a student during an exam had stared directly into one of the polar bears' eyes. Trance-like, the student had then gone "mad" and killed herself - although not before etching the words "The polar bears made me do it" onto her exam paper. Or *his* paper. "I've heard it was a girl, I've heard it was a boy, I've heard about three [different]



The painting covered by a Union Jack flag in 1984

ways that they killed themselves," says MacCulloch. Of course, the incident didn't happen. No evidence exists to the contrary in the university's archives.

Nevertheless, "students are quite superstitious," says Jones. "If you speak to anyone at the uni there is a consensus that it's true." And although Jones acknowledges it may be a myth, she definitely wouldn't want to sit an exam without the comfort of the covering flag. "It does relieve people's fears a bit," she says. Luckily for students at Royal Holloway, that

tradition is there to stay for now, says MacCulloch.

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Two-headed snake found in Turkey

1 September 2014

bbc.com

Last updated at 08:44 ET



Two-headed snake

A rare two-headed snake has been found by a farmer in north-eastern Turkey, it's been reported.

It was discovered in the Black Sea province of Giresun and is currently being kept under quarantine at a reptile house in the city of Antalya on Turkey's south-western coast, Turkish daily Radikal reports. Ozgur Erelci, in charge of caring for

the snake, says it needs to be constantly monitored because of its size and shape. "Since the snake has two heads, its neck is thinner than normal," he says. "Snakes swallow their prey in full and then digest it. If you feed the snake a big portion it might choke. Hence we feed this snake in small portions."

The young snake appears to belong to the Coluber genus of thin-bodied, fast-moving snakes commonly known as racers. Cuneyt Alpguven, who works at Antalya Aquarium's reptile house, says two-headed snakes are very rare and have little chance of surviving in the wild. "Being two-headed is a major disadvantage, because its anatomical structure makes it more vulnerable to attacks while it also draws the attention of predators."

At two weeks old, Alpguven says the snake is expected to grow to a length of 20cm (8in) within a few months, Hurriyet Daily News says. Earlier this month, the same newspaper reported the discovery of a two-headed dolphin washed up on a beach in western Turkey.

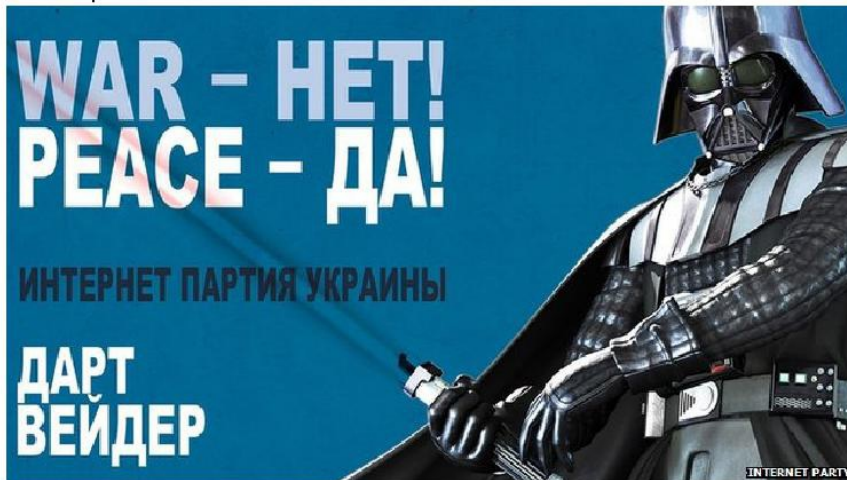
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Ukraine: Darth Vaders run for parliament

3 October 2014

bbc.com

Last updated at 06:16 ET



Darth Vader poster

Darth Vader says "no" to war in Ukraine

Sixteen men named Darth Vader have registered to run in Ukraine's parliamentary elections.

They're among a number of candidates vying for seats in the 26 October polls who have registered under the name of Star Wars characters - including Grand Jedi Master

Yoda and Chewbacca.

Their bid is supported by lavish amounts of roadside advertising strewn across Ukraine. One billboard features Chewbacca promising to "slap the hairy hand of corruption". On another, Darth Vader speaks out against war, apparently referring to the long-running crisis in eastern Ukraine. Their campaign also involves other Star Wars characters in full costume, such as imperial stormtroopers. Gearing up for the elections, they donated blood to sick children in June. "Now Ukrainian children will have some blood from fearless Stormtroopers running in their veins," said one Darth Vader.



Stormtroopers

Stormtroopers visited a hospital to donate blood to sick children

Seven of the Darth Vaders, Yoda and Chewbacca were nominated for parliament by the Internet Party, which champions technological advancement and demands an end to corruption. To promote its goals, it is taking advantage of how easy it is to have one's name changed in

Ukraine.

While the party's expensive campaign may look like part of a bizarre Star Wars cult, some have seen a sinister ploy to subvert democracy. "Who is spending so much money at a

difficult time like this?" wondered journalist Maxim Scherbina recently. He claimed that the money may be coming from members of ousted President Viktor Yanukovich's entourage, who are desperate to return to power.



Chewbacca poster

Chewbacca's electoral pledge is to "slap the hairy hand of corruption"

This is not the first time Darth Vader has stood for election in Ukraine. In April, a man going by that name tried running for presidency, but his application was rejected by the Central Electoral Commission. One official suggested that his campaign could be an attempt to make

a mockery of elections in Ukraine - possibly by Russia.

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Bell Gardens - Bell Gardens Park -

In 1972 there was a man with a little girl at 12 at night and the guy killed her and took her head out and he dug a hole by the baseball field and he put it there. She actually described the location where the bodies were to be found and mentioned that there was something wrong with one of the victims' left foot, after locating the bodies in a shallow grave it was found that one of the boys' feet had been partially eaten by coyotes.

Bellflower - Bellflower High School -

Its reported that back in the '60's in room B-1 on the West side of the campus, a Female student named Kaytlin killed a skinny boy in the class after he called her "Chicken Head". She made him drink a soda filled with rat poison. After he passed out she tied

him to a desk and started to cut up his body so she could stuff him in a cabinet in the room. At that time the room was used for storage and his body rotted in there over the long hot summer break. When the next school year started his body was found by a custodian that was cleaning the room. The hauntings that have been reported include the overwhelming smell of rotting flesh and blood stains appearing and disappearing on the floor. Some of the Teachers that have used this room, that is now a classroom, have reported seeing body parts in the cabinets, that also disappear.

Bellflower - Bellflower High School - Theater -

A girl killed herself because her boyfriend broke up with her and she didn't make the play she tried out for. She hung herself over the stage. A prop phone would ring when unplugged. When students are rehearsing spotlights would flicker on and off. When the radio would be unplugged it would turn on, but the station would be changed.

Bellflower - Kmart -

A woman has been seen on several occasions in the stockroom areas. She always appears to be working. As of this date she has not been identified.

Benicia - Benicia Old Town Theater/ Portuguese Hall -

Reports of footsteps on the back stairs, a ball of fire that flies around, lights flashing, cold spots, & an apparition of an old woman.

Benicia - The Union Hotel -

During the 1800's, a young woman hanged herself in one of the rooms of this hotel. To this day, people report seeing her apparition in the window that faces the street. Other guests claim to see lights going on and off and someone talking or crying when no one is around.

Berkeley - Faculty Club -

room 219 is haunted by a ghost of an elderly man.



THE LEGEND

A monstrous beast called the Billiwhack Monster lives in an abandoned dairy near Aliso Canyon.

A Little History:

Situated in a quiet, almost Arcadian valley in the San Rafael Mountains, the Billiwhack Dairy thrived in the early part of the twentieth century, thanks to the efforts of August Rubel, its owner. But Rubel struggled through the depression of the 1930s, and eventually had to file for bankruptcy in 1943. No one really knows what happened to him after that, although some have claimed that he went off on a mission for the OSS in World War II and never returned. In any case, the dairy remained empty for years, providing shelter for wayward animals, runaways, and curious kids alike.

Where It Comes From:

In the late 1950s, a nine-year-old Aliso Canyon boy returned home late one evening with deep scratches across his arms and back claiming that he had been attacked by a "weird animal" at the Billiwhack. He had snuck on to the property with some friends and found a way into the building itself. But at some point this beast jumped out from nowhere and started chasing them; a beast that was over seven feet tall with long arms and gigantic claws like a bear. He also said that it was covered in shaggy hair, and had two horns growing out the top of its head that curled around its ears like a goat.

While the authorities never took the boy's claim very seriously, the news of the "Billiwhack Beast" eventually spread throughout the valley, prompting even more kids to make pilgrimages to the dairy. In 1964 the local sheriff's department caught nearly a dozen children armed with homemade swords as they were climbing the



was going the manner of St. Michael, while another professed that he was going to cut its head off and take it to the president of the United States.

The Context:

The Billiwhack Beast is not the only sighting of a monster in Southern California. Several residents in Ojai, for example, a small town a mere fifteen miles to the west of the Billiwhack dairy, claimed that they saw a weird creature running through their yards in the 1930s. Mrs. Catherine Loughboro, for example, described it as a "half-monkey-half-man," and claimed that it had stolen two hens from her henhouse. Weeks later, in June 1939, Mrs. Tom Richards saw a similar beast sitting in her corn patch chewing on an ear of corn. She described it as being the size of a twelve-year-old boy, with long, black fur and long, gangly arms.

An even more curious beast appeared on November 8, 1958, near the Santa Ana River bridge in Riverside. According to the official police report, twenty-four-year-old Charles Wetzel was driving home one night when something jumped out in front of his car. Wetzel later claimed that it stood six feet tall, had legs growing out of its sides, arms that nearly touched the ground, and scaly, leaf-like skin. "It had a round, scarecrowish head," he explained. "With a kind of muzzle for a mouth."

Apparently the "black monster," as it was later dubbed, made a screeching noise and bolted straight for his car. Terrified, Wetzel began frantically searching for the .22 revolver that he kept under his seat as the beast climbed onto the roof and began pounding and scratching the windshield. Seconds later, he put the car in gear and gunned the engine, throwing the beast off the rear end.

Officers later agreed that there were scratch marks on Wetzel's car, and that was enough to warrant a sweep through the area with blood-

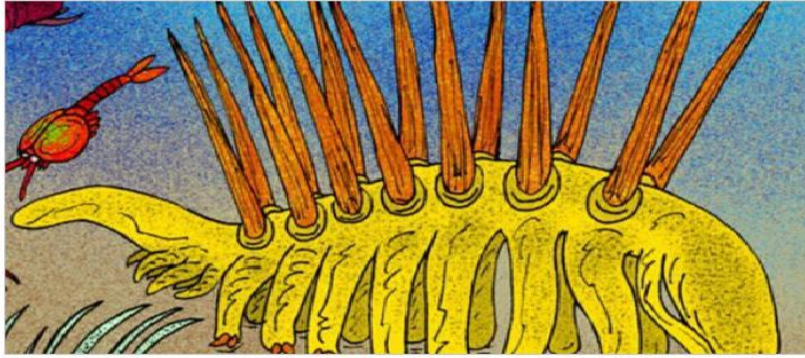
**in shaggy hair,
and had two
horns growing
out the top of
its head that
curled around its
ears like a goat.**

gave up the hunt.

Then there was the monster that appeared in the urban center of Watts in 1961. According to police reports, at approximately 3:15 P.M. a creature with the "body of a dog and the face of a woman" ran through the vicinity of 103rd and Grape. "At first I thought it was a crank call," Lieutenant L.D. Rottier told the *Los Angeles Examiner*. "But for the next three hours similar calls kept coming in from that general area. I guess a lot of people saw this thing and they all described it as running on all fours and covered in hair... But it wasn't a dog, or any other known animal, at least according to the reports."

What It All Means:

In mythology, such animals are said to be the result of an unnatural coupling of a human female with a supernatural being. Psychologists explain such sightings as psychic manifestations, reflecting the storyteller's subconscious fears and/or neurotic projections. (Which is one reason why such sightings—and horror movies for that matter—are so common during times of turmoil or oppression.) Geneticists like to point out that such monsters are really physical aberrations, and that giants, dwarves, and people with horns are relatively common within certain groups. Cryozoologists on the other hand, argue that such species may be the result of a common species being forced to adapt to a radically different environment, such as the pink river dolphin. Meanwhile paranormalists maintain that such creatures are from other dimensions, passing back and forth between our world and theirs. Each theory has its merits, and each may or may not explain aspects of the phenomenon. As Robert H. Knapp of the seminal Boston Rumor Clinic suggests, rumors of monsters serve the dual purpose of channeling the anxieties of the teller while providing entertainment for the listener.

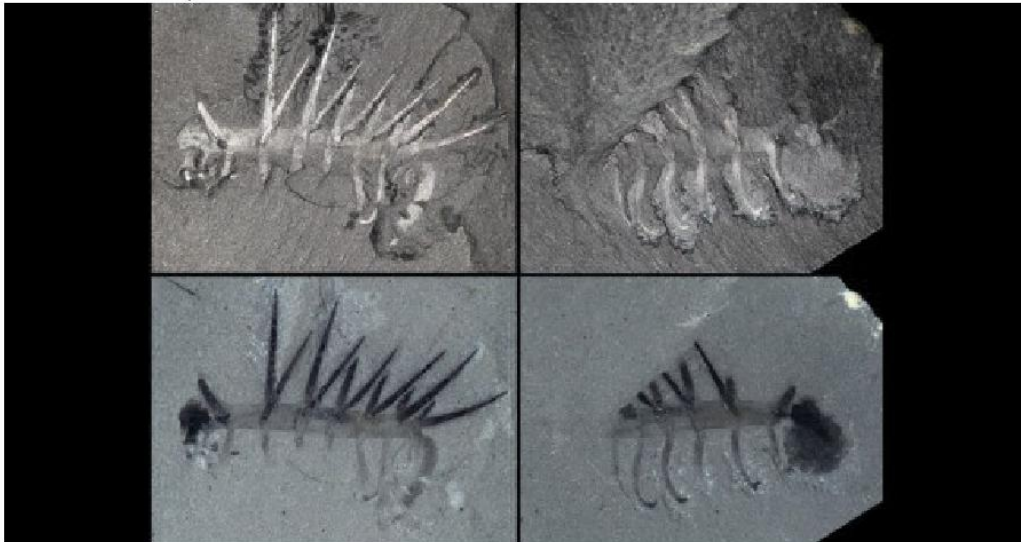


Bizarre Hallucigenia Worm Was No Hallucination

August 19, 2014 | Paul Seaburn | <http://mysteriousuniverse.org/2014/08/bizarre-hallucigenia-worm-was-no-hallucination/>

It looked like something that might have been seen by [Ringo](#) as he peered out the window of the [Yellow Submarine](#) while tripping searching for an [octopus's garden](#) but the [Hallucigenia sparsa](#) is no hallucination. New research has confirmed that it's the ancestor of today's [velvet worms](#) and that the scientists who first discovered may have actually been hallucinating because they pictured it upside down and backwards.

As reported in the journal [Nature](#), researchers at Cambridge University studied Hallucigenia fossils found in the [Burgess Shale](#) in Canada's Rocky Mountains dating back 505 million years to the [Cambrian Explosion](#), a period when most modern animal groups first appeared. When Hallucigenia fossils were first discovered and identified in the 1970s, the spines on its back were thought to be its legs, the legs to be back tentacles and the head and tail were reversed. Well, it WAS the 70's.



Hallucigenia fossils from the Burgess Shale.

The Cambridge group studied the *Hallucigenia* fossils again and turned everything around. They also studied the claws at the end of the legs and saw that they were layered cuticles stacked one inside of each other in a manner similar to Russian nesting dolls and , more importantly, to the jaws of modern velvet worms, which are actually legs that have evolved for chewing. This is the first solid evidence of a link between the velvet worm and the *Hallucigenia*, proving it wasn't a one-hit Cambrian wonder with no descendents.



A velvet worm.

In the process of turning the *Hallucigenia* upside down and discovering its claws, the researchers did the same for some evolutionary theories about arthropods, says study co-author Dr. [Javier Ortega-Hernandez](#).

An exciting outcome of this study is that it turns our current understanding of the evolutionary tree of arthropods — the group including spiders, insects and crustaceans — upside down. Most gene-based studies suggest that arthropods and velvet worms are closely related to each other; however, our results indicate that arthropods are actually closer to water bears, or tardigrades, a group of hardy microscopic animals best known for being able to survive the vacuum of space and sub-zero temperatures — leaving velvet worms as distant cousins.

And you thought spiked worms were only found in [mescal](#).

Antioch - Black Diamond Mines - The Rosehill Cemetery -

haunted by Sarah Norton, also known as the "White Witch". She was a midwife and on her way to deliver a baby her carriage fell over and she was crushed. She is seen in the graveyard floating around the tombstones.

Antioch - Black Diamond Mines -

These mines are haunted by the White Witch. In life, her name was Mary. She was a nanny in the 1800's when there was still coal mining in the mines. All of the children died of illnesses and she was accused of Witchcraft, then executed. She guards the mines and when people see her, she is all white.

Antioch - Black Diamond Mines - Somersville - Sarah Norton -

Sarah Norton was a midwife who died on the way to deliver a baby when her carriage over turned and killed her. Sarah was not a religious woman and told her kids that she did not want a funeral. So when she died the town s people of Somersville wanted to give her a funeral. The first time they went to give her a funeral a fierce storm struck up and cause the towns people to delay the funeral till the next day, the next time they tried to give her a funeral another storm came out of no where and the live stock started charging thru town, at that point the towns people stopped trying to give her a funeral and just brought her to Rosehill Cemetery, From that day her sprit has been seen around Somersville and the other locations where the mining towns use to be know as The Black Diamond Mines in eastern Contra Costa County and other locations off of m arsh creek rd. Her ghost has been known to be called the White Witch.

Burney - Black Ranch Road. -

A little girl dressed in white will walk in front of a moving car if the driver has been drinking. Bartle House - roof glows green at night (check with the local fire department, they have responded to numerous calls of the house being on fire), cabinet doors open by themselves, lights and heaters turn on, figure of Mr. Bartle is seen in the hallway.

Bloomington - Bloomington High School -

Rumors that Late at night in the Auditorium, Screams, footsteps can be heard. Also that Janitors would get pushed down stairs Unexpectedly. The story behind this is that a Drama Teacher working alone(supposedly) fell into the pit area and died(a mere 5 feet drop). Police said it was accidental. But her wrist's were broken, indicated she'd been pushed. The Auditorium is now dedicated to that Drama Teacher.

Bodega Bay -

- Reports of a Vortex here, strange unexplainable things happen to people as well as animals.

Bodie - Bodie State Park -

Reports of walking up and down stairs in any building there. Curse on Bodie if anyone takes anything as a souvenir.

Katie Baillie Monday 1 Sep 2014 12:31 pm

(Picture: Barcroft Media)



Meet the inspirational man born with an upside-down head

If you've ever got annoyed your body isn't perfect, Claudio Vieira de Oliveira will give you a sense of perspective.

He has badly deformed legs, almost no use of his arms and hands, and his head is on upside-down.

Claudio, 37, was born with congenital arthrogryposis, deformities so extreme that his mum was advised by doctors to let him die. Luckily for him she didn't listen, and he's gone on to prove to the world that he can do what anyone can do, and probably do it better.

His mother said: 'People started saying "the baby is going to die" because he could barely breathe when he was born. Some people would say "don't feed him, he is already dying".'

But now, having taught himself to be largely independent, he considers himself normal. He is an inspirational public speaker and also has a degree in accountancy.

(Picture: Barcroft Media)



Claudio, who lives in Brazil, said: 'Since I was a child I've always liked to keep myself busy and work – I don't like to depend totally on other people.

'I have learned to turn on the TV, pick up my cell phone, turn on the radio, use the internet, my computer – I do it all by myself.'

He can even get around town with the use of some special shoes having learned to walk on his knees since his body is too deformed for a wheelchair.

Claudio said: 'Throughout my life I was able to adapt my body to the world. Right now, I don't see myself as being different. I am a normal person.'

Find out more about Claudio's story in Body Bizarre, which starts September 4, 9pm on TLC.

*** EXCLUSIVE ***
CONDITION OF USE: Claudio's story appears in Body Bizarre, which starts from 4th September, 9pm on TLC *** MONTE SANTO, BRAZIL - DECEMBER 2013: Claudio Vieira de Oliveira, 37, at home in Monte Santo in December 2013, with his mother Maria Jose Vieira Martins and members of his family. A BRAVE man born with physical disabilities so severe his head is upside-down has defied the odds

to become an inspirational speaker. Claudio Vieira de Oliveira, 37, has badly deformed legs, almost no use of his arms and hands - and his neck is folded back on itself. Doctors told his mother to stop feeding him as a newborn as they believed he had no chance of survival. But Claudio from Monte Santo, Brazil, has overcome his extreme disadvantages to graduate as an accountant and become a public speaker. PHOTOGRAPH BY Barcroft Media UK Office, London.

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Golf challenge began as d

By Denise Goolsby
The Desert Sun

A quirky, obscure sporting event is set to tee off on Saturday, continuing a high desert tradition that began in 1959.

The Pioneer Pass Golf Challenge — a day-long tournament that begins in Big Bear and ends in Yucca Valley — was originally organized to help raise funds to build a paved road between the two towns.

The pioneers of this extreme golf event, assisted by Marines from the Twentynine Palms base, met on the mountain in the 1950s with shovels and other equipment to carve out the proposed road. The golf challenge was created as a promotional event to draw attention to the road concept.

The dirt back road between the towns is still unpaved, but the Pioneer Pass Golf Challenge has soldiered on, unfazed, for 56 years. Proceeds from the tournament, sponsored by the Rotary Club of Yucca Valley, goes to the Morongo Basin Historical Society and Miracle League of Morongo Basin, a baseball field and league for kids with special needs.

The nine-hole event, which covers about 30 miles, takes players through rugged mountain terrain before dropping down into the Mojave Desert.

No, the players don't actually hoof it the entire longer-than-a-marathon-distance route.

Holes are set up at different spots along Pioneer Pass — the dirt road is designated 2N02 in the San Bernardino National Forest in the mountains and becomes Burns Canyon Road when it makes its way down to the desert.

After completing a hole, golfers pile into trucks for the drive to the next "tee." Golfers are required to bring their own "spotters." These good sports stake out a place somewhere down the



Participants compete in one of the early Pioneer Pass Golf Challenges.

"fairway," and watch for flying golf balls. Not an easy job, as virtually the entire course is played in the rough.

For those who desire a flatter field of play, the day before the "Down the Mountain" game takes place, an 18-hole scramble tournament will be held at Mission Lakes Country Club in Desert Hot Springs.

The origins of the Pioneer Pass Golf Challenge can be traced back to around the turn of the 20th century.

The route through Pioneer Pass was well-known and heavily traveled by early day miners and cattle ranchers. By the 1920s, when others began to see the potential of an improved passage through the high desert, the idea for the Camino D'Oro Highway was born. It was proposed as a two-lane state highway connecting Highway 99 (now Interstate 10) and Phoenix by way of Twentynine Palms.

Starting in Redlands, the

highway was to go up into the mountains by Forest Home and Bartlett Flats, then down the other side of the high desert to Twentynine Palms Road by one of three alternate routes. One of those proposed routes was through Pioneer Pass, down through what became Rimrock and Pioneertown into Yucca Valley.

After connecting with Twentynine Palms Road at that point, the Camino D'Oro Highway, which translates to "Gold Road," was to continue eastward through present day Joshua Tree and Twentynine Palms to the Colorado River and on to Phoenix.

"The enthusiastic supporters formed the Three-Mile Road Association, the first civic group to try to influence San Bernardino County and Sacramento into carrying out the Camino D'Oro plans," according to a heritage of Yucca Valley article published in 1984. The information about the history of Pio-

MORIES

Desert road game



MORONGO BASIN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

neer Pass and the golf challenge was provided by the Morongo Basin Historical Society and the Rotary Club of Yucca Valley.

In 1935, the state did surface Twentynine Palms Road from the old turnoff near Whitewater to the San Bernardino County Line in Dry Morongo Canyon. However, in the last half of the 1930s, the Camino D'Oro project as a state highway was halted when Sacramento selected, instead, a section of road in the Tehachapi area for paving and adopting into the state highway system.

"Naturally, there was bitter disappointment, but even though the project was set aside, the enthusiasm and determination was preserved for a later time," the article said.

In 1947, the Pioneertown Corporation worked on the Camino D'Oro project, promoting the Burns Canyon route. The corporation hired road crews to cut a passable road for cars and trucks through Burns Canyon

from Rimrock to the Rose Mine, connecting there with an existing dirt road to Baldwin Dry Lake. This was the beginning of the Pioneer Pass Road to Big Bear.

The Rose Mine, named for its pink and lavender quartz, began operating in the 1880s and was one of the most productive gold mines in the San Bernardino Mountains.

The Villa de Vista organization in Twentynine Palms also backed the highway project throughout the 1940s and in 1951, the members hacked out about 1,300 feet of roadway. About this time, a group of local citizens, hoping to have Pioneer Pass paved for tourist travel, arranged for the Marines from Twentynine Palms to work on the road, widening and straightening it at spots.

By the late 1950s, the Pioneer Pass Push had been organized in Yucca Valley. Engineers, crew chiefs, and other volunteers were assigned a section of the new portion of road to be constructed on Pioneer Pass Push Weekend, April 18 - 19, 1959.

"With the blush of success still on their cheeks, the Pioneer Pushers planned an event that was ... one of the most unique athletic contests in the history of golfdom," the article said.

The group planned and staged the First Annual Pioneer Pass Golf Challenge, held Oct. 3-5, 1959. The purpose of the event was to focus attention on the benefits and conveniences that could be derived from a paved Pioneer Pass Road between Yucca Valley and Big Bear.

Thirteen men and two women braved the rugged course during the inaugural event.

The road remains unpaved, but the tradition continues.

For more information about the Pioneer Pass Golf Challenge, contact Shelley Licata at (760) 228-3447.

Boy finds 10,000-year-old arrowhead on N.J. beach

By The Associated Press on August 24, 2014 at 6:13 PM, updated August 25, 2014 at 4:16 PM

[nj.com](#)

BEACH HAVEN — A boy playing on a New Jersey beach has unearthed a 10,000-year-old arrowhead possibly used by ancient Native Americans to spear fish or hunt mastodon.

Ten-year-old Noah Cordle and his family were vacationing on the Long Beach Island last week when he found it at the edge of the surf in the community of Beach Haven.

It was sharp enough that it hurt as it hit his leg. He thought it was a crab until he picked up the object.

The Springfield, Virginia family contacted the Archaeological Society of New Jersey to check it out.

The president, Greg Lattanzi, who is also a curator at the New Jersey State Museum in Trenton, tells the Asbury Park Press that the arrow point probably dates back 8,000 to 11,000 years. Back then, the New Jersey shore was a cold and treeless place just after glaciers had treated.

"I was basically blown away," he said. "Finding these is rare."

Lattanzi says his museum has about two dozen of these Paleoindian points, but most were found by professionals at archeological digs.

Only one other in the collection washed up on a beach.

Lattanzi said he believes that a beach-replenishment project probably scooped up the tool and pushed it toward the shore.

The Cordle family visited the State Museum after the discovery and learned how the arrowheads were made.

The family says they plan to donate it to a museum after Noah has a chance to show his class what he found.

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Untitled

Boy held for 'killing pet dinosaur'

News from Elsewhere... By News from Elsewhere... ...media reports from around the world, found by BBC Monitoring 14:19 UK time, Friday, 22 August 2014

A high-school student in the US state of South Carolina has been arrested and suspended from school over a writing assignment in which he claimed to have killed his neighbour's pet dinosaur, it's been reported.

Alex Stone, 16, says he was told to write something in the style of a Facebook status update for a project at Summerville High School. But when he allegedly wrote: "I killed my neighbor's pet dinosaur. I bought the gun to take care of the business," worried teachers called the police, local news station WCSC reports. Officials questioned Stone and searched his schoolbag and locker but didn't find any weapons. But police say the boy was difficult during questioning, and he was arrested and charged with disturbing the school, the SF Gate website says. Stone was also suspended for a week.

The boy's mother, Karen Gray, says she thinks the school overreacted. "I could understand if they made him rewrite it," she says in an interview with NY Daily News, adding the school didn't call her to explain what was happening. Meanwhile, her son says he's frustrated and would prefer to be home-schooled from now on. "I regret it because they put it on my record, but I don't see the harm in it," he says.

Brentwood - Mount Saint Mary's - Brady Hall -

there have been students "oppressed" by spirits. Doors open by themselves. With a whole English class present, the poem "the Living Hand" was being read. During the poem, the door open and then slammed. The teacher checked and no one was there. The doors are designed so that you have to turn the knob to open them and they are difficult to slam.

Ilha de Queimada Grande: Brazil's Forbidden and Deadly Snake Island | WOE

whenonearth.net

Locally known as Ilha de Queimada Grande, Brazil's Snake Island is one of the deadly wonders of Mother Nature. This small island is located about 20 miles off the coast of São Paulo, Brazil. What's interesting about it is that all the Brazilians know about the island, but there are only a few who had the courage to step on it. Even if some people have traveled there, only a few have survived. The question that would come in anyone's mind is, "What makes this island so horrifying?" The answer: the deadliest snakes that ever existed on Earth.

One of such snakes is the golden lancehead viper. This snake is so deadly that it can kill a person in less than an hour. The poison of this snake can cause brain hemorrhage, kidney failure and it can even melt human flesh. It only exists in Brazil's Snake Island and the island now has the highest concentration of the venomous snakes in the world.



Photo via: Moco-Choco

The Brazilian government has now declared this island as forbidden for the general population. The life threatening snakes have made it impossible for humans to coexist on the same island. An automated lighthouse is the only presence on this island that undergoes maintenance once a year.

When the snake island separated from the mainland, the island's species of snakes started to evolve on a separate path from the mainland cousin. Natural predators are not present on the island, which is the reason why there is nothing left for the golden lancehead vipers but to prey on migratory birds.

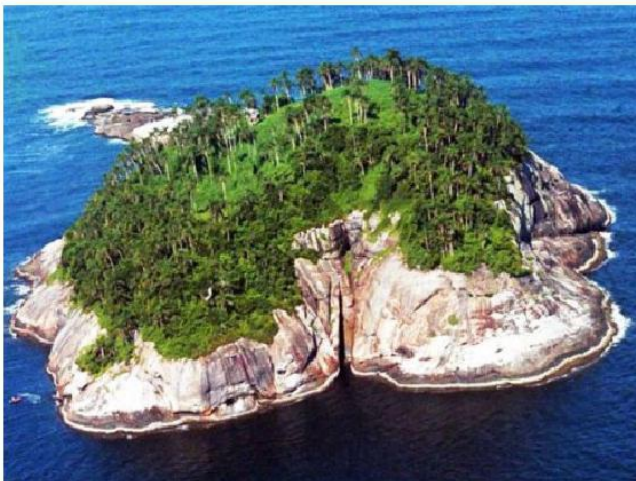


Photo via: Moco-Choco

There are only a few scientists who have set foot on the Snake Island. Stepping into the island requires legal permission and a doctor needs to be present at all times. If a person gets bit by a snake on the island, an anti-venom needs to be administered to the person immediately.

Scientists and researchers are now making effort to explore the medical potential of the golden lancehead viper's venom. There are some fractions in the venom of the golden

lancehead viper that can be used to treat heart diseases and blood clotting. The snake island, despite its bad reputation as a deadly island, is an ecologically unique place and can be used to



Photo via: Dream of Brasil



Photo by: Fabio Manfredini via Flickr



Photo by: aAndre.biologo via Flickr

bring about revolutionary development in science and medicine.

Brazil's Snake Island is now in the legal care of the Brazilian Navy. The Navy has trained individuals who will take all the adequate precautionary measures on the island.

Scientists along with the government are taking their due measures to preserve the island and the snakes.

But even though these snakes sound scary, nature has proven that man can still overpower such threat. Habitat degradation, illegal animal trade, and diseases reduced the snake population by 15 percent in 15 years. Now, the Snake Island is inhabited by 2,000 critically endangered golden lancehead vipers and scientists are doing their best to protect them and reverse the decreasing numbers.

The fact that they're endangered doesn't mean it's fine for everyone to jump in a boat and head right away to Snake Island. Not unless you want to see and save the decreasing vipers.

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Photo via: Moco-Choco



Photo by: Fabio Manfredini via Flickr



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Brea - Brea Olinda High School - Performing Arts Center -

one student had been sweeping under the seats and by the time she had finished a row the two end seats would be down, and this happened in every row. Also one student said when she had been there late one night with only 3 other students that there had been a figure of a man standing on the stage staring at them. Many strange noises come about also during the later parts of the night, especially after a rehearsal or performance.

Brea - Breas Best -

Employees have reported that during late hours, frozen food would get launched across the kitchen. After about 15 minutes, a loud laughter would come about scaring the employees. One night, the refrigerator door flew open and someone or something threw out all the food on to the floor and also weird shadows were seen on the walls.

In the 1950's a school bus was driving kids home from a field trip. It skidded into a wash and all the kids drowned. If you go there, put your car in neutral around the turn, you get pushed up the hill. It's supposedly by the kids who died in the bus crash and they want to keep you from the same fate.

A Brief History of the Kachina

The Hopi people believe there are 2 forms of everything on the planet: physical and spiritual. The word "*katsinum*" means spirit, and this is where the word "*kachina*"

comes from.

The story of how the Kachina came to the Hopi people starts off long ago in an ancient village. There was a time of drought and starvation for many years. Slowly the food stores ran out and the people began to die. When all hope was lost, the Kachina saw the people suffering and took pity on them. They decided to show themselves and materialized in human-like form to help them with their power to grow food, bring rain and heal the sick through prayers of song and dance.

The people were afraid of the Kachinas, never seeing them before and thinking they might be evil; gathered up arms and prepared to drive them away. The Kachinas, however, blessed the people through song and dance; and produced gifts of food for the starving, helped heal the sick and brought rain for the thirsty crops (which they still do today).

So, thankful to the Kachinas, the Hopi people asked them to become a part of their tribe. It was in this village where they all lived side-by-side for many years. Over time, however, the people, no longer hungry and dependent on the weather, became lazy and began to neglect their way of life. Fields were choked with weeds, husbands and wives became promiscuous, and elders who could no longer care for themselves were forgotten. Children were left alone, crying and dirty and the buildings of adobe began to crumble.

The Kachinas seeing the results of living with the Hopi people, thought it best to leave because they had interfered with the Hopi way of life. The people realizing what was about to happen begged the Kachinas to stay.... but they refused. Before leaving, the Kachinas agreed to teach the Hopi people how to prepare offerings, the ceremonial dress, the songs and dances and how to harness the power over the elements. Only when properly preformed, will the true spirits deliver their prayers to higher deities to bring rain, bountiful harvests, health and happiness to all the people of the world.



Rattle Kachina

Horse Kachina

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Brooch of Tutankhamun Holds Evidence of Ancient Comet

popular-
archaeology.com

Tue, Oct 08, 2013

Even more, scientists confirm first-ever finding of a fragment of the comet's core.



Most have heard of the treasures of the 18th Dynasty pharaoh Tutankhamun, first discovered by Howard Carter and Lord Carnarvon in 1922 when they uncovered his tomb in the Valley of the Kings in Egypt. Few are familiar with his impeccably preserved brooch, recovered along with the numerous other artifacts within the tomb. Fewer still know about the striking yellow-brown scarab that is set at its center, and that it is made of a yellow silica glass stone procured from the sand of the Sahara and then shaped and polished by ancient craftsmen. The silica glass was originally formed 28 million years ago, when an ancient comet entered the earth's atmosphere and exploded over Egypt, heating up the sand beneath it to a temperature of about 2,000 degrees Celsius and resulting in the formation of a huge amount of the yellow silica glass, which lies scattered over a 6,000 square kilometer area in the Sahara.

The silica glass was one of a number of clues that eventually led Professor Jan Kramers of the University of Johannesburg, South Africa, and colleagues to a remarkable new discovery. At the center of it all is a mysterious black pebble found years ago by an Egyptian geologist in the area of the silica glass. After conducting highly sophisticated chemical analyses on this pebble, Professor Jan Kramers of the University of Johannesburg and a team of colleagues came to the inescapable conclusion that it represented the very first known hand specimen of a comet nucleus, rather than simply an unusual type of meteorite.

Kramers describes this as a moment of career defining elation. "It's a typical scientific euphoria when you eliminate all other options and come to the realisation of what it must be," he said.

"Comets always visit our skies – they're these dirty snowballs of ice mixed with dust – but never before in history has material from a comet ever been found on Earth," says Professor David Block of Wits University, a key researcher on the team.

The impact of the explosion also produced microscopic diamonds found within the pebble. "Diamonds are produced from carbon bearing material. Normally they form deep in the earth, where the pressure is high, but you can also generate very high pressure with shock. Part of the comet impacted and the shock of the impact produced the diamonds," says Kramers.

The team named the diamond-bearing pebble "Hypatia" in honour of the first well known female mathematician, astronomer and philosopher, Hypatia of Alexandria.

Comet material is very elusive. Comet fragments have not been found on Earth before except as microscopic sized dust particles in the upper atmosphere and some carbon-rich dust in the Antarctic ice. Space agencies have spent billions to secure the smallest amounts of pristine comet matter.

“NASA and ESA (European Space Agency) spend billions of dollars collecting a few micrograms of comet material and bringing it back to Earth, and now we’ve got a radical new approach of studying this material, without spending billions of dollars collecting it,” says Kramers.

The discovery has not only provided the first definitive proof of a comet striking Earth millions of years ago, but it could also help unlock, in the future, the secrets of the formation of our solar system.

The efforts have grown into an international collaborative research programme involving a growing number of scientists drawn from a variety of disciplines. Dr Mario di Martino of Turin’s Astrophysical Observatory has led several expeditions to the desert glass area. This latest research, which will be published in *Earth and Planetary Science Letters*, was conducted by a collaboration of geoscientists, physicists and astronomers including Block, lead author Professor Jan Kramers of the University of Johannesburg, Dr Marco Andreoli of the South African Nuclear Energy Corporation, and Chris Harris of the University of Cape Town.

Source: Adapted and edited from a press release of the University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa.

Cover Photo, Top Left: Tutankhamun’s brooch

Popular Archaeology’s annual **Discovery** edition is a selection of the best stories published in Popular Archaeology Magazine in past issues, with an emphasis on some of the most significant, groundbreaking, or fascinating discoveries in the fields of archaeology and paleoanthropology and related fields. At least some of the articles have been updated or revised specifically for the Discovery edition. We can confidently say that there is no other single issue of an archaeology-related magazine, paper print or online, that contains as much major feature article content as this one. The latest issue, volume 2, has just been released. Go to **the Discovery edition page** for more information.

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Boulder Creek - Brookdale Lodge -

A girl in a formal dress runs across the lobby, then disappears into thin air. In an empty Mermaid Room, voices and music are softly heard. Hidden rooms and secret passages are mysterious vestiges of Brookdale Lodge's rich past.

Brookdale - Brookdale Lodge/Brook Room -

There is the story of a little girl who drowned in the brook that runs through the restaurant. She comes back to the Brookdale Lodge and sits by the fireplace in the lounge and roams the grounds. A wonderful place to dine and stay, mysterious, but friendly and beautiful. (near Santa Cruz, Felton area)

sfgate.com



• • • • •

He hoped that just maybe his small gesture would bring tranquillity to a neighborhood marred by crime: dumping, graffiti, drug dealing, prostitution, robberies, aggravated assault and burglaries.



What happened next was nothing short of stunning. Area residents began to leave offerings at the base of

I asked police to check their crime statistics for the block radius around the statue, and here's what they found: Since 2012, when worshipers began showing up for daily prayers, overall year-to-date crime has dropped by 82 percent. Robbery reports went from 14 to three.



From left, Kieu Do, Lien Huynh and Vina Vo pray at sunrise in front of a Buddhist altar erected at 11th Avenue and East 19th Street in Oakland, Calif. on Saturday, Sept. 13, 2014. Photo: Paul Chinn, The Chronicle Buy this photo From left, Kieu Do, Lien Huynh and Vina Vo pray at sunrise in front...

aggravated assaults from five to zero, burglaries from eight to four, narcotics from three to none, and prostitution from three to none.

"I can't say what to attribute it to, but these are the numbers," a police statistician told me.

Back in 2009, when word got around that Stevenson was the person who'd installed the statue, offerings began to appear on his doorstep. It was like a scene straight out of the Clint Eastwood film "Gran Torino."



Vina Vo prays before a statue at the shrine, which has become an informal site for Buddhist ceremonies. Photo: Paul Chinn, The Chronicle Buy this photo Vina Vo prays before a statue at the shrine, which has become an...



Images of Buddha are the centerpiece of an altar that grew around a single statue placed by a non-Buddhist. Photo: Paul Chinn, The Chronicle Buy this photo Images of Buddha are the centerpiece of an altar that grew around a...

"They left a ton of fruit and Vietnamese specialty foods and candy, but there's only me and my wife, Lu, here and we can't eat all that stuff - but it's so good,"

said Stevenson.

"I've tried to explain to them my reasons" for placing the statue, he said. "I have nothing against it, but I don't believe what you believe!"

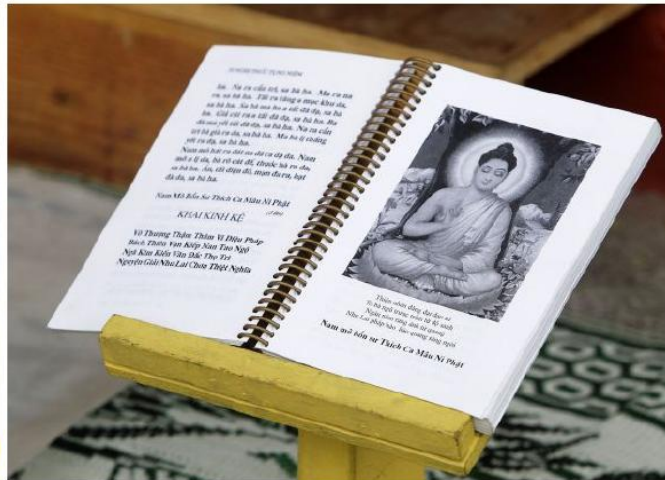
I don't think it matters to them.

To this day, every morning at 7, worshipers ring a chime, clang a bell and play soft music as they chant morning prayers. The original statue is now part of an elaborate shrine that includes a wooden structure standing 10 feet tall and holding religious statues, portraits, food



Vina Vo prays at sunrise in front of a Buddhist altar erected at 11th Avenue and East 19th Street in Oakland, Calif. on Saturday, Sept. 13, 2014.

Photo: Paul Chinn, The Chronicle Buy this photo A book of mantras is open at a daily sunrise prayer session in...



A book of mantras is open at a daily sunrise prayer session in front of a Buddhist altar erected at 11th Avenue and East 19th Street in Oakland, Calif. on Saturday, Sept. 13, 2014. Photo: Paul Chinn, The Chronicle Buy this photo A book of mantras is open at a daily sunrise prayer session in...

and fruit offerings surrounded by incense-scented air.

"This used to be a huge spot for dumping stuff," said Alicia Tatum, 27, on an early morning walk with

her dogs Lulu and Mya. "But over time, it's



Lien Huynh (left) and Kieu Do embrace before a prayer session at sunrise in front of a Buddhist altar erected at 11th Avenue and East 19th Street in Oakland, Calif. on Saturday, Sept. 13, 2014. Photo: Paul Chinn, The Chronicle Buy this photo Lien Huynh (left) and Kieu Do embrace before a prayer session at...

blossomed with more and more and more flowers - and they are out there every morning like clockwork."

On weekends, the worshipers include more than a dozen people: black folks, white folks, all folks, said Andy Blackwood, a neighborhood resident. Two weeks ago, a group of German tourists visited the shrine.

"The dope-dealing has stopped, the ladies of the evening have stopped," Blackwood said.

The Buddha has withstood two attempts to remove him from his watch, one criminal and one governmental. Neither has worked.

Soon after its installation, a would-be thief tried to pry the statue from its perch, but Stevenson had secured him with reinforced iron bar and "\$35 worth" of a powerful epoxy -

and Buddha didn't budge.

In 2012, after a resident's complaint, the city's Public Works Department tried to remove the statue but received such passionate blowback from neighbors that city officials decided to table and "study" the issue. Two years later, the administrative effort is long forgotten, and Buddha is still there.

When I went to visit the shrine, four small-framed ladies who don't speak or understand English decided I looked like a convert.

The moment I started talking, one of them politely took my pen from one hand, my notepad from the other and directed me to clasp my hands together, bow and repeat after her - so I did. When in Rome, right?

Apparently, my Buddhist chants aren't half bad either because they won some approving "oohs and aahs" from the flock - and carried me to Step 2 in the conversion process. The same woman who had grabbed my gear sat me cross-legged on a prayer rug in the street and placed a stool with a book on it before me. If nothing else, Buddha and I share the same body type - short, squat and happy. I sat there for a moment thinking that I might resemble him - and maybe that's why they seemed to like me.

I thought it might be a good opportunity to get a question in, too - and this time my spiritual guide seemed to understand.

"Next week," she replied.

Thank you very much, but I think I've already found what I was looking for.

Chip Johnson is a San Francisco Chronicle columnist. His column runs on Tuesday and Friday. E-mail: chjohnson@sfchronicle.com. Twitter: [@chjohnson](https://twitter.com/chjohnson).

Bigfoot believers persist

Daily Record - www.dailyrecordnews.com

Scientific findings do not deter searchers of elusive beast

SEATTLE (AP) — When you're a Bigfoot believer in Washington state — for some, the epicenter for the creature — you don't get discouraged.

Not even by this summer's scientific results that sparked headlines like, "DNA analysis indicates Bigfoot may be a big fake."

It turned out that this region was a major contributor of hair samples to the study done at the University of Oxford, hairs thought to come from the elusive being.

Washingtonians sent in half of the 20-some samples from the U.S.; there were a total of 57 samples worldwide from alleged yetis and others, and 30 were found good enough to test.

After two years of work, out came the results in July, published in the prestigious *Proceedings of the Royal Society B* ("B" for biological sciences).

The hairs were from raccoons, horses, bears, cows, wolves — not some unknown mammal.

But try shaking the belief of Bigfoot believers. Not going to happen.

Know it lives

Their stories are of having seen one, heard one, had one surreptitiously move things around their campsite while they slept. They know it lives.

"I have seen two of them, and have had hundreds of interactions with them," says Rhettman Mullis, a Bellevue psychologist who founded a site called Bigfootology.com that lists numerous team members and a section devoted to field reports.

He says "a very rough estimation" is that there are 100,000 Bigfoots in North America.

You can understand why the skeptics are skeptical. If there are 100,000, where is just one body? The search has spawned numerous Bigfoot groups, and the cable show "Finding Big-



MCT

This statue captures an image of Bigfoot, but so far none of the searchers have captured a creature some people believe exists.

foot," where they're always on the verge of tracking down the creature but never quite do it.

But Mullis believes.

Mullis even helped collect samples for the Oxford study and is listed as its co-author.

The primary author is Bryan Sykes, 63, a professor of human genetics at Wolfson College in Oxford. With his main interest being human evolution, Sykes says he had always been curious about the Bigfoot stories.

Sykes is well aware of the ridicule that Bigfoot enthusiasts face, and says, "I'm in the late stage of my career. I wouldn't have done this when I was young. Your colleagues will think you're a bit eccentric."

He says the DNA analysis totaled about \$40,000,

which he has paid for himself, because "I don't think it's appropriate to use public money for this kind of work." He says, "I'm gambling I can cover my expenses" through a book he's writing on "The Yeti Enigma."

Sykes says he always figured the odds of making a Bigfoot hair match at 5 percent, "a risk worth taking."

He says that even though the tests came back negative, all that means is that these particular hairs weren't from a Bigfoot, not that Bigfoot doesn't exist.

Sykes has visited this state five times and has become good friends with Mullis.

Life-changing events

Mullis remembers vividly what he saw at age 10, when he became a believer.

It was the summer of

1977, and he was on a family ferry outing in Puget Sound. He says he saw a massive creature, all black, "literally four times the size of a regular man, his arms coming out of the water," swimming in the wake of the ferry.

"When you see something like that," he says, "it changes your life."

Mullis is telling his story at the Granite Falls home of Pearl Prihoda, 56, who works for the local school district in the kitchen and as a janitor. She's listed as Bigfootology's official historian.

She displays her beliefs to all with a 12-foot, 2,000-pound chainsaw carving of a Bigfoot in her front yard.

Prihoda grew up around the Granite Falls area and remembers when she was 16, skipping school with her boyfriend, and the two had driven on an old power-line road and parked.

8-foot creature

Then they caught sight of a nearly 8-foot creature walking through the woods, she says.

"It was blackish-charcoal, covered with hair, and had these really long arms. It scared the daylights out of me. We tore out of there," remembers Prihoda.

She also says, "I was hooked. There was no doubt in my mind that what I saw was absolutely real."

Why so many sightings in this state?

"We have the three main pillars," Mullis says.

"We have cover, as in forests. We have plenty of water with creeks, rivers and lakes. And we have plenty of food. They're omnivorous and eat berries, nuts. And farmland — they're constantly raiding farms and they find cattle with hind legs ripped off and finding cattle carcasses in trees."

Uhh, wait a minute. Cattle carcasses in trees?

Says Mullis, "Mostly the media ignores these types of things."

Calexico - Calexico High School -

At night there are noises heard, and things seen. People have reported to see a girl walk around at different hours of the night. A group of teachers reported to have seen her at a pep rally in the 80's at the football field. Another claim was made by construction workers who were building the new gym, they saw a girl walking to the football field early in the morning, when they called out to her it was as if she didn't hear them. Other encounters are doors slamming, windows shutting, lights flickering and turning off. The story is of a girl who was killed in a car accident coming back from an away football game, she was a cheerleader and now apparently it is said that it is her that haunts the school.

Calico - Calico mines -

Behind the actual "ghost town" the pitted landscape of tunnels and pits, there is a small road that ends at an open area. On the Winter solstice (Dec 21 or 22 depending on the year} a bizarre collection of ghosts, animal and human act out what seems to be a ritual of some kind. First a slowly moving bear crosses the length of the open area, to seemingly clear the stage for the others to come.

Calico - School House -

Apparition of an old school teacher has been encountered.

Camp Pendleton - 41 Area -

Second story room in one of the barracks is haunted by the ghost of a Marine. He shot himself after finding out his fiancé left him. The ghost moves furniture, hums the song to "Jeopardy", and has struck another Marine sleeping in the room. People in the room feel the ghost is there watching them.

West Hills - Capistrano Ave -

There have been apparitions of a woman with long, dark hair, and a hooded figure standing among the dark trees at night with its eyes glowing red. Noises at night like keys jangling, creaking stairs, heavy footsteps and the like. Things also turned up missing that were never to be found.

Benicia - Captain Blythers -

This is a very old home now a restaurant. The former owners have had picture jump off of the walls and alarms go off. The town's police have even experienced this happening.

Atwater - Castle Air Museum -

Formerly part of Castle Air Force Base, it houses one of the nation's largest collections of aircraft. One particular craft, an old B-29, is said to be haunted by a former crewmember who died when a bomb exploded in the aircraft while on a mission. He's said to turn the landing lights on and off and is known to make the propellers turn, though they are locked into place. Don't worry, he's friendly.

Wildomar - Field next to Catt Rd -

a car crash here in 1983 killed a man and woman and on warm full moon nights these spirits can be seen roaming the land



Cecil the Sea Serpent of Walker Lake, Nevada

Folklore or fact? Fiction or fable? The Paiute of Walker Lake have told of sea serpents inhabiting its depths for many years. Local legends of Cecil concur.

suite.io

Cecil the Sea Serpent of Walker Lake, Nevada

Sharon Damon

Sep 13, 2011



Walker Lake, NV (stock photo) (stock photo) (stock photo)

Walker Lake is a beautiful natural lake in Nevada, approximately 75 miles southeast of Reno. It is a terminus lake: a lake with no outflow, fed by the Walker River. It's known for fishing for cutthroat trout, boating, camping, but most especially, for the legend of the Tawaga, or Cecil, the Sea Serpent of Walker Lake.

The History of Walker Lake

Walker Lake is a rare remnant of ancient Lake Lahontan, an inland sea that covered much of northwestern Nevada during the Ice Age. As Lake Lahontan retreated, many "dry lakes" such as this were formed. Walker Lake, fed by the Walker River, has dried up completely several times in its long history.

Native Americans have inhabited the area surrounding the lake for approximately 11,000 years and in 1874, a reservation was formed on the lake's northern shores for the Paiute Agai-Dicutta ("trout-eaters") tribe. Unfortunately, the use of the Walker River for irrigation of surrounding desert lands has caused a severe drop in the level of the water in Walker Lake, increasing the salinity of the lake and putting the ecosystem in danger. Paiute tribal tales and local folklore have long claimed the existence of huge reptiles dwelling within depths of Walker Lake.

The Story of Cecil: Southwest Loch Ness Monster or Ichthyosaur?

Walker Lake is a beautiful place with a rich history. Over 200 million years ago, the sixty-foot long Ichthyosaur lived on the floor of the ancient sea that became Walker Lake. This "fish-lizard" is Nevada's official state fossil.

Forty of these gigantic creatures became stranded in the mud flats in central Nevada, and were discovered in 1928 during the geological exploration for mining near the town of Berlin, NV. In 1957, this region became Ichthyosaur State Park.

Local folklore abounds in this area of the country. You have rich urban legends, tales, fables and stories no matter where you travel. If Paiute legends are to be believed, Walker Lake may be home to a mysterious creature that is known as Tawaga, or more affectionately, as Cecil, the Sea Serpent.

Tribal folklore tells us the tale of two sea serpents, which were once a man and woman, now inhabiting the deepest regions of this lake. Paiute children were warned not to tease them or make fun of them. In 1868,

white settlers described a creature “with a head similar to a crocodile, four feet near the neck, an enormous tail covered with scales.” Is this Tawaga, or ichthyosaur?

Fact or Fiction?

Some locals have reported sightings of this large reptilian creature in the lake, likening it to the Loch Ness Monster. There have historically even been rumors that huge serpents have been killed in the region. Some say that Cecil inhabited Walker Lake by day and slithered across the old highway to the nearby caves at night. Without concrete proof, and with his reputation of living deep in the depths of this glacier-formed lake, one can't say for sure. But wouldn't it be a wonderful thing if prehistoric reptiles had, indeed, found a home in this rich environment?

For now, we may have to make do with the “Cecil” float that emerges every Armed Forces Day to cruise the streets of Hawthorne, NV. Whether fact or folklore, giant prehistoric reptile, or the serpent of Paiute legend, Cecil is a local favorite, possibly the best-known sea serpent around. Except, of course, for the Loch Ness Monster.

Sharon Damon

Anaheim - Chain Reaction -

Employees report talking and laughing late at night in the back alley and in bathrooms. Upon investigation, no one is there. A bum was found dead in the back alley. Since then, the venue was converted from a Mexican restaurant to a club. It was formerly a biker bar, where there were many reported stabbings.

Yucaipa - Chapman Heights -

Reports of four kids walking around the housing development at night time and there is a golf course right next to it and it targets late golfers or any one on a golf cart late at night and all four kids have been seen in white clothes in the corner on peoples eyes but when you look they disappears. It also is said to shake or mess with the golf cart you are in.

Before Wrigley Field and the Cubs,
there was Weeghman Park and the Whales...

CHICAGO'S ORIGINAL NORTH SIDERS

BY STUART ALLARD

Barring a miracle between the time this piece is written and the time of its publication, 2015 will mark the 100th anniversary of the only championship won by a baseball team that played at Wrigley Field. Given the long yet nondescript history of this ballpark, it seems brutally ironic that this championship wasn't won by the Cubs. In fact, in keeping with the futile nature of Chicago baseball, this team folded mere weeks after clinching the pennant.

In the early 20th century, professional baseball was not only wildly popular but offered great entrepreneurial opportunities as well. The rivalry between the two major leagues, National and American, divided cities but offered their residents opportunities for both inexpensive entertainment and regional pride.

Chicago was no exception: The upstart White Stockings had occupied Comiskey Park in Bridgeport since 1910, while the more established Cubs played at

Stuart Allard is a writer, performer, and sports fan from Downers Grove, Illinois.

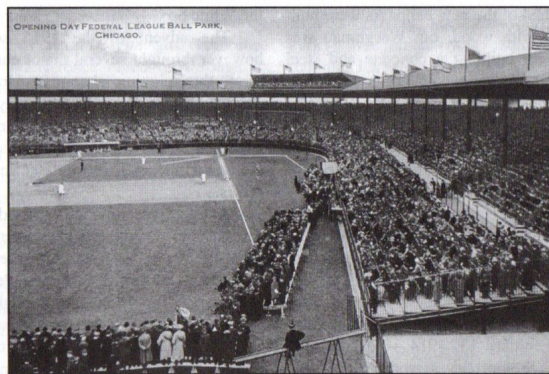
West Side Park on Harrison and Loomis. America's insatiable taste for this new pastime offered legroom for a third major league — and beyond.

In late 1912, this duopoly was manifestly threatened when a baseball promoter named John V. Powers formed the independent Columbian League. He purchased land in several major cities, with the plan to build ballparks immediately prior to an April 1913 launch. When one of Powers' primary financial backers suddenly withdrew his support, the Columbian League went under without ever playing a game.

Undeterred, Powers regrouped with new investors under a new name, the Federal League. Featuring rosters cobbled together with minor leaguers, six teams played a shortened "test" season in 1913.

Even though Powers had effectively put together a solid minor league organization, his new investors were frustrated by his modest expectations. Sensing that the Federal League could become a viable major league, the owners forced Powers out of his own creation.

James A. Gilmore, a prominent Chicago businessman, replaced Powers as league president. A shrewd negotiator



with money to burn, Gilmore had the organizational and political skills to take the Federal League to the next level. The new league was now set to challenge the status quo in 1914.

The next step would involve signing major league talent to play in the nascent "outlaw" league. With a much higher budget than Powers had enjoyed — coupled with the promise of no reserve clause (the controversial clause which held that the team held the rights to a player's services even after the player's contract expired), the eight Federal League team owners opened their checkbooks to the superstars of the day.

The raiding of rosters immediately drew the ire of National and American League management. The great Walter Johnson was the first to bite, promising by telegram to sign a three-year contract with the Chicago Federals franchise. Washington Senators manager Clark Griffith took a train to Johnson's Kansas farm to persuade the pitcher to stay in DC.

The failure to sign the player known as "The Big Train" notwithstanding, the Federal League had moderate success in

signing familiar names to big contracts. Future Hall of Famers Bill McKechnie and Edd Roush signed multi-year deals with the Indianapolis Hoosiers; other young players — including the Phillies' Tom Seaton, the Giants' Doc Crandall, and the Braves' Jack Quinn — followed suit. Indians great Bill Bradley and former Chicago Cubs Joe Tinker and Mordecai "Three Finger" Brown, all in the twilight of their legendary careers, signed on as player-managers in Brooklyn, Chicago, and St. Louis respectively. Claude Hendrix, a promising young pitcher for the Pittsburgh Pirates, bolted for Chicago's franchise.

Critics of the new league scoffed at the organization's hasty assemblage, and expressed concern that a dilution of talent and resources might result. Charles Weeghman, a prominent restaurateur and owner of the Chicago Federals, wanted to change that notion. In 1913, the team (known as the Chicago Keeleys) reluctantly played their home games at DePaul University. It was an arrangement that could be avoided if the team had a park of its own.

Most of the new ballparks were built hastily with wood, but Weeghman was intent on building a concrete and steel stadium. After encountering numerous roadblocks — mostly from the other two major leagues — Weeghman signed a 99-year lease on some Lakeview property in December 1913. This new sports palace would be built on the former grounds of the Chicago Lutheran Seminary, at the northeast corner of Clark and Addison.

Weeghman hired Zachary Taylor Davis, the architect behind Comiskey Park, to build the new stadium. The various legal entanglements delayed work until February 13, 1914 — exactly two months before the season opener. The lease stipulated that improvements on the property could not exceed \$70,000 but Weeghman spent several times that amount out of pocket.

The owner had aspired to build Chicago's answer to the vaunted Polo Grounds of New York, but the result — a single decked grandstand that seated 14,000 — was both modest in size and slight in resemblance. Regardless, Weeghman Park was completed right on time for the Federals' first home game.

Now fielding eight teams, the Federal League had a very exciting and profitable 1914. Ultimately, the race for the pennant came down to the Chicago "Chifeds" and the Indianapolis Hoosiers, but the Hoosiers' potent offense was too much for the Chifeds and their league-best 2.44 team ERA. In a career season, former White Sox utility hitter Edward "Dutch" Zwilling led the team with 16 home runs, 95 RBI, and a .313 average. Claude Hendrix was the undisputed ace of the rotation, posting a 29-10 record with 189 strikeouts and a puny 1.69 ERA. Even though they didn't win the title, the Chifeds put together a more competitive season that year than either the Cubs or

the White Sox.

The advent of the 1915 season, however, brought several major changes. First, the reigning champion Hoosiers moved to Newark, New Jersey and became the Peppers; shortly after, they traded their star player Benny Kauff to the Brooklyn Tip-Tops to offset financial losses.

At the same time, the Chifeds had found a new identity: Weeghman renamed his team the Whales, with crisp new red and navy uniforms to boot. Perhaps most crucially, Weeghman brought the legendary Three Finger Brown back to Chicago. After a falling out with the St. Louis management, Brown postponed his retirement from baseball to sign a one-year contract with the Whales.

As it turned out, the ex-Cubs great still had something left in the tank. After a lousy 1914, Brown had a late-career renaissance of sorts in the familiar confines of Chicago. In turn, his acrimonious departure from the St. Louis Terriers fueled the first (and only) true rivalry of the upstart league, as the Whales and Terriers fought for first place all season. For all intents and purposes, this Chicago-St. Louis throwdown was an arms race; Hendrix, Brown and spitballer George McConnell all had earned-run averages below 3.00, but the St. Louis rotation — led by future Hall of Famer Eddie Plank, Doc Crandell, and Dave Davenport — led the league in strikeouts. Strangely enough, the 1915 pennant was determined by three rainouts. Two Terriers games were cancelled by inclement weather, while third place Pittsburgh had one rainout and one additional loss, all of which meant that the Whales won the Federal League by a percentage of 0.001. With the Cubs still treading water and the Sox in the midst of a youth movement, Chicago had a new baseball champion.

Unfortunately, the Whales ended up being the Federal League's *last* champion. Legal interference raged on throughout the 1914 and 1915 seasons, and ultimately the Federals filed a federal lawsuit against Major League Baseball. As the nascent league continued to lose money, the case languished in the office of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, who struggled to get both sides to negotiate. This resulted in the landmark case of *Federal Baseball Club v. National League*, in which the U.S. Supreme Court determined that the Sherman Antitrust Act does not apply to professional baseball. With two teams filing for bankruptcy, the third league waived the white flag.

By late 1915, the National and American Leagues had bought out the Pittsburgh, Newark, Buffalo, and Brooklyn franchises. Terriers owner Phil Ball was allowed to purchase the crosstown St. Louis Browns, and Charles Weeghman bought a stake of the Cubs. Mr. Ball merged the Browns and Terriers' rosters, but moved his operations to the

Browns' existing stadium, Sportsman's Park. Weeghman was adamant in retaining his pricey real estate investment, and moved his merged Cubs/Whales ball club to the north side of Chicago.

Three years later, chewing gum magnate William Wrigley — one of Weeghman's partners in the 1915 transaction — forced the restaurateur out and bought a majority interest of the Cubs. Most of the Whales' former players struggled to make another major league roster and were out of baseball by 1917. In 1927, Wrigley renamed Weeghman's park after himself.

Chicago baseball has been synonymous with mediocrity. However, for one shining moment, a third, fledgling ball club exemplified the success and drive that has often eluded the city's sports scene. They were rebels and dreamers, their talents bolstered by a savvy businessman. They were the Chicago Whales — and a century later, they're still the reigning champions of the Federal League. ■

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Arcadia - Arboretum - 301 N. Baldwin Avenue Arcadia, CA 91006.

This once was the home of Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance, a 1930's actor. He claimed to be a Native American, but he was exposed by a reporter to be an African American, this drove him to suicide. His ghost has been seen by many including Aaron Spelling. The house was used as Mr. Roark's house on the TV show Fantasy Island.

Bible-pushing Christians open the door for Satanic activity books in Florida schools

rawstory.com

The Satanic Temple has responded to an Orange County, Florida decision to disseminate religious materials in public school by creating complementary materials that espouse the philosophy and practice of Satanism.

Last month, a Florida judge ruled that if the Orange County school district allowed Christian groups to disseminate Bibles and Christian-oriented religious materials in its schools, it would also have to allow atheist groups to do the same.

David Williamson of the Central Florida Free Thought Community — who recently fought against Brevard County's attempt to ban atheists from offering invocations at public meetings — sued the district over its initial unwillingness to allow atheist literature with titles like "Jesus Is Dead" and "Why I Am Not a Muslim" in the schools.

A judge dismissed that case after the school board decided to allow the materials.

The Satanic Temple took advantage of this decision, deciding to flood Orange County schools with a pamphlet entitled *The Satanic Children's Big Book of Activities* that contains kid-friendly Satanic lessons.

"These bullies are mad and afraid of things they don't understand," the instructions on the word-jumble reads. "Help Damian use inclusive language to defuse the situation."

The spokesman for the Satanic Temple, Lucien Greaves, explained that his organization "would never seek to establish a precedent of disseminating our religious materials in public schools because we believe our constitutional values are better served by respecting a strong separation of Church and State."

"However," he continued, "if a public school board is going to allow religious pamphlets and full Bibles to be distributed to students — as is the case in Orange County, Florida — we think the responsible thing to do is to ensure that these students are given access to a variety of differing religious opinions, as opposed to standing idly by while one religious voice dominates the discourse and delivers propaganda to youth."

The Satanic Temple made headlines earlier this year when it successfully petitioned the state of Oklahoma to allow it to erect a goat-headed Baphomet statue adjacent to a display of the Ten Commandments.

Greaves made it clear that, in both cases, his organization is only responding to provocations by the Christian community.

"Even as we prefer public policies respecting secularism, we feel that opportunities — such as this — to establish an equal voice for contrasting religious opinions in the public square, tend to favor marginalized, lesser-known, and alternative religions," he said.

"I am quite certain that all of the children in these Florida schools are already aware of the Christian religion and it's Bible, and this might be the first exposure these children have to the actual practice of Satanism. We think many students will be very curious to see what we offer."

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Book: CIA tried 2x to assassinate Nixon, sabotaged Watergate break-in

15:25 EST, 7 August 2014 |
15:25 EST, 7 August 2014

dailymail.co.uk

The CIA hatched two plots to assassinate Nixon and sabotaged the Watergate break-in because they didn't want the Vietnam war to end, claims explosive new book

- CIA and military Joint Chiefs infiltrated the White House and spied on Nixon, the late former president's longtime confidant Roger Stone writes
- The agencies wanted room to run in Vietnam but Nixon turned dovish and began a troop withdrawal after his stunning White House victory in 1968
- Two separate plans were drawn up to kill him
- One, quickly dismissed, was a plot to fire a missile at Nixon's vacation compound in Key Biscayne, Florida
- The other involved a staged gunfight at an anti-Vietnam War convention where Nixon was to speak, with an assassin shooting him in the chaos
- The CIA obtained a gun and hired an assassin, but he refused to proceed when he found out who his target was

By David Martosko, U.S. Political Editor, Mailonline

The CIA plotted twice to assassinate President Richard Nixon during the years before the Watergate scandal because the agency was angered when 'Tricky Dick' turned dovish and began to withdraw troops from Vietnam, according to an explosive book from a longtime Nixon confidant due for release on Monday.

One hit was planned to occur at Nixon's Key Biscayne, Florida vacation house. A second plot to kill him was to culminate during a Miami speech in 1972.

When both plots failed, writes best-selling author Roger Stone in 'Nixon's Secrets: The Rise, Fall and Untold Truth about the President, Watergate, and the Pardon,' the CIA settled for driving Nixon out of office by sabotaging the Watergate break-in.



Richard Nixon was lucky to survive long enough to resign, judging from claims in a new book that describes two separate CIA plots to assassinate him

Controversial: Roger Stone's last book claimed President Lyndon Johnson was behind the JFK assassination

'I first learned about this from Howard Liebengood,' Stone told MailOnline on Wednesday, referring to the Republicans' minority counsel to the Senate Watergate Committee in the 1970s.

'The president was supposed to be assassinated,' he quotes

Liebengood saying in his book. 'The first place he was supposed to be assassinated at was in Key Biscayne, the second place was when he was supposed to give a speech at the time of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War [VVAW] convention in Miami Beach 1972.'

'Veteran CIA assassin Edwin Kaiser was to supply the weapons to assassinate Nixon with.'

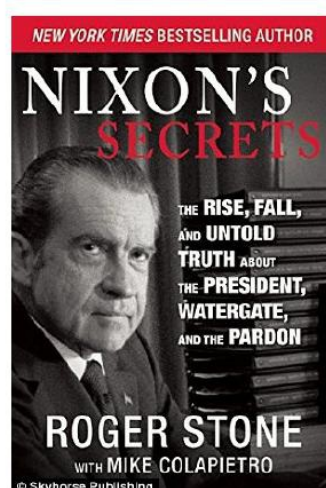
Kaiser, an anti-Castro revolutionary, had killed for the CIA before, but Stone claims he and fellow CIA contract killer Frank Sturgis backed out of the mission when they learned who they were expected to kill.

Stone said he obtained Kaiser's papers from his son Scott, who has his own book in the works. 'Edwin Kaiser's Covert Life: And His Little Black Book Linking Cuba, Watergate & the JFK Assassination,' will be published in October.

'I got confirmation from Kaiser's papers,' he told MailOnline.

Stone claims in his book that Liebengood, who died in 2005, told him that Kaiser and Sturgis 'both insisted that they had not been informed that Richard Nixon was the target until after the intended weapon was obtained.'

'Both Sturgis and Kaiser insisted they had been led to believe that they were to execute a "Communist"' at the VVAW convention, he writes that Liebengood told him. 'Kaiser balked when he realized it was a domestic political hit.'



'Nixon's secrets' is due on bookshelves August 11 and promises to shake up the historical understanding of the only US president to resign his office

He went to the FBI in Miami instead and the plot fizzled.

Stone's claims are documented in part by an email from Scott Kaiser in which the assassin's son writes that his father had recalled talking to the CIA's plotters. The idea was to 'create a shoot-out using the Yippies and the Zippies' – anti-war student radical groups – 'and the other "hard core commies" they were so worried about,' he said his father had explained.

'The people I spoke to were going to put some of this equipment in their hands,' the elder Kaiser had said, according to his son's email reproduced in Stone's book, 'and some in law enforcement hands, and use some of the local vigilantes to start a shoot out.'

'This would finally straighten out Washington as to where the priorities were on overcoming the "domestic communist menace".'

The planned diversion wasn't the CIA's first plot to rub out Nixon, Stone claims.

In the email he publishes in 'Nixon's Secrets,' Scott Kaiser wrote that a CIA operative named Gerald Patrick Hemming told his father how associates of Antonio Veciana, a Cuban emigre

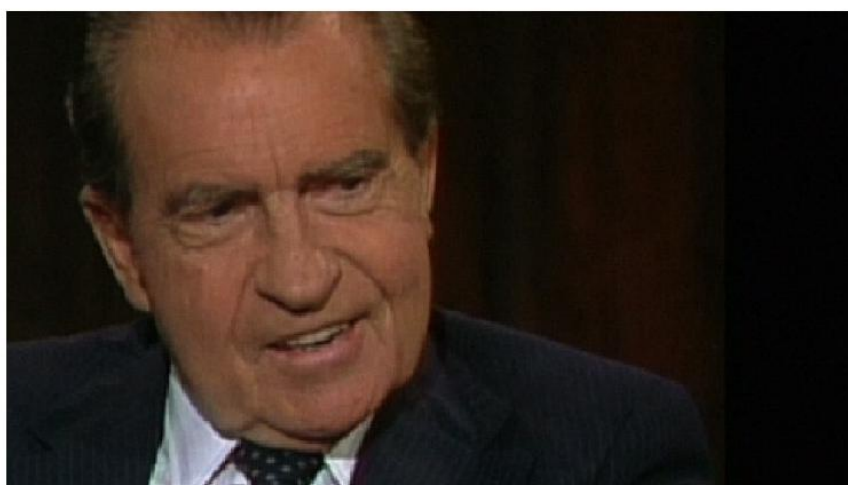
who had been involved in a CIA-led – and Nixon-approved – plot to kill Fidel Castro, 'had a scheme to ... [fire a] missile at the compound' in Key Biscayne where the president was staying.

'They were gonna take out Nixon and put Agnew in power,' Hemming concluded, suggesting that the CIA was also involved in that conspiracy.

Some of the same CIA operatives involved in the Nixon assassination plots – including Kaiser, Sturgis and Hemming – were later planted among the Watergate burglars, Stone explains in 'Nixon's Secrets.'

(For the conspiracy-minded, 'Nixon's Secrets' also notes that Hemming had been JFK assassin Lee Harvey Oswald's case officer at a naval air station in Japan, a point of origin for top-secret U-2 spy plane flights.)

The CIA, he claims, inserted its own people among Nixon's 'plumbers' over time with instructions to make rookie mistake after rookie mistake.



CIA theory: Stone says many of the Watergate burglars including Virgilio Gonzales (L), Frank Sturgis (2nd L) and Bernard Barker (2nd R) were also CIA operatives who were also involved in the John F. Kennedy assassination

Boom: Nixon's Key Biscayne, Florida vacation home, shown in December 1971, was to be turned to rubble with a missile strike, according to Roger Stone's book 'Nixon's Secrets'



Their bumbling, which Stone claims as intentional, turned a professional surveillance operation of the Democratic National Committee headquarters into what history would regard as a 'third-rate

burglary.'

'When they tried twice to get him killed, that doesn't work,' Stone told MailOnline.



'Then they infiltrate the Watergate break-in, and they sabotage it.'

Liebengood, the Watergate committee lawyer who first told Stone about the assassination plots, had been a longtime aide to Sen. Howard Baker, a moderate Republican who assembled his own dossier on CIA involvement in the Watergate affair.

Baker tried in vain for months to use that information to spark new

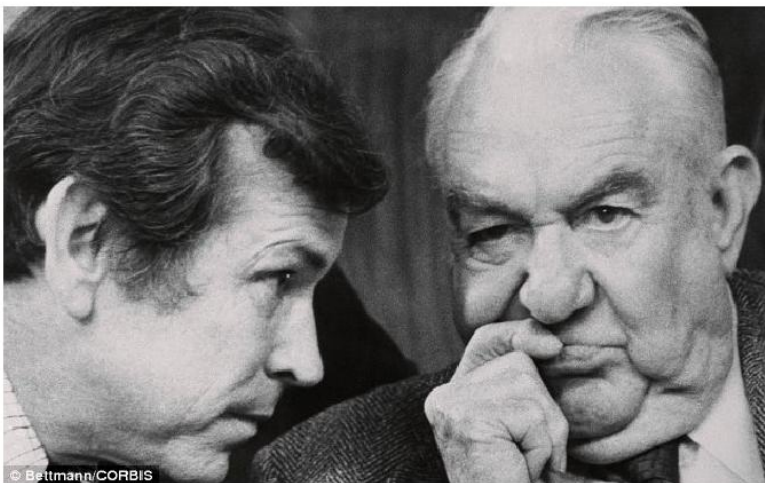
committee investigations – which Democrats blocked at every turn.

'Baker's incredible report was in the back of a 600-page book gathering dust at the Library of Congress, missed by the media and largely unknown until today,' Stone claims in his book.

When the senator later looked into the relationship between the president and his CIA director, Richard Helms, he summed it up by remarking that 'Nixon and Helms have so much on each other, neither of them can breathe.'

'Nixon also aggravated the CIA,' Stone told MailOnline, by demanding their records of the JFK assassination, which he wanted as leverage over the agency.'

The president 'was furious when CIA Director Richard Helms refused to hand over the files,' Stone said.



The late former Sen. Howard Baker (L), who died two months ago, amassed evidence that the CIA infiltrated the gang of Nixon-era Watergate burglars and purposely set them up to be caught, all in order to bring down the president

'Nixon's Secrets' is hefty at 661 pages, but readable and – mercifully – it requires little advance knowledge of the 1960s and 1970s, or the Watergate saga, to

comprehend.

The book includes a longish but entertaining introduction to Nixon's political life. Stone, at one time the youngest staffer at Nixon's the infamous Committee to Re-Elect the President, is clearly fond of his subject but makes no attempt to whitewash his crime and cover-up that spiraled out of control and ended his presidency in 1974.



Killer? Frank Sturgis, one of the Watergate burglars, was one of two CIA assassins recruited to kill Nixon, according to Stone's book

And he explains clearly why the CIA would want Nixon out of the way and his later-disgraced vice president, Spiro Agnew, at the helm.

The CIA and the U.S. military Joint Chiefs of Staff were 'at war' with Nixon in 1969 and 1970, Stone claims, because 'they were opposed to the withdrawal of troops from Vietnam, they were opposed to the SALT [arms limitations] agreement with the Soviets, and they were opposed to the opening to China.'

Recalling the mood when Nixon entered the White House in January 1969, Stone told MailOnline that President Lyndon Johnson had frustrated his spies and generals by 'trying to conduct the war personally, picking bombing targets and so on.'

The CIA and the Pentagon, he said, 'felt handcuffed.'

'So now we've got a real hard-liner in Nixon. He's going to let us really go after the North Vietnamese,' Stone imagined them thinking. 'But of course that's not what happens. Nixon wants to get out of there, and they're violently opposed to that.'

'Their motivation is to upset this detente.'

In 1969, he writes in his book, top military brass were even running a spy ring inside the White House because they were 'desperate to know what Nixon and [his national security chief Henry] Kissinger were up to.'

'In December 1971, Charles E. Radford, a twenty-seven-year-old navy stenographer assigned to the National Security Council, working closely with both Kissinger and [his deputy Al] Haig, confessed to sifting through burn bags of top-secret White House documents and delivering these documents to the chairman of the Joint Chiefs, Admiral Thomas H. Moorer,' Stone writes.

The naval Yeoman was 'going around copying documents, rifling desks – he actually goes through [Henry] Kissinger's briefcase – copying everything and sending it to the Joint Chiefs,' Stone said.

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Visalia - Cinema 1-2-3 -

In the lobby there have been seen 3 different kids roaming around and following many of the visitors. When you shine your flashlight on them the light does not go through them. But yet they are still transparent. There have been unusual screaming and banging from inside the old theater. Many eyewitnesses have seen reenactments of an 11 yr old boy being thrown off the roof by a shadow like figure. There have been accounts of over 300 spirits inhabiting this theater. Some of the stories about this place date back into the 1800s.

A Civil War sisterhood of undercover women

Roberta Bernstein

Special for USA TODAY

For the uninitiated in Civil War history from a feminist perspective, Karen Abbott's *Liar Temptress Soldier Spy: Four Women Undercover in the Civil War* will be a revelation.

BOOK REVIEW

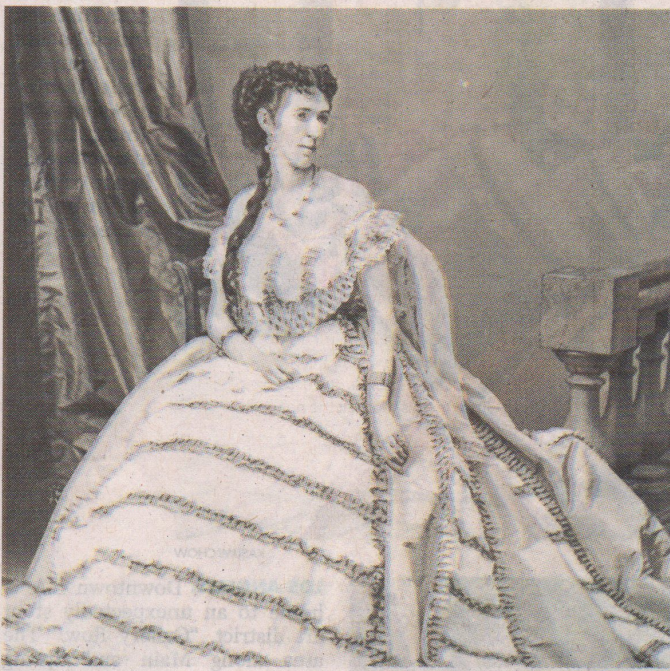
During the Civil War, hundreds of women dressed as men and enlisted, and others collected information that changed battle plans via notes hidden in hairdos, dolls' heads, hollowed-out turnips — you name it — and smuggled it through enemy territory. Abbott profiles four of them, sometimes interweaving, sometimes stacking their stories together into a compelling narrative.

The best-known is Rose Greenhow, a Washington, D.C., socialite, secessionist, unmitigated racist and renowned Confederate spy. Widowed and in her late 40s, she flirted and slept her way into gathering information so important that she helped win the battle of Bull Run, among others, and eventually was sent to Europe as an emissary of Confederate president Jefferson Davis.

The young Confederate spy and rebel courier Belle Boyd was a raging egotist and flirt who, like the others, often risked her life for her politics and hoped to be as famous as Greenhow. She vowed to make Stonewall Jackson notice her (he did), and even when she was imprisoned, she managed, when not sick or depressed, to act like a senior on spring break.

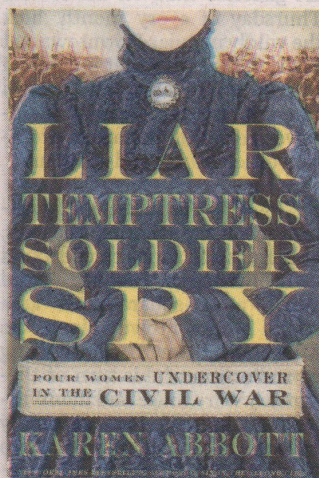
On the Union side was Elizabeth Van Lew, a wealthy Richmond, Va., "spinster" in her early 40s with Northern roots (her grandfather was an early abolitionist). She ran a crucial network of spies out of Richmond and aided the escape of untold numbers of Union prisoners.

Emma Edmundson, aka Frank



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Confederate spy Belle Boyd risked her life for the rebel cause.



**LIAR TEMPTRESS
SOLDIER SPY**
Karen Abbott
Harper

★★★★

528 pp.

Thompson, ran away to escape an abusive father and enlisted in the Union Army as a man. (Difficult but not impossible, because, for example, few used the disgusting latrines, and her period's soiled rags could be thrown in with those used on wounds.) She worked as a medic and eventually became postmaster for her brigade as well as a spy. She surprised herself by falling deeply in love twice with fellow soldiers, both of whom she told the truth about her gender.

Abbott keeps a flood of information pretty much in order while propelling her narrative forward. While even she surely had trouble at times separating truth from fiction (there was, Abbott says, a lot of self-mythologizing during the war), there is no doubting that these women were more daring and resourceful than any of their male counterparts.

Coachella Valley myths and legends

Written by Bruce Fessier The Desert Sun
Oct. 15, 2009 6:57 PM

desertsun.com



Do you remember what movies were filmed in the Palm Canyon oasis?

Zoom

Do you remember what movies were filmed in the Palm Canyon oasis?

The term “urban myth” is so widely understood, it even has an entry in Wikipedia, the so-called “collaborative encyclopedia,” as “an apocryphal story.”

But the Coachella Valley has an abundance of desert myths.

In order to decide whether some of these tales were fact or fiction, The Desert Sun began investigating desert myths and legends last year with local historians including the late Frank Bogert, who, according to legend, rode into Palm Springs on a horse in 1927.

We invite you to test your knowledge of some of the myths and legends we've investigated.

1) The most popular radio program ever broadcast from the Coachella Valley was:

- A. “The Jack Benny Show”
- B. “Amos & Andy”
- C. “The Jimmy Kimmel Show” with Carson Daly
- D. “The Red Baron Show” with Bob Osterburg

2) Which of the following persons did not own the property on which Desert Fashion Plaza is now located?

- A. Hotel owner Nellie Coffman
- B. Developer Walter Marks
- C. Marion Davies, actress and mistress to media mogul William Randolph Hearst
- D. San Francisco 49s owner Edward DeBartolo

3) Which of the following movies with a religious angle was not shot in the Palm Canyon oasis?

- A. “The Big Fisherman,” 1959
- B. “The Silver Chalice,” 1954

C. "Lost Horizon," 1937

D. "The Satan Bug," 1965

4) Which of the following entertainers did not perform at the legendary Chi Chi club in Palm Springs?

A. Frank Sinatra

B. Louis Armstrong

C. Jack Jones

D. Anna Maria Alberghetti

5) Which of the following U.S. presidents was the only one not to visit the Coachella Valley in the years before Rancho Mirage became known as the "Playground of the Presidents?"

A. Herbert Hoover

B. Franklin Roosevelt

C. Harry Truman

D. Richard Nixon

Answers

1. B, "Amos & Andy," which was the most popular show on radio in the early 1930s, did the first national broadcast from the Plaza Theatre in Palm Springs.

2. B, Walter Marks. But Marks did get 1970s owners Home Savings & Loan to donate land for the present site of the Palm Springs Art Museum.

3. C, "Lost Horizon." La Quinta resident Frank Capra depicted the idyllic Shangri La in Tahquitz Canyon.

4. A, Sinatra

5. B, Roosevelt. FDR did purchase land in Indio that he hoped to make a winter retreat after his presidency but died before he ever got to see it. Rancho Mirage was incorporated in 1973, and it became known as the "Playground of the Presidents" after Gerald Ford moved there in 1977.

True or False

The site of the old Butterfield restaurant behind Boomers in Cathedral City was once a rest stop along the Butterfield stagecoach trail.

Elvis Presley rehearsed his act at the Palm Springs Riviera Resort.

Lyricist Sammy Cahn wrote a line in Frank Sinatra's title song to the Julie Andrews movie "Star!" that promoted the opening of Jilly's restaurant in Palm Springs.

Irving Berlin wrote the Christmas standard "White Christmas" at the La Quinta Resort.

Actress Gloria Swanson developed a Broadway musical version of "Sunset Boulevard" in Palm Desert after starring in the film version.

Two Bunch Palms in Desert Hot Springs was built as a hideaway for Chicago mobster Al Capone.

Hoagy Carmichael was inspired to compose "Stardust," the best-selling song of the pre-rock era, at a local date grove.

Madonna's "Like A Virgin" was written by a new wave rocker who used to play at Palm Springs High School dances with a band called The Fables.

The first marriage between Robert Wagner and Natalie Wood was broken up when gossip columnist Rona Barrett reported seeing Wood and Warren Beatty acting romantic in Palm Springs.

The first European to visit the Coachella Valley was explorer Juan Bautista de Anza on an expedition to present-day San Francisco in 1774.

True or False Answers

1. False. The owners misnamed their adobe accommodations after the Butterfield Trail that went from Arizona through Temecula to Los Angeles. The Bradshaw Trail went from Arizona through the Coachella Valley to L.A.

2. False. Elvis' closest lieutenants and a bellboy who worked at the Riviera in the 1960s and '70s say Presley never rehearsed or stayed at the resort. The King did, however, have a home a few blocks from the Riviera, and his employees stayed at the resort.

3. True. Sinatra sang the lyric, "If they've got a drink with her name in Jilly's bar/The chances are the lady's a star!" in the title song to "Star!" which was released in the fall of 1968, shortly after the opening of Jilly's at the site of the current Wang's in the Desert at 424 S. Indian Canyon Drive in Palm Springs.

4. False. Berlin said in his autobiography that he wrote "White Christmas" at his Beverly Hills home while missing the many snowy Christmases he experienced in New York City. However, the Arizona Biltmore in Phoenix claims Berlin wrote the lyrics to "White Christmas" while sitting around its pool. It's possible Berlin could have written some parts of the song in more than one place.

5. True. Swanson, a silent film star who was nominated for an Oscar for her role in the 1950 drama "Sunset Boulevard," purchased a home by vaudeville comic Ole Olsen in Palm Desert and worked with collaborators for a musical version of the film in the mid-1950s titled

"Boulevard!" The musical was blocked from being staged by Paramount, which produced the film, and the "Sunset Boulevard" that opened on London's West End in 1993 was a completely different musical with songs by Andrew Lloyd Webber. In 2008, a recording of a score created for the original Swanson version was released on CD.

6. False. Two Bunch Palms promotes the legend that Capone turned the famous hotel into his "winter desert hideout, outfitting his 'fortress west' with a network of hidden escape tunnels, a gambling hall and a stone sentry tower for machine gun-toting bodyguards." The late Frank Bogert swore Capone never stayed in Two Bunch Palms. Bogert was friends with Billie and Tom Lipps, who owned the property identified as "two bunches of palms" by a U.S. Army Camel Corps survey team in 1909. "Tom Lipps divorced Billie and then built that thing out there," Bogert said. "He was hoping to get gambling, but he never did. During that period, Al Capone was in jail. He never owned or had anything to do with it."

7. False. This myth has been given some credibility by the fact that Carmichael lived at Thunderbird Country Club in Rancho Mirage and the publisher of "Stardust," Irving Mills, invested in date palms in the Coachella Valley. But Carmichael wrote the melody to "Stardust" in Indiana in 1927 — way before he visited the Coachella Valley.

8. True. Billy Steinberg played in The Fables while attending Palm Springs High School and later formed a new wave band called Billy Thermal, named after the city in which his family had a grape ranch.

9. False. They did break up after Barrett reported seeing Wood and Beatty together in Palm Springs, but Wagner said their marriage started going bad before that and would have ended even if Barrett hadn't written her story.

10. False. De Anza visited the present day Anza-Borrego State Park on that expedition, but he traveled around the Coachella Valley on his way to Mission San Gabriel. Bogert wrote that the first non-natives to visit the area were part of a Spanish expedition led by Capt. Jose Romero in the 1820s.

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Altadena - Angeles National Forest/The Haunted Forest (Cobb Estate) -

Screams can be heard from these people, and strange lights can be seen from the flashlights they once carried.

[archaicwonder](#)

September 15th 2014, 4:00:50 pm · 3 hours ago



A rare & fascinating coin pertaining to the Oracle at Delphi:

This coin is from the Asyut Hoard of 1968/9 and it sold for \$600,000. It is extremely rare and of the greatest artistic, historical, and architectural importance - a superb example, probably the finest known.

This tridrachm from Delphi, Phokis (c. 480-475 BC) shows two drinking vessels (rhytons) in the form of rams heads; above them, two dolphins swimming toward each other. On the reverse is a quadripartite incuse square in the form of a coffered ceiling; each coffer decorated with a dolphin and a spray of laurel leaves.

The tridrachms of Delphi are among the most historically interesting of all Greek coins. The fact that almost all the known examples were found in Egypt suggests that the unusual weight standard might have been chosen specifically with Egyptian trade in mind. The obverse type is a direct reference to the Greek victory over the Persians at Plataea in 479 BC, when a great deal of booty, including silver vessels like the two on this coin, were taken by the Greeks. These two rhyta, which are of Persian design, were certainly from that booty and must have been brought as a dedication to Apollo in Delphi (rams were sacred to Apollo, along with dolphins).

The reverse is also very unusual: it is not a normal quadripartite incuse but, rather, clearly shows the stepped coffering that we know decorated ancient ceilings, especially those of prestigious buildings like that of the Temple of Apollo. It is interesting to consider that the coffered ceiling design might be an actual representation of the ceiling that existed in the Temple of Apollo at Delphi. The dolphins that ornament these coffers make the identification sure as they are a punny play on both the name of Delphi (delphis means dolphin) and on the fact that Apollo himself could appear in the form of a Dolphin. Mythology says that he first came to Delphi in the guise of a dolphin swimming into the Corinthian Gulf.

Delphi was famous in the ancient Greek world for being the mountain location of the Temple of Apollo and the Delphic Oracle. The oracle was consulted by kings and by private individuals, the responses being interpreted by the Pythia, who would sit in a trance-like state while she spoke. It is from this place where many important questions were asked and decisions were made in the ancient Greek world - Alexander the Great's decision to conquer Persia and the rest of the known world being one of them.

3

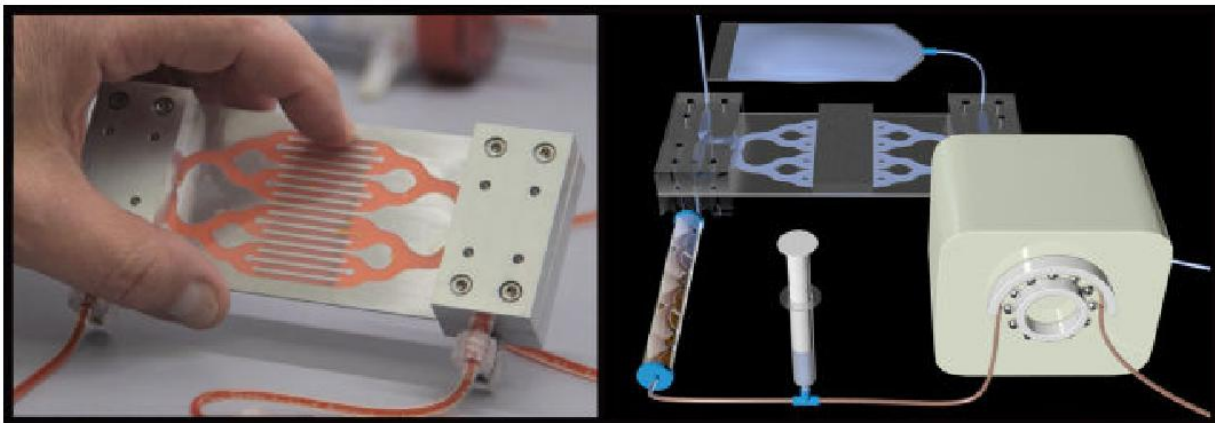
Annalee Newitz

Filed to: medicine

- ebola
- science
- biotech
- artificial spleen

9/18/14 3:01pm

One of the typical tropes of the vampire movie is the "blood cleansing" scene, where vampires are cured by running their blood through a purification device. Now this grisly gothic idea has become a reality — and could ease the suffering of Ebola victims.



Expand

The device is called an artificial spleen, and it works by replacing antibiotic treatments with something dramatically different: tiny magnets coated in a protein that sticks to pathogens in the blood, including viruses, fungus, and more. The blood is then purified by running it through a device that draws all the magnets out of the blood, and the pathogens with them.

Carl Engelking at Discover explains:

When our immune system fights an infection, the dying virus releases toxins into the bloodstream that can cause sepsis, a life-threatening immune response. Doctors can't always pinpoint the specific pathogen that causes sepsis, so they use antibiotics to carpet-bomb the bloodstream, a strategy that's not always effective and can lead to drug-resistance.

The new device, dubbed an "artificial spleen," instead mechanically clears pathogens from the bloodstream, thereby reducing reliance on heavy doses of antibiotics. Its trick lies in magnetic nanobeads coated with a modified human

protein. This protein binds to sugar molecules on the surfaces of more than 90 different bacteria, viruses and fungi, as well as to the toxins released by dead bacteria.

When those nanobeads are mixed with infected blood they adhere to pathogens, and then, as the blood passes through channels inside the device, magnets pull out the beads with pathogens attached. Clean blood is routed back into the patient.

I can't wait to see a vampire movie where doctors use nanobeads to pull the nasties out of vampire blood. Until then, I look forward to a world where devices like the artificial spleen could ween us off our dependence on antibiotics — and help treat many diseases in the process.

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Victorville - corner of Condor and Tawney Rigde -

there people have seen a dark and eerie shadow of a elderly gentleman in a top hat just walking slowly, It has been seen many times by different people, If you look down he is known to have no legs. When passed, there is a cold and eerie feeling left in your body as though you just came out of an air-conditioned room. It is quite scary late at night and very early in the morning. He has been seen a few times over the years.

Westminster - Country Harvest Buffet -

There are cowboys or country type of apparitions (think Mark Twain, Huckleberry Finn) that have been heard and seen in the restaurant, and around the entire premise of the shopping center.

Crocotta

The Crocotta is offspring of a wolf and a dog that can be found in Ethiopia. The Crocotta was said to be able to break anything with its teeth and can eat anything. It is now thought that this creature is in fact a Hyena as they are scavenging canine creatures that live in this part of the world.

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Cryonics: Would you have your body frozen?

Here's everything you need to know about cryopreservation — from how bodies are preserved to how to fund your own future freezing.



Surgeons at Alcor prepare a body to prevent ice formation in tissue. (Photo courtesy of Alcor Life Extension Foundation)

In preparation for death, people make all sorts of arrangements for their remains. Some pick out coffins, others plan to be cremated and have their ashes scattered over a special place or even transformed into vinyl records.

However, some people have their bodies frozen in hopes they can be thawed and out and revived to live in the future.

And for a couple hundred thousand dollars, you too, can have your blood replaced with medical-grade antifreeze with the hope that someday, you'll awaken in a world you would've never naturally lived to see.

One of the world's largest cryonics companies, which currently has nearly 1,000 people signed up to be frozen upon death, is Arizona-based Alcor Life Extension Foundation. Its preservation costs range from \$80,000 for just the brain to \$200,000 for the entire body.

Cryonics might seem like something out of a science-fiction movie, but Alcor President Max More describes it as simply an "extension of emergency medicine," pointing out that because of modern medicine we're able to revive people that 50 years ago we would've dismissed as dead.

"Cryonics is the same thing," he told *The Atlantic*. "We just have to stop them from getting worse and let a more advanced technology in the future fix that problem."

No one has ever tried to bring a human back to life after cryopreservation, but many doctors and scientists believe it could be possible in the future and some have had successes with similar procedures.

For example, Dr. Peter Rhee of the University of Arizona and Dr. Samuel Tisherman of the University of Maryland, have shown it's possible to keep bodies in "suspended animation" for hours.

The procedure, which involves draining the body of blood and cooling it to more than 68 degrees below normal body temperature, has so far been tested only on animals.

When blood is pumped back into the veins and the body is slowly warmed, the heart flickers back to life. While the animals are groggy upon waking, they exhibit no other side effects.

Tisherman has begun human trials of the procedure on Pittsburgh gunshot victims. However, all the patients are so badly wounded that their hearts have already stopped beating, so the technique is truly their last hope.

How do you freeze a body?



Alcor preservation tank

Alcor maintains a list of members in failing health, and when it seems like a person is nearing death, a “standby team” is dispatched.

If a person dies suddenly, the preservation process can be delayed by hours or even days, and the more time that passes after death, the more cells decay and the harder it will be to resurrect the patient.

In one recent case, an Alcor member committed suicide and staff had to wait for the police and the coroner to allow them access to the body.

Once a member is declared legally dead, the body is transferred into an ice bed and staff use a “heart-lung resuscitator” to get blood moving through the body again. Then, 16 medications are administered to protect cells from deterioration.

As Alcor notes on its website, “Because cryonics patients are legally deceased, Alcor can use methods that are not yet approved for conventional medical use.”

Next, blood and bodily fluids are drained from the body and replaced with the same antifreeze solution used in organ preservation.

Once the veins are full of this solution, the body starts to be cooled by about 33 degrees Fahrenheit every hour. When the body reaches a temperature of minus 320 degrees after about two weeks, it’s placed upside down in a freezer alongside other cryopreserved bodies.

Is cryopreservation only for the wealthy?

In the early days of cryonics, family and friends had to pay for the maintenance of preserved bodies, but now such companies require patients to pay upfront, and the money for preservation typically comes from life insurance policies.

“It’s not only something for the rich,” More said. “Anybody who can afford an insurance policy can afford this.”

Such policies name the cryonics company as the primary benefactor, which covers the cost of the initial procedure.

In addition to providing for the initial cost, some companies also require members to fund an irrevocable patient care trust to cover the cost of ongoing preservation expenses. Any funds not used for such maintenance will go to the member upon revival, providing them with a financial starting point.

While a life insurance policy makes it possible for more people to be preserved, guaranteeing a similar quality of life upon revival is obviously easier for those with more assets.

Celebrities like Britney Spears, Simon Cowell and Larry King have reportedly invested in cryopreservation and arranged for trusts so they can resume lifestyles similar to those they had prior to death.

Watch the video below to learn more about cryopreservation at Alcor.

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CSX sues producers of 'Midnight Rider'

By RICHARD VERRIER | September 3rd 2014

<http://www.latimes.com/entertainment/envelope/cotown/onlocation/la-et-ct-midnight-rider-csx-20140903-story.html>



CSX said it twice denied permission to producers of "Midnight Rider" to film on its tracks before a deadly train accident in February near Jesup, Ga. (Wayne County Sheriff's Office)

Legal troubles mounted for the producers of "Midnight Rider" this week as railroad company CSX Transportation sued the filmmakers, claiming that they illegally filmed on its tracks where a train collided with the crew earlier this year.

CSX said in a countersuit that the producers trespassed on its property before a freight train crashed into the crew as they were filming a scene for the Gregg Allman biopic on a historic train trestle near Jesup, Ga.

The accident killed 27-year-old camera assistant Sarah Jones and injured several other crew members, touching off a national debate about safety on film sets.

In May, Jones' parents filed a wrongful-death lawsuit against the Pasadena-based producers of the movie -- Randall Miller (also the director), his wife Jody Savin, and Jay Sedrish, an executive producer and unit production manager. CSX and others involved in the project were also named as defendants.

CSX filed a response this week in Chatham County State Court denying negligence and alleging that Jones put herself in a dangerous situation.

CSX also filed a counter claim against the producers, saying that it twice denied permission to filmmakers to shoot on its tracks. The Wayne County Sheriff's Office also has said filmmakers did not have permission to film on the railway.

"CSXT unequivocally denied each request in writing, citing a company policy which prohibits

filming on CSXT's property due to safety and security reasons," the complaint states.

Attorneys for the Jones family and the filmmakers were not immediately available for comment.

"We continue to extend our sympathies to those involved in this tragedy," said Kristin Seay, spokeswoman for CSX. "We do not comment on ongoing litigation."

A Georgia grand jury on July 2 indicted Miller, Savin and Sedrish on charges of involuntary manslaughter and criminal trespass. Miller, Savin and Sedrish have pleaded not guilty and have denied wrongdoing.

Last month, the U.S. Department of Labor's Occupational Safety and Health Administration cited the Pasadena company Film Allman LLC for "one willful and one serious safety violation" for exposing employees to hazards, with proposed penalties totaling \$74,900.

OSHA said the production company failed to provide safety measures to protect the employees by, among other things, not securing permission to film on the tracks.

Arcadia - 5 W Live Oak Ave -

Every Business that is built here starts off good but eventually goes down and they are forced to go out of business! It doesn't matter what business it is, it will go under! The land is small, at the corner of the street, and surrounded by a brick wall all around! The source of the curses power is this brick wall! It is rumored but not proven that the curse will be lifted once the wall comes down!! But no one is certain! There was once a gas station, then a Walgreen's pharmacy and now a Famima food mart!

It's not every day you see a boa constrictor out and about. Staff at Burger King on Avenue of the Cities in East Moline were going through their lunch routine Wednesday afternoon, when someone, and something, caught them off guard.

"I have a headset on, and we have a customer say, 'You guys know you have a snake in your drive through,'" assistant manager Lexie Johnson said. "Everyone was saying the snake was hungry for a Whopper."

Assuming it would be a garden snake, Johnson went to check it out.

"I come out our back door right here, and I get about half way, not even as far as I am right now, and I can see it, and I'm just in shock," she said.

She then ran back inside to call animal control, and employees made sure no one would drive over it.

"We had one of our crew members out here taming it with a broom the whole time, keeping it right here, so it wouldn't go somewhere else," Johnson said.

The nameless snake is now for sale at Aquatic Environments in Davenport. Manager Alex Marietta says they don't usually get such deliveries from animal control.

"Normally we order them from different breeders and wholesalers," he said.

He says he's sure it was a house pet, but whether its owners abandoned it, or it had escaped on its own, is unclear.

"Some do get fairly large and some people don't take that into consideration and sometimes, that's why they're set loose," he said.

Marietta says the snake is close to six feet long, and whoever buys it should research its needs beforehand.

"People should make sure that when they decide on getting a pet that they know what responsibility is needed to care for it and maintain that snake over the course of its life," he said.

The snake costs up to around \$200. Back at Burger King, there is already some interest.

"I've got some crew members in here who are ready to buy it," Johnson said. "They wanted to know where it's at, so now that they know, we'll see."

If the snake did escape, and the owner can prove it had a home, Aquatic Environments staff say they'll give it back. The snake's gender is unknown right now, but experts say males can grow up to eight feet long, and females can grow even longer.

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nypost.com

On Page Six:

By Jared Rock

August 30, 2014 | 8:00pm



*Cynthia Rowley is convinced John Belushi is haunting her flagship store in the West Village. Photo: Getty Images ; Everett Collection
Photo: Getty Images ; Everett Collection*

Designer Cynthia Rowley is convinced her flagship store is haunted by the spirit of John Belushi.

At Moët's US Open suite Wednesday, the fashionista was overheard saying she believes the late comic genius still hangs around his old Bleecker Street address in the West Village.

"She was saying, 'The store used to be an apartment where [Belushi] lived while doing 'Saturday Night Live,'" a champagne-swilling spy told Page Six.

Belushi starred on "SNL" from 1975 to

1979 before dying in 1982 at the Chateau Marmont.

Others spotted in the bubbly brand's suite included Rowley's Bravo-star husband, Bill Powers, Gina Gershon, model Julie Henderson and former "Dexter" star Nicole LaLiberte.

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Whittier - Dead Man's Park -

"Old Quaker cemetery whose decedent's are long since dead has been converted into a park. The headstones have been removed & one large marker listing the names of the dead is located in the second half of the park. Often the park is covered by a mysterious fog patch that does not extend past the roads to the houses on all sides. The fog also does not cover the road that dissects the two halves of the park. Locals say that the fog is the combined anger of the dead at the removal of the headstones. The park has very few visitors per year. Records of this information was once located in the old Whittier museum record room. Additional roomers include the bodies being moved to Rose Hills Cemetery, joggers reported the feeling of being watched, dead cats mysteriously found on the cemetery grounds, and the list goes on.

Thousands of sheep carcasses to be removed from Troutdale site as upscale hotel development begins

By Eric Apalategui | Special to The Oregonian on August 28, 2014 at 8:00 AM, updated August 28, 2014 at 2:37 PM

oregonlive.com

A mostly hidden patch of Troutdale that holds remnants of a former sewage plant and thousands of buried sheep bodies will be transformed into a destination hotel, spa, convention center and bicyclist mecca on the banks of the Sandy River.

The plan took a big step forward this week when Troutdale officials voted to signal the city's intention of selling the 12-acre former wastewater facility to Eastwind Development LLC, a company associated with food sauce maker Junki Yoshida. The City Council and its urban renewal agency approved the resolution on Tuesday.

With the new agreement in hand, officials at Eastwind expect to combine the city land with eight acres owned by the company and start marketing it to a hotel operator to anchor the development near downtown. Part of the land could include one of east Multnomah County's top places to host conferences and events, as well as retail shops and a spa. Housing, once considered an element in the site's development, is no longer planned.

"We are prepared to move forward in good faith and write a very big check to the city" for the land deal, said Matthew Wand, a Troutdale attorney and former council member working for Eastwind.

Council member Rich Allen predicted the now unsightly location will become a popular destination.

"It's not only important to Troutdale," he said, "it's important to the region."

The development would highlight the Sandy River waterfront, including public access to the river, bicycle and walking trails and overlook areas. The developer expects to incorporate the site's old water tower, saving an iconic fixture in the city.

· An aerial rendering of the proposed Troutdale development.

· Several of the businesses expected to settle there are likely to cater to cyclists. The development is a natural hub for bicyclists riding the metro area's future 40-mile Loop or accessing popular routes in the Columbia River Gorge.

· "This could be ground zero where people start, where they stay overnight ... where they spend their money," Wand said.

The city and Eastwind have yet to negotiate a sales price for the wastewater site, and the cleanup and preparation of the property will run into the millions of dollars even before any development occurs, Wand said.

The properties are part of a larger urban renewal area formed in 2006. The state-authorized

program makes the "brownfield" area eligible for special financing to aid redevelopment, but this area has been largely fallow in the past eight years, in part due to the long downturn in the economy.

The site still has additional challenges to overcome before it can become a showcase for Troutdale, which is in the midst trying to remake itself into a bigger regional draw for outdoor enthusiasts and art and history lovers. Development also would increase the city's income through higher property taxes and additional lodging taxes.

Eastwind's first priority is to rid the property of all those sheep carcasses, which accumulated while a sheep "pullery" operated on the site from a period of roughly the 1920s until as recently as the 1960s, Wand said. His own grandfather worked for a short time at the company, where wool was salvaged from dead sheep that were unfit to sell as meat. The carcasses were buried on location. Wand put the number in the many thousands.

The company dug a test pit and found that after a half century or more underground, the animal remains have formed a gelatinous goo under a thick layer of dirt, Wand said.

The material isn't toxic, Wand said. But he added: "You don't want to build over jiggly stuff that might not support a parking lot or building foundation."

The company hopes to remove the remains this October, before the rainiest weather complicates the work but during the windy season, which they hope will make what's expected to be a smelly excavation more tolerable for surrounding residents and businesses.

The company is working with the state Department of Environmental Quality, and the unsavory waste likely will be disposed of at a remote facility designed to handle it, Wand said.

After the sale, the company also would remove the old sewer plant, which the city replaced in 2001 with its wastewater facility north of Interstate 84. Today the old wastewater pond is covered with a mat of aquatic weeds. The sounds of croaking frogs and quacking ducks can be heard between passing trains.

Those frequent trains are part of an even bigger challenge for the site development than a big pit of rotting animals: The site is nearly landlocked.

Besides the river to its east, downtown Troutdale and busy railroad tracks flank the south side, the Columbia Gorge Premium Outlets mall is on the west and the elevated I-84 blocks access from the north.

The only current way into the property is on narrow roads that skirt around the mall, but the city and Eastwind are looking at the possibility of extending Southeast Kibling Street from downtown Troutdale and across an overpass beyond the railroad tracks before dropping into the site.

They also expect to build a pedestrian bridge across the tracks from downtown into the site as well as an underpass near the river that allow cyclists and walkers to safely pass the tracks.

Eastwind officials also will speak with officials from the giant Simon Property Group, which owns

the outlet mall, about redeveloping their property to include access from the west side that could tie the developments together. The developer also hopes to find a new location for a railroad yard at the south end of the property.

-- Eric Apalategui

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The sun sets on the Salton Sea's receding northwest shoreline on June 26. A new report sounds the alarm in support of restoration efforts.

JAY CALDERON/THE DESERT SUN

The Salton Sea's \$29B death

By Ian James
The Desert Sun

A new report warns that without significant action to address the problems of the shrinking Salton Sea, Californians could face more than \$29 billion in costs, ranging from lower property values to dramatically higher health care costs for respiratory illnesses.

The report by the Oakland-based Pacific Institute, which is being released

Wednesday, points out that despite years of studies and deliberations, neither the state Legislature nor any other agency has funded a plan to revitalize the receding saltwater lake.

"The costs of inaction greatly exceed the costs of action at the Salton Sea, strongly suggesting that action at the Salton Sea should be funded and implemented quickly," says the report, which estimates a range of potential costs based on a variety of studies.

The Salton Sea has for more than a century been sustained largely by agricultural runoff. But that runoff has been decreasing and the lake has also been growing saltier, plagued by algae blooms and periodic die-offs of fish. In the coming years, increasing amounts of dust are expected to blow from the exposed lake-bed as the shores retreat, posing a serious health threat for areas that already have

Please see SEA, A8

Sea

Continued from A1

relatively high asthma rates.

The report's authors project that without action to address the lake's deterioration, "the long-term social and economic costs" could range between \$29 billion and \$70 billion over the next 30 years.

That dwarfs the \$9 billion estimated cost of a 2007 state plan for the Salton Sea that the state Legislature never endorsed. And the Pacific Institute warns that actual costs could potentially be much higher if government entities don't take steps to prevent ecological collapse and large amounts of dust blowing from the lake's shores.

"The costs of inaction are high and we need to be doing something," said Michael Cohen, the report's lead author and a senior research associate with the Pacific Institute who is based in Boulder, Colo.

Cohen says in the report that if current trends continue, as much as 150 square miles of lake bed will be exposed by 2045 in what is now a roughly 350-square-mile lake.

That exposed lake-bed could send as much as 100 tons of fine dust into the air each day, a change that would threaten the health of many people in the Coachella and Imperial valleys, the report estimates. It also says that within the next 15 years, the amount of water flowing into the lake will decrease by about 40 percent, the lake's surface will drop by about 20 feet, and salinity will triple.

SALTON SEA REPORT

The "Hazard's Toll: The Costs of Inaction at the Salton Sea" report by the Oakland-based Pacific Institute estimates the impacts of the deteriorating Salton Sea on health care costs, regional property values, agricultural productivity, recreational business revenues and wildlife. The report concludes that "the costs of inaction greatly exceed the costs of action at the Salton Sea."

The full report is available on the Pacific Institute's website at <http://www.pacinst.org>

U.S. Sen. Barbara Boxer, a Rancho Mirage Democrat, called the report's findings alarming and said it "highlights the urgent need to take action to protect the Salton Sea."

"If we work together, we can prevent a looming economic, environmental and public health crisis while also creating new jobs in clean energy at the Sea," Boxer said in an emailed statement to The Desert Sun.

The report's cost estimates include the potential harm to property values in areas near the Salton Sea if blowing dust and odors make some areas less attractive to buyers. Those estimates range widely from at least \$400 million to as much as \$7 billion.

Cohen said calculating estimates was in many cases difficult due to a lack of hard data specific to the Salton Sea. For that reason, he and fellow researcher Jason Sauer reviewed studies focusing on similar problems in other areas and translated the results to the case of the Salton Sea.

"Typically I think the



The sun sets on the Salton Sea's

underlying assumption is that the cost of not doing anything is zero," Cohen said in a telephone interview. "But because the Salton Sea is going to change dramatically, even in the next few years, those costs are going to go up quite a bit."

Phil Rosentrater, deputy director of the Riverside County Economic Development Agency, said the report shows that a "do-nothing approach would result in the most costly of all options."

The estimates of potential costs follow a report by the State Auditor last year, which concluded that carrying out habitat restoration projects — such as constructing wetlands along the shore for fish and birds — could reduce the costs the state will be obligated to bear in

\$1 599



receding northwest shoreline on June 26.

JAY CALDERON/THE DESERT SUN

the future as the lake recedes.

Cohen, who has been studying the problems of the Salton Sea for years, does not attempt to prescribe solutions in the report.

"Whole-scale restoration of the Salton Sea, I think, is impossible," he said. But he added that he thinks there are ways to keep the ecosystem functioning for birds and fish, by taking some of the water that flows into the lake and using it to create habitat along the edges of the lake.

For now, though, only a handful of small projects are underway to build wetlands along portions of the lake's shores.

"They're important first steps, but we need to really scale up pretty quickly," Cohen said. "The main thing I'm trying to highlight is the need for urgency."

After 2017, flows of wa-

ter into the lake will decline more rapidly as a result of the nation's largest agricultural-to-urban water transfer; the 2003 deal known as the Quantification Settlement Agreement, under which the Imperial Irrigation District is sending increasing quantities of water to San Diego County and the Coachella Valley.

Officials in the Imperial Valley have praised some recent developments as promising.

The proposed \$7.5 billion water bond on the November ballot, for instance, would make \$475 million available to support several projects including "restoration of the Salton Sea."

At the federal level, the Army Corps of Engineers also recently included \$200,000 for work related to the Salton Sea in its proposed budget for next year.

The Imperial Irriga-

tion District, meanwhile, has proposed to generate money for dust control and other types of environmental projects by leasing land along the shores for companies to tap a wealth of geothermal power, solar energy and minerals.

Bruce Wilcox, the irrigation district's manager for Salton Sea efforts, said he agrees with Cohen's conclusions.

"We need to do more now to reduce our costs in the future, and the cost of doing nothing is just not acceptable," Wilcox said. "From a health point of view, from a wildlife habitat point of view, or from an economic point of view, it just doesn't make any sense not to start addressing this problem now."

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by Lynn Bremner

Spooky stories, unexplained mysteries and tales of ghosts are part of desert lore. It is no wonder that so many ghosts haunt the lonely trails, mountains, and landmarks of the forbidding desert. The desert can be so unforgiving and, at the same time, unbelievably generous. Many travelers, prospectors and adventurers have gone into the desert, never to return or be seen again. Others have returned with gold nuggets and treasures so rare and unique that we could only dream of being so lucky ourselves.

DesertUSA has pulled together some haunted stories from our past issues to share with you. So sit back, hold on to your chair and take a virtual tour of the "Haunted Desert."

We will start our tour with the famous ghosts and haunts of **The Anza-Borrego Desert State Park**.

Anza-Borrego Desert State Park and the Borrego Springs area of California are notorious for the many legends, ghost stories and unexplained phenomena occurring there over the years. The region of the Sonoran Desert is home to the Vallecito Stage Station and Yaqui Well, in addition to the mysterious "Ghost Lights" of Oriflamme Mountain.

The Lady In White - The Lady In White haunts the Vallecito Station in Anza Borrego Desert State Park. She died there. She had arrived at the Vallecito Station sometime in the late 1850's and she had never left. The bride had become deathly ill during her journey and died at Vallecito Station. She was buried in an unmarked grave at Campo Santo, a few hundred yards from the station.

In her wedding gown, she paced the adobe floor of the Vallecito Station (Anza Borrego Desert) patiently waiting for the next stage, which would take her on to Sacramento. Her fiancé had struck it rich in the gold fields and had sent for her to join him in California. It is said that if you camp near the old Vallecito Stage Station, you too will see "The Lady In White" restlessly pace the worn earth where the station once stood, waiting for her stage to come.

The Phantom Stage of Carrizo - It is said that a phantom stage forges its way through the Carrizo Wash and passes through the original location of the Carrizo Stage Station located in Anza Borrego Desert State Park.

The White Ghost Horse of Vallecito - There is a tale of a white ghost horse who continues to haunt the Vallecito Station looking for his master who was murdered in a gun fight and shot dead from his back.

The Ghost Lights of Borrego - Mysterious and unexplained lights have been seen since 1858 on Oriflamme Mountain in Anza Borrego Desert State Park. Reports have been made over the

years. The accounts are always slightly different, but the general description of the sightings is the same.

The Eight-Foot Skeleton - If you find yourself between the Superstition Mountains and Seventeen Palms you may encounter a skeleton ghost wandering the desert carrying a lantern. Many accounts have been made over the years of similar sightings in the same area.



Ghost dancers have been seen at Yaqui Well in Anza Borrego Desert SP.
Yaqui Well

Ghost Dancers at Yaqui Well - During the warm summer nights when a full moon rises in the desert sky ghost dancers have been seen at Yaqui Well in Anza Borrego Desert State Park. The ghosts are emigrants who were traveling from Yuma, AZ to California. They died at the well site. It is only during the hot summer nights of the full moon that the three emigrants return to Yaqui Well. One rises out of the muddy waters of the Yaqui Well, one emerges from the brush nearby, and the third arrives in a cool breeze out of the wash. The ghosts join hands and circle Yaqui

Well in a dance. Soon after the twirling begins, they disappear, leaving only the good waters of the well and a slight chill in the air.

Tombstone, AZ

On a trip to southeastern Arizona, you just might want to bring your infrared film, an open mind, and plan to spend a night or two in Tombstone.

Tombstone, AZ is home to many ghosts and haunted places. The famous **Birdcage Theater** has had hundreds of visitors recount hearing people singing and talking in the box seats above the stage. There are dozens of testimonies by both tourists and employees of the theatre of seeing people wearing clothing from the 1800's, and numerous sightings of a man wearing a visor walking across the stage.

A number of other buildings in Tombstone are also haunted. There have been sightings of ghosts in the Boot Hill Cemetery, The Aztec House Antique Shop, Big Nose Kate's Saloon, Nellie Cashman's Restaurant, the Wells Fargo Bank Building, and Shieffelin Hall to name a few. Read more about Tombstone's ghosts.

Other Haunts and Legends of the Desert Southwest

Arizona

Dragoon Mountains

Between the Dragoons and the town of Wilcox, Arizona, a phantom train makes its trek across the plains. This phantom locomotive has been both seen and heard by scores of people

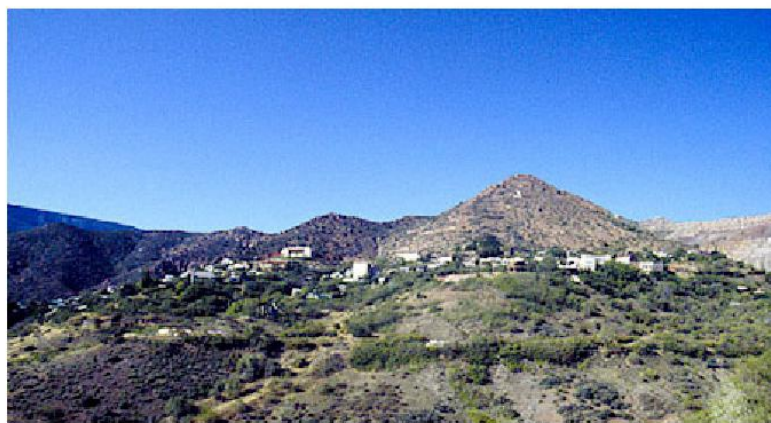
throughout the years. Trouble is, there never was a train that ran these parts, and there is no track. It is known as the Phantom Train of Dragoon.

The Legend of the Lady in Blue

Of all the tales of lost treasure, ghosts, inexplicable lights, apparitions, spirit horses, unsolved murders and disappearances across the Southwest, the legend of María Jesus de Ágreda - the fabled "Lady in Blue" or "Blue Nun" - surely ranks among the most strange and mysterious of them all. A Spanish nun who, physically, never left her convent in her country's province of Soria, she nevertheless purportedly traveled by spirit - a phenomenon called "bi-location" or "teleportation" by the Church - to minister to Indians in Arizona, New Mexico and western Texas. She left an enduring mark on the folklore of the desert. More... read the whole story.

Bisbee

Located in the copper mining town of Bisbee, the Clawson House Inn claims four ghosts. Mrs. Clawson is said to haunt the grounds, as well as three miners who were murdered at the small inn in the 1890s. Besides the Clawson ghosts, the Oliver House Bed and Breakfast is the residence of five spirits. Originally a mine office, this building became a boarding house and a colorful history evolved. Reportedly, most of the ghostly activity takes place in the area surrounding Room 13.



Jerome is known as a Ghost Town.
Jerome AZ

Jerome, AZ

There is a good reason that Jerome is known as a ghost town. A number of buildings in the town are haunted, so if you are up for a day of ghost hunting, this would be a good place to look. The United Verde Hospital on Cleopatra Hill is loaded with apparitions and inexplicable noises. Moans and other frightening sounds reverberate

through the hallways, and ghostly figures float through the corridors.

Phelps Dodge Mine near Jerome State Historical Park is home to Headless Charlie, the ghost of a miner who apparently "lost his head." The Community Center has so many ghosts that it is locally known as Spook Hall. The Old Company Clinic houses ghosts of former patients, doctors and nurses. And often, just around dusk, a phantom spirit is seen standing in doorways of the Old Episcopal Church.

Phoenix

In 1928, 22-year-old Leone Jensen, distraught over a broken love affair, jumped to her death from the roof of the then new San Carlos Hotel on North Central Avenue. Her white, floating form still roams the grounds. There are also reports of children running through hallways, and the sounds of laughing children coming from within the rooms. This might be explained by the fact

that the hotel was built on the site of the first elementary school in the city.



Ghosts abound in the Superstitions in Arizona.
Superstitions Mt

Superstition Mountains

The famous Lost Dutchman Mine has countless stories and legends of not only prospectors searching for gold, but of early Spanish explorers, Mexicans in their quest for treasures, and of the Thunder God the Apaches say lives in a cave of gold. More than 75 people have lost their lives searching for the Lost Dutchman Mine through the years, some of them tragically and involving murder. Ghosts abound in the Superstitions. The Lost Dutchman Mine

State Park is located outside of Phoenix, five miles east of Apache Junction on Highway 88. Lost Dutchman Mine - Superstition Mountains

Nevada

Rhyolite

The ghost of Tom Kelly has been seen in the Bottle House of the once prosperous mining-town-turned-ghost-town Rhyolite, Nevada. Several other spooks make their presence known here at times, especially around the empty vault at the old ruins of the Cook Bank Building. Rhyolite is approximately 85 miles northwest of Las Vegas off U.S. Highway 95 on Highway 374. Also worth a view are the ghostly sculptures of Albert Szukalski, life-sized figures draped in white, strange and profound, especially against their backdrop of the Mojave Desert. They inspired the creation of the Goldwell Open Air Museum, filled with wonderful, enigmatic art pieces.



ghosts

New Mexico

Santa Fe

Santa Fe is another city loaded with ghostly lore, almost too numerous to list. Hauntings are reported at the La Posada Hotel on East Palace Avenue, the Night Sky Gallery on Canyon Road, the Laguna Pueblo Mission, the Grant Corner Inn (especially Rooms 4 and 8), the Church of San Miguel, the La Fonda Hotel, the Three Sisters Boutique and the

Legal Tender Restaurant and Saloon located in the central part of town. A phantom headless horseman is reported to roam Alto Street, riding down to the Santa Fe River.

Shiprock

Along U.S. Highway 666, also known as the Highway to Hell, a ghost car has appeared during full moons and reportedly run other cars off the road. Another apparition of a mad trucker roams the highway, and the phantom of a girl in a nightgown vanishes from sight when motorists stop to help her. Extra caution should be taken when traveling on this spooky route.

The Loretto Chapel's Miracle Staircase

In the year 1852, seven nuns of the order Sisters of Loretto at the Foot of the Cross chose to answer Father Jean Baptiste Lamy's call to help bring education to the impoverished, Spanish-speaking children of the desert Southwest. As they left their convent — their Motherhouse — in central Kentucky, the nuns certainly knew that Lamy, appointed by the Vatican, had been dispatched to Santa Fe to assert ecclesiastical authority over the Southwest, a region recently conquered by the United States in the Mexican/American War. They could scarcely have anticipated, however, the hardships they would endure, the educational challenges they would face, or a certainly marvelous — perhaps a miraculous staircase — their efforts would yield. [Click here to read the whole story.](#)

California

Death Valley

The ghost of old Joe Simpson, hanged by a lynch mob for murdering the town banker, wanders what is left of the town Skidoo. The only items marking this gold mining town now are a cemetery, a mill, the abandoned mines.... and Joe. Skidoo is located off California Highway 190 south of Stovepipe Wells.



One of Death Valley's Ghosts
Ghost on bike

Hollywood and Los Angeles - Mark

Masik's "Hollywood Remains to Be Seen" is the definitive guide to the final resting places of Hollywood's elite. Detailed walking tours lead you to the graves of hundreds of stars. [Read more](#)

Joshua Tree

Besides being a lively area for UFO sightings, ghostly apparitions have been reported wandering the the sacred Wind Cave near Barker Tank in the Morongo Valley.

Mojave

Quite a different ghostly tale, there is a phantom of a very large 7-foot-high deer that has been spotted time and again by hunters in the Kelso Valley area. This giant stag makes no sound and leaves no footprints.

Texas

Nine miles east of Marfa, Texas out on the Chihuahuan Desert at the base of the Chinati

Mountains, people gather to watch small, ethereal lights floating through the night air with no apparent source or explanation.

The Ghost Lights of Marfa, as they are now called, were first reported more than a century ago when Robert Ellison, one of the area's first settlers, witnessed these mysterious glowing orbs in 1883. But they apparently existed before that, for the local Apache are said to have believed the eerie lights were stars dropping to earth. More...

Ghost Mountain Movie Preview

Ghost Towns of the Mojave

Death Valley's Ballarat Ghost Town

Ghost Towns In So. Arizona

A Real Ghost Town - Montgomery City, CA

Calico Ghost Town

Ghost Towns & Desert Dreams

Night On Ghost Mountain

Ghosts of Old Mesilla

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BIG DYNAMITE EXPLOSION JARS THREE STATES

Towns in New Jersey,
Pennsylvania and
Delaware Shaken

DOZEN INJURED AT GIBBSTOWN PLANT

Another duPont Mill at Lake Hopatcong Blows Up, Killing Four
and Wounding Ten Men

Special to The Ledger.

WOODBURY, N. J., Jan. 20.—Another big explosion occurred at the Gibbstown powder works, eight miles below this city, shortly after 7 o'clock this morning at a time when few of the employees had settled down to work, which accounts for the fact that there were comparatively few cases of injury, and no deaths.

The shock of the explosion was felt for miles around, and in the surrounding New Jersey towns people were thrown from their beds, windows were broken, doors were flying from their hinges and most brick houses shook as though they had been constructed of cardboard.

While over a dozen men received injuries, only two were of a serious nature, and the others were about the town or works half an hour later.

The injured.

WHAT-IS-IT VISITS ALL SOUTH JERSEY



BORDENTOWN, Jan. 20.—Hoof-prints in the snow are causing much comment here. They were first noticed immediately after the recent snow and were of a most peculiar character.

The prints were in pairs, exactly like those reported in other towns, and appeared and disappeared in a startling manner. They could plainly be seen leading to fences and buildings, but were then abruptly lost to view.

Brea Canyon Road - Diamond Bar -

Since the road is very dark at least 4 deaths are known of. You can see two crosses next to each other, if you go further there is another cross, and as you continue you see a tombstone. The 3 crosses were of people that died there from car accidents because it's so dark and the tombstone. It is said that at night you can see hikers trying to get a ride. When you look back they are gone. Another freaky thing is that there are many cars that have been on the side for who knows how long. They appeared to have been broken down there for a while. And if you stop by the crosses there is a spine tingling feeling that makes you want to scream.

Did the historical Jesus exist? A growing number of scholars don't think so

rawstory.com

By Valerie Tarico, AlterNet
Saturday, August 30, 2014 10:01 EDT

This story first appeared at AlterNet.

Most antiquities scholars think that the New Testament gospels are “mythologized history.” In other words, they think that around the start of the first century a controversial Jewish rabbi named Yeshua ben Yosef gathered a following and his life and teachings provided the seed that grew into Christianity.

At the same time, these scholars acknowledge that many Bible stories like the virgin birth, miracles, resurrection, and women at the tomb borrow and rework mythic themes that were common in the Ancient Near East, much the way that screenwriters base new movies on old familiar tropes or plot elements. In this view, a “historical Jesus” became mythologized.

For over 200 years, a wide ranging array of theologians and historians—most of them Christian—analyzed ancient texts, both those that made it into the Bible and those that didn't, in attempts to excavate the man behind the myth. Several current or recent bestsellers take this approach, distilling the scholarship for a popular audience. Familiar titles include *Zealot* by Reza Aslan and *How Jesus Became God* by Bart Ehrman.

But other scholars believe that the gospel stories are actually “historicized mythology.” In this view, those ancient mythic templates are themselves the kernel. They got filled in with names, places and other real world details as early sects of Jesus worship attempted to understand and defend the devotional traditions they had received.

The notion that Jesus never existed is a minority position. *Of course it is!* says David Fitzgerald, author of *Nailed: Ten Christian Myths That Show Jesus Never Existed at All*. For centuries all serious scholars of Christianity were Christians themselves, and modern secular scholars lean heavily on the groundwork that they laid in collecting, preserving, and analyzing ancient texts. Even today most secular scholars come out of a religious background, and many operate by default under historical presumptions of their former faith.

Fitzgerald is an atheist speaker and writer, popular with secular students and community groups. The internet phenom, *Zeitgeist the Movie* introduced millions to some of the mythic roots of Christianity. But *Zeitgeist* and similar works contain known errors and oversimplifications that undermine their credibility. Fitzgerald seeks to correct that by giving young people interesting, accessible information that is grounded in accountable scholarship.

More academic arguments in support of the Jesus Myth theory can be found in the writings of Richard Carrier and Robert Price. Carrier, who has a Ph.D. in ancient history uses the tools of his trade to show, among other things, how Christianity might have gotten off the ground without a miracle. Price, by contrast, writes from the perspective of a theologian whose biblical

scholarship ultimately formed the basis for his skepticism. It is interesting to note that some of the harshest debunkers of fringe Jesus myth theories like those from Zeitgeist or Joseph Atwill (who tries to argue that the Romans invented Jesus) are from serious Mythicists like Fitzgerald, Carrier and Price.

The arguments on both sides of this question—mythologized history or historicized mythology—fill volumes, and if anything the debate seems to be heating up rather than resolving. A growing number of scholars are openly questioning or actively arguing against Jesus' historicity. Since many people, both Christian and not, find it surprising that this debate even exists—that credible scholars might think Jesus never existed—here are some of the key points that keep the doubts alive:

1. No first century secular evidence whatsoever exists to support the actuality of Yeshua ben Yosef. In the words of Bart Ehrman: "What sorts of things do pagan authors from the time of Jesus have to say about him? Nothing. As odd as it may seem, there is no mention of Jesus at all by any of his pagan contemporaries. There are no birth records, no trial transcripts, no death certificates; there are no expressions of interest, no heated slanders, no passing references – nothing. In fact, if we broaden our field of concern to the years after his death – even if we include the entire first century of the Common Era – there is not so much as a solitary reference to Jesus in any non-Christian, non-Jewish source of any kind. I should stress that we do have a large number of documents from the time – the writings of poets, philosophers, historians, scientists, and government officials, for example, not to mention the large collection of surviving inscriptions on stone and private letters and legal documents on papyrus. In none of this vast array of surviving writings is Jesus' name ever so much as mentioned." (pp. 56-57)

2. The earliest New Testament writers seem ignorant of the details of Jesus' life, which become more crystalized in later texts. Paul seems unaware of any virgin birth, for example. No wise men, no star in the east, no miracles. Historians have long puzzled over the "Silence of Paul" on the most basic biographical facts and teachings of Jesus. Paul fails to cite Jesus' authority precisely when it would make his case. What's more, he never calls the twelve apostles Jesus' disciples; in fact, he never says Jesus HAD disciples –or a ministry, or did miracles, or gave teachings. He virtually refuses to disclose any other biographical detail, and the few cryptic hints he offers aren't just vague, but contradict the gospels. The leaders of the early Christian movement in Jerusalem like Peter and James are supposedly Jesus' own followers and family; but Paul dismisses them as nobodies and repeatedly opposes them for not being true Christians!

Liberal theologian Marcus Borg suggests that people read the books of the New Testament in chronological order to see how early Christianity unfolded. "Placing the Gospels after Paul makes it clear that as written documents they are not the source of early Christianity but its product. The Gospel — the good news — of and about Jesus existed before the Gospels. They are the products of early Christian communities several decades after Jesus' historical life and tell us how those communities saw his significance in their historical context."

3. Even the New Testament stories don't claim to be first-hand accounts. We now know that the four gospels were assigned the names of the apostles Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,

not written by them. To make matter sketchier, the name designations happened sometime in second century, around 100 years or more after Christianity supposedly began. For a variety of reasons, the practice of pseudonymous writing was common at the time and many contemporary documents are "signed" by famous figures. The same is true of the New Testament epistles except for a handful of letters from Paul (6 out of 13) which are broadly thought to be genuine. But even the gospel stories don't actually say, "I was there." Rather, they claim the existence of other witnesses, a phenomenon familiar to anyone who has heard the phrase, *my aunt knew someone who . . .*

4. The gospels, our only accounts of a historical Jesus, contradict each other. If you think you know the Jesus story pretty well, I suggest that you pause at this point to test yourself with the 20 question quiz at ExChristian.net.

The gospel of Mark is thought to be the earliest existing "life of Jesus," and linguistic analysis suggests that Luke and Matthew both simply reworked Mark and added their own corrections and new material. But they contradict each other and, to an even greater degree contradict the much later gospel of John, because they were written with different objectives for different audiences. The incompatible Easter stories offer one example of how much the stories disagree.

5. Modern scholars who claim to have uncovered the real historical Jesus depict wildly different persons. They include a cynic philosopher, charismatic Hasid, liberal Pharisee, conservative rabbi, Zealot revolutionary, nonviolent pacifist to borrow from a much longer list assembled by Price. In his words (pp. 15-16), "The historical Jesus (if there was one) might well have been a messianic king, or a progressive Pharisee, or a Galilean shaman, or a magus, or a Hellenistic sage. But he cannot very well have been all of them at the same time." John Dominic Crossan of the Jesus Seminar grumbles that "the stunning diversity is an academic embarrassment."

For David Fitzgerald, these issues and more lead to a conclusion that he finds inescapable:

Jesus appears to be an effect, not a cause, of Christianity. Paul and the rest of the first generation of Christians searched the Septuagint translation of Hebrew scriptures to create a Mystery Faith for the Jews, complete with pagan rituals like a Lord's Supper, Gnostic terms in his letters, and a personal savior god to rival those in their neighbors' longstanding Egyptian, Persian, Hellenistic and Roman traditions.

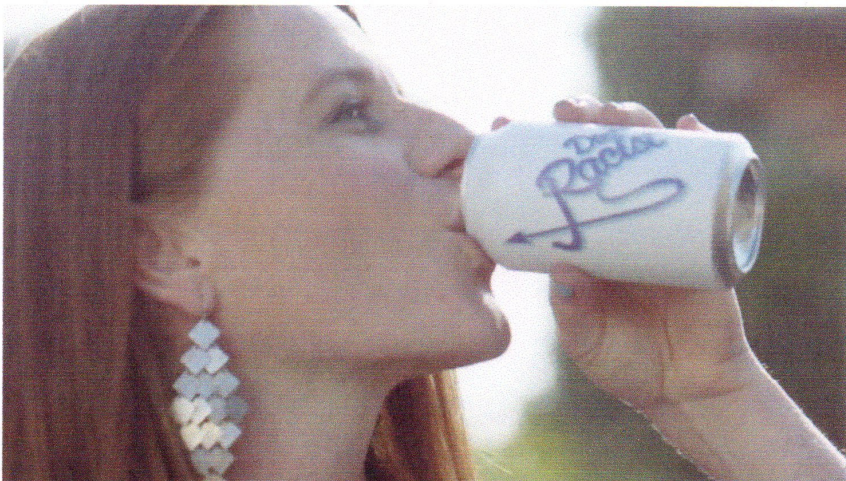
In a soon-to-be-released follow up to *Nailed*, entitled *Jesus: Mything in Action*, Fitzgerald argues that the many competing versions proposed by secular scholars are just as problematic as any "Jesus of Faith." Even if one accepts that there was a real Jesus of Nazareth, the question has little practical meaning: Regardless of whether or not a first century rabbi called Yeshua ben Yosef lived, the "historical Jesus" figures so patiently excavated and re-assembled by secular scholars are themselves fictions.

We may never know for certain what put Christian history in motion. Only time (or perhaps time travel) will tell.

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College Humor Introduces 'Diet Racism,' a Soda for Kind-of-Racist People -

foodbeast.com



Diet-Racism

College Humor recently launched a tongue-in-cheek commercial about the fictional beverage, Diet Racism. The drink is marketed specifically towards anyone having strong opinions about a specific race or ethnicity, but usually tends to keep it casual or to themselves altogether.

Ever ask your Asian friend how to properly hold chopsticks? Diet Racism. Hit

up your Jewish pal for a dope bagel spot? Diet Racism. Pretty much the drink for anyone who's had a generalization about a race without ever vocalizing it. The short stresses that the soda's not quite at the point where it can be considered racism, thus it's diet racism.

Check out the somewhat racist video below and see for yourselves.



Peter Pham

Pete is a guy who enjoys comics, cartoons and crappy movies. Favorite foods include pizza, mexican and pretty much anything that has to do with breakfast. If the three were combined, it would be preferred. His browser history is filled with food porn.

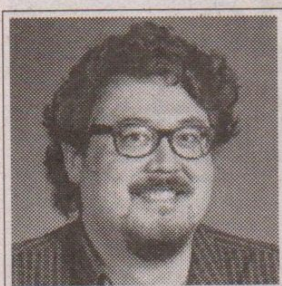
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Walt Disney's last w

Hey Will, I heard a story the other day about how Walt Disney's last words before he died were, "Kurt Russell." Is that true? What does it mean?

Dominic Schane, Palm Springs

Urban legends and conspiracy theories are rampant in this day and age, so



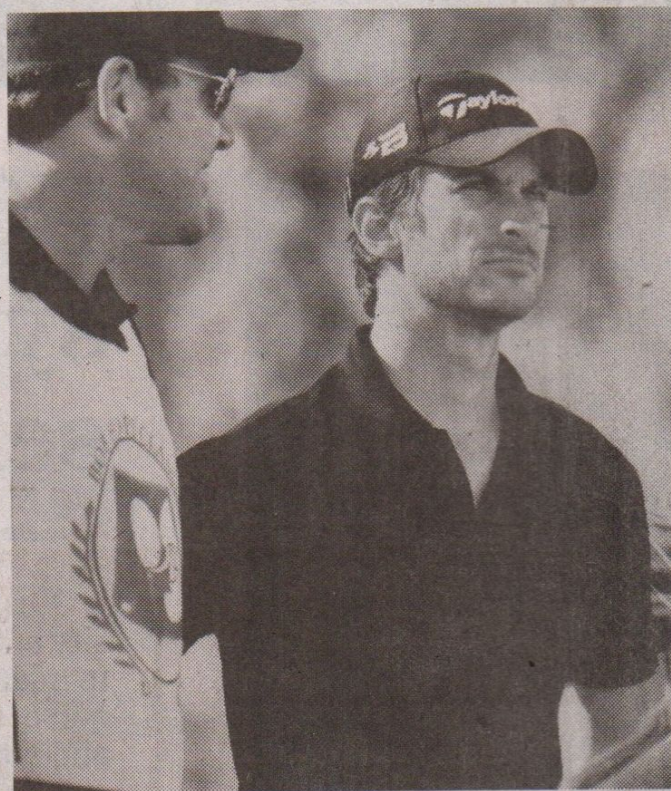
Will Toren

QUESTION AT WILL

Walt Disney made shortly before his death on Dec. 16, 1966 was a note he jotted down on a pad of paper in his Burbank office: "Kurt Russell." (Actually, "Kirt," according to a video at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0mP25cFgCxx>)

According to an April 2007 "Jimmy Kimmel Live" interview, Russell himself was shown this pad from Disney's office, which had been preserved more or less intact since his death. He said he didn't know what it meant.

it's almost quaint, in a Disneyesque way, to find one that has an established basis in fact. While it's not the "Citizen Kane"-style deathbed muttering it's sometimes cracked up to be, it appears that, yes, one of the last communications



Actor Kurt Russell, right, shown at the Bob Hope event, doesn't know why Walt Disney was thinking about him.

Now, as "last words" go, it's not quite on the level of other famous names with famous words. Take the always quotable Oscar Wilde: "Either that wallpaper goes or I do." Others become famous because of their last words, the most cited being Civil War general John Sedgwick, who is reputed to have rallied his Union men at

words were ... what?



RICHARD LUI/THE DESERT SUN

Classic golf tournament in 2010, says he
out him in 1966, shortly before Disney died.



COURTESY OF PALM SPRINGS HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Walt Disney talks with children who attended
school on Smoke Tree Ranch in Palm Springs.
Disney died on Dec. 16, 1966.

the Battle of Spotsylvania in 1864 with, "Why are you dodging like this? They couldn't hit an elephant at this distance," before being shot dead by a Confederate bullet.

Nor is it on the same level as the persistent belief that Uncle Walt's corporeal form, with some spark of life still contained, is in cryogenic freeze, entombed, depending on which story you've heard, beneath the Matterhorn or The Pirates of the Caribbean rides at Disneyland. (Though there have been reliable reports that, at least at some time, there was a basketball court underneath the Matterhorn). For me, at least, that hoary story was my first introduction to the realm of urban legend and hidden conspiracy, and while I could not have possibly foreseen the Internet-fueling industry that such mythology would become, I confess that every visit to Anaheim is intriguingly colored by the thought.

Still, maybe that's why it fascinates people so much. Disney was a living legend even during his lifetime, certainly at least on Wilde's level and much more famed than poor Sedgwick. And of course Russell has achieved fame of his own. That the two of them would be linked in such a potentially dramatic way naturally draws the contemporary imagination.

The simple answer as to why is that Russell was under the beginning of a 10-year contract with Disney studios, which would bear such rich fruit as "The Computer Wore Tennis Shoes" and "The

Strongest Man in the World."

Disney presumably had a brainstorm about a project his company's budding star would succeed with, but that hasn't stopped some fringier elements from offering up such oddball notions that Russell was somehow Disney's son, or that he simply wanted what, as I understand it, many people wanted in the 1960s, an opportunity to meet Goldie Hawn.

I'm surprised I haven't found any evidence of a theory that combines the other famous Disney legend: That Walt froze his brain to have it implanted in Kurt Russell, presumably to go on to cultivate his "bad boy" side by doing cult films like "Escape from New York" or "Captain Ron." Given that, according to the video cited above, Disney's real last notes on the pad were "CIA Mobley," it's even more surprising that even crazier theories haven't been offered, but that's the Internet for you.

It's something of an oddity that in an age of celebrated people tweeting and posting any number of random musings that there appears to be a distinct drop-off in the "famous last word" category of portentous pronouncements. Perhaps it signals an evolution in our ideas of privacy in our final moments on Earth or maybe it just shows a lack of planning as mortality draws near for current generations.

If you have a favorite example of some "famous last words" from history or entertainment, please share via email, Twitter or Facebook, and I'll feature them in a future column.

"Jeopardy" champ and copy editor Will Toren is The Desert Sun's resident know-it-all.

He defies you to stump him. Follow Will on Twitter @WillToren for his daily downloads and send him your questions at will.toren@thedesertsun

Beverly Hills - Doheny Mansion -

Night-shift groundskeepers will not stay employed, due to sounds, and screams inside the house. There are some sections that are gated and padlocked that have not been kept up in the home due to this.

Dolphin 56, where are you?

By The Associated Press on August 04, 2012 at 8:00 AM, updated August 04, 2012 at 1:50 PM

[nj.com](#)

By Wallace Mckelvy/Press of Atlantic City

BRIGANTINE — Where is Dolphin 56?

Bob Schoelkopf has asked himself this question many times this year.

The bottlenose dolphin swam from Florida up to New Jersey every year for decades after being branded in 1979, making it one of the longest and most comprehensively tracked dolphins on the East Coast. Dolphin 56 went missing this year, sparking a national watch for the 45-year-old dolphin.

"This is the first year in many years we haven't seen him," Schoelkopf, director of the Brigantine-based Marine Mammal Stranding Center, said. "We're concerned he reached the end of his lifetime."

A Facebook page was set up in 2009 to track the dolphin. The last reported sighting was in July 2011, when the dolphin was photographed off the coast of Wales. Many followers have posted concerns about Dolphin 56's well-being.

"It is not a good sign that no one on the East Coast has seen him yet," wrote Kathy Hunter, of Sea Isle City. "But I will not give up hope!"

Every time the Brigantine center gets a report of a dolphin washed up on shore, Schoelkopf's thoughts turn to Dolphin 56. Because it had exceeded the average lifespan of a bottlenose dolphin — Dolphin 56 was somewhere between 40 and 45 years old — he said it's likely the cetacean has died.

On Sunday, a bottlenose dolphin washed up on the beach in Sea Isle City and another on Wednesday under a dock at the Golden Nugget marina in Atlantic City. Both were false alarms. The first was struck by a boat the same weekend, while the second was too badly decomposed to positively identify.

"It was all white and he said it looked like a piece was coming off of it, which could mean it was attached by a shark," he said. "This time of year, we see animals like that one because the old dolphins die off."

Suzanne Thurman, executive director of the Marine Education, Research and Rehabilitation (MERR) Institute based in Nassau, Del., said Dolphin 56's disappearance has sparked discussions between stranding centers all along northeastern coast.

While its age is troubling, Thurman said it's still possible Dolphin 56 is out there but hasn't been spotted yet. Another dolphin, Dolphin 437, went missing for more than a year before it turned up again at Cape Henlopen in Delaware.

"We hadn't had any sightings all of last year, but it showed up again this year," she said. "I'm hoping the same happens for this one."

Dolphin 56 was freeze-branded in 1979 off the coast of Florida when it was about 10 years old. The process involves branding a large identifying number on the dolphin's dorsal fin with liquid nitrogen.

"Freeze-branding is a one-time pain, and they last an unlimited amount of time," he said.

Schoelkopf said the process is still used today because satellite beacons tend to fade after eight to 10 years and can cause a lot of distress to the animal.

Dolphin 56 was memorable because of how eager it was to approach people. While there are often gaps in the histories of other dolphins, Schoelkopf this one had predictable travel plans.

"He likes to go to New Jersey all the time in the summers," he said. "He'd go back every year in early summer or late spring."

For many years, Schoelkopf said he got reports of the dolphin swimming alongside rowing crews from Holy Spirit High School as they practiced in the inland bays.

"He'd come behind the center a lot and we'd go out in a boat to follow him," he said. "He'd play with seaweed and toss live fish in the air."

For a time, fish and wildlife agents also followed the dolphin, waiting to slap unsuspecting boaters with a \$20,000 fine for feeding Dolphin 56.

"This dolphin would come up to a boat and squeak at them to get some fish," Schoelkopf said.

Jennifer Dittmar, stranding coordinator for the National Aquarium in Baltimore, said it's unusual for a dolphin in the wild to develop such a following. That, she said, is probably a function of its personality.

As Dolphin 56 migrated north to New Jersey, Dittmar said, it typically arrived in the Chesapeake Bay around Easter, where it approached boaters for food and attention.

The Facebook page was "a rare event, but it really worked well," she said. "If people would post their pics, researchers could see how far this behavior had progressed."

Stranding centers also used the Facebook page to tailor their outreach campaigns instructing boaters not to feed Dolphin 56 as it entered their waters, Dittmar said. It also helped the centers learn more about how dolphins interact with humans.

"He's kind of a unique animal that might lend us some insight into the dolphins that are off the area," she said. "It sparks some good research questions."

Thurman said Dolphin 56's ease with people is also troubling.

"He definitely had risky, albeit friendly and sociable, behavior," she said. "Not every person a

dolphin comes up to is so kind."

Every time a dead dolphin washes up, Schoelkopf looks to the dorsal fin for Dolphin 56's telltale identification stamp. The dolphin also had a unique face, caused by a fractured jaw it suffered during one of its voyages.

"It's bent," he said. "Like a boxer who had a broken nose. It stays that way."

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Slavic Spirits

[biblioteca-secreta:](#)

Domovoi



The Domovoi is a masculine **household** spirit.

In appearance, the Domovoi is typically:

- Small.
- Bearded.
- Covered in hair all over.

According to some traditions, domovye **take on the appearance of current or former owners of the house** and have a grey beard, sometimes with **tails** or **little horns**. There are tales of neighbours seeing the master of the house out in the yard while in fact the **real master** is asleep in bed. It has also been said that domovye can take on the appearance of cats and dogs.

Traditionally, **every house is said to have its Domovoi**. It does not do evil **unless angered** by a family's poor keep of the household, profane language or neglect. The domovoi is seen as the home's guardian, and he sometimes helps with household chores and field work. Some even treat them as part of the family, albeit an unseen one, and leave them gifts like **milk** and **biscuits** in the kitchen overnight.

- To **attract** a Domovoi, you would go outside of your house wearing your best clothing and say aloud "*Grandfather Dobrokhoto, please come into my house and tend the flocks.*"
- To **rid** yourself of a rival Domovoi, you would beat your walls with a broom, shouting "*Grandfather Domovoi, help me chase away this intruder.*"
- When **moving**, some might make an offering to the Domovoi and say "*Domovoi! Domovoi!*"

Don't stay here but come with our family!"

People made sure they **only kept animals the Domovoi liked**, as he would **torment the ones he did not**. Salted bread wrapped in a white cloth would appease this spirit, and putting clean white linen in his room was an invitation to eat a meal with the family. Hanging old boots in the yard was another way to **cheer** him.

The Domovoi was also an **Oracle**, as his behavior could foretell or forewarn about the future. He would pull hair to **warn a woman of danger** from an abusive man. He would moan and howl to warn of coming trouble. If he showed himself, **it forewarned of death**, and if he was weeping it was said to be a **death in the family**. If he was laughing, **good times** could be expected, and if he strummed a comb there would be a **wedding** in the future.

It is also said that Domovoi like to make the sound, "He! He! He!, Ho! Ho!, Ho!" when they are excited or happy.

Kikimora



The Kikimora is a feminine **household** spirit.

Appearance varies, in some tales, she looks like an **average woman** with her hair down (married Slavic women typically kept their hair covered, and young unmarried girls kept it braided.) She may also be described as a **small humpbacked woman** in dirty clothes.

There are two different kinds of Kikimoras. One kind lives in the forest; the other kind lives in the swamp. The Swamp Kikimora is the wife of Leshy. Her presence can be recognized by wet footprints. When home builders wanted to do something **harmful** to the person buying the house, they would bring in Kikimora. Once inside, it is **difficult** to get her to leave.

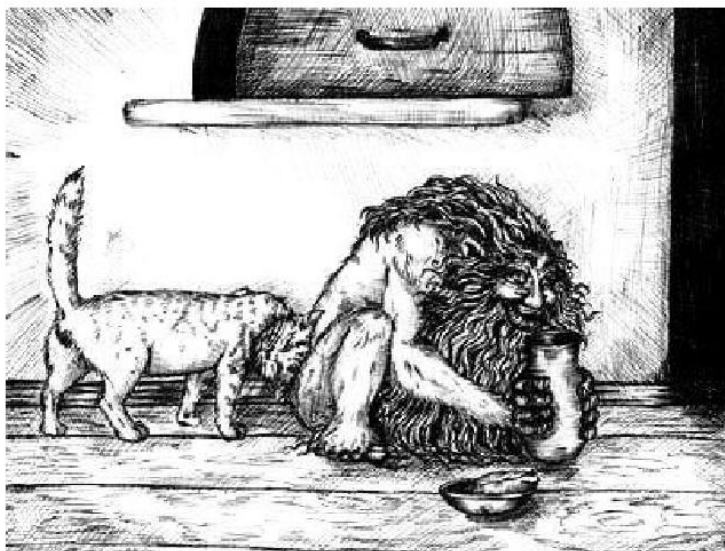
Her role in the house is usually **juxtaposed** with that of the Domovoi, whereas one of them is considered a "**bad**" spirit, and the other, a "**good**" one. When the kikimora inhabits a house, she

lives behind the stove or in the cellar, and **usually produces noises similar to those made by the mice in order to obtain food.**

When the house is in **order**, Kikimora looks after the chickens and housework. If **not**, she whistles, breaks dishes, and makes noises at night. She also comes out at night to spin.

To appease an angry Kikimora, one should wash all the pots and pans with **fern tea**. An **adder stone** or a bunch of **juniper** twigs is hung above the nesting place of chickens to protect their eggs from Kikimora.

Dvorovoi



The Dvorovoi is the spirit of the **courtyard**.

The Dvorovoi is similar to the house spirit Domovoi, although it was **less benevolent** and lived further away from humans. He hates animals with **white fur** (commonly cats, dogs, and horses), so it was seen as a threat and danger to livestock. However, white chickens were not afraid of the Dvorovoi as they were **protected by the chicken god** (куриный бог).

Some peasants would ask the Dvorovoi to take care and feed their cattle by offering him **glittering objects, bread, and sheep wool**.

A tale tells of a Dvorovoi who **fell in love with a girl** and lived with her for a very long time. The Dvorovoi plaited her hair and told her to keep it that way. However, the night before her marriage, she brushed her hair and unbraided it. The Dvorovoi **strangled her** while she was sleeping and she was **found dead** the next morning.

Wilmington - Drum Barracks -

An apparition of a blond blue-eyed man has been seen by maintenance staff and visitors. The ghost was a victim of cholera or yellow fever and was a patient there during the Civil War. The young man appears to be confused and wanders aimlessly before vanishing.

Victorian Strangeness: The drunken monkey that smashed up a bar

22 August 2014 Last updated at 20:08 ET Magazine Monitor A collection of cultural artefacts
<http://www.bbc.com/news/blogs-magazine-monitor-28888684>

The British Newspaper Archive is a treasure trove of outlandish tales from the Victorian press. Author Jeremy Clay tells the story of a monkey that went on a drunken rampage.

The place was a mess. Shards of broken glass were strewn across the counter and the floor. Bottles were broken. Mirrors were smashed. Chairs were scattered. Tables were upended.

If there was one small consolation for the newly-toothless owner of Reilly's Hotel, as he swept up the debris in the wrecked bar, it was this - the instigator of the brawl had been captured and led away. He was in a cell now. Or a cage. One of the two.

It all began, as these things so often do, with a drink. One drink, which led to another, then more besides. Each one, generously given by a genial customer. Each one eagerly slurped by the monkey chained to the bar.



But after four cocktails the Coney Island jackanapes started to mislay its manners. It demanded yet more booze. When its benefactor refused, it seized a whisky bottle and knocked him senseless to the floor.

The horrified bartender lunged forward and tried to seize the brute but, even with that chain, it was too agile. Grabbing another bottle, it landed a blow on him too.

"The monkey then stood at the back of the bar and pelted everyone with bottles and glasses, several persons being wounded," reported the Manchester Evening News in September 1899.

"The proprietor tried to quiet the beast, but received a bottle of Vermouth in the face, and had some of his front teeth knocked out. The monkey smashed all the mirrors and every bottle of liquor it could reach."

At last, the police arrived. After taking a startled moment or two to size up the scene, they hit on a solution and lassoed the creature. Calm returned to Reilly's. Whether the cantankerous monkey ever did is another matter altogether.

Jeremy Clay is the author of The Burglar Caught by a Skeleton, and Other Singular Tales from the Victorian Press.

Illustrated Police News image provided by the British Library Board.

Dudleytown - A New England Ghost Town



A waterfall by the trail leading into Dudleytown.

article and photos by Jeff Belanger

Note from the Connecticut State Police: Those who go, or attempt to go to Dudleytown will be arrested for trespassing and/or parking. The fines start at \$75.00 per person and rapidly increase.

In northwestern Connecticut within the town of Cornwall, in the shadow of three mountains, lies the remains of Dudleytown. The small hamlet holds accounts of ghostly tales, demons, unexplained events, and curses coupled with over 400 years of British and American history -- including ties to King Henry VIII, Horace Greeley, General Heman Swift, and General George Washington.

Today, only the cellar holes and a few foundations remain. The roads have become forest trails that hikers and ghost hunters still traverse, regardless of warnings of evils spirits, and many claim the woods become strangely silent -- the birds and bugs that sing and call during a hike up to Dudleytown don't follow into the hamlet.

Dudleytown was founded by Thomas Griffis, who was the first to settle in the area, but it was three Dudley brothers who moved there a few years later for whom the land would be named. It was these brothers who also allegedly brought over a curse from England that has plagued the land ever since.

The Curse

All Dudleys can trace their heritage back to a Saxon named Dudd, who was titled Duke of Mercia and died in 725 A.D. It was Dudd's land that would eventually become the site of the Dudley castle.

An old English word for land was "leigh," so the area was called Dudd's leigh. Many centuries later, when the taking of a surname became necessary, some people took a name based on their occupation (such as Smith or Baker) and others took their surname based on the land they came from, i.e., Dudley.

The story and curse of Dudleytown actually begins in England in the year 1510. Edmund Dudley was beheaded for plotting to overthrow King Henry VIII. At the time of the beheading, a curse was allegedly placed on the Dudleys for their treason.

The curse states all Dudleys from Edmund Dudley's lineage would find themselves surrounded

by horrors. Edmund Dudley's son, John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, followed in his father's footsteps and also tried to overthrow the crown by marrying his son, Guilford Dudley, to Lady Jane Grey (the original "queen for a day").

John Dudley's third son, Robert, Earl of Leicester, left England to avoid losing his own head.

The Dudleys who would eventually settle in Dudleytown can trace their roots to William Dudley, who was born in Richmond, Surrey, England on September 11, 1608. His son, also named William, was born aboard a ship headed for America on June 8, 1639. William II's son, Joseph, was born in Saybrook, Connecticut on September 14, 1674.

Joseph Dudley of Saybrook had 12 children, three of which would eventually settle in Dudleytown: Gideon (born 1706), Abiel (born 1710), and Barzillai (born 1725).

Dudleytown is Born

In October of 1737, the Connecticut General Assembly ordered the *Act for the Ordering and Directing the Sale and Settlement of all the Townships in the Western Lands*. The Act stated that 50 private parcels of land from many western Connecticut towns would be divided and auctioned off. The Cornwall auction began at 50 pounds per parcel.



Dudleytown road as it looks today.

Dudleytown Road as it looks today.

In February of 1745, Thomas Griffis bought half a parcel of Cornwall land from Eleazer Whittlesey of Wethersfield, Connecticut. Today, Dudleytown looks much like it did when Thomas Griffis first walked into the land some 250 years ago. A very thick forest, incredibly rocky terrain, and in the shadow of three mountains: Bald Mountain, Woodbury Mountain, and The Coltsfoot Triplets. Because of the location and the dense, tall woods, the forest was given the ominous name of "Dark Entry Forest." Lying in the shadow of three mountains also meant the town received little sunlight. During winters there are times when snow will be falling on Dudleytown and nothing will touch the ground just 1000 feet lower in the valley of Cornwall. The land was hard, and living there was even harder.

In 1748 Gideon Dudley moved from Saybrook, Connecticut and bought some land from Griffis to start a small farm. By 1753 Gideon's two brothers, Barzillai and Abiel Dudley, from Guilford, Connecticut, also purchased land nearby as the area was starting to blossom into a hollow. A few years later, a Martin Dudley from Massachusetts also joined the clan.

Contrary to what some believe, Dudleytown was never actually a town. It was always part of Cornwall township. Dudleytown used the Cornwall church, town hall, and cemetery to conduct its spiritual and business affairs. The area was called Dudleytown because of the number of Dudleys who came to live in the area.

Cornwall township was a hard area to farm in. Isaac Stiles, who was an early resident of the area eloquently put it best: "Nature out of her boundless Store, Threw Rocks together and did no more." To make fields suitable for farming, early Dudleytown pioneers had to contend with the rocky soil. Each stone had to be picked up and moved. The stone walls that were created by clearing the woods and fields are still standing in Dudleytown today.

The Troubles Begin

Living in Dudleytown was never easy. Many things went wrong for the people and for the land. Were all of the events unexplainable? Was there a high lead content in the drinking water? Did Native Americans sneak into the hollow and wreak havoc? Or did the Dudleys carry a centuries-old curse into the village?

The rocks in and around Dudleytown do contain a high level of iron and other metals. It is possible there was some lead in the drinking water on the hillside. This theory could explain some of the dementia that area residents experienced, but continued lead poisoning is always fatal and for more than a century people lived in Dudleytown. If the water was bad, residents would have moved away sooner.

It is also true that there were many Native American tribes who lived in the general vicinity of Dudleytown, including the Mohawk nation. Some battles of the French Indian War (1755 – 1763) also took place within 100 miles of Dudleytown. There was fallout from the Native Americans for several years after the war, and one set of Dudleytown residents met their fate at the hands of angered Indians.

In August of 1774, an unidentified epidemic struck the Adoniram Carter household in Dudleytown and killed the entire family. A second Dudleytown Carter family, The Nathaniel Carters, distraught from the loss, moved near Binghamton, New York where Indians took the life of Nathaniel, his wife, and their infant by tomahawk. The Carters' other three children were kidnapped to Canada where two daughters were ransomed. The son, David Carter, remained with his captors, married an Indian girl, and eventually returned to the United States for formal education. David escaped the curse of Dudleytown and eventually went on to become a Supreme Court judge.

One of the more bizarre tragedies occurred to one of Cornwall's more famous residents, General Heman Swift. General Swift served in the Revolutionary War under General George Washington. In April of 1804 his wife, Sarah Faye, was struck by lightning on their front porch and killed instantly. Shortly after his wife's death, General Swift was reported to have gone "slightly demented."

Horace Greeley, editor and founder of the *New York Tribune* and most famous for his quote, "Go West, young man," married Mary Cheney, who was born in Dudleytown. The two met in a

vegetarian boarding house, and their union ended when Mary Cheney took her own life in 1872, one week before Horace Greeley lost his bid for the presidency of the United States.

The next tragedy occurred near the very end of the 1800s to one of Dudleytown's last residents, John Patrick Brophy. John Brophy's wife died of consumption, and shortly after his two children mysteriously disappeared in the woods. The children vanishing could have been attributed to the fact that they were accused of stealing sleigh robes and wanted to run from the law. After losing his entire family, the Brophy home burned to the ground. Some have speculated that it was John Brophy who set the blaze. Regardless of how the fire started, John Brophy walked away from Dudleytown never to be seen again.

By 1899 Dudleytown was completely deserted. Children who grew up there married and moved away. The forest began to reclaim the land.



**Trees now
grow through
the
cellar hole of a
Dudleytown
house.**

*Tress now grow through a
cellar hole where a
Dudleytown house once
stood.*

Dudleytown is Reborn

In 1920 Dr. William Clark, a cancer specialist from New York City, came to Cornwall for the quiet that the woods could provide. Dr. Clark fell in love with the surroundings and built a summer house there. In 1924, together with some of his friends and colleagues, Dr. Clark formed the Dark Entry Forest Association (DEF). "The Dark Entry Forest Association was formed as a nature preserve," explains Dr. John F. Leich, former president and current shareholder of the DEF. "Dr. Clark wanted a place where he could bring his children and grandchildren in the summers." The original charter stated the land would remain "forever wild," a nature preserve for its members to enjoy.

During a summer in the mid-1920s, Dr. William Clark was called away to an emergency in New York City. His wife stayed behind and when he returned a few days later, she was alleged to have gone mad. Sources said something from the forest attacked her and left her completely insane. She lived out the remainder of her days in a mental hospital.

Theories Behind the Curse

Dr. John F. Leich, a resident of the Dark Entry Forest since 1952, claims that in his almost 50 years of experience in and around Dudleytown, there is absolutely nothing odd or paranormal about the place. "My wife and I have been spending summers here since 1952," Dr. Leich said. "There are approximately 50 shareholders in the Dark Entry Forest Association and about 20 houses, and none of us have seen anything strange or supernatural."

Reverend Gary Dudley, a Dudley family genealogist, believes there is no family connection between Joseph Dudley of Saybrook, Connecticut, and the cursed Edmund Dudley. "Edmund Dudley's son, Robert, Earl of Leicester had two sons, and one was illegitimate," Rev. Dudley said. "The legitimate son of Robert died too young to marry, and the other moved to Italy where he and his three children remained—there is no lineage between Robert and the Dudleys who eventually settled in Cornwall."

Rev. Dudley believes Dudleytown's "ghosts" may have been the work of human error: "The town produced a little flax and some rye, which is interesting because if rye is left to decay, the resulting mold is a hallucinogen. This makes me wonder if the 'demons' were the result of bad bread as opposed to actually being the devil's work." "Dudleytown became a town that was just trying to survive as opposed to grow and thrive," Rev. Dudley concluded.

Ed Warren, noted demonologist and ghost hunter, believes Dudleytown was definitely cursed. "The Dudleys had an ancestor in England who was a judge and condemned many people to death for witchcraft," Mr. Warren said. "The curse in Dudleytown started after the village became a thriving town. People went mad and reported seeing monstrosities in the forest—things that were unnatural."

"Curse? What is a curse? Dudleytown is cursed in that it is a tract of land with an aura of disaster. Everyone left the town," Ed Warren concluded.

Nancy Zeigler, co-author of the forthcoming book, *Deadleytown*, said, "The people living in the Dark Entry Forest have a vested interest in saying there is nothing up there. Well, if there's nothing up there, then why do we get strange things on our photographs? I've been slapped across the face and scratched with no one standing there."

The legends of the ghost stories seem to have started in the late 1940s. American men were returning from World War II, and everyone was doing pretty well financially. One theory is the legends were made up by young men who wanted to drive up Dark Entry Road with their girlfriends in the car and tell them a scary story.

PERSONAL ACCOUNTS:

Shannon from Manchester, CT (Last name withheld upon request):

"My boyfriend's family moved to Sharon, CT in early 1998. His mother's fiancé has lived in that area all his life and they had been telling me a little something about Dudleytown. I was kind of skeptical so I decided to check into it.

"Ever since I was little I have had this 'feeling' if you will. Many people don't believe this but I can tell if someplace is 'haunted'. There is a house in Manchester, CT where I live, that is

supposedly haunted by the spirit of a little girl. She was tortured and handcuffed in a crawl space of the house and left there for dead. And I walked into the house and instantly got cold chills and my whole body temperature dropped. I could feel her there. She was following me around in the house.

“So when my boyfriend’s family told me about Dudleytown, I had a natural curiosity to find out if it was true or not. So the next time I went out to Sharon I asked them to show me where it was. They had told me stories about Dark Entry Road. My boyfriend’s mother, like myself, can feel the presence of a spirit. So she and I drove to the beginning of Dark Entry Road and got out of the car to see if we could feel anything. Sure enough the second I stepped out of the car I got the coldest chill and my body temp. just dropped. I could definitely feel something.

“There have been quite a few people I have talked to out in that area that have told me that the town doesn’t like you to get too familiar with it. And that if you do it will change on you. I have heard several people tell me a story about how they were driving through or walking through there, having made it a daily route to or from work, and they have seen this ‘mass’, this black-as-black-can-be mass that just follows you.”

Sarah, Connecticut resident (last name withheld upon request):

“I have had some strange experiences there. In July of 1998 my fiancé and I, as well as two other friends went up there to check out the so-called ‘curse’.

“Problems started as we pulled up Bald Mountain Road—we all felt this feeling -- it was different for all of us. My friend, Jenn, felt stabbing pains in her stomach and my back got really tense, and the two others got a creepy feeling.

“Around 11:30 PM we parked our car next to the entrance to one of the trails leading into Dudleytown. We all got out of the car, grabbed the flashlights and cameras and started walking down the trail. We heard nothing. Dead silence. No wind, no animals...nothing.

“We walked only a few feet and we heard this noise. The sound is difficult to describe, but it sounded like a huge metal dumpster dragging against asphalt. At this point we were freaking out, but we kept going.

“When we got to the entrance, Jenn started reading the sign and all of a sudden I took the flashlight and shined it at the ground where we just walked and we saw the words in huge letters ‘NEVER RETURN...SATAN’.

“What really freaked us out was that, first off, the writing was fresh, like it was done about two minutes before we got there. Secondly, we drove over that spot but there were no tire tracks, and when we walked over it there were no footprints.

“We’re like, okay, this isn’t good, let’s go...so we left. There is definitely something there.”

Dudleytown Today

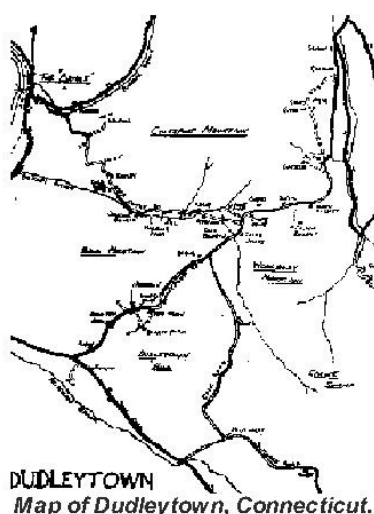
The Dark Entry Forest Association still owns most of the land that Dudleytown once stood on.

There is a group of homes on Bald Mountain Road that are very secluded from main roads and the rest of civilization.

Regardless of whether there was ever a curse or not, Satanists and black witches are performing rituals in the area that was Dudleytown. Robin "Boston" Barron, a ghost hunter and Dudleytown historian, said, "I once saw the bloody spine of a cow lying in one of the cellar holes in Dudleytown. It was definitely part of some ritual." Some rocks lying along the trails have been painted or carved with symbols, and several people have been arrested for lighting fires or trespassing in the area.

Recently, this past October, the DEF announced they would no longer allow hikers to go onto their land. The area that was Dudleytown is quiet again for the third time in its historic and colorful life.

Map of Dudleytown



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.en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }`

Recent 'haboob' in Coachella Valley highlights trend of more dust in the West

DUST IN THE DESERT



COURTESY OF ALBERT KECK

A large dust storm rolls across farmland near Coachella on Aug. 21.

By Ian James | The Desert Sun

Sept 7th Front Page
Sept 2019

When a dust storm swept across the desert last month, the wall of churning dust and sand rolled across the Coachella Valley like a colossal wave of floodwater, enveloping everything in a haze that resembled thick smoke.

Farmer Albert Keck was walking out of a date orchard near Coachella when he saw the storm moving across the farmland. He stopped in amazement and took out his phone to photograph the looming cloud of dust.

"I've never seen anything like that in my life here," said Keck, who has been growing dates in the

"I've never seen anything like that in my life here. It was kind of surreal. And then I got caught inside of it, and it was pretty much zero visibility."

ALBERT KECK, who farms dates near Coachella

valley his whole life. "It was kind of surreal. And then I got caught inside of it, and it was pretty much zero visibility."

Driving away through the haze, he had to pull over and stop several times because he could hardly see the road ahead.

Dust storms generated by thunderstorms or high winds have always been a part of life in the desert Southwest. But the huge dust storm on Aug. 21 was

unusually large and dramatic for the Coachella Valley. It's a type of storm that some meteorologists call a "haboob," using an Arabic word for "blowing" that comes from sand storms in the Middle East and North Africa.

In the past several years, haboobs have been appearing regularly across the West, in places from

Please see DUST, A10



A large cloud of dust known as a haboob rolls toward Palm Springs International Airport from the south on Aug. 21.

BRIAN INDRELUNAS/THE DESERT SUN

Dust

Continued from A1

Phoenix to eastern Washington.

The walls of dust, rising thousands of feet and bearing down on cities, have often been captured in dramatic video clips.

Scientists and meteorologists say the numbers of big dust storms fluctuate from year to year, and tend to increase during droughts, though these types of storms aren't systematically recorded across the West in ways that would allow researchers to determine whether the numbers of haboobs are in fact increasing.

What scientists have detected is that the amounts of dust in the air have been growing in many areas of the West, including the deserts of the Southwest. And given scenarios of climate change that project more severe droughts in the region, it's a trend that some research suggests could intensify.

In a study published last year, researchers at the University of Colorado at Boulder assessed the amounts of dust in the air since 1994 by analyzing measurements of calcium in rainfall, and they found large increases in dust in much of the West.

Areas with the biggest increases in dust included Colorado and Utah, while locations in the Mojave and Sonoran deserts also showed significantly more dust.

"Every time I'm out in Arizona or Utah, I hear people say, 'There's a lot more dust today than there was in the 1980s and 1990s,'" said Jason Neff, an associate professor of environmental studies and one of the study's authors.

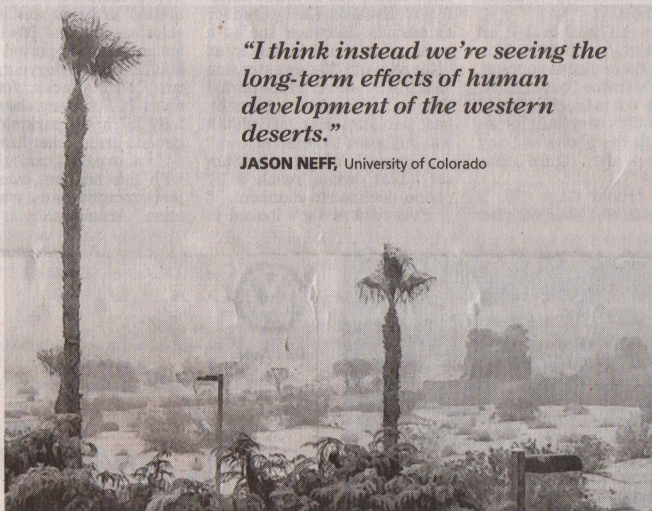
"People who live in the desert feel like it is dustier now than it was 20 years ago, and these data support that observation."

The amounts of calcium dissolved in rain have been measured for years by the National Atmospheric Deposition Network, which began analyzing chemicals in rain during the 1970s in order to study acid rain.

The study, published in the journal *Aeolian Research* and led by then-doctoral student Janice Beebe, found that

"I think instead we're seeing the long-term effects of human development of the western deserts."

JASON NEFF, University of Colorado



DENISE GOOLSBY/THE DESERT SUN

A haboob rolls through the desert, across Gene Autry Trail in Palm Springs.

caused crashes on freeways, and airports have grounded flights when dust clouds cover runways.

Scientists have also been documenting an increase in the amounts of dust settling on snowpack in the Rocky Mountains during the past decade. The dust-darkened snow absorbs more heat from the sun and melts faster, leading to earlier runoff.

"We're looking at dust being generated from the Four Corners region as well as eastern Utah. And based on the amount of dust that is deposited on snowpack in the Colorado mountains, we seem to see an increase in dust events, both in frequency and intensity," said Harland Goldstein, a U.S. Geological Survey geologist in Denver.

"Certainly, prolonged drought in the area is a big driver," Goldstein said.

In a 2011 study, researchers with the USGS and UCLA examined areas with grasses and shrubs in the Colorado Plateau and found there has been less vegetation cover in years with warmer and

cific Institute said that within 15 years, vast stretches of exposed lakebed could send as much as 100 tons of fine dust into the air each day, posing a growing health threat.

The likelihood of more dust wafting from the shores of the Salton Sea is one of many complex dilemmas that have resulted as the lake shrinks and its salinity rises more than a century after it was formed when floodwater from the Colorado River breached an irrigation canal.

Stirring up the soil in dry areas of the West has long been recognized as potentially hazardous, ever since the devastation of the Dust Bowl in the 1930s. At that time, repeated drought years and heavy tilling of the topsoil in a vast stretch of the Great Plains sent clouds of dust billowing across the country and led to an exodus of ruined farmers.

While the Dust Bowl was a unique event, Neff said, "my sense is that we're looking at a slower and bigger version of that."

The National Weather Service keeps records of dust storms, but typically only when they cause death, injuries or damage, or when they generate interest.

A national database of storm events shows that at least 28 dust storms have been recorded in Riverside County since 1993, averaging a bit more than one major storm a year.

The South Coast Air Quality Management District periodically issued dust advisories for the Coachella Valley to advise residents when high winds or thunderstorms are kicking up dust.

The agency also documents dust storms when they are considered "exceptional events" with high levels of airborne particulate matter that exceed health standards.

A list compiled by the district shows there had been 34 dust storms in the Coachella Valley since 1993 that pushed levels of particulate matter known as PM10 above the federal health standard during a 24-hour period. The number of dust storms has fluctuated from year to year. Those years with three or more such storms on the list include 2000, 2001, 2003, 2008 and 2013.

Dust storms can suddenly blanket highways, reducing visibility and causing deadly collisions. During one dust storm in Arizona in October, a 19-vehicle pileup on Interstate 10 killed three people and left 12 others injured.

The Arizona Department of Transportation has been trying to boost awareness with public service announcements encouraging drivers to "Pull Aside, Stay Alive" in a dust storm.

Ken Waters, the warning coordination meteorologist for the National Weather Service in Phoenix, has been keeping track of dust storms as well as related traffic incidents. Between 2000 and 2011, there were 29 dust-related traffic incidents reported that caused one or more deaths.

Dry years seem to generate more dust, as do areas where the soil has been tilled or disturbed, Waters said. He said the numbers of storms and traffic crashes have fluctuated year by year.

"It's kind of tough to track down a clear trend," Waters said.

"If there's a trend there, it's not pronounced."

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The study, published in the journal *Aeolian Research* and led by then-doctoral student Janice Brahney, found that the highest levels of calcium were detected near the deserts of the Southwest, specifically the Mojave Desert and arid regions of the Four Corners area.

The researchers said the increases in dust seem to be triggered by a combination of factors, including storms with high winds and prolonged drought.

Drought tends to create the conditions for more dust as plants wither, because those plants would otherwise hold the soil in place and trap particles blowing in the wind.

In the desert, the soil is often also naturally held in place by a hardened crust. When that soil crust is disturbed — whether by construction projects, off-road vehicles or cattle hooves — that also can release even more dust.

"It's kind of a complicated combination of drought, wind speeds and land use change, and those three things go together in sort of complex ways. And we're not exactly sure how they all fit," Neff said.

"Maybe it's just that all of them together are responsible for causing the change."

More dust in the air can cause a host of problems. It can worsen respiratory illnesses, among them the fungal infection valley fever. Big dust storms have

caused crashes on freeways, and airports have grounded flights when dust clouds cover runways.

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"Certainly, prolonged drought in the area is a big driver," Goldstein said.

In a 2011 study, researchers with the USGS and UCLA examined areas with grasses and shrubs in the Colorado Plateau and found there has been less vegetation cover in years with warmer and drier conditions.

They used measurements of the vegetation and soil over 20 years and projected that sustained drought across the Southwest will likely increase soil erosion and send more dust into the air, especially in areas where the soil has been disturbed.

Those findings suggest that drier conditions projected as a result of climate change in the Southwest will likely reduce vegetation cover and bring a rise in dust, said Seth Munson, an ecologist with the U.S. Geological Survey in Flagstaff, Arizona, who led the study.

"It would strongly indicate that if we're headed for warmer, drier conditions, we're going to get more dust," Munson said.

Other factors may also play a role. In the Coachella Valley, for instance, the shrinking Salton Sea could give off more dust as the lake recedes and more dry lakebed is exposed.

One newly released report estimated that without action to address the looming problems of the Salton Sea, nearby areas could face costs in the tens of billions of dollars, including higher health care costs for respiratory illnesses.

In the report, the Oakland-based Pa-

cific Institute said that within 15 years, vast stretches of exposed lakebed could send as much as 100 tons of fine dust into the air each day, posing a growing health threat.

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While the Dust Bowl was a unique event, Neff said, "my sense is that we're looking at a slower and bigger version of that."

He explained that the West seems to be going through a longer-term, larger shift that affects dust, driven in part by factors including increases in farmland, grazing lands, construction, off-road vehicles and exploration activities for oil and gas.

"We've gone from very lightly used lands to much more intensively used areas," Neff said.

"I think instead we're seeing the long-term effects of human development of the western deserts, and slowly — or perhaps not so slowly — changing climate."

Given those trends, he said, it's difficult to imagine a less dusty future.

The question of whether the numbers of big dust storms have been increasing, though, is harder to answer because there is no systematic monitoring of dust storms in the United States, Neff said.

"We do not have the networks in place to determine whether or not there is a change," Neff said.

"There are a lot of lines of evidence that would suggest that in fact those sorts of events, those haboobs or big dust storms, are increasing, but we can't say for certain."

ing deadly collisions. During one dust storm in Arizona in October, a 19-vehicle pileup on Interstate 10 killed three people and left 12 others injured.

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"It's kind of tough to track down a clear trend," Waters said.

"If there's a trend there, it's not pronounced."

The high winds that pushed the dust storm through the Coachella Valley on Aug. 21 left one man injured in Palm Springs when a tree fell on him and his pickup truck.

Those strong winds were created by a large cluster of thunderstorms in the deserts of the eastern Imperial Valley and northern Mexico, said James Brotherton, a meteorologist at the National Weather Service in San Diego.

"It was a thunderstorm that decayed, basically died off, collapsed and generated what we call an outflow wind," Brotherton said.

That blast of wind out of the southeast sent the wall of dust rolling toward the Coachella Valley, carrying with it a stench of decay from the Salton Sea. The winds shook tree branches and blew over patio umbrellas, and the sky darkened as the cloud advanced.

Watching beside the orchard of small date palms near Coachella, Keck said the view was stunning.

"We've had plenty of dust storms, but nothing that I would characterize as a haboob," he said.

"That was just kind of a strange one."

it is believed that years ago a janitor stayed after hours to fix some lights up on the ceiling, he fell of the ladder and broke his neck. if you go really early in the morning before school you can sometimes hear someone hammering something or something fall instantly.

Ebola patients buying survivors' blood from black market, WHO warns

By Faith Karimi, CNN

updated 6:55 PM EDT, Thu September 18, 2014

cnn.com

(CNN) -- As hospitals in nations hardest hit by Ebola struggle to keep up, desperate patients are turning to the black market to buy blood from survivors of the virus, the World Health Organization warned.

The deadliest Ebola outbreak in history has killed at least 2,400 people in Guinea, Liberia and Sierra Leone -- the countries most affected by the virus.

Blood from survivors, referred to as convalescent serum, is said to have antibodies that can fight the deadly virus. Though the treatment is unproven, it has provided some promise for those fighting a disease that's killing more than half of those it has infected.



U.S. steps up efforts in Ebola fight

"Studies suggest blood transfusions from survivors might prevent or treat Ebola virus infection in others, but the results of the studies are still difficult to interpret," the WHO said. "It is not known whether antibodies in the plasma of survivors are sufficient to treat or prevent the disease. More research is needed."

Convalescent serum has been used to treat patients, including American aid worker Rick Sacra, who is hospitalized in Omaha, Nebraska. He got blood from Kent Brantly, a fellow American who survived Ebola. Both got infected when they were helping patients in Liberia.

But unlike their situation, patients in affected nations are getting blood through improper channels. The illicit trade can lead to the spread of other infections, including HIV and other blood-related ailments.

"We need to work very closely with the affected countries to stem out black market trading of convalescent serum for two reasons," Margaret Chan, the WHO's director-general, said this week.

"Because it is in the interest of individuals not to just get convalescent serum without ... going through the proper standard and the proper testing because it is important that there may be other infectious vectors that we need to look at."

'Just sitting, waiting to die'

Health experts have declared the disease a global emergency and criticized the international community for a lax response.

President Barack Obama on Tuesday announced the United States will send troops, material

to build field hospitals, additional health care workers and community care kits to affected nations. The United States will also create a facility to help train thousands of health care workers to identify and care for Ebola patients.



'Not 1 bed' available for Ebola patients

"Men and women and children are just sitting, waiting to die right now," Obama said.

Hospitals in affected nations are overwhelmed, and the WHO has described the outbreak as a "dire emergency with ... unprecedented dimensions" of human suffering.

"If the outbreak is not stopped now, we could be looking at hundreds of thousands of people

infected with profound political and economic and security implications for all of us," Obama said.

What you need to know about the Ebola virus

There is also a concern that the virus could mutate into an even more dangerous form.

Ebola currently transmits only through contact with bodily fluids; a mutation that allows the virus to spread through the air would pose a catastrophic threat to people worldwide, experts say.

Meanwhile, a French volunteer with Doctors Without Borders contracted Ebola in Liberia and will be taken to France for further treatment, the group said Thursday.

A private American plane will be used for the evacuation, according to the organization, which is known by its French acronym, MSF.

Egypt's oldest pyramid being destroyed by company hired to restore it, claim activists

September 04, 2014

news.com.au

Egypt's oldest pyramid, The Step Pyramid of King Djoser at Saqqara



IT'S an invaluable piece of history, yet the oldest pyramid in Egypt is being destroyed by the company hired to restore it, say activists.

According to the Non-stop Robberies movement, the company hired by Egypt's Ministry of Antiquities to restore the Pyramid of Djoser, in the ancient burial ground of

Saqqara, has broken preservation laws requiring that any new construction be less than 5 per cent of the preserved structure.

Instead the company — which has reportedly never worked on a preservation project before — built a number of new walls and structures that passed the limit.

The company, called Shurbagy, has been working for nine years and has not been successful in any of the six projects it has worked on, the movement's Amir Gamal told the Egypt Independent, adding that all are being investigated.

"The company has never restored any archaeological site. All projects it had were to create modern construction at archaeological sites," Gamal said.



Facing collapse ... The step pyramid of Djoser at Saqqara in Egypt. *Source: News Corp Australia*

But it doesn't end there. The activist claims the new construction is contributing to the collapse of the 4600-year-old pyramid.

"Technically, the company and officials of the Supreme Council of Antiquities committed a full-fledged crime. New walls were built outside the pyramid as if the pyramid were a modern construction," Gamal says.

"Adding the modern construction is a large pressure on the decaying pyramid, which threatens

catastrophe.”

Saving Egypt's oldest pyramid

The pyramid was first built by the ancient Egyptians and was constructed from limestone for Pharaoh Djoser, who ruled from 2686—2613BC.

Six unequal steps form the pyramid, which is 62 metres high. Inside, the pyramid has a network of corridors and a granite and marble burial chamber.

But it is falling apart, ravaged by looters, earthquakes and the erosive force of 4600 years of time.

In 2011, restoration attempts began after fears that the Saqqara Pyramid faced ‘imminent’ collapse as a result of a 1992 earthquake.

A British team deployed giant ‘airbags’ to support the ceiling of the pyramid as the government initiated plans for permanent repairs.

However, the 2011 revolution and an economic crisis saw the restoration halted in 2012.

Calexico - El Charro -

Old burned down restaurant. Ghostly apparitions have been sighted.

Every first Saturday after Corpus Christi in the Spanish town of Castrillo de Murcia, an odd festival warmly invites its spectators to see the significant events that will probably make them watch with excitement and fear. This festival is known locally as “El Colacho”, but to make it more mind-striking to those who haven’t heard of it, it’s internationally known as the Baby Jumping Festival.



Photo by: Nick Gammon via Flickr

The name already suggests first-timers what to expect: babies and jumping over them. The Baby Jumping Festival might sound absurd and something that’s just formed out of boredom, but it is in fact a religious ritual that has been passed on for centuries. This ritual can be only seen in Castrillo de Murcia and was first done in 1620. The point of “baby jumping” is to bless the newborn children and remove the original sin to make them all ready to follow God’s path.



Photo by: Nick Gammon via Flickr

Does it sound like baptism? It surely is similar with the goals each has to reach: to be cleansed and be protected; but the cleansing through holy water doesn’t sound as strange and dangerous as what’s done in the Baby Jumping Festival. In fact, the Spanish church officials have discouraged the Catholic people and priests to let their babies join this festival and insist that they should stick with the traditional (and safer) type of baptism.

Before the main event, the “devils” or men dressed in yellow and red suits slowly walk the streets of the town and suddenly charge forward to the village’s onlookers, chasing and whipping them. Don’t just stand in there, because it’ll hurt for sure.

On to the festival’s highlight, the babies who’re participating the “cleansing” are laid on two rows of bedding with their parents on the side who’ll watch over them. So far, there are no reports about devils who had even the slightest chance to step (or drop entirely) on a baby. After the babies are jumped over, they are showered with flower petals for a job well done.

The day ends with the clueless babies removed from their beds and later followed by a



Photo by: Nick Gammon via Flickr

parade that goes through the streets of Castrillo. The parade continues until the people reach the town church atop a hill. After that, the people can happily celebrate the end of the Baby Jumping Festival with a party.

You might not have heard much about the town of Castrillo de Murcia but this town with a population of just 500 or so is just near Burgos (27 miles away), a city at the northern part of Spain. Take note that the baby jumping happens at

6:00 pm, so you could spend first your time on the festival's daytime activities which you can witness in the town's church, town square, or the circular promenade around it.

Don't be shy to binge at the town square with the wine and locally-made pastries served to everyone celebrating. You won't definitely want to miss what's happening outside so before you walk the streets, be sure to wear long pants because



Photo via: Fest300



Photo via: Fest300



Photo via: Fest300



Photo via: Fest300

seriously, it isn't a joke to get whipped by these masked devils.

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Victorville - El Evado Rd -

It's said as your driving El Evado Rd. in the night you can see one of many different ghosts, in particular of a little girl that got hit by a car and died. Other things that have happen while driving on this road is you get cold shivers down your spine, or you see light (even though your the only one there) and sometimes you can hear someone yelling or crying.

In the 1800's Texas was a wild and lawless place attracting all manner of thieves, murderers, and other ruthless outlaws. To combat these many desperadoes and fight the Indians, who were prone to attacking the white settlers, in rode the Texas Rangers, who set about in taming the wild Texas frontier.

The Rio Grande River to the south had been declared the border between the United States and Mexico; however, the Mexican government refused to recognize the boundary, insisting instead, that the Nueces River was the border. This left a giant chunk of land between the two rivers which became known as "No Man's Land" and a prime target for outlaws.

The dispute between the two countries finally forced the United States to go to war with Mexico in 1846 to make the Rio Grande the official border. However, it would take another thirty years before the Texas Rangers could rid the territory of the Mexican cattle rustlers and thieves.

The Texas Rangers, a roving posse of expert gunmen, were not men to be messed with. Following their adversaries everywhere, they lived out of the saddle and often dispensed justice brutally. Two of these men were Creed Taylor and William Alexander Anderson "Big Foot" Wallace, who was himself a folk hero. It was Big Foot, with Creed's blessing, who unwittingly created *El Muerto*.

In 1850, a man known simply as Vidal was busy rustling cattle all over South Texas and soon he had a high price on his head – "dead or alive." During that summer, Vidal took advantage of a Comanche raid which pulled most of the men northward to fight off the attack. In the meantime, the sparse settlements were temporarily left unguarded. Vidal, along with three of his henchmen, wasted no time in taking advantage of the situation and gathered up a considerable number of horses on the San Antonio River, heading southwest toward Mexico.

What Vidal didn't know was that, among the stolen herd, were several prized mustangs belonging to Texas Ranger Creed Taylor="margin-top:>

Taylor had enough and quickly gathered fellow ranger, Big Foot Wallace, and a nearby rancher by the name of Flores. Both Wallace and Taylor were as skilled as any Comanche when tracking and the three men shortly found the trail of Vidal and his henchmen.

When the three men found the outlaw camp, they waited until night when the bandits were sleeping to attack. Catching them unaware the thieves were killed. But just killing them was not enough. Taylor and Wallace wanted to set an example that would deter future bandits. In those days, stealing cattle and horses was a crime more serious than murder. The Rangers had tried all types of brutal justice including stringing them up in trees and left hanging, shooting them and chopping them to pieces, leaving their bodies for animal bait. But nothing had worked to stop the outlaws.

In a dramatic example of frontier justice, Wallace beheaded Vidal then lashed him firmly into a

saddle on the back of a wild mustang. Tying the outlaw's hands to the pommel and securing the torso to hold him upright, Big Foot then attached Vidal's head and sombrero to the saddle with a long strip of rawhide. He then turned the bucking horse loose to wander the Texas hills with its terrible burden on his back.

Soon, stories began to abound about the headless rider seen usually in remote country, with its sombreroed head swinging back and forth to the rhythm of horse's gallop.



Bigfoot Wallace

As time went on, more and more cowboys spotted the dark horse with its fearsome cargo and not knowing what it was they riddled it with bullets. But the horse and its rider rode on and the legend of *El Muerto*, the headless one, began. Soon, the South Texas brush country became a place to avoid as *El Muerto* was credited with all kinds of evil and misfortune.

Finally, a posse of local ranchers captured the wild pony at a watering hole near the tiny community of Ben Bolt just south of Alice, Texas. Still strapped firmly on its back was the dried-up corpse of Vidal, now riddled by scores of bullet holes and Indian arrows. The body was buried in an unmarked grave near Ben Bolt, and horse was free of its burden at last.

That should have been the end of *El Muerto*, but the legend would live on to this day. Soon after Vidal's body was laid to rest, soldiers at Fort Inge (present-day Uvalde) began to see the headless rider. Travelers and ranchers in "No Man's Land" also reported continuing to see the apparition.

In 1917, a couple traveling by covered wagon to San Diego, Texas camped for the night outside of town. They would report the next day that as they sat by the campfire a large gray stallion sped by with a headless man shouting "It is mine. It is all mine."

Another sighting of the headless wonder was reported near Freer, Texas in 1969.

The legend lives on and still today, many people report seeing the headless rider galloping through the mesquite on clear and moonlit nights in South Texas.

© Kathy Weiser/Legends of America, updated July, 2010.

Elfego Baca & The Frisco War
By Jesse Wolf Hardin

<http://www.legendsofamerica.com/we-elfegobaca.html>



"We ain't got no badges. We don't need no badges. I don't have to show you any stinkin' badges!"
-- B. Traven, *The Treasure of Sierra Madre*

The tiny hamlet of Reserve, New Mexico lies nestled almost exactly a hundred miles north of Silver City in the state's mountainous Southwest, adjacent to the Gila: the very first protected wilderness in this country. While lately characterized by its world class elk hunting and the county's outspoken resistance to federal lands policies, the bucolic Catron County village of Reserve was once better known as the site of the fabled "Frisco War." In a dramatic display of skill, spunk and luck, a unimposing 5' 7" Hispanic by the name of Elfego Baca instigated and prevailed in what was likely the most unequal gunfight in the history of the American West.

This singular battle has long served as a symbol for the power of the lone individual, standing up against overwhelming odds for what he or she happens to believe is right. For some folks at the turn of the century, this meant the "sod-busting" granger taking a stand against big-moneyed Eastern ranching interests. More recently the oft told siege has been adopted by smalltime ranchers seeking to hold onto their livelihoods and lifestyles in the face of increasing government regulation and economic downturns. Still others see the spirit of Elfego in the most powerless of the disenfranchised: those species of wildlife facing extinction and waging their own battle for survival. And for the lay historian, the odds Baca faced evoke not only Gary Cooper in "High Noon" but the ragtag army of the original thirteen colonies resisting the mite of the British empire, the tiny phalanx of Spartans holding the pass of Thermopoli against the pressing Persian hordes, and the boy David boldly facing a giant Goliath.... swinging a modest sling with all his might.

Residents of the rural West, in the 1800's as now, seem to share a common grit: a way of being born of a certain wildness, nursed on freedom, raised in intimate contact with the natural world. Both the early West's lawbreakers and those appointed to "bring them to justice" were generally rugged, earthy individualists. Folks on either side of the badge often considered themselves refugees from the

constraint and propriety of an ever more perplexing, urban society. Both were quick to resort to the decisiveness of gunplay, ignore the finer points of the law, and pursue their whims and agendas with a vengeance. Not to mention, with particular humor and flair.

And surely none more so than our man Baca, delivered on the softball field of Socorro, Territory of New Mexico, in February of 1864. Local legend has it he was kidnapped by renegade Indians at the age of one, and then promptly returned.

He later cited this affair as but another example of his lifelong good fortune, but if true the incident may say more about his native incorrigibility. Anyway you toss it, Elfego grew up into one "tough bite to chew." At the age of twelve he may have helped his father (and consequently several other, less savory inmates) to escape from the freshly built Socorro jail, by sawing through the ceiling of their cell. Much later in life, while serving as a Sheriff himself, he is said to have reversed the procedure by coaxing various wanted men in with a simple piece of correspondence: "Dear Sir... Please come in on (whatever date) and give yourself up. If you don't I'll know you intend to resist arrest, and I will feel justified in shooting you on sight when I come after you. Yours truly, Elfego Baca"). Legend and fact intertwine in uncertain ways in that place we've come to call the Wild West. What is certain is that during the three days of October 29th through the 31st, in the year of 1884, Baca managed to survive the murderous intent of close to a hundred irate cowboys.

While nearly everyone knows something about Wyatt Earp and the world-famous O.K. Corral, few in this country have heard of New Mexico's Gila country or the once celebrated antagonist of the Frisco siege. Odd, considering that the famous Tombstone shootout rather fairly matched four men against five, involved less than a dozen rounds fired all together, and lasted only three-fourths of a minute... while the "Frisco War" pitted a single person against something over eighty armed antagonists, hundreds or thousands of shots were exchanged, and the confrontation lasted over thirty-three hours! The walls of the flimsy structure where he'd taken refuge were splintered from the constant firing, with one report claiming there were three hundred and sixty-seven perforations of the door alone. Even forks and knives were hit, with the courtroom audience appropriately aghast at the humble broom brought in as evidence. A broom with eight bullet holes in its slender handle!

This region was first the home of the Mogollon Indians, until they migrated down into the Rio Grande basin sometime around 900 A.D. The next to arrive were the Apache, who came to consider the greater Gila as their "sacred hunting ground." By the 19th Century it had become the staging ground for the last of the Indian wars, with anglo miners and trappers exploring the area tributaries, and several hundred Spanish speaking families farming alongside every slow wandering river. Before long the villages of Middle and Lower Frisco could boast over a dozen bars and bordellos, each catering to the influx of cattlemen arriving daily from Texas and Oklahoma. The valley became rife with tension as a result of Apache raids to the south, as well as various altercations between the cattle outfits and the Hispanic community that preceded them. "What happened next, " historian Jack Ritdron notes, "was only a logical consequence."



Gila Country of New Mexico.

In October of '84 the nineteen year-old Elfego may have been approached in Socorro by his friend, the sheriff of Lower Frisco, Pedro Sarracino. The sheriff recounted to him a tale of terror, wherein the Hispanic community was suffering at the hands of a group of drunken cowpokes. Baca claims to have chastised Sarracino for his hesitancy, who supposedly replied that his job was "available to anyone who wanted it" before retiring to the solace of the nearest bar.

In Baca's memoirs he claims he next pinned on a phony kid's badge before beginning the long ride to Frisco, while other participants insisted he was already a legally sworn deputy at the time, campaigning in the area for the current Socorro County Sheriff. Either way, it could be said that Elfego Baca entertained more guts than caution, charging headlong into a situation he knew little about. Strapped to his side was a Colt .45, a coat draping over its characteristic black resin grips.

Soon after his arrival on the 29th, a cowboy named Charlie McCarty decided to celebrate the good life with a shooting spree inside a bar located in the Upper Frisco Plaza. The owner was an Irish-blooded army vet by the name of Bill Milligan, who at first requested Baca's assistance in the matter. Convincing three local Hispanics to help, Baca quickly caught up with McCarty and disarmed him, sticking the unfortunate sod's loaded revolver into his own belt. Their new prisoner hailed from a notoriously rowdy outfit at the John B. Slaughter ranch, who were none too happy to hear their boy had been snagged by this self-appointed hero. When the local magistrate proved too intimidated to try the case, Baca considered whether or not to take him all the way to Socorro. Meanwhile he and his friends would move McCarty to an adobe house in Middle Plaza where it would be easier to maintain possession of their prisoner.

By this time a dozen or so cowboys had gathered with their Winchester rifles at ready, led by Slaughter foreman Young Parham. They immediately demanded their buddy's release, testing the door and windows with their shoulders. Baca responded from the other side, threatening to shoot if they weren't "out of there by the count of three." The story is that they were in the process of making jokes about his type "being unable to count" when they heard Baca call out in a single quick breath: "One-two-three!" while he and his friends began shooting through the door. In their haste to escape this lesson in rapid arithmetic, Parham's horse reared back and on top of its rider, resulting in wounds that would later prove fatal.

Word of a "Frisco War" promptly spread to the outlying ranches, including those of the well-known James H. Cook and the Englishman, William French. After receiving a signed agreement that he wouldn't be bothered, Baca agreed to allow his prisoner to be "tried" on the following morning at Milligan's Bar. McCarty was fined five dollars and released, complaining about his not getting his

revolver back even as the prudent Baca began backing out the side door and chasing out the residents of the nearby Armijo jacal. Pronounced ha-call, Baca's temporary fortress was typical of the one-room buildings found scattered throughout the valley. Made of thin cedar poles stuck into the ground and coated on both sides with an adobe (mud) slip, its walls would offer little resistance to the concerted attack he expected to follow.



Socorro County, New Mexico

Rumors flew throughout the neighboring regions of an "uprising" of the Hispanic population against the stockmen, until the growing mob felt emboldened to seek their revenge. A roper known as Hearne was the first to chance the door, kicking at it and screaming that he'd "get" Baca. He was answered most poignantly by twin two-hundred and fifty grain slugs, one of which caught Hearne solidly in the gut and sent him to the ground. The cowboys responded with what became a steady volley of rifle fire, lobbing rounds from nearly every angle. What the quickly gathering mob failed to realize was that the floor of Baca's insubstantial-looking refuge had been dug down a full foot and a half below ground level. He was thus enabled to coolly return fire with his single-action handguns even as lead rained through the space above.

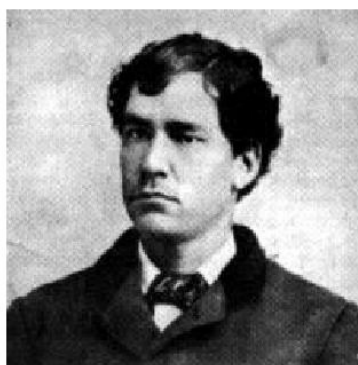
While most of the town climbed up on the overlooking hills to watch, a group of the attackers stretched blankets between the nearby houses to conceal their movements, and others fired from behind the buttress of the adobe church. One brave attacker fell back with his scalp neatly creased by a bullet, after attempting to approach the jacal with an iron stove-door for a shield. Finally as day turned into night, they were able to toss flaming kerosene-soaked rags onto the dirt and latilla (branch) roof. One wall gave way under the combined assault of lead and fire, causing a portion of the roof to collapse on the hapless defender.

They were pretty sure they'd "fixed his wagon" by this time but opted to err on the side of caution, deciding to wait until the following day to try and dig him out. Come the first gray light of dawn they were surprised, mortified even, by the thin wisps of smoke rising from the perforated woodstove. To one end stood a plaster statue of the Nuestra Señora Doña Ana, while at the other end the unruffled Baca nonchalantly flipped his breakfast tortillas! The battle immediately regained its former intensity, with both Elfego and the stoic Señora remaining miraculously unscathed.

When at last James Cook and the newly arrived Deputy Ross of Socorro convinced Baca to come out, personally guaranteeing his safety, some of the Hispanic spectators yelled for him to run. With both guns in hand and every cowboy's rifle trained on his chest, Elfego slowly approached to make his truce.

Yes, he would surrender... but only if he could keep his weapons, travel in the back of a buckboard with his and McCarty's Colts, and with all accompanying cowhands keeping at least thirty feet behind them for the entire trip to the Socorro courthouse! The ever-blessed Elfego even missed an ambush planned for him on route, when two different groups of avengers each mistakenly thought the other had carried out the mercenary deed. In jail only four months, Elfego was tried on two separate occasions, and was surprisingly acquitted each time.

Nearly everyone writing about this affair has accepted Baca's personal tally of battle casualties: four men killed and eight wounded. A close look at every other historical source indicates that only the one attacker actually died from gunfire, with a second killed by when his own horse fell on him. Likely the poor fellow with the bullet through the knee was the only one with a significant nonfatal wound. Regardless, the Frisco War remains the most astoundingly unequal civilian gunfight ever recorded. And a source of conversation and metaphor still.



Elfego BacaIt was the Frisco shootout that earned Elfego his lifelong reputation as a tough hombre, a reputation that followed him throughout his years as a flamboyant criminal lawyer, school superintendent, district attorney, chief bouncer of a Prohibition Era gambling house in Juarez, and a bout as the American agent for General Huerta during the convoluted Mexican revolution.

For slightly over eighty years Elfego Baca remained a lively part of New Mexico's cultural landscape, telling spirited stories of cagey señoritas and political intrigue to anyone with the time to listen. He was one of those who lived through the last half of the 19th Century and survived the first half of the 20th. In the year of Elfego's delivery to an unsuspecting world, horses were the primary means of transportation, even in the more civil East. He died as eight-cylinder roadsters zoomed by outside his Albuquerque office, on August 27, 1945.... exactly three weeks after the first-ever wartime deployment of a nuclear weapon.

Like Elfego before them, the current residents of this rurality demonstrate a tenacious ability to survive the machinations of the modern world, hanging on to this challenging and stunningly beautiful land the way the juniper trees cling to the sides of the sandstone cliffs. Newly arrived nature-lovers and fifth generation ranchers share more in common than they may care to admit. They join a history of devout Mormon settlers as well as unrepentant outlaw sinners, Texas and Oklahoma cowboys and Hispanic homesteaders, the ghosts of the Mogollon Indians and the sprits of those yet unborn.... in devoting themselves to a place.... a place known to evoke not only beauty but freedom. Here the land that lived before our kind, the land that will outlive one's mortal life, speaks in a language unaltered by either man or time. And the stories of the West's diverse peoples and wild characters still breathe in its winds and rivers, as in their poignant campfire telling.

© Jesse L. "Wolf" Hardin, 2006

About the Author: Elfego Baca & The "Frisco War" is adapted from Jesse L. "Wolf" Hardin's popular book Old Guns & Whispering Ghosts which includes a number of fascinating stories of the colorful characters and firearms of the wild West, as well as dozens of previously unpublished historical photos. Hardin is a lifelong student of Western history and antique firearms, as well as a prolific artist, entertaining Old West presenter and storyteller. In addition to Old Guns & Whispering Ghosts , he has published four other books as well numerous articles which have appeared in more than 100 magazines. Hardin, who lives in an isolated canyon in the Gila Mountains of southwest New Mexico, also tends to a wildlife sanctuary. To learn more about Jesse Hardin and his newest book, visit his website: <http://www.oldgunsbook.com>

Antioch - Empire Mine Road - Slaughterhouse -Fair warning - no trespassing you will get fined or arrested. -

An old slaughterhouse stands in the corner of the road after the first bend. It is haunted by an old man who walks the grounds and makes sure that everything is ok, and that no one gets hurt while there. Strange noises are heard inside the first building where they chopped up the meat. Clanking inside of the circle figured tubes towards the back of the property. Chains clank all around and you can hear footsteps behind you like someone is watching over you. Just remember to watch your step!

Antioch - Empire Mine Road - Gates of Hell - Fair warning - no trespassing you will get fined or arrested. Possibly torn down - In the middle of Empire Mine road, there is a Stuckko wall with a bunch of spray paint on it. If you like to take hikes, this is the place to go. There is a rumor of an old Insane Asylum at the very end of this road. You will come to another gate then behind their lies this old decrepit Structure of a hospital. Many people were killed brutally in this place, and it is VERY haunted by not so nice spirits. Things have been thrown at people, they have been pushed and screams have been heard from the people being tortured by themselves or another. -

October 2003 update: Reports of it being a golf course now.

Venice takes on 'love lock' trend

By News from Elsewhere... ...media reports from around the world, found by BBC Monitoring 10:03 UK time, Thursday, 28 August 2014

http://www.bbc.com/news/blogs/news_from_elsewhere/



Venice is trying to discourage couples from attaching padlocks to the city's bridges as a symbol of love, claiming the old structures are too fragile to cope with the weight.

"It is important to make people understand that it is not a sweet gesture, the expression of a unique sentiment, but an action that is totally banal," [writer Alberto Toso Fei tells the Gazzetta del Sud](#). He is behind a campaign called Unlock Your Love, which is distributing flyers in the famous Rialto, San Marco and Accademia areas. "Your love doesn't need chains," the leaflet says under a drawing of a heart-shaped open padlock. It also points out: "Venice doesn't need your garbage."

It's the second time Venice has tried to crack down on love locks. In 2011, the city focussed on people who sold the locks, but this time the campaign is targeting the couples using them. Meanwhile, workmen are removing some 20,000 padlocks from the wooden bridge, Ponte dell'Accademia, spanning the Grand Canal.

Love locks have grown into a global trend, with cities such as Paris and Sydney also trying to tackle the problem. Chicago has been systematically cutting off padlocks to stop them falling off and hurting someone when the city's moveable bridges are lifted for boat traffic, [a local news website reports](#).

Anaheim Hills - Esperanza High School -

June 2008 Removed. No Murder has happened here. A teacher was, however, dragged out of a classroom and taken away in a straight jacket in 1978 or 1979 after having a mental breakdown, climbing up a wall shouting "There're going to kill me..."



fashionsfromhistory:

Shaman's Ensemble 18th Century Evenks People, Siberia

Collection of the University of Göttingen via the VCM

Female 'vampire' skeleton uncovered in Italy

BY JOYCE SAZON

– AUGUST 15, 2014 POSTED IN: STRANGE NEWS, WORLD, WORLD NEWS

<http://kickerdaily.com/female-vampire-skeleton-uncovered-in-italy/>

A well-preserved female skeleton of a 'vampire' was discovered in 2006 in Lazzaretto Nuovo island near Venice on what is believed to be a mass grave made during an epidemic of plague that hit Venice in 1576. The woman was found with a brick stuck between her jaws suggesting that she was buried as part of a vampire-slaying ritual.

According to Matteo Borrini, a forensic archaeologist and anthropologist at Florence University, "For the first time we have found evidence of an exorcism against a vampire."

He later on added via telephone through the Associated Press that Medieval texts show the "belief in vampires was fueled by the disturbing appearance of decomposing bodies."

As is the case during epidemics, mass graves had to be dug up and reused to bury fresh corpses. This would sometimes lead to the discovery of older bodies which are bloated, blood oozing out of their mouths, & shrouds with holes covering their faces which are all, Borrini said, "characteristics tied to the decomposition of a body."

However, diggers would sometimes assume that a body found in this state would still be "alive, drinking blood, and eating his shroud", Borrini added.

According to legends, these creatures have been coined as 'shroud-eaters' who, according to Wikipedia, "feasts on corpses, then rises from the earth to infect the living". Thus, the undead 'shroud-eaters' were believed to be, or akin to, 'vampires'.

According to Borrini, "killing them, as popularized by recent literature, by driving stake through the heart would not be enough, that's why a stone or brick had to be forced into the vampire's mouth so that it would starve to death."

That's what is believed to have happened to the woman found on the Lazzaretto island, which was used as a quarantine zone by Venice. Aged around 60, she died of the plague during the epidemic that also claimed the life of the painter Titian.

The word 'vampire' has held quite a fascination for mankind as far back as the 1600s. Although much of what we know about them now has been glorified by such films as Bram Stoker's 'Dracula', or American series such as 'True Blood' & 'The Vampire Diaries', the nature of 'vampires' and their existence has long been a cause for debate, as delved on in Debate.org.

Borrini also added that "The real vampire of tradition was different, it was just a decomposing body."

For those who are not scientifically inclined and are more superstitious in nature, the existence of 'vampires' still is a fascinating topic for discussion.

Fisherman hooks 'giant' mantis shrimp in Florida

10 News Staff, WTSP

wtsp.com

A shrimp that's a giant?



Fisherman Steve Bargeron caught what appears to be a large mantis shrimp from a Fort Pierce, Florida dock. (Photo: Steve Bargeron via FWC)

Fort Pierce, Florida -- This shrimp ain't no shrimp.

The Florida Fish and Wildlife Conservation Commission posted several photos on Facebook from fisherman Steve Bargeron, who hooked a massive crustacean at a dock in Fort Pierce.

Bargeron described the creature as being about 18 inches long, and striking its own tail, so he grabbed it by its back like a lobster.

As to what the animal might actually be... scientists haven't quite determined the exact species. It could be some type of mantis shrimp, which is actually neither a mantis nor a shrimp at all, but a kind of crustacean called a stomatopod.

Mantis shrimp have a bit of a following in the scientific community, as well as on the Internet, **as the online web comic The Oatmeal can explain better than we can.**

After snapping several pics, Bargeron released the beastie back into the water. The FWC says they are continuing to review his photos to determine exactly what species of mantis shrimp it might be.

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Yucaipa - Flaghill park -

The ghost of Jamie Petersen is said to haunt the park. She was a girl who would sit at the park all hours of the day talking to squirrels. Then one day they found her mysteriously dead by the cross. Her ghost has been reported to wander the grounds asking to be smoked out.

SOMEWHERE in a town in holy Russia, there lived a rich merchant with his wife. He had an only son, a dear, bright, and brave boy called Ivan. One lovely day Ivan sat at the dinner table with his parents. Near the window in the same room hung a cage, and a nightingale, a sweet-voiced, gray bird, was imprisoned within. The sweet nightingale began to sing its wonderful song with trills and high silvery tones. The merchant listened and listened to the song and said:

"How I wish I could understand the meaning of the different songs of all the birds! I would give half my wealth to the man, if only there were such a man, who could make plain to me all the different songs of the different birds."

Ivan took notice of these words and no matter where he went, no matter where he was, no matter what he did, he

always thought of how he could learn the language of the birds.

Some time after this the merchant's son happened to be hunting in a forest. The winds rose, the sky became clouded, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared loudly, and the rain fell in torrents. Ivan soon came near a large tree and saw a big nest in the branches. Four small birds were in the nest; they were quite alone, and neither father nor mother was there to protect them from the cold and wet. The good Ivan pitied them, climbed the tree and covered the little ones with his "kaftan," a long-skirted coat which the Russian peasants and merchants usually wear. The thunderstorm passed by and a big bird came flying and sat down on a branch near the nest and spoke very kindly to Ivan.

"Ivan, I thank thee; thou hast protected my little children from the cold and rain and I wish to do something for thee. Tell me what thou dost wish."

Ivan answered; "I am not in need; I have everything for my comfort. But teach me the birds' language."

"Stay with me three days and thou shalt know all about it."

Ivan remained in the forest three days. He understood well the teaching of the big bird and returned home more clever than before. One beautiful day soon after this Ivan sat with his parents when the nightingale was singing in his cage. His song was so sad, however, so very sad, that the merchant and his wife also became sad, and their son, their good Ivan, who listened very attentively, was even more affected, and the tears came running down his cheeks.

"What is the matter?" asked his parents; "what art thou weeping about, dear son?"

"Dear parents," answered the son, "it is because I understand the meaning of the nightingale's song, and because this meaning is so sad for all of us."

"What then is the meaning? Tell us the whole truth; do not hide it from us," said the father and

mother.

"Oh, how sad it sounds!" replied the son. "How much better would it be never to have been born!"

"Do not frighten us," said the parents, alarmed. "If thou dost really understand the meaning of the song, tell us at once."

"Do you not hear for yourselves? The nightingale says: 'The time will come when Ivan, the merchant's son, shall become Ivan, the king's son, and his own father shall serve him as a simple servant.'"

The merchant and his wife felt troubled and began to distrust their son, their good Ivan. So one night they gave him a drowsy drink, and when he had fallen asleep they took him to a boat on the wide sea, spread the white sails, and pushed the boat from the shore.

For a long time the boat danced on the waves and finally it came near a large merchant vessel, which struck against it with such a shock that Ivan awoke. The crew on the large vessel saw Ivan and pitied him. So they decided to take him along with them and did so. High, very high, above in the sky they perceived cranes. Ivan said to the sailors: "Be careful; I hear the birds predicting

a storm. Let us enter a harbor or we shall suffer great danger and damage. All the sails will be torn and all the masts will be broken."

But no one paid any attention and they went farther on. In a short time the storm arose, the wind tore the vessel almost to pieces, and they had a very hard time to repair all the damage. When they were through with their work they heard many wild swans flying above them and talking very loud among themselves.

"What are they talking about?" inquired the men, this time with interest.

"Be careful," advised Ivan. "I hear and distinctly understand them to say that the pirates, the terrible sea robbers, are near. If we do not enter a harbor at once they will imprison and kill us."

The crew quickly obeyed this advice and as soon as the vessel entered the harbor the pirate boats passed by and the merchants saw them capture several unprepared vessels. When the danger was over, the sailors with Ivan went farther, still farther. Finally the vessel anchored

near a town, large and unknown to the merchants. A king ruled in that town who was very much annoyed by three black crows. These three crows were all the time perching near the window of the king's chamber. No one knew how to get rid of them and no one could kill them. The king ordered notices to be placed at all crossings and on all prominent buildings, saying that whoever was able to relieve the king from the noisy birds would be rewarded by obtaining the youngest korolevna, the king's daughter, for a wife; but the one who should have the daring to undertake but not succeed in delivering the palace from the crows would have his head cut off. Ivan attentively read the announcement, once, twice, and once more. Finally he made the sign of the cross and went to the palace. He said to the servants:

"Open the window and let me listen to the birds."

The servants obeyed and Ivan listened for a while. Then he said:

"Show me to your sovereign king."

When he reached the room where the

king sat on a high, rich chair, he bowed and said:

"There are three crows, a father crow, a mother crow, and a son crow. The trouble is that they desire to obtain thy royal decision as to whether the son crow must follow his father crow or his mother crow."

The king answered: "The son crow must follow the father crow."

As soon as the king announced his royal decision the crow father with the crow son went one way and the crow mother disappeared the other way, and no one has heard the noisy birds since. The king gave one-half of his kingdom and his youngest korolevna to Ivan, and a happy life began for him.

In the meantime his father, the rich merchant, lost his wife and by and by his fortune also. There was no one left to take care of him, and the old man went begging under the windows of charitable people. He went from one window to another, from one village to another, from one town to another, and one bright day he came to the palace where Ivan

lived, begging humbly for charity. Ivan saw him and recognized him, ordered him to come inside, and gave him food to eat and also supplied him with good clothes, asking questions:

"Dear old man, what can I do for thee?" he said.

"If thou art so very good," answered the poor father, without knowing that he was speaking to his own son, "let me remain here and serve thee among thy faithful servants."

"Dear, dear father!" exclaimed Ivan, "thou didst doubt the true song of the nightingale, and now thou seest that our fate was to meet according to the predictions of long ago."

The old man was frightened and knelt before his son, but his Ivan remained the same good son as before, took his father lovingly into his arms, and together they wept over their sorrow.

Several days passed by and the old father felt courage to ask his son, the korolevitch:

"Tell me, my son, how was it that thou didst not perish in the boat?"

Ivan Korolevitch laughed gayly.

"I presume," he answered, "that it was not my fate to perish at the bottom of the wide sea, but my fate was to marry the korolevna, my beautiful wife, and to sweeten the old age of my dear father."

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Former Auschwitz guard, 93, charged with accessory to 300,000 murders in Germany

BERLIN—

foxnews.com

A 93-year-old man has been charged with 300,000 counts of accessory to murder for serving as an SS guard at the Nazis' Auschwitz death camp, prosecutors said Monday.

Oskar Groening is accused of helping operate the death camp in occupied Poland between May and June 1944, when some 425,000 Jews from Hungary were brought there and at least 300,000 almost immediately gassed to death.

In his job dealing with the belongings stolen from camp victims, prosecutors said among other things he was charged with helping collect and tally money that was found.

"He helped the Nazi regime benefit economically, and supported the systematic killings," state prosecutors in the city of Hannover said in a statement.

Groening's attorney, Hans Holtermann, declined to comment on the charges.

Groening himself has openly talked about his time as a guard and said while he witnessed horrific atrocities, he didn't commit any crimes himself.

In 2005, he told Der Spiegel magazine he recalled one incident on "ramp duty" when he heard a baby crying. "I saw another SS soldier grab the baby by the legs..." he said. "He smashed the baby's head against the iron side of a truck until it was silent."

Groening, who lives in the Hannover area, is one of some 30 former Auschwitz guards who federal investigators recommended last year that state prosecutors pursue charges against under a new precedent in German law.

Groening is the fourth case investigated by Hannover -- two have been shelved because the suspects have been deemed unfit for trial, and one was closed when the suspect died.

Holtermann said, however, his client is in good health.

Thomas Walther, who represents 20 Auschwitz victims and their families as co-plaintiffs in the case against Groening as allowed under German law, said it's their last chance "to participate in bringing justice to one of the SS men who had a part in the murder of their closest relatives."

"Many of the co-plaintiffs are among the last survivors of Auschwitz," he told The Associated Press.

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France selling the Mona Lisa? Victor Lustig sold the Eiffel Tower – twice

commdiginews.com

PARIS, September 7, 2014 – When the story broke last week that France might be considering the sale of the Mona Lisa, it brought to mind the story of a man who actually sold the Eiffel Tower...twice!

If Victor Lustig wasn't the greatest scam artist of all time, he certainly ranks among the best. So adept was he at his craft, he even swindled Al Capone out of several thousand dollars during the Roaring 20s and lived to tell about it.

Lustig was born in Czechoslovakia in 1890 when it was part of Austria-Hungary. Throughout his lifetime he had more than 45 aliases, and he spoke five languages fluently.

Early in Lustig's career he made his money by scamming wealthy tourists during Trans-Atlantic sailings between Europe and the United States.

Traveling with another con man named "Dapper Dan" Collins, the two master thieves made their way to in Paris in May of 1925.

One day while sitting at a sidewalk café reading the French newspaper "Le Monde," Lustig came across a small article that reported the Eiffel Tower was in dire need of repair.

What is now a national icon had been built for the Paris Exposition in 1889 and was never intended as a permanent fixture in the city's skyline. In fact, the Eiffel Tower was originally scheduled to be taken down in 1909 and moved to another location. According to the story in the paper, the costs for repair to the tower would be prohibitive.

That's when a light bulb came on in Lustig's fertile brain.

After Lustig had a forger print some fake government stationery, he gave himself the title of Deputy Director-General of the Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs and arranged a highly confidential meeting with six scrap metal dealers at the exclusive Hotel de Crillon.

The meeting was "by invitation only" with the businessmen being told that they had been exclusively selected because of their high standards of quality in the scrap metal industry.

Each company was to asked submit a bid for project to tear down the Eiffel Tower, but Lustig's primary goal in setting up the scam was to select the best "mark" for his con.

During his presentation, Lustig emphasized the need for secrecy due to the controversy that would be aroused from the public at the thought of tearing down their beloved landmark.

Within four days, Lustig had chosen his victim, a man named Andre Poisson. Though Poisson's wife became suspicious that such an important decision would be surrounded by so much secrecy, Lustig managed to charm his way through the negotiations with yet another bit of skullduggery.

Lustig confided in Poisson that though he was a “high ranking” government official, his salary was not as prestigious as his position appeared to warrant.

The scrap metal dealer quickly realized he was being awarded the project as a bribe, and paid Lustig handsomely to secure the deal.

Once lucratively rewarded, Lustig and his pal Collins immediately fled to Austria where they lived a lavish lifestyle at Poisson’s expense.

Just to be certain there was no danger of being caught for their scheme, the rip-off artists checked Paris newspapers on a daily basis to stay informed about their escapade.

After approximately six weeks with no news of any scandal, Lustig concluded that Poisson had been too embarrassed at falling for the con and never reported it to the authorities.

Emboldened by the results, Lustig and his accomplice returned to Paris and attempted the same plot with five different scrap iron dealers.

Amazingly, Lustig sold the Eiffel Tower for a second using the identical techniques as before. This time however, he was not so fortunate. Lustig’s mark contacted the police after being fleeced of \$100,000 and the Count abruptly fled to the United States to avoid capture.

Eventually Lustig was caught and sentenced to do time in Alcatraz. While serving his sentence, he contracted pneumonia and died in prison at the age of 57.

Interestingly enough, Lustig’s death certificate listed his occupation as a “salesman.”

So as officials of the Louvre and the French government mull the idea of selling another national landmark, the Mona Lisa, in order to pay some of its bills, just remember that one man already sold the Eiffel Tower twice.

And now you know the real reason behind that bewitching smile on the face Leonardo da Vinci’s masterpiece.

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The Great 1857 "Fort Tejon" Earthquake: Shake, Rattle, and Roll!

by Aron J. Meltzner, Undergraduate Student, California Institute of Technology,
and Research Fellow, U. S. Geological Survey

When earthquake scientists, or seismologists, think about great earthquakes in California in historic times, three in particular stand out. The most recent "great" earthquake to strike California was also the most famous: the 1906 "San Francisco" earthquake, which (along with the fires that followed) destroyed much of San Francisco and was felt over most of California. Only thirty-four years earlier, in 1872, Owens Valley in eastern California was rocked by an earthquake that was felt over good portions of both California and Nevada. And the largest earthquake to hit Southern California in historic times occurred on January 9th, 1857, and it came to be known as the great "Fort Tejon" earthquake, although such appellation could be very misleading.

Fort Tejon, in fact, was *not* the epicenter, nor was it even near the epicenter of the earthquake. Surface rupture originated northwest of Parkfield in Monterey County and propagated southeastward for over 360 km (225 miles) along the San Andreas Fault to the Cajon Pass northwest of San Bernardino. Technically, Parkfield was the epicenter of this earthquake, as it was the origin of the rupture, but most scientists would be more concerned with the extent and location of the entire rupture; Fort Tejon was approximately the midway point of the rupture. The earthquake actually acquired its name because Fort Tejon was the *only* populated locality near the fault, and naturally, the Fort suffered more damage than the rest of sparsely-populated 1857 Southern California.

In comparison to the other "great" earthquakes of historic times, the 1857 "Fort Tejon" earthquake was significantly larger than the 1872 Owens Valley (estimated magnitude 7.8) quake, and was equally as large as, if not larger than, the 1906 "San Francisco" earthquake (estimated magnitude 7.9-8.0). Estimates for "Fort Tejon" are also in the vicinity of magnitude 8.0. The 1857 and 1906 events were both on the San Andreas Fault, although the 1906 earthquake ruptured the northern segment of the fault, from Hollister (San Benito Co.) northward, for 400 km (250 miles). Duration of shaking, along the fault, for both 1857 and 1906 is estimated to be as long as two minutes.

In areas away from the fault, such as Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and Santa Barbara, damage from 1857 was surprisingly light, although it is unclear how modern high-rises would respond to the long-period motion experienced at significant distances from large earthquakes; high-rises may be more susceptible to long-period ground motion than low buildings. Fort Tejon, on the other hand, suffered considerable damage from the mainshock, and it was battered by aftershocks for months and years to come -- both a direct consequence of the Fort's proximity to the fault. Two large aftershocks

(approximate magnitudes 6.0-6.5) occurred within a week following the mainshock, which were felt over much of Southern California, although aftershocks were still being felt on a weekly basis at Fort Tejon over a year later. And it is expected that if any other locations along or near the fault (i.e., Wrightwood, Palmdale, Frazier Park, or Taft) were populated back then, those locations would have reported similar intensities during the mainshock to those at Fort Tejon, and those locations could have experienced just as many aftershocks.

The 1857 quake was the last so-called "Big One" in Southern California, and a similar event will almost certainly happen again in the future. Questions remain, however, as to when it will occur, and whether the next "Big One" will be as big as 1857. Los Angeles appears to have fared well last time, but it remains unclear how modern structures will respond in the future. It turns out that for Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and Santa Barbara, blind thrust faults and other local faults are a bigger risk than the San Andreas Fault, simply because the former are closer to the population centers and because we know less about them, but for Fort Tejon, Palmdale, and other cities along the San Andreas, the San Andreas remains the biggest threat. Only by continued monitoring and research can we hope to understand and reduce the seismic hazard over all of Southern California. We can never prevent earthquakes, but by knowing what may happen, we can prepare for them.

Links to web sites with more information on the "Fort Tejon" Earthquake, the San Andreas Fault, and earthquakes in general can be found at <http://www.cco.caltech.edu/~meltzner/seismolinks.html>

Here is also an excerpt of an article that appeared in the *Los Angeles Star* of May 30th, 1857, nearly five months after the mainshock. Your readers may find it interesting:

"EARTHQUAKES. — It appears that old mother earth is still troubled with the consequences of her great convulsion of the 9th of January last. She has not yet recovered her quiet and steady habits, but exhibits the weakness of her internals by shakes, of almost nightly occurrence. Fort Tejon, seems to be the region where her disease is located, for the good people of that Post, are almost nightly entertained with earthquake shocks. Last week, one or two very severe shocks occurred there, which awoke the sleepers and sent them in a hurry to breathe the fresh air of the parade ground...."



peashooter85:

Garum — The official condiment of the ancient Roman Empire

In the ancient Roman world a salty, oily condiment made from fermented fish guts took the Roman Empire by storm. Called garum, it became an important commodity all over the empire, providing fats, protein, salts, vitamins, minerals, and most importantly flavor to places in the empire where little could be found. Originally a Greek creation, the Roman obsession with garum would propel the fish sauce to become the most popular condiment in the Roman Empire.

Our modern society is a very wasteful society, we take it for granted that we can just use something and throw it away. However, our ancestors had a completely different attitude. Nothing went to waste and everything was put to use. “Waste not, want not” was not simply a saying, but a mantra that meant life or death, prosperity or disaster for ancient people’s. So if an animal was slaughtered, it was guaranteed that every part was consumed or used in some way.

Garum was a result of this culture. When the fishmongers gutted the daily catch, the guts, scales, and other inedible parts were not merely thrown away, rather they were gathered by the garum maker. The guts were coated with salt, layered in large urns, and left out to heat in the sun for one to three months. During this time the ingredients would liquefy and ferment, forming a thick paste. When ready, a clear amber colored fluid would separate for

the thicker material. This clear fluid was pure garum, and was skimmed, bolted, and sold for a hefty price. The skimming of more fluid would lead to cloudier and less pure forms of garum, which were much cheaper. The remaining paste was called “allum”, and was sold as a budget “poor mans garum sauce”. All grades of garum were flavored with different herbs and spices, depending on local tastes.

Because the Roman Empire was centered in the Mediterranean, the Roman economy was also heavily dependent on fishing. Numerous fisheries and ports dotted all along the Mediterranean coast, and where there fisheries, there were garum makers. Usually, however, the garum makers were relegated to the outskirts of a city, as the process of garum making tended to create an enormous stench. Garum itself became one of the most important commodities of the Roman world, being shipped all over Europe, the Middle East, and North Africa. It was issued regularly as rations for Roman soldiers and was even accepted as money. Garum was also valued for its medicinal value; used to treat dog bites, diarrhea, ulcers, dysentery, to remove unwanted hair, and to remove freckles.

Alas the fall of the Roman Empire would lead to the fall of garum, especially as Germanic peoples who turned their noses at fermented fish sauce settled Europe and carved out kingdoms from the former Roman Empire. Today garum still can be found, though only produced by small business who cater to specialty gourmet foods. At around the same time the Romans were making garum, peoples in Southeast Asia were making a remarkably similar fish sauce called nước mắm, which today is still widely popular in Vietnamese, Thai, and Cambodian cuisine.

Caught on camera: Is this a ghost floating across entrance to Dover Castle?

This is the extraordinary moment a 'GHOST' floats across the entrance to an historic castle.

In the incredible clip, a dark, wispy figure can be seen slowly walking across the entrance at Dover Castle in Kent before disappearing.

A bemused security guard can then be seen searching in vain for the mysterious spectre.

The one minute, 11 second clip was uploaded to YouTube by a user known only as spyder1spanner2.

A message accompanying the post read: "I promise you this is not a fake.

"It's filmed on CCTV at Dover Castle on to a mobile.



Chris Murphy

Extraordinary: The 'ghost' at Dover Castle

"I wouldn't even know how to start making this a fake, to be honest."

One viewer, Louise Hampton, was impressed with the footage.

She wrote: "This is great footage!!

"Looks like it tried to manifest.

"One can see how the legs were

actually walking!!!!"

To date, the clip has been viewed more than 10,000 times.

Have you ever seen something that sent a shiver down your spine, or heard something go bump in the night? Tell us about your experiences via the form below.

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Ghost caught on camera at Espanola police station, officer says

49min

koat.com

- ESPANOLA, N.M. —Surveillance video recently taken at the Espanola police station is a bit freaky.

On Saturday Officer Karl Romero was keeping an eye on surveillance cameras around the station when he spotted something in the sally port. A sally port is a controlled gate or passage in a fortified place.

Romero said what he saw looked like a ghost walking across the lot, right through cages and a gate.

He reported it to his supervisors.

Detectives said there is no way in or out of the secured area without the gates opening and an alarm sounding. Police said they hear strange noises and see unexplained images in the lobby of the building, too.

Action 7 News asked Detective Solomon Romero if he thought the image was a ghost.

"I do believe in ghosts -- I don't know (what exactly was on the video), but we've had some unsolved murders in the area," Romero said.

Police said as far as they know the building is not on a burial ground and no inmates have ever died at the police station.

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Wednesday, October 10, 2012

Ghost Fleet of Truk Lagoon



According to the United Nations there are over three million shipwrecks on the ocean floor. In the Pacific Ocean is a group of beautiful islands in Micronesia known as the Chuuk Islands. Within these islands sits the shark-infested Truk Lagoon. History would not pay much attention to this tropical paradise except for one fact—this lagoon has a very large number of shipwrecks.



Over 50 shipwrecks litter the Truk Lagoon seabed all sunk there during World War II. The Chuuk Islands served as a Japanese naval base during the war. In 1944 the Americans launched "Operation Hailstorm" which became known as the Japanese Pearl Harbor. The

Allied attack lasted for three days at the end 275 airplanes and as stated above over 50 ships were sunk. This made the Truk Lagoon the largest ship graveyard in the world.



For 25 years these wrecked ships and planes went virtually untouched. The reason for this was two-fold, deadly sharks and bombs. Many of these sunken ships still have full cargos. They contain fighter aircraft, tanks, bulldozers, railroad cars, motorcycles, torpedoes, mines, bombs, boxes of munitions, radios and thousands of other kinds of weapons. They also contain human remains.



More than 3,000 people were believed to have died during the attacks. Despite the risks involved, divers from around the world consider Truk Lagoon a must do. Many of these divers believe that the lagoon is haunted. "Destination

Truth" an American television show did an underwater ghost-hunt at Truk Lagoon based on many of these reports.

One prevalent report they investigated was the eerie sounds of truck engines on the sunken Hoki Maru ship. This ship has a full cargo of trucks. They were able to back up these past reports when they captured an EVP with the sound of truck engines, "turning over and



starting up". At the time this recording was made there were no boat engines running on the surface.

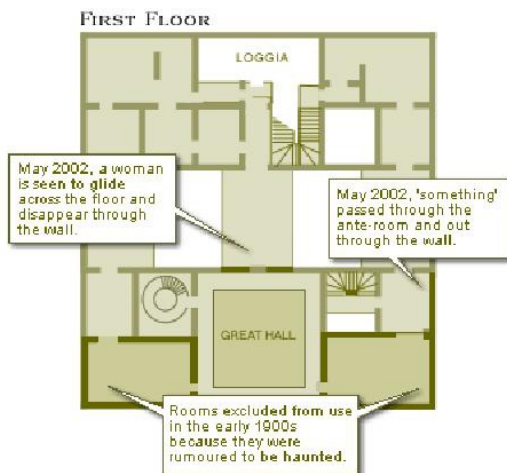
Other divers have reported strange sounds coming from the shipwreck Fuji Kawamaru. They state when they have been near the engine room they have heard noises of machinery and grinding. Near this engine room is a pile of human remains. The

Chuuk Islands themselves are also considered to be haunted. One local woman reported seeing a strange glowing light floating through a cave. One member of the Destination Truth team reported that he was touched by something while in this cave.

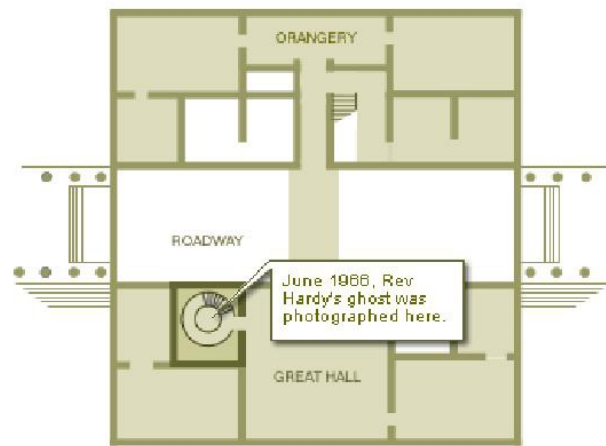
Spectacular diving pics--Truk Lagoon

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These plans show the location of unexplained, ghostly sightings in the Queen's House. See also The Queen's House ghost.



Queen's House floor plan (first floor) showing ghost sightings



Queen's House floor plan (ground floor) showing ghost sighting

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TWENTY SQUARE MILES – GILEAD, MAINE

Gilead is a small, western Maine river town sitting next to the New Hampshire border and 50,000 acres of National Forest. To drive through it once, you'd give no thought to it—there is hardly much to notice at a glance. But to spend some time here, you really build up an appreciation—of what it was then and what it is now. There is not much here where the Wild River empties into the Androscoggin, and that is the essence of what matters. There are more reminders of what used to be than there is current day anything.

I have always been aware that there is no modern school here for the few kids in town, because the 1903 one-room schoolhouse has remained in one form or another as a reminder. Just as the newly preserved train station (the oldest rail-related structure in the state) alerts you to the fact that it's been a long time since a train has stopped in Gilead... although it still passes through daily. But it only recently occurred to me that this is the rare small town where not even a single church exists. That is not to say these people are not spiritual. In fact, it is their spirit that likely brought them to such a place.

Gilead is an epic poem where the population peaked at 377 residents in the year 1830 and has been declining ever since—down to 156 in the year 2000, but somehow surging to 209 in the last census. In the 1890s there was an entire other village just a few miles south, up the Wild River, which sprouted like the trees they came to fell and float down river. It was the village of Hastings (pictured above at the fork in the road) which had a similar population to Gilead, plus a sawmill and lumber camp and railroads snaking all through the woods to assist in bringing timber to market. Hastings is gone now, completely reforested—you would never know it existed. But still there is Gilead.

Two centuries ago, the original settlers came here for what could be, for what might possibly exist, for something they hoped would sustain them. The residents today, many of whom still have ancestral roots, stay because there's nothing here but that history. To travel further there is nature and more nature. Beyond that civilization begins again, and that is a bridge too far. This is a town where the Wild and Androscoggin rivers are known to overrun their banks, washing out town bridges and roads, cutting off access. How perfect if you prefer to keep outsiders out and yourself cut off, potentially restricted to exactly what you came for. Every night after dark you hear the train whistle.

* * *

Guide to the Northeast **[Brett Klein](#)** lives in Connecticut and works in New York, but prefers small town life and his home state of Maine. Any chance to get rural is a mental vacation. He curated *The American Guide's* first zine, [Rural Life](#). Follow Klein on Tumblr at [The Coast is Clear](#). His curatorial collection of Americana, rural life, other artists and ephemera can be seen on Tumblr at [Tons of Land](#).

West Covina - Galster park - This park is located on a hill with 3 entrances. It has been closed off because children have been raped and murdered there. People have seen a pathway leading to the house of the murderer. The man would take the children and rape and beat them. If you go there late at night you are able to hear the screams and the pleas of the children. A boy wearing a sweater with a massive scar on his face has been seen standing at the entrance of the first or second gate. He has been seen inviting people into the park. Telling them to come in and see what is inside. The boy has been seen at different ages, one as a child and the other as an adolescent. This place is VERY real.- Extreme precautions should be taken if you dare to enter. This is no joke. a group of investigators where chased out by men carrying knives, this is not a safe place to visit.

June 2008 additional information: It was closed for a few years due to remodeling. It has been reopened for a year or so. The remodeling has made the park a nice place to visit DURING the day. The path to the "murderer's house" maybe mistaken for one of the hiking paths. The hiking path takes you to the top of a hill, far from the main area of the park. It's very secluded so it's quite possible for many "wrong doings" to take place up there.

By Cryptozoology News August 26th, 2014

PITTSBURGH– A man has taken photographs of a “creature” he thinks could be a “gnome”.

Keith Sniadach, author of *Relics of God: A Supernatural Guide to Religious Artifacts, Sacred Locations and Holy Souls* and *The Gatekeeper: The Final Secret Tribulation*, says he was staying at his summer cabin in the mountains of western Pennsylvania when he discovered the images three weeks ago. He then posted the pictures on his Facebook page.

“I have a camera set up in the woods to capture images of the abundant wildlife in the area,” he told paranormal researcher Linda Moulton Howe.

Sniadach says he was using a ScoutGuard trail camera, which is capable of detecting images up to 85 feet with a resolution of 8 megapixels.

“Of all the cameras I have used over the years at my cabin, this is by far the best,” he said.

The series of photographs, reportedly taken “consecutively and one second apart”, show a little swine-like entity with big eyes wearing a red shirt and a purple hat while walking on a pathway between two patches of green forest. It seems oblivious to the camera.



Purported gnome walks on a pathway, unaware of the trail camera installed on a tree. Credit: Keith Sniadach

Purported gnome walks seemingly unaware of the trail camera installed on a tree. Credit: Keith Sniadach

“My camera detects heat and motion, so whatever this was, it gave off heat and also moved,” said Sniadach. “All I can say is, to me, it looks like a gnome , troll or brownie of some sort,” he continued.

“It’s not a leaf in the foreground or any type of weed or plant. The creature stands approximately 44-inches tall.”

Sniadach says he has taken pictures of strange things before, but rapidly dismissed them because there was generally only one blurry image that could be a “bird taking flight” or some other animal.

But this time, with three different clearer photographs of the same anomaly, he admits to being “stumped”.

“These pictures have not been altered in any way, shape or form and are completely authentic. I do not believe anyone is playing tricks on me. My cabin is in a remote area and

no one knows where my game camera is. I believe this creature is real and not a hoax."

The Pittsburghese claims he hasn't been able to see the strange being again, but that he has left the camera out for the rest of the summer, just in case it shows up.

Leprechauns and gnomes are little mischievous entities present in folklore legends in many countries around the world. In 1989, a dead creature believed to be a gnome was found in Spain. It was later determined by doctors and investigators that the "Gnomo of Girone" tissue belonged to an unknown animal never seen before. Others, like researcher Pedro Palao, explained that the strange creature could be the fetus of a ruminant and dubbed it a hoax.

Visalia - Golden West High School Library - Footprints will appear in any dust, and when your alone you can hear children laughing, and when your downstairs you can see a little girl walking across the railing up top. Site is very close to Indian burial site.

LOUISIANA Sorrento: Fern Barnett, a 71-year-old great-grandmother, is running to be the next Sorrento chief of police Nov. 4. *The Advocate* reported Barnett, who recently retired as assistant town clerk, qualified to run for the remaining term of former Police Chief Earl Theriot Jr.

The monks who stole fancy dresses from graves

By Magazine Monitor A collection of cultural artefacts 30 May 2014 Last updated at 21:06 ET

<http://www.bbc.com/news/blogs-magazine-monitor-27638398>

Author Jeremy Clay tells the macabre story of the grave-robbing monks.

From the moment he saw her, he was utterly transfixed. But it wasn't love at first sight that sent the widower's heart racing, and nor was it lust. He couldn't care less for the stranger's looks. No, he only had eyes for her frock.

And the longer he stared, the more certain he became. That dress she was wearing. It wasn't just similar to his wife's favourite gown, it was the exact same one.

He'd know that silk dress anywhere; his poor wife had adored it, which is precisely why she'd worn it to the grave a few weeks before.

With distress mixed with disbelief, the still-grieving soldier demanded to know how the peasant woman came to be parading around in a robe which was a) fancier than she could afford and, more pressingly, b) supposed to be six feet under the ground, adorning a corpse.

Her answer uncovered a trail of guilt that led to the lair of a rather unlikely set of criminals.

And so, on an autumn day in 1874, a body of policemen headed purposefully towards the Capuchin monastery in the Sicilian town of Barcellona Pozzo di Gotto.

At their head was the local magistrate, and he was eager to speak to three friars who tended the town's cemetery.

They, it soon became clear, were less keen to speak to him, but there was no use protesting their innocence. The incriminating evidence of what British newspapers called their "odious profanation" was quickly nosed out. Half-destroyed coffins. A jumble of clothing. Slippers. Women's hair. The burial booty of the bodies they were meant to safeguard.

It was, according to the Edinburgh Evening News, a "story illustrative of the low morality of the Sicilian priesthood".

"Night after night the three brothers went down into the vaults," explained the paper, "exhumed the dead bodies, and after having stripped them of all they had on, returned with their spoils, including even the coffins, to a secret chamber in the monastery.

"The coffins they converted into tables, which were sold with the other effects through subordinate agents. This horrid traffic had been going on for years."

The monks were convicted and marched off to prison, "amid the curses of the populace", noted the Evening News.

And the dress? The paper never got round to saying what became of that, but there's a good chance it had lost much of its cut-price allure.

Bloomington - Green Acres Cemetery-

Its been reported that on Halloween every year there is said to be blood on the table found between the three marble chairs in the southeast part of the cemetery.



The Greenbrier County Courthouse sits on Lot 8, otherwise known as 200 N. Court Street, Lewisburg. The building was built in 1837 by stone mason John W. Dunn, and was one of the first county courthouses west of the Appalachian Mountains. The two story structure with basement was built using bricks fired locally, and boasts a belfry containing the bell that was rung to announce when court was in session.

The courthouse has been in continual use since it was built, with wings added to both sides in 1937 and in 1963. It is located beside the historic Lewis Spring, which brought many early settlers to this area in the 1700s, and was a key component in the decision to build the courthouse in Lewisburg.

Due to the fact that the courthouse once also served as the local jail, rumors of it being haunted by former criminals abound. It is said that from outside the courthouse, one can hear the moans and screams from former inmates coming from inside. In an isolated incident, two teenagers encountered a misty apparition outside the building. The apparition appeared to take on the form of a man holding a knife, who chased them down the sidewalk before disappearing.

National Register Application

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By Cryptozoology News February 11th, 2014



Iwo Jima

JONESBORO, Ark. (Cryptozoology News) — A man who says he was a Boeing B17 pilot during WWII contends that many of the plane failures which occurred during that time period were due to the mischievous actions of little creatures.

L.W., 92, says these little beings were capable of attaching themselves to the fuselage and withstand high altitudes.

“Oh they are real, alright. They’d climb inside the aircraft and hide in there, or hook up under the wings. I’m sure they were sabotaging most of the allies machinery.”

His father, an episcopal preacher from Arkansas, influenced L.W. decision to become a pilot.

“My father loved planes. When you are a preacher’s kid, well, you either turn out a little angel or a complete demon. I kind of went in between and decided to fight for my country instead. I got wings, but I was no angel,” he told Cryptozoology News.

“I was a B17 pilot. We were all young, I was 22-years- old and I was a flight commander. That was the average age...for the officers. The gunners were usually 18-years-old. We were very sharp, clean kids.”

One day, L.W. says, he was flying a combat mission when the unexpected happened. Purportedly, a pair of “gremlins” tried to crash the “flying fortress”.

“So I am very aware of my surroundings, and as I go higher, I notice an unusual sound coming from the engine. The instruments went nuts. I look at my right and I see an entity staring at me. Then I look at the aircraft’s nose, and there it is another one, hanging in there. Dancing lizards.”

The astonished pilot thought that maybe he was having an episode of spatial disorientation and hallucinations.

“But I was perfectly fine...my senses were in good shape, but the weird things were still there looking at me. They kept going at it, pounding the plane with all their might.”

L.W. says the creatures were 3-foot tall and had a hairless grey skin. The eyes were of a “deep red” color and their mouths were so big he “could almost count their teeth.” The ears were long and pointy, with a small black patch of hair growing on the tips that reminded the witness of “an owl’s ear.”

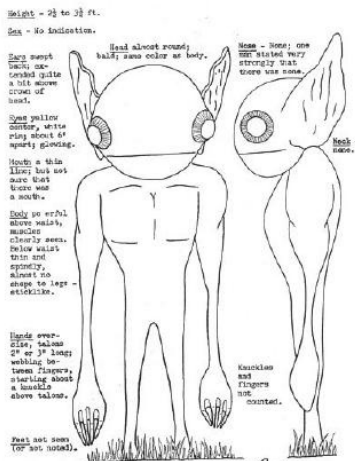


public domain WWII poster

"They appeared to be laughing, with their big mouths open, looking at me, hitting the plane with their long arms, trying to pull stuff. I have no doubt in my mind that they were trying to crash it. I managed to stabilize the flight and I saw the critters falling off the aircraft. I don't know if they fell and died, or if they jumped from my plane to a different one. I have no idea."

L.W. couldn't believe what he had seen, so when he went back to the

base, he tried to keep the incident a secret. "Well, I had to tell my best friend, a young kid named Leroy, he was a gunner. Oh, he believed me. He said he had seen something similar a few days earlier during a training exercise, but that he was afraid to tell an officer about it for fears of being sent back to the US. We wanted to fight, we didn't want to be the ones coming back empty handed, you know."



Drawing by artist Bud Ledwith, showing one of the creatures as described by the witnesses. (credit: UFOs Northwest)

At first, he says, he believed what he saw was "some sort of soldier developed by the Japanese." But then, years later, in 1947, he came to a different conclusion.

"One day, I read the news about a strange aircraft crashing in Roswell, New Mexico. So I say, *what the hell, that's the same people that got on my plane! Now they are trying to attack our country too?* I thought that if they were capable of building this type of advanced technology, oh boy, I thought we were done. Who knows what else they can do?"

Creatures of similar nature caused a controversy in Kentucky in 1955. In what has come to be known as The Kelly-Hopkinsville encounter, two families in a farm house were reportedly terrorized by little-goblin-like entities and strange weather phenomena.

It took L.W. over 70 years to come forward and tell his story to the public.

"Well, we were young and careless, fearless. We were, you know, free birds," he said.

Desert Sun PG8B Sept 6th 2014

'FORREST GUMP' AT 20:

What kind of history would he witness today?

Bryan Alexander

@bryalexand
USA TODAY

Forrest Gump, the simple man with the low IQ and tremendous heart, made movie magic via a memorable portrayal by Tom Hanks 20 years ago.

Forrest Gump took \$677 million in global box office after its

1994 opening and earned six Oscars — including best picture, best actor for Hanks and best director for Robert Zemeckis.

But *Gump's* biggest contribution to film history might be its beloved main character's accidental seat at world history's table. He meets presidents John F. Kennedy, Richard Nixon and Lyndon Johnson. He inspires Elvis Presley and John Lennon.

"Forrest Gump inserted himself into the timeline of world history," says author Winston Groom, whose 1986 novel was the film's basis. "That has seeped into the American lexicon."

Gump returns for its 20th anniversary in a digitally remastered version to IMAX theaters — the first time in the format — starting this weekend (and on home digital Sept. 16).

Once again, the character is joined by his loving mother (Sally Field), true love Jenny (Robin Wright), Vietnam War leader Lt. Dan (Gary Sinise) and his shrimp-boating inspiration Bubba Gump (Mykelti Williamson).

To celebrate, we asked those involved with the film to imagine where in history they'd bring Gump if the story were to continue today.

TOM HANKS (FORREST GUMP)

"All the political figures would be too obvious, so Forrest would have chatted up both Mark Zuckerberg and the Winklevoss twins about how it would be nice if you had a book that would show a person's face and make a friend.

"Forrest would have been in New Orleans for (2005 hurricane) Katrina where his own common sense would have saved him and others. Momma would have told him to go high when the waters rise. Bubba would have taught him about boats, and Lt. Dan would come and find him."

GETTY IMAGES



Tom Hanks won an Oscar for his portrayal of a simple man who ended up as part of history.

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

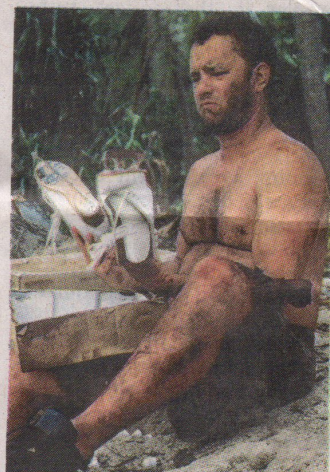


ROBERT ZEMECKIS (DIRECTOR)

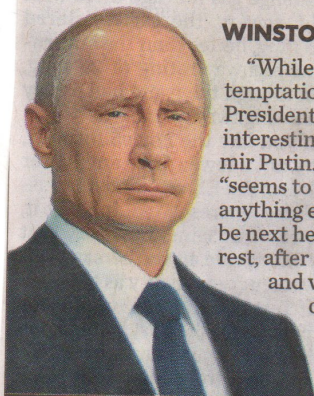
"Forrest would be the reason that the Navy SEALs find Osama bin Laden. He opens a children's orphanage in Jenny's name in Pakistan. And this orphanage happens to be across from this compound where Osama bin Laden is. Forrest and this tall guy pace around this compound together. And Forrest calls him in to the CIA."

ERIC ROTH (SCREENWRITER)

The script for a proposed sequel ("it was more a continuation of the story," says Roth) had Gump "meeting O.J. Simpson. And we had him meeting Princess Diana in keeping with the serendipity of his life. We had him dancing with her, not in a romantic kind of way. He becomes a well-known ballroom dancer and they dance together. It was quite beautiful, really."



FRANCOIS DUHAMEL, 20TH CENTURY FOX



WINSTON GROOM (AUTHOR)

"While there is, of course, a great temptation to have Forrest meet President Obama, it would be more interesting to have him meet Vladimir Putin." The Russian leader "seems to be the only one doing anything exciting these days. Maybe next he'll attack Finland. Forrest, after all, is a man of action and would want to be in on something big."

AFF/GETTY IMAGES



TIM GRAHAM, AP

GARY SINISE (LT. DAN)

"I'd want Forrest to meet Tom Hanks. He could pop up in the *Cast Away* movie, just come up behind a palm tree. He could play volleyball with Tom Hanks. Maybe Forrest Gump was a fellow FedEx employee."

► Practicality: Hatchback handy.
► Go-power: New turbo engine is good fun
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With Fortes 3A, Kia has knack for hatchback



Haboob blankets valley

A wall of dust swept through the Coachella Valley on Thursday, and the winds propelling the so-called haboob were blamed for the toppling of a tree that landed on a pickup in Palm Springs, injuring a man.

Coachella Valley, A3

A towering dust storm rolls through Palm Springs International Airport on Thursday.

MARILYN CHUNG/
DESERT SUN

Haboob

Continued from A3

along Marguerite Street across from the felled tree, said he called 911 and attempted to help the injured man.

"All of a sudden the wind just kind of picked up. There was a whole bunch of dust everywhere and the tree came down on the guy," he said.

"It was a crazy loud noise from the tree hitting the truck. It was nuts."

French, 25, said he left his house to help the man and ended up calling it in.

French said the man suffered a cut to his back where a branch caught him.

"Everyone in this neighborhood has been waiting for this tree to fall," French said. "But it's sad that it happened with this guy underneath."

There were other reports of damage across the valley, but there were no other reports of injuries, officials said.

The National Weather Service issued a blowing dust warning for the Coachella Valley that took effect about 20 minutes before the overall event, which weather experts were calling a haboob.

"I don't think there are specific criteria," said meteorologist Stephen Harrison of the storm.

"Anytime there's a dust storm produced by a thunderstorm boundary being pushed out, where there's near-zero visibility, those dust storms are usually called haboobs."

The warning expired at 7 p.m.

The storm seemed to appear suddenly, and moved quickly from the east valley west toward Palm Springs, blanketing everything in its wake.

The conditions were so intense that Palm Springs



A downed tree covers a pickup truck in Palm Springs Thursday evening after strong winds and blowing dust, which meteorologists dubbed a haboob, blew through the Coachella Valley. DAVE NYCZEPIR/THE DESERT SUN

canceled its weekly Thursday night street fair, VillageFest.

The weather service's notice also predicted wind gusts of 40 mph, especially along Interstate 10 and authorities warned of brown-out conditions and reduced visibility on Coachella Valley roadways. Drivers were urged to use caution.

In addition, the South Coast Air Quality Management District issued an "unhealthy" air quality advisory, urging those with sensitive respiratory conditions — respiratory or heart disease, older adults, and children — to avoid any vigorous outdoor or indoor exertion. Those affected were advised to remain indoors.

At the height of the storm, Pacifica Seafood Restaurant in the Gardens on El Paseo in Palm Desert lost its Internet service and was unable to process credit transactions, according to an employee.

The Fix, a restaurant across the street from the Gardens, also reported Internet trouble.

Despite the strong winds, neither Southern California Edison nor the Imperial Irrigation District reported weather-related power outages in the Coachella Valley.

"We don't appear to

have anything there," said SCE spokesman Robert Villegas.

Marion Champion, spokeswoman for IID, said there were isolated outages in Imperial Valley, in areas such as Brawley, Niland, and Salton City, but none in the Coachella Valley.

Earlier in the day, the National Weather Service issued a flood advisory — which means there was a possibility of minor water overflows on streets and washes — for the Coachella Valley. It expired at 5:30 p.m. Thursday.

Initially, the National Weather Service warned that hail up to ¾-inch in diameter could fall, and people should prepare for accumulation of water on roads and low crossings.

And, while scattered showers did fall intermittently during the day, there was only a trace amount of accumulation.

On Friday, the sun is expected to return, according to Harrison. The high in the valley will be around 100 degrees, he said, adding that it will remain sunny and warm through the weekend.

Similarly, AccuWeather predicts Friday will be mostly sunny with a high of 99 degrees.

Desert Sun reporters Blake Herzog and Ian James contributed to this story.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 2014

Smell like rotten eggs prompts odor advisory near Salton Sea

By Ian James
The Desert Sun

An odor advisory was issued for the Coachella Valley on Thursday as strong winds sent air from the Salton Sea wafting across the area. Air monitors near the lake detected unusually high levels of hydrogen sulfide, a gas that smells like rotten eggs.

The South Coast Air Quality Management District said the hourly average concentration of hydrogen sulfide in the air reached 41 parts per billion on Thursday morning, exceeding the state standard of 30 parts per billion.

Agency spokesman Sam Atwood said that such levels don't pose a health hazard, but that some people could have headaches or become nauseous or dizzy breathing in the gas.

"There are no recommendations for restricted activity or precautions," Atwood said, explaining that the odor advisory was issued to provide information about the situation.

Elevated levels of hydrogen sulfide

were detected by two specialized monitors, which were installed last year in Mecca and on the Torres Martinez Desert Cahuilla Indians' reservation near the Salton Sea.

The agency decided to install the monitors after a thunderstorm in September 2012 churned up the sea and sent a strong stench wafting more than 150 miles across Southern California, prompting widespread complaints.

The Salton Sea has been gradually shrinking and growing saltier as agricultural runoff has diminished. Hydrogen sulfide is produced by decaying material in the lake.

Researchers have said the particularly strong odors of 2012 apparently emerged when water from the bottom was churned up and reached the surface, releasing the stink.

The air quality monitors showed that the levels of hydrogen sulfide were declining by mid-afternoon, Atwood said. But if winds out of the southeast continue, he said, the odor could persist in other areas of the Coachella Valley.



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COACHELLA VALLEY

**Audit finds payroll
issues at Patton
State Hospital**

CALIFORNIA, A11

LOCAL EDITOR **ERICA FELCI** (760) 778-4644 OR ERICA.FELCI@DESERTSUN.COM; TWITTER @ERICAFELCI

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Haboob obscures sky over valley

Tree blown onto pickup truck in Palm Springs, man injured

By Dave Nyczepir
The Desert Sun

The sun is expected to make a lasting return to the Coachella Valley on Friday and through next week — a welcome change from the past few days of lower-than-normal temperatures, overcast skies, and Thursday's sudden dust storm, which weather experts dubbed a haboob.

The strong winds that ac-

MORE ONLINE

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companied the event are believed to have downed a tree that fell onto a pickup truck and a man, according to Palm Springs police.

The downed tree was reported at 4:53 p.m. at Marguerite Street and 34th Avenue near the Tahquitz Creek Golf Resort, ac-

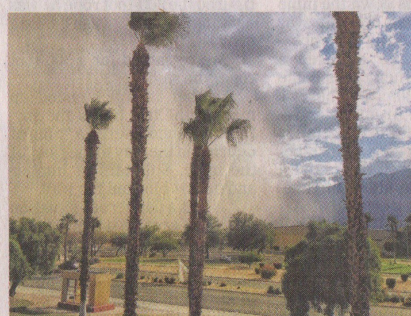
cording to the Palm Springs police Sgt. Mike Villegas.

Police and fire were called to the incident, which Villegas added was most likely caused by the weather.

The man was rushed to Desert Regional Medical Center in Palm Springs, where his injuries were considered non life-threatening, officials said.

Jhorel French, who lives

Please see **HABOOB, A5**



The haboob blew in shortly after the National Weather Service issued a blowing dust warning Thursday for the Coachella Valley.
MARILYN CHUNG/THE DESERT SUN

[archaicwonder](#)

September 13th 2014, 2:01:07 pm · a day ago



Harran, Turkey

Harran was a major ancient city in Upper Mesopotamia whose site is near the modern village of Altınbaşak, Turkey, 24 miles southeast of Şanlıurfa. The city was the chief home of the Mesopotamian moon-god Sin, under the Babylonians and even into Roman times.

In its prime Harran was a major Assyrian city which controlled the point where the road from Damascus joins the highway between Nineveh and Carchemish. This location gave Harran strategic value from an early date.

Harran was first inhabited in the Early Bronze Age (3rd millennium BC). The earliest records of Harran come from the Ebla tablets (late 3rd millennium BC). The city was known as Harrānu in the Assyrian period; Carrhae under the Roman and Byzantine empires; Hellenopolis in the Early Christian period; and Harrān in the Islamic period.

The Battle of Carrhae was fought in 53 BC between the Parthian Empire and the Roman Republic near the town of Carrhae (Harran). The Parthian Spahbod ("General") Surena decisively defeated a superior Roman invasion force under the command of Marcus Licinius Crassus. It is commonly seen as one of the earliest and most important battles between the Roman and Parthian empires and one of the most crushing defeats in Roman history.

During the late 8th and 9th century AD Harran was a center for translating works of astronomy, philosophy, natural sciences and medicine from Greek to Syriac by Assyrians and then to Arabic, bringing the knowledge of the classical world to the emerging Arabic-speaking civilization in the south.

Oh Mister Hatfield, you've been good to us:
You've made it rain in ways promiscuous!
From Saugus down to San Diego's Bay
They bless you for the rains of yesterday.
 But Mister Hatfield, listen now;
 Make us this vow:
Oh, please, kind sir, don't let it rain on Monday!

* At the conclusion of the drouth-ridden year 1904 the citizens of the Los Angeles area, who had raised money to hire him, were singing praises of the rainmaker Charley Hatfield, their savior. He had achieved success. The rains had come—and come—and come. As the New Year approached, however, an ugly thought crept into the minds of some of the populace. What if Charley Hatfield made it rain on the day of that stupendous event, the Tournament of Roses Parade? This anonymous piece of doggerel, appealing to him for charity on Monday, January 2, the date of the parade, appeared in several newspapers. Evidently the plea was heard. Although it rained earlier in the day and still sprinkled where Charley was working five miles from the parade, no rain fell during the procession.

I. WHOSE DISCIPLE?

The best remembered facts about Hatfield The Rainmaker are that when he ministered to the sky it rained torrents and when he tried to collect \$10,000 from the City of San Diego the mayor and council welshed.

There will always be room for a query: Was the rain really a coincidence? Did he really believe what he claimed, or was he a fellow with a knowing wink?

Some wrote delightedly that he was a scoundrel. Others, especially David Starr Jordan, wrote as though they thought him a cruel fraud against whom the public needed protection.

Nobody ever got behind his mask, and, in fact it may never have been a mask. The actual record of Hatfield's activities explodes some commonly held truths, but the strangest facts and coincidences persist. The record makes no real headway against the legend.

Charles Mallory Hatfield got into the public's attention when the *Los Angeles Times* on February 2, 1904, misspelling his name, said:

Charles Hadfield, expert rain manufacturer, has been sent out by a number of South Spring Street merchants to bring down the recreant showers. For the consideration of \$50 Hadfield has planted his instruments in the foothill district near Pasadena and with a new process of chemical evaporation promises abundant moisture in five days. The magician holds himself responsible for the abundant rain in San Diego County late last spring, and says he has tried 17 times, scoring only one failure.

Toward the winter of 1915, San Diego was talking of drouth, although the rainfall record in the city fails to explain why. The year 1915 had started with good rains. Others came at reasonable intervals. In early December there was rain, before the deal was made with Hatfield on December 13. More came before he got into action. The calendar year 1915 ended with 13.62 inches compared to an average of 9.90. The average of five calendar years, 1909 through 1914, was 9.25.

Even in the Laguna Mountains to the east, from which came most of the water supply, the city's shortage was not critical. Although Morena Reservoir had not been filled since it was built in 1897, by the end of 1915 it was calculated to be holding five billion gallons of its fifteen billion capacity.

However, other reservoirs had not been filled either, and the city's growth had placed increased demands on the supply. The area's potential growth was a bigger factor in creating concern over possible shortages. It was well understood that water shortages in Southern California must be anticipated. Legal battles over water in the Southwest have frequently been accompanied by maneuvers to suggest that the tank is already dry.

Acutely aware of future needs, its lack of reserve supply and its present shortage, the City of San Diego had decided in 1913 to gather in all its potential water supply. It engaged a city attorney expert in water matters. He declared in 1914 that the city, by virtue of a grant in the name of the Spanish king, had the right to the full flow of the San Diego River. In December of 1915 hearings were started in Los Angeles on the Capitan Grande Case, against ranch owners and promoters who had appropriated much of the stream's flow. These circumstances made San Diego receptive to the claims of Charley Hatfield and set in motion a series of events that the city would regret.

San Diego knew Charley Hatfield. Some had said harsh things about him when he declared, two years after the fact, that he caused the big rain of July, 1902. Rain in July is the last thing a California dry farmer wants. However, Charley's wife was a San Diego woman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Rulon, and their family visits kept some of the Hatfields' old San Diego contacts on the list of active acquaintances. One of the most presistent and faithful was Fred A. Binney.

Fred Binney was well known in San Diego, only partly because of his active interest in the San Diego rainmakers of 1900. He was a large, lean man with an ample set of whiskers, a squeaky voice, an English accent, a belief in socialism and an evangelistic tendency. He made his living as a real estate broker. He painted his own "for sale" signs with an amateur hand and took liberties as to where he set them up. The houses he advertised were "pretty homes with nice gardens and pretty flowers." He was an indefatigable walker. The 15 miles from downtown San Diego to La Jolla were for him an easy stroll.

Binney believed in Charley Hatfield's ability to cause rain. He took pains to say he was not Charley's agent, but was taking his own initiative. In all but one matter Charley was a conservative man, who wanted no conventions upset. He would have preferred an advocate with more standing, but he accepted such help as he could get.

Binney knew the feeling of rejection. Once he was regaling City Councilman Don Stewart

concerning Hatfield when the councilman may have given facial expression to his reaction. Or perhaps Binney already sensed the rejection and knew what was meant by an attitude of polite listening. In any case he broke off suddenly and said: "There are all sorts of wonders you believe in, like wireless and Burbank's new plants, and automobiles. But when a man comes in with a simple, sensible idea, you treat him as though he were a lunatic!" With that he arose to his full dignified height and stalked out.

As early as 1912, soon after the city acquired Morena Dam and Reservoir from the Southern California Mountain Water Company, Binney wrote to the council asking it to engage Hatfield. Late in 1915 he made a public appeal in newspaper advertising. While he was too much associated with lost causes to be impelling, he helped dramatize and sell the idea. The councilmen, however much some of them pretended later it was a kind of jest, were interested enough to give it a whirl and not skeptical enough to reject it. Still, there might have been a certain cunning involved, not necessarily recognized by them.

Early in December, Charley appeared before the council in conference. Shelley Higgins, assistant city attorney and later judge, was to spend a large share of his time thereafter defending, morally and legally, the city's treatment of Hatfield, and indirectly his own conspicuous but hardly heroic role in it. He said in his memoirs many years later that the councilmen in a jocular spirit, after exchanging knowing smiles, said "If you can fill the lake, we'll be glad to pay you."

Since the council probably did not chant this sentence in unison, like a Greek chorus, we will assume it was merely Higgins' interpretation of the councilmanic attitude. But in the same memoirs Higgins also said Charley "bore himself importantly and had what salesmen term impressive presence." What the council actually did was to ask Charley to put his proposition in writing and to come again.

Charley drew up his own contracts, without the benefit of an attorney. As usual he offered alternate propositions. His first written proposal stated that by June 1, he would "produce 40 inches of rain (at Morena Reservoir) free gratis, I to be compensated from the 40th to the 50th inch by \$1,000 per inch."

On December 8 the council asked Fred Lockwood, manager of operations, for a recommendation. Next day Charley re-submitted his first written offer plus two alternatives, also in writing, to another councilmanic conference. He offered to fill Morena Reservoir, without reference to the amount of rain necessary to do it, by December 20, 1916. Or he would cause a rainfall of 50 inches by June 1, 1916, for which he would require either \$500 per inch from the 30th to the 50th inch or \$1,000 per inch from the 40th to the 50th. Each of these alternatives meant \$10,000 for completion.

On December 13 the council voted, four to one, to accept Charley's offer to fill the reservoir by December 20, 1916, and asked the city attorney's office to prepare a written contract. The lone and adamant opponent on the council was Herbert R. Fay. The one councilman outspoken in favor of Charley's proposition was Walter P. Moore. Mayor Edward P. Capps and Councilmen P. J. Benbough, Henry M. Manney and Otto M. Schmidt did not disclose their reasoning but voted to engage Hatfield.

On the ninth, when Charley submitted his three alternatives, Councilman Moore explained, "If he fills Morena, he will have put 10 billion gallons into it, which would cost the city one tenth of a cent per thousand gallons; if he fails to fulfill his contract, the city isn't out anything. It's heads the city wins, tails Hatfield loses." This was Charley's own reasoning.

One man did take a superior attitude—City Attorney Terence Byrne Cosgrove, 34-year-old graduate of Notre Dame University and Yale Law School. He was a rising star in the profession, winning a name in water litigation. He was an advocate, a fighter for the client who retained him, shrewd in conference and able on occasion to seem like Patrick Henry striking an attitude. Currently he was spending a good deal of time in Los Angeles on the Capitan Grande Case.

At the December 9 meeting Cosgrove was asked if the proposed contract would be legal. It was recorded that he grinned broadly when he replied, "If Hatfield fills Morena, I guess there would be no doubt about the legality." It was a nice parrying of an honest and perhaps simple question. Obviously there was a preformed doubt in Cosgrove's mind that Hatfield would be responsible if Morena should be filled. One can almost see the lawyer's mind looking ahead. He also could have had in mind that it would do no harm, during the current water litigation, to dramatize the city's water shortage as though it were clear and present instead of clearly potential. Negotiations with Hatfield tended to do this. Hatfield at work could do it even better. Cosgrove, of course, would have had no part in explicitly or publicly encouraging a deal with Hatfield, but he pointedly said nothing to discourage it.

Charley was his own attorney, and, as must have been apparent to Cosgrove, his legal footwork was amateurish even for a layman. If Morena overflowed, how would he prove he did it?

Whatever else he was thinking, Cosgrove must have reasoned that it would be a long day in January before either Hatfield or God filled Morena. It had been there since 1897, a big overbuilt reservoir, one that could hold 15 billion gallons and had never been full. Indeed the city had been able to acquire it along with Lower Otay Reservoir because the Southern California Mountain Water Company discovered itself to be overbuilt, paying taxes out of proportion to income. The city purchase had enabled the backers to recover their capital and something extra.

Charley did not wait for the written agreement, which Cosgrove and Higgins were in no hurry to draft, but was at work by January 1. His assistant was not Paul as usual, but Joel, the youngest of the brothers. Having had no rainmaking contracts since the spring of 1914, Charley and Paul had returned to selling sewing machines. Paul continued to sell, to keep the camp supplied pending the day Charley would take home the prize.

The tower was built on a slope, along side the road leading to the dam, just beyond the city's present Morena Reservoir headquarters. Despite the attention it received from 60 miles away in San Diego, the tower had few visitors. Shelley Higgins in his memoirs speaks of seeing it from a mountain road, although the road at that point is not mountainous and the deluge very quickly made it impassable to cars.

Probably the only visitors to the tower were Seth Swenson, the dam keeper, and his wife, Maggie. They lived not at the later lake headquarters, which was then non-existent, but in a cottage at the dam. >From there Mrs. Swenson answered the telephone and relayed messages

to Charley, two miles away by road and a little over a mile as the crow flies.

For a man who spent so much time contentiously embroiled with Hatfield, Shelley Higgins was elaborately casual about his visit to Morena. He said in his memoirs that he was passing on a "field trip" in his Model T when he saw the tower and occasional puffs of smoke and heard muffled explosions. Whereupon, he continued, "I smiled—I hope indulgently—and went on about my business."

But the Swensons were in sight of the tower all the time and were curious about it and keenly interested. They could have heard shots and seen puffs of smoke and would have remembered them. Charley Hatfield told them he was evaporating something from shallow pans. Shelley Higgins' description of the Hatfield tower, especially the smoke puffs and the explosions, must have been a visualization of something he read.

V. HATFIELD'S FLOOD

The headlines in San Diego newspapers that December and January told of many things. Apart from the rain they talked of the current Panama-California International Exposition, starting its second year in San Diego, the war in Europe and Pancho Villa's depredations in northern Mexico.

Charley Hatfield's verbal agreement with the council caused little initial excitement, although it proved of some interest to columnists and other discursive people. One who wrote in the Sunday *San Diego Union* under the name of Yorick adopted a good journeyman air of superiority, calling it:

... an excellent business proposition from the city's standpoint. The publicity alone is worth \$10,000.

There was snow in the mountains and a light sprinkle in the city near the year's end, and water flowed in the San Diego River through Mission Valley—a rare sight since upstream diversion had become so extensive.

On January 5 a good rain was reported at Morena Reservoir and the water department said 48-1/2 million gallons had been impounded since December 27. Though welcome, it was not enough to change the round number of five billion gallons Morena was estimated to have been holding December 20.

The *Union* published a feature story January 9 on the Weather Bureau's San Diego office and its chief forecaster, E. Herbert Nimmo, and his young assistant, Dean Blake. There was a discussion of storm centers and their movements from the north Pacific southeastward across California. There was talk of the basis of weather predictions and their uncertainty. Nimmo's opinion of Hatfield was already publicly known: he thought Charley a mountebank. But in the Sunday article both Nimmo and the *Union* writer ignored him.

The weather played fewer tricks on Nimmo than it practiced on the unfortunate George Franklin of Los Angeles in 1904 and 1905. The San Diego rains of 1915-16 arrived as predicted, but in

much greater volume.

Rain of a genuinely remarkable quantity began January 10. For 24 hours in San Diego itself it rained off and on, but reports from the back country said it rained hard and almost continuously. From then until the 18th it was rainy weather. On the 14th it rained torrents and continued to rain heavily for several days. Roofs leaked. Storm drains that had not been taxed for years overflowed.

The San Diego River went over its banks and spread across Mission Valley in the early hours of the 17th. Real tragedy developed on the 18th in the valley of the Tijuana River, a little north of the international border. There, some 40 families, 100 persons or more, constituted a colony known as the Little Landers. It was based on the semi-utopian idea of W. E. Smythe, who claimed that a family could make a modest and healthful living on an acre of ground and turned real estate promoter to demonstrate it.

The river left its channel and overflowed the Little Landers' homes and gardens. It cut a new channel and not only destroyed many of the homes but literally carried the land away. Two women were drowned. In San Diego a fund was started for the Little Landers' relief.

The Santa Fe and the San Diego-Arizona rail connections with the north and east respectively, were put out of operation at that time. Main highways and most by-ways were closed. On one day mail went out to only six of the county's 36 post offices. Tall tales were told of the kind experienced Southwesterners have learned not to reject too quickly, even when they are as tall as Rex Clark's silo story. Clark said the flood picked up a cement silo from one of his Mission Valley ranches and set it down upright, with contents intact, on another of his ranches a mile distant.

Lower Otay Reservoir on Dulzura Creek filled to the lip of its spillway and started flowing over.

With the rains that started on the 10th, it became apparent that people were interested in the activities of Hatfield. The *Union's* main headline of the 17th read: "Is Rainmaker at Work?"

Unfortunately it was not possible to get the kind of details a newspaper story needs in such a situation. The obvious need was a description of the tower and the activities around it, together with interviews with the busy rainmakers. By the time it became apparent that this was a big story—science or not—the roads were impassable. Through telephone calls to the Swensons the *Union* was able to report on the 17th:

The mysterious Hatfield, rainmaker, was said to be particularly active in the vicinity of Morena Sunday.... While engaged in his experiments, Hatfield is not altogether sociable, but persons watching his work from a distance said he seemed to be on the job at all hours of the day and considers the downpour due to his efforts. Incidentally, it was said that Hatfield himself is getting a good soaking.

Hatfield's scheme was on almost every tongue yesterday. Many were inclined to jest, but all agreed that things were going his way.

Nimmo's office pointed out that the storm was general along the West Coast, which did not fully explain the proportions of the San Diego County rainfall.

The sun came out indecisively and repair crews went to work on railways and highways. By the 24th automobiles were able to drive north on the inland highway, but the damaged rail lines and the coast highway could not be repaired that quickly.

Nimmo on the evening of January 25 anticipated rain next day. He was right, and as a conventional general storm approaching from the northwest it was a heavy one. But according to the Weather Bureau's later analysis it was overlapped by another and more rare type of rainstorm that affected the San Diego area—a storm from farther south in the Pacific. The distinction was lost on plain people, who viewed it as one terrifying rain.

It was worst in the back country, but in San Diego it was frightening enough. A veritable river rushed out of the canyons of Balboa Park, down Fifteenth Street, requiring pedestrian ferry service by a horse-drawn fire wagon. The confused stray animals and the pelting rain made a strange noise, night and day. Business was suspended and nothing was normal. People gathered at Mission Cliffs Gardens and other vantage points overlooking Mission Valley to watch the strange torrent pitch, roll and toss.

The Santa Fe bridge spans only the normal channel of the river, and even that is usually dry. With the valley running full from mesa to mesa, railroad crews weighted down the bridge with loaded freight cars and relieved pressure by cutting the dirt fill approaches on both sides. Water then flowed around as well as under the bridge, which stood isolated in midstream. City crews tried to save the approaches to the new concrete bridge on the coast highway, assuming the bridge itself could stand the strain. They piled the approaches with sand bags, so effectively that the unrelieved pressure of the stream lifted the concrete spans off their piers and left them fallen, broken and askew.

Corresponding episodes took place where other rivers and creeks came out of the interior to the sea. The coast highway and Santa Fe rail line were cut in several places. When the flow of a stream increased rapidly it developed a wall of water advancing downstream. The Fallbrook station in the canyon of the Santa Margarita River and the house of the station master were carried away. Miles of the Fallbrook branch line were destroyed and rolling stock isolated.

Debris of all kinds including broken parts of buildings, piled up 20 feet high at obstructions on the beaches at the mouths of canyons.

The adobe bell tower at the Pala mission outpost in the valley of the San Luis Rey River, a relic of Spanish times, was undermined and toppled. More than 200 bridges were washed out. Roads were severed in places where no noticeable water channel existed. Landslides were greatest in the vicinity of Dulzura summit above the doomed Lower Otay Lake.

R. C. Wueste, superintendent of the city impounding system, was worried about Lower Otay from the start of the second storm. The lake was already full and the stream in the spillway began to rise. For the better part of the two days the spillway managed it, but precariously.

Soon after 4 p. m. on the 27th, Wueste walked along the dam from the north to the south side. At 4:30 the first tiny stream trickled across the middle. Wueste had to jump a sizeable stream a few minutes later when he returned to the north side. It was cutting into the two feet of earth and gravel that lay on top of the coarser rock and earth. With the soft top gone and more than two feet of water pouring over, the momentum of the flowing lake was added to the cutting force. The heavy rock fill was soon tumbling. When Wueste next looked at his watch it was 5:05. The dam was disintegrating rapidly.

It had been built with concrete abutments, to which a wall of thin steel plate was anchored as a core for the fill material. Wueste described the flow as a torrent, not a waterfall, rushing through the breach and into the narrow gorge below. The principal noise was made by the torn remainder of the steel plate, banging against the rocks.

Downstream the released head of water behaved characteristically. Although not released through a toppling wall but as a rapidly increasing flow, its advancing front soon took the shape of a wall of water. It was 40 feet high, someone said, and the figure appeared in print next day—40 feet high and no one testified it was not. It must have looked that high and it might have been. It roared like a passing train with a monumental roll of thunder in the background. When the headwall passed, the pursuing current raged and boiled. Hitting obstructions it shot spray hundreds of feet upwards, some of it seeming to merge with the overcast sky.

Wueste had dispatched four men down the valley to warn the several hundred who lived there. Others from San Diego were trying to warn those who had telephones. F. E. Baird, one of the messengers, saw the headwall approaching when he was six miles below the dam. He cleared its main impact, but was caught in the following rise. He reached safety after swimming and clinging to trees.

Next morning Don Stewart, then city treasurer and a Naval Reserve officer, went out onto San Diego Bay off the mouth of Otay River. There he saw many small boats, manned by Japanese who lived in Otay Valley. Isolated from the general population, telling its troubles to no one, the Japanese colony was searching for its dead.

On the beach the flood had fanned out and made a delta several hundred yards wide covered with debris. There, rolled up and battered, was the bulk of the sheet core from the dam, twelve miles distant.

How many lives were lost, Japanese and other, was promptly confused among newspaper headlines and counter-headlines. When the flood subsided the *Union* sought to encourage visitors to come to the exposition. In the excitement it had been forgotten that the nation was listening and San Diego was being made to seem impossible to reach and extremely dangerous on arrival. In the manner of newspapers of the day, the *Union* accused the Scripps-owned *Sun* and the *United Press* of frightening the East with scare headlines announcing as many as 65 dead. The *Sun* replied in kind.

The coroner's office on the 28th had estimated the dead at 50. Later estimates have placed it in the vicinity of 20 and some lower. This refers only to deaths resulting from the dam failure.

The fund started for the relief of the Little Landers expanded into a larger appeal for the relief of the disaster victims throughout the county.

In the listing of the casualties, bizarre events, damages and ironies, one item is almost never omitted. Jim Coffroth, a show-type personality and erstwhile boxing promoter, had finished construction of his new Tijuana race track. On the eve of its opening the flood overran it, making channels across the track and entering the buildings. The opening was postponed for weeks.

From Morena Dam between the big rains, Charley Hatfield telephoned San Diego and was quoted by the *Union*: "I understand the newspapers are saying I didn't make the rain. All I have to say is that Morena has had 17½ inches of rain in the last five days and that beats any similar record for the place that I have been able to find."

That was the last remark directly attributed to him until after the storm. He may have been in touch with his mother-in-law and Fred Binney, each of whom issued a statement that appeared to have knowledge of his wants and intentions.

Mrs. Rulon said, as Charley had said many times himself, that her son-inlaw did not "make" rain, but released it when conditions were favorable. She also said: "If Morena has overflowed we may expect him shortly. If it has not, he will remain until it does."

Binney in a letter to the *Union* said that Lake Cuyamaca, higher in the mountains, usually had 36 inches of rain in a year compared to Morena's 21-1/2. But up to the 27th Cuyamaca was still 4.79 short of its yearly average while Morena had exceeded its by 4.50.

"Here we have scientific proof," he explained, and expanded on the theme. The *Union* was accustomed to him and his letters. This one it entitled: "What Hatfield Has Done, as F. A Binney Sees It."

One of the many telephone messages Mrs. Swenson relayed to Charley was from a man she assumed was his attorney. It might have been Fred Binney. The voice advised him to go back to San Diego at once and sign an agreement with the council, without which he would not be paid. Charley did not appear to take the message seriously.

Charley and Joel had cleared the brush from the soft ground under and near their tower. With a hand rake they frequently combed the ground immediately under the platform, leading Mrs. Swenson to suppose they were trying to avoid identification of their chemical. When the Swensons approached the tower, Charley would come down the ladder or emerge from the tent, to meet them some 20 feet away. This they found to be amusing, being sure they could not identify anything so mysterious, but they kept their respectful distance.

Of many conversations with Charley, Mrs. Swenson remembers most vividly one during the first of the two storms. She said, "It's sure raining now!" and Charley replied, "You haven't seen anything yet. Wait two weeks and it will really rain."

When the big storm got underway on the 26th the telephone failed, but not before Mrs. Swenson received a message for her husband from George Cromwell, city engineer and Wueste's

superior. The city council, he said, was determined to impound all possible water. Swenson was instructed to keep the spillway gates closed until the water level reached the very top. The gates when closed were virtually as high as the dam itself.

All day on the 26th the rain came down heavily and steadily, out of a light gray sky. It was odd, the Swensons noted, that the overcast did not seem heavy and dark, notwithstanding the downpour.

Toward midnight the lake level was rising faster. Swenson gauged it frequently and timed its rise at two feet per hour. Considering the expanse of the lake, this must have required an enormous inflow. Enough engineers' conversation had rubbed off on Swenson to indicate that the problem involved common sense. He estimated that the spillway, even wide open, would not handle the flow at the rate the lake was rising. The telephone being out, he decided to use his own judgment.

Just before midnight, with the lake level still twelve feet below the spillway lip, (according to his recollection a little over 40 years later) he rowed to the outlet tower, climbed the outside and descended the slippery inside ladder to open two 24-inch outlet valves, far below the surface. Despite this outflow, the level continued to rise rapidly, and continued to rise after spilling started. By dawn the spillway was an impressive waterfall, with nearly five feet of water tumbling over its crest.

Topping the upstream face of the dam was a coping, two feet high, intended more as a guard rail than as a part of the dam. With all the outflow, the water level at daylight on the 27th was only five inches below the top of the coping. By virtue of this scant five inches, Morena Dam and many human lives were saved.

For the rest of his life, Charley Hatfield claimed that more than enough water flowed over the dam in the next few days to have filled Morena a second time. With this the Swensons agree, and it must have seemed that way, although the estimate of the San Diego water department is that only a little over three billion gallons spilled in the month of January. Overflowing continued into April, however.

Charley and Joel stayed at the lake until three days after the storm. They had reduced the tower to a neat pile of lumber and had carefully raked the ground where it had stood.

On the 30th the telephone in the Swensons' cottage came to life again and a message was relayed from Dulzura headquarters below and to the west. Then they heard that Lower Otay Dam was gone and that damage throughout the back country was unbelievable. Someone was even talking of organizing a party to come up to Morena and lynch Hatfield.

How seriously to take that report was a question, but for all the Swensons knew, their informant seemed to be serious. Charley had seemed in no hurry to leave, but when they told him what they had heard he decided to go at once, on foot. Swenson pointed out the trail leading down the canyon from the dam. As he watched them go he saw two men far below, upward bound on the same trail. They proved to be Wueste and Cromwell, and when they arrived, Wueste asked for Hatfield.

When Swenson expressed surprise that they had not met on the trail, Wueste recalled seeing downward bound footprints and wondering why they had not met the men who made them. Charley and Joel had evidently gone off the trail to dodge the unknown upward bound men.

Wueste and Cromwell arrived in time to cope with a new threat to the dam. The east wind had blown to the spillway everything that floated—dead trees and brush, fence posts, dismembered barns and outhouses and other lumber. It formed a heavy jam covering the narrow neck of the lake in front of the dam. It blocked much of the overflow, and the lake level was rising.

A guard of steel rails had been installed on the lake side of the spillway to keep the debris away from the lip. Instead the pressure had forced the debris under and against the guard rails, forming a semi-effective water seal.

Cromwell walked nine miles through mud to Campo where he obtained dynamite and recruited men from an immobilized railroad construction crew. Two sticks of dynamite broke the jam, and the crew was put to work building a road to the dam, the old one having been covered by the risen lake.

Wueste and Cromwell and other engineers agreed that Swenson's judgment and action, contrary to instructions, saved the dam.

It took Charley and Joel two days to cover the 60 miles to San Diego, walking all the way, fording fast streams and climbing in and out of new gullies. They stayed overnight at Jamul.

Charley held a press conference in Fred Binney's office on the afternoon of February 4, explaining that he and Joel had arrived tired the day before and had taken a night's rest and cleaned up. In the group photo taken at the conference all three seemed well rested, well scrubbed and happy as larks.

Charley may have felt out the state of the public mind before he made a public appearance. He was surprised at the devastation and did not entirely discount the lynch threat. By the time of the press conference, however, he was aware that his chief enemies were those who proposed to deny payment of his fee on the ground that he had nothing to do with the rain.

VI. SAN DIEGO'S DILEMMA

For a man of Cosgrove's shrewdness and combative instinct, Charley Hatfield was a sitting duck. Charley's contracts would have distressed any attorney who tried to have them enforced at law. They were designed, if the word applies at all, principally for selling, as indicated by the contract title at Hemet: "Four Inches of Rain for \$4,000; No Rain, No pay."

Perhaps a lawyer might have designed one with fewer holes. It might have been stipulated that performance was established if a specific amount of rain fell while Charley was functioning, without qualification as to cause. With dry farmers he probably got more contracts and more fees by his own way of putting it. They understood that he would do his work, whatever it was, and that if the agreed amount of rain fell they would pay. That was enough for most of them, and those who dodged paying did not have to hire lawyers to shoot holes in the contracts. He never sued

Barnett & Gude, H. E. Memory, H. G. Ackley and others stand sponsor to this commander of nature.

It was no credulous account, but rainmakers were a discredited lot. They had had their vogue in the Midwest in the 1880's and 1890's. The ancient world had known a theory that noxious fumes, such as the stench of bodies after a major battle, caused rain. After artillery became a significant part of war, Benvenuto Cellini wrote of explosions causing rain. This theory lasted several centuries and explained, to the satisfaction of some, the storm that handicapped the Spanish Armada and the mud at Waterloo. It was Americanized after the Civil War by a man named Edward Powers, who wrote *War and The Weather* contending that most of the Civil War battles caused rain. Then there was a belief that prairie fires caused rain and that the Chicago fire drenched itself, although tardily.

Congress, pressed by influential senators who owned Western land and hoped there might be something to it, spent over \$20,000 testing the explosion theory by some spectacular Texas balloon busting and cannonading, supervised by a flamboyant character named Robert St. George Dyrenforth. The explosion theory faded out after that, but the fume theory returned. A whole school of rainmakers practiced in the Midwest, each with a secret formula.

The biggest names among the fume men were those of Frank Melbourne, known as the Australian Wizard, and G. B. Jewell, who operated originally under auspices of the Rock Island Railroad and practiced from a specially equipped boxcar. These men never operated in California, but in 1899 one of Jewell's disciples sought a rainmaking contract at Pasadena. In 1900 another persuaded a group of San Diegans to pay the cost of sending aloft the fumes of zinc dissolved in sulphuric acid, and this was described as the great Jewell's secret formula.

There had been three terrible years of drouth at the end of the century, drying up irrigation canals in the Central Valley and leaving Southern California as brown in winter as in summer. Now, in January 1904, no rain had fallen since early December and precious little since the previous spring. Matters were so bad that Catholic and Protestant churches appealed through the newspapers for a day of prayer for rain on Sunday, January 31.

In the brown Los Angeles hinterland no one was far removed from the traditional grazing economy. Jotham Bixby, the big cattleman of Long Beach, complained in the public prints: "This is the first time since 1872 that we have not had any green grass at this time of year." Those who looked far ahead were talking, quietly as yet, about a preposterously long aqueduct from Owens River Valley, but for the present there was water in the city mains, as far as they reached.

Hatfield set up shop two days after the day of prayer. In another two days there was rain in the northern part of the state, but forecaster George E. Franklin of the Los Angeles office of the U. S. Weather Bureau predicted there would be none for Los Angeles. He was wrong. At 6 o'clock that evening it started raining heavily, continuing off and on for the rest of the night and most of the following week. It rained well over an inch downtown, more in the foothills.

Franklin explained that it was the tail-end of the Northern California storm that had come over the Tehachapi. Still there was the coincidence that it had followed quickly after Hatfield's presumed activity.

anyone except the City of San Diego, and that half-heartedly.

In the February 4 press conference Charley reviewed his career and as much concerning his ideas and methods as he was willing to disclose. Again he said he would be willing to give his secret to the U.S. government. When Fred Binney tried to enter the conversation, he firmly kept on talking.

How much time had he spent on the job at Morena?

Charley would not tell, but he pointed out that he had spent his own money and added that he would have continued to do so for the full year of the contract if filling Morena had taken that long. Now he expected the city to pay as agreed.

There were reports that the council did not intend to pay. Would Charley sue?

He said he did not want to cross that bridge before he reached it. He assumed the council would pay according to the agreement.

If Hatfield had caused the rain, then why had it also rained all along the coast, beyond the claimed limits of his influence?

Charley said it usually rains more in Los Angeles than in San Diego. This time it was the other way around. He did not claim to be a rainmaker, but only that he could increase the amount.

The questioners were primed with the city's tactical line:

If Hatfield were to get credit for the rain, would he accept liability for the damage?

Charley said the benefits would exceed the damages, and that the benefits included not only the water but the employment in repairing roads and bridges, which would put money into circulation and stimulate business. He was an economist ahead of his time!

How about the deaths?

Charley said the deaths were deplorable, but he did not feel responsible.

From the press conference Charley proceeded not to the city treasurer but to the man everybody said he had to see—City Attorney Cosgrove. That gentleman was cordial, businesslike, and disarming. He advised Charley to file a written statement setting forth in detail what he claimed to have accomplished, in how much time. In short, what exactly did he expect to be paid for?

Charley had always been willing, for simplicity's sake and good salesmanship, to allow clients to think he had caused the entire rain by himself. If challenged with the observation that rain had been general and that rains had been known to fall without his help, he was quick to deflate the challenge, not to counter it.

The payoff point in Hatfield contracts was usually set above normal expectancy, and this was especially true of all three propositions offered to the San Diego city council. His pay was

conditional on an extraordinary amount of rain. Oddly, it appeared that the council had accepted the alternative that involved least rainfall. During that eventful January, according to city water department records, 28.01 inches fell at Morena and that amount caused a tremendous overflow. If 50 inches had fallen, as provided by either of the alternative propositions, the theoretical results are too horrifying to contemplate.

Charley's claim was seven pages long and consisted largely of sales talk. He argued that while he was operating the city had only three days of sunshine. Since he stopped, the sun had been shining daily. He said the council would be dishonorable to evade payment by reason of the city attorney's failure to draw up a written contract as he had been instructed.

Possibly Charley was disarmed by Cosgrove's gentle approach. Indeed Cosgrove even appeared to be completely understanding about Charley's right to the secrecy of his method. In any case Charley made the mistake of attempting to put on paper what he had always managed to keep conveniently indistinct, probably in his own mind as well as in the minds of his clients. He claimed to have been directly responsible for four billion gallons of what ran into Morena.

The climax came when Charley appeared before a council conference February 17. Mayor Edwin Capps asked him to state his business. He said: "The essence of my contract was to fill Morena Reservoir. That has been done. I have fulfilled my contract and I desire that the city should fulfill its contract to pay me \$10, 000."

"How much," asked Cosgrove, "do you claim to have put into Morena?"

Charley had already put his foot into it in writing, and he repeated verbally: "Four billion gallons, if not more."

"But you agreed to put in 10 billion gallons," said Cosgrove. Charley was indeed bound up in a contradiction of his own making. He answered:

"There were five billion gallons when I started work and it required 15 billions to fill the reservoir. I claim that through the instrumentality of my work four billion gallons were put into the reservoir and the other was the indirect result of my work."

This was too easy. Charley was already in a bad position and Cosgrove pushed him harder: "You want the city to pay you only for what you yourself did? You do not want the city to pay you for what nature did, do you?"

" No."

"Well, why do you ask the city to pay you for 10 billion gallons when you put in only four billion gallons?"

The inept opponent was vanquished as the attorney turned in triumph to the council:

"According to his own statements, this man has admitted that he put only four billion gallons of water into the reservoir. He offered to deliver 10 billion gallons. Therefore he had not fulfilled his contract, and there is no liability on the part of the city. He should have waited until he fulfilled his

contract."

Councilman Moore did not like to argue with a man so sharp and so emphatic as young Cosgrove, but he had a dogged sense of honesty.

"If Morena overflowed," he said, "I think he should be paid his money."

Cosgrove fixed Moore, and through him any other vacillator, with a stern look and proceeded:

"If I give a ruling it will be based solely upon the facts as shown by the records, and not upon any understanding or upon anybody's sympathy. The records all show that Hatfield made three propositions to the city. The first was to fill Morena for \$10,000; the second was to produce 40 inches of rain gratis and to receive \$1,000 an inch for every inch between 40 and 50 inches and the third was to produce 30 inches of rain gratis and to receive \$500 an inch for every inch between 30 and 50 inches. The resolution which was passed by the council simply said that Hatfield's offer was accepted, but it did not say which of the propositions was accepted.

"This gentleman, according to my opinion, cannot collect his money in the courts. Under the constitution and the statutes of the state and the charter of the city, a claim that is unenforceable is invalid."

So the council voted to refer the matter to the city attorney, which meant to deny payment. Moore said nothing further, but Benbough spoke in the simpler language of the council's discussions with Charley. He said: "Four councilmen voted to accept the man's proposition and told him to go ahead. He ought to be paid."

For such disputations Charley had neither ability nor stomach. He was best when he held forth in his own terms on his own claims. Most of those who talked to him for any reasonable length of time were convinced that he had convinced himself.

Of course the reasons for refusing to pay Charley, as every San Diegan knows, was that if Charley really caused the rain then the city presumably could be held responsible for the damage it caused.

It might have been interesting if Charley had retained an equally bellicose lawyer to insist as Councilmen Moore and Benbough insisted that a contract was in force regardless of the absence of a written version. Ultimately Cosgrove and Higgins did draft one in writing, although probably only for display purposes. It was never presented to the council or Hatfield for approval. Higgins wrote, years later, that it was based on the alternative of filling Morena Reservoir rather than on the fall of 50 inches of rain. Despite Cosgrove's quibble, they too understood as Charley and the newspapers and the council understood, which proposition had been accepted.

If Charley's verbal deal with the council was a deal at all, it is hard to imagine what evidence of performance could have been given other than the simple fact of Morena's overflow. If Charley had made a fuzzy contract, so had the city council. It is doubtful that any of them reasoned in the four-to-one vote as Cosgrove reasoned after the fact. Who wanted Morena to overflow more than it had already?

Charley got an attorney to file suit, but the suit appeared to be merely an effort to urge settlement. He had already offered to compromise for \$4,000. Later the attorney implied a willingness to settle for even less.

Then, said Higgins, he and Cosgrove offered to recommend that the city pay all of the \$10,000 if Charley would sign a statement assuming responsibility for the flood, absolving the city. One might wonder what would have been the outcome if Charley had solemnly signed such a statement and accepted the \$10,000. If a damage suit had prevailed and if Hatfield had been without assets to cover, would the city have been liable anyway? It is a matter for speculation only. Charley refused to sign.

Perhaps on examining the performance of legal counsel it is fair only to ask if the client was victorious. San Diego and most of Cosgrove's clients were. Three years later he resigned as city attorney and entered private practice in Los Angeles. As Southern California's best known water specialist, he served many clients in a long and distinguished career. Among his greater victories was the triumph for his client and former employer, the City of San Diego, in the Paramount Rights Case completed in 1926.

Ultimately two damage suits against San Diego in the matter of the Hatfield flood reached trial, under change of venue. Courts in Orange and San Bernardino Counties ruled that the rain was an act of God, not of Hatfield. However, the city made cash settlements to some claimants who were willing to settle out of court. Altogether, it was not Cosgrove's most brilliant undertaking, but who would have expected it to rain like that?

He himself was soon removed from the Hatfield problem by affairs of greater moment. Shelley Higgins continued as assistant city attorney through the Hatfield flood cases. It was Higgins who had to defend the city and it was Higgins who had to explain and find dignity in the Cosgrove-Higgins role, where there was really no dignity to be found. He worked very hard at it.

Charley's suit against the city lingered on the court calendar nearly twenty-two years and finally was dismissed in 1938 for lack of prosecution.

For most modern San Diegans, the refusal to pay was justified in view of the damage suits against the city, of which there could have been many more. Still it does seem a pity to some that Charley could not have been paid, since he did seem to make good on the kind of deal the council made with him.

Possibly it is this touch of bad conscience that accounts for a verbal tradition in San Diego that Charley was paid \$5,000 from an under-the-table fund the city fathers maintained for confidential purposes best understood by practicing politicians. But Charley was scrupulous. Higgins himself had testified to the refusal of one back door payment proposition. If Charley had taken any payment he probably would not have continued to say, as he did, that the city had not paid him.

"To this day," he told a newspaper reporter 30 years later, "I've never felt right about that San Diego city council." For him it was a strongly worded complaint.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

The San Diego City Council discussions with and about Hatfield, including the direct quotations, are based principally on contemporary news stories from the *San Diego Union*. The Union of January 21, 1951, is the source of Al Wueste's recollection of the failure of Lower Otay Dam.

Paul Hatfield of Pearblossom, Calif., brother of the rainmaker, supplied dates, locations and routine details on all the Hatfield rainmaking engagements. At most of them, but not at Morena Reservoir, he was his brother's helper.

Three eye witnesses to the 1916 floods were especially helpful through personal interviews. Don Stewart, former San Diego city councilman, city treasurer and postmaster, was interviewed on August 20, 1958, in Riverside. He was the most informative of a delegation from the San Diego History Center, the other members of which were Edgar F. Hastings, Joe Silvers and Wilmer B. Shields. Stewart especially recalled Fred A. Binney. The other two key recollections came from Seth and Maggie Swenson, who tended the dam at Morena Reservoir. They were interviewed, probably no later than 1959, at their home in San Diego.

Rainfall figures were obtained from or checked against *Climatological Data*, published by the Department of Commerce.

The following books were consulted with particular reference to the Hatfield story: McGrew, Clarence A., *San Diego and San Diego County*, American Historical Society, N.Y., 1922; Hopkins, Harry C., *History of San Diego*, City Printing Co., San Diego; Higgins, Shelley, *This Fantastic City*; Hensley, H. C., *Early San Diego*, Vol III (in ms. form, San Diego Public Library).

Thomas W. Patterson's article on Charles M. Hatfield's activities relating to San Diego and the disastrous floods of 1916 is part of a 43,000-word manuscript in which Patterson analyzes the myths and legends, and evaluates the facts in Hatfield's interesting career as rainmaker.

Mr. Patterson is a newspaper reporter. In 1945 he worked for the *San Diego Journal*, and since 1946 he has been a reporter for the *Riverside Press Enterprise*. He was born on April 1, 1909, in Yuma, Arizona.

Mr. Patterson is also the author of *Landmarks of Riverside* and co-author of *Riverman, Desertman* (on Palo Alto Valley), both of which have been published by the Press Enterprise Company.

Mr. Patterson was recently honored by the San Diego History Center at their Second Annual Institute of History for his contributions to San Diego history through the Hatfield article.

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The newspapers had almost forgotten the prayers as a possible cause. All of them saw fit to mention Hatfield and his manipulations, but the *Herald* left no bases uncovered, saying:

In answer to the prayers of the church, as a result of Rainmaker Hatfield's manipulation or from natural causes, rain began falling last evening....

The coincidence was so interesting that the papers did not drop it for several days. Although they could not find Hatfield, the *Herald* located friends who believed he set up a tank on a high point near Newhall. They understood he mixed chemicals and sent vapor into the clouds, requiring not less than three hours or more than five days to bring rain. This last was stressed in all reports—five days, not more.

The papers also learned that Hatfield was a young man and a sewing machine salesman. The *Times* located the family home in Inglewood, but the rainmaker was not there and the family did not know or would not tell where he was. The *Times* photographed his mother and printed her statement:

The people's prayers for rain have been answered through my son. For five years he has studied alone against prejudices. His determination is simply marvelous. Some divine power must aid him.

The rainmaker's base of operation was neither at Pasadena nor Newhall. It was midway between the two at the foot of the present New York Avenue in La Crescenta. There in the brush country at the base of the mountains a tower some 20 feet high had been erected, surmounted by a platform 10 feet square. What appears in photographs to resemble a fume hood, somewhat narrower than those over stoves or laboratory cookers, protruded several feet upward from the platform. Beside it was a small pedestal surmounted by a narrow can—a rain gauge. At the base of the tower, Charley Hatfield and his young brother Paul camped in a tent.

Hatfield might have been seen, but for the isolation of the place, first helping to build the tower, then climbing up and down the ladder carrying loads. For hours at a time he might have been seen busy with something near the fume hood, out of the line of vision of anyone watching from the ground nearby.

He was 28, thin and of medium height. His hair was thinning slightly in front and receding at the corners. His face was narrow and the impression was sharpened by a long, thin nose. He wore a business suit as though he were in an office or ringing a doorbell in search of a sewing machine prospect. Before he was long in camp his suit had sadly lost its press and sometimes was soaked with rain.

Paul, a boy of 17, was working equally hard—fetching, carrying, tending the camp and caring for the horses.

An elderly Englishman named Metcalf had a cabin a quarter mile away from which he tended a bee apiary. When he called at the tower to pay his respects and possibly to promote a conversation, Charley and Paul were too busy for more than a casual greeting. Later, after a walk, they returned to find Metcalf inside their tent. Charley promptly ordered him out. When

Metcalf protested that his intentions were friendly and sociable, in keeping with Western custom, Paul leveled the shotgun and commanded, with all the authority a youth could muster, "Get out of here!"

A week after they arrived, with the rain stopped, Charley and Paul dismantled the tower and stowed the lumber and some heavy trunks and the tent into their wagon. They drove southeasterly, following the dirt road that is now Honolulu Avenue, to Verdugo Road, then turned onto Colorado Avenue where they stopped at the little grocery operated by Joe Olivas. Charley bought a *Times* and for the first time saw himself discussed in a news story. Despite the doubting tone, it did report that Hatfield had gone forth and that rain had fallen. They drove on to Inglewood.

II. THE SEWING MACHINE SALESMAN

Charley and Paul went back to their routine at the Robert B. Moorhead Agency, dealer in New Home Sewing Machines, 349 South Spring Street. Within the year reporters would be seeking the rainmaker in greater excitement than ever, but in the spring, summer and fall of 1904 he was back in the business where he had been recognized as a young man with a big future. His salary then, or so he said a few months later, was \$125 a month, a very respectable figure in 1904.

He was city manager, supervising other salesmen including Paul. For a brief interlude their father, Stephen E. Hatfield, was also working in the office of his old friend Bob Moorhead, who was one of the sponsors of Hatfield's efforts to produce rain at La Crescenta.

Stephen Hatfield had owned a sewing machine agency in Fort Scott, Kansas. He sold it in 1875, the year Charley was born, then moved with his family to Minneapolis where he built homes and traded in real estate. Late in 1886 they moved to San Diego, then enjoying a boom as the original Pacific Coast terminus of the Santa Fe railroad. Among his San Diego operations was the building of three substantial homes at Sixteenth and Broadway, one of which the family occupied for a time.

The Hatfield brothers all learned to take sewing machine heads apart, adjust or repair them. Nevertheless, for the greater part of his economic life the elder Hatfield engaged in building and trading property.

Charley and his elder brother, Stephen G., were born in Fort Scott. Paul and the only daughter, Phoebe, were born in Minneapolis. Joel, the youngest, was born in San Diego. Young Charley, aged 11, became Newsboy No. 9 for Hanley's News-stand at Fifth and F Streets, selling the *San Diego Union*. He made big money when Gen. John A. Logan, founder of the GAR, died on December 26, 1886. Charley sold 65 newspapers bearing that headline.

The San Diego boom fell off after 1886 when the Santa Fe reached Los Angeles, opening its rate-cutting war with the Southern Pacific. Los Angeles then experienced its wildest real estate boom while San Diego felt cruelly sold out.

The Hatfields acquired ten acres at Melrose and Vermont Avenues, far out west and north of Los Angeles, in 1890. The beach cities farther west were well established by then. Hollywood was

only an unsuccessful subdivision and other in-between areas were beginning to acquire a scattering of people in place of cattle and sheep. The Hatfields with their imposing suburban house, surrounded by a young orchard, were the second family to live in what was then called Cahuenga Valley. In 1893 they sold and moved to Mission Road in South Pasadena and from there to Pasadena. In that area Charley finished his formal schooling by attending high school. There also, filled with the nation's surge of patriotic fervor and notwithstanding a Quaker background, Charley tried to enlist for the 1898 war with Spain. He was rejected as too thin to be a soldier.

By that time he was a full-time salesman, but he had a consuming side interest. In the pursuit of it he haunted the Pasadena and Los Angeles public libraries, pouring over tables of rainfall statistics and probably reading popular disputations about the science discredited rainmakers. He was impressed most, according to his later recollections, by a book named *Elementary Meteorology* by the Harvard professor of geology and science popularizer, William Morris Davis.

In later years, Hatfield repeatedly gave his reason for dedicating himself to rainmaking. He said he was prompted by the terrible years of drouth near the end of the century. In fact, drouth had been chronic since the mid-nineties despite occasional local floods and passable seasons. The suffering was not confined to those who lived on farms or herded grazing animals. It reached into business, town and family life.

Hatfield denied that his rainmaking method was akin to any other, old-time or contemporary. Nevertheless he was well acquainted with the big rainmaking names of the past. He was familiar with Edward Powers' *War and the Weather—The Artificial Production of Rain*, which served as the chief inspiration to that movement. He would have known of the publicized efforts of the G. B. Jewell disciple, W B. Hughes, to secure a contract from Pasadena in 1899. Secretary Frank Wiggins of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce rejected Hughes' offer to work for a fee of \$5,000.

Hatfield often told how he first tried his own theories. The Hatfield family had taken up residence in 1902 on a ranch in Gopher Canyon at Bonsall in northern San Diego County. Charley remained a resident of Los Angeles, but he performed his first rainmaking from the top of the windmill tower on the ranch. Its use might have been suggested by earlier towers in Europe from which explosions were set off.

Later there were reports that Hatfield himself had set off explosions at Bonsall and the reports were to persist for years. He always denied it and the stories lack confirmation. One account persisting in many versions quotes Fred Hanson, a longtime friend of the Hatfields. It relates that Mrs. Hatfield mysteriously referred to explosions and said that some day her son would be a great man. Hanson, in a letter in 1958, said he could recall hearing nothing about explosions. Charley consistently said he evaporated a fluid from shallow pans.

There is no doubt, however, that Mrs. Hatfield thought her second son would be a great man, and later that he had indeed become great. Charley had a self-assured rather than a boastful manner. More than one acquaintance of his early rainmaking years, Fred Hanson included, recalled later that he had an almost religious zeal. Not that he claimed special dispensation or higher calling. He did have the attitude of a man with a mission. Those who could not be

convinced, he allowed to go in error rather than labor to correct them. He never condemned.

The Hatfields were proud of their lineage, which was traceable for some 300 years. They carried their Quaker beliefs into manners and morality. They were in firm disagreement with one forbear, Elder Elias Hicks who founded the Hicksite sect of Quakers. They favored the orthodox outlook.

Quakers, especially orthodox ones, held tenaciously to the doctrine of individuality. The teachings of George Fox, founding theorist, were strong with the Reformation spirit, decrying a conventional authority and proclaiming the wisdom of the individual's own interpretation of the Scriptures.

To be sure, a Quaker was expected to bring every revelation of a religious character to meeting and submit it to his peers, who might dissuade him. But Quakers also set themselves apart in manners and dress, resisting easier ways of those not subject to the discipline. Some carried the doctrine of individuality into secular matters, with a strong sense of being right. Certain tough-minded Quakers had reputations for inveterate individualistic views on politics, science, commerce or the state of the nation.

Young Charley conducted himself in the business world with application, diligence and neatness becoming a gentleman and a Quaker. His suit was always pressed, his linen fresh and his manner alert as he went about his selling. While the practice of business could be combative and deceptive, Charley sold an honest product in an approved way. On the other hand he knew that business does not operate by Sunday school rules. Fred Hanson once asked him what he did when a house was posted "No Peddlers or Agents" and when the woman of the house inquired if he could not read. Charley replied that he would say, "Yes, but I don't believe in signs," and added that he had sold more than one sewing machine following just such an introduction.

The elder Hatfield wore the traditional broad Quaker hat to church. The Hatfields attended traditional meetings where men and women sat on opposite sides. Charley attended regularly as a boy. Although he was seldom seen in church after 30, his strong sense of being right remained with him.

There was no public knowledge of Charley's doings on Bonsall tower and probably there was no surprise at several small showers that fell in parts of the coastal region of San Diego County in April and May of 1902. In July, however, .92 of an inch fell in San Diego. That was rare, although old-timers know that if it rains at all in July in Southern California it's likely to rain hard. Charley later said it was his work, based on his own theories, that caused all the spring and summer rains in the coastal San Diego area.

Before he took his first paid engagement early in 1904, Charley built, with Paul's help, at least three other towers for experimentation. The first and most successful, according to Charley, was near the mouth of Big Tujunga Canyon, November 6 through November 9, 1902. He said rains of three inches or more fell along the west-east line from La Crescenta through Pasadena, and 1.95 inches fell on downtown Los Angeles. Another higher tower was erected in Big Tujunga, near the present dam, and still another was at Inglewood, the Hatfield family home after Bonsall. At Inglewood he claimed to have induced a modest .43 inch in September, 1903....

III. WHIDDEN WAS A DOUBTER

Between the years 1903 in Bonsall where he performed his first rainmaking experiments and 1912 when he was invited by a group of ranchers in northern San Diego County to break a severe drouth, Charley Hatfield's activities carried him as far north as Alaska and all through central California. He achieved much success in the San Joaquin Valley "West Side" and in that part of the West Side between Los Banos at the foot of Pacheco Pass and Westley, some 40 miles to the north—including the towns of Volta, Gustine, Newman, Crows Landing and Patterson.

In 1907 Oregon's grain farmers called upon him for help. His reputation spread into Texas, Idaho, Arizona, Kansas and other areas west of the Mississippi River.

Still he never was far in heart from San Diego, for after Inglewood, in 1903, the elder Hatfields bought a home and olive grove at Fallbrook, ten miles north of the Bonsall Gopher Canyon ranch where Charley had experimented in 1902. A few years later he married a San Diego girl.

The year 1912 found him living in Fallbrook, near San Diego. He had two assignments during that time, at least one of which paid him more than he received for his most successful efforts in the San Joaquin Valley West Side. The first one was at Hemet, in northern San Diego County. The second was near Carlsbad, Texas, whose grain farmers, hearing of Charley's success at Hemet, wired him to come to Carlsbad to assist with their cotton crop farming, which drouth had hampered.

The invitation to make rain at Hemet came from Tommy Rawson, dominant personality among dry farmers. Several Rawson brothers together farmed some 15,000 acres. The initiative may have come from W. P. Whittier, the San Francisco investor and sportsman who founded Hemet. The two publicly announced men serving on the committee with Rawson were W. Alger Fast, manager of several of Whittier's Hemet enterprises, and John Shaver, longtime member of the county board of supervisors. Shaver lived in San Jacinto, the smaller and older town of the valley, where he ran a hardware store.

Up to March 1 it was an extremely dry season at most points in Southern California. Charley, at Hemet, February 21, in negotiation with Rawson, called to mind the great moistening of Los Angeles in 1904-05.

"Will you guarantee to produce rain?" asked the *Hemet News* reporter, to which Charley replied, "I certainly will, or it won't cost the people a cent."

He had prepared a draft contract, the heading of which put squarely the impression he wanted to convey: "Four Inches of Rain for Four Thousand Dollars. No Rain, No Pay." In it he agreed to set up a "rain precipitation and attraction plant" and to operate it from March 1 to May 1. For each inch of rain falling during that time he was to receive \$1,000, up to four inches. There would be no pay for any additional amount. Three gauges, one in Menifee Valley, one near San Jacinto and the third at the Hatfield tower were to govern the payoff. Signers were obtained to underwrite the \$4,000.

Charley returned to Hemet March 1. A. K. Whidden, county bee inspector, chanced to meet him in a lumberyard. It was already raining, a circumstance that scoffers assumed would be embarrassing to a rainmaker who hadn't yet started working.

"I wish I was out under this with my apparatus," Charley said, and Whidden asked, "What could you do?" Charley answered, "You may get three inches from this storm. I could give you three and a half." This was Whidden's recollection, in which he said he might not be exactly right as to the figures but was sure of the substance of the remarks. Whidden was a doubter, recalling that Charley "could talk more and say less than anyone I had ever known."

Whittier's carpenters built the tower at Little Lake, three miles southeast of the town. An inch had fallen before Charley proclaimed himself at work. Despite the unassisted start of the rain and Whidden's skepticism, Hemet harbored few publicly identified doubters. The *News* reported the rainmaking and the rain extensively, without a sour note. As to the rain itself, it was like Esperanza or one of the bigger years at Crows Landing.

Again the coincidence was repeated that rain elsewhere in Southern California was only average or less. Poor Crows Landing had a bad year. Hemet got 3.12 inches in April compared to a 40-year average for that month of 2.5. After his start of operations, Hatfield got credit for more than seven inches. In summation the *News* reported:

So well pleased are the ranchers in Mr. Hatfield's work here that he has been prevailed upon to store his apparatus in Hemet until next season, when he will likely come back and take a bigger contract...Mr. Hatfield has had 15 contracts...and he has not failed in one instance...(his theory) is proving beyond doubt that rain can be produced.

Charley did not return, possibly because Hemet was not troubled by drouth in the next several seasons. The receptacles he left behind were still on hand at the Rawson ranch in 1960, when a series of dry years and an ultra-dry one caused old-timers to recall the Hatfield visit.

Close on the heels of Hemet, from June 10 through July 22, the brothers practiced the art with the aid of three towers alongside a slough of the Concho River in Water Valley near Carlsbad, Texas.

Among Paul's troubles as a commissary chief at that location were the opossums that invaded the larder, reaching even the ham and bacon hanging on wire from the tent ridgepole, and Texas ants three quarters of an inch long.

Carlsbad, Texas is one of the Hatfield engagements where the published recollections, in spite of Hatfield's denials and other opposing evidence, have it that rocket-like streaks of smoke were seen and that balloons were exploded at high altitudes. There is basis for confusion of recollection. The Dyrenforth experiments of 1892-93 had started at Midland, Texas, including balloon explosions at high altitudes.

In 1910 and 1911 there were latterday experiments in rainmaking by explosions near Post City in the Texas Panhandle, north of Carlsbad. C. W. Post, the breakfast food man, owned a ranch

there and was impatient with drouth conditions. Several bombardments at widely spaced intervals brought no results. Finally in August of 1911 his men exploded 1,000 two-pound charges of dynamite in rapid succession, soon after which an inch of rain fell. Post claimed he was satisfied of success. He scheduled another demonstration for the spring of 1912 at Santa Barbara, Calif., but it didn't materialize.

The Hatfield records have it that 3.37 inches of rain fell at Carlsbad during the engagement there. The cotton crop should have thrived on that.

IV. COSGROVE'S DROUTH

Following his successful experiments in Texas, Charley came back to California and more particularly, to San Diego which was beginning to view its situation, water-wise. In rapid fashion the community, initially concerned about not enough water, switched to a worry about too much, after Charley was hired in December 1915, for soon after that came the disastrous floods of January 1916.

These floods left scars on the mountains and hills of San Diego County for years, and scoured river channels to bedrock. Washouts tore out miles of tracks and trains were stopped for 32 days. Highways and the telephone and telegraph were cut off, leaving only the sea for transportation and Marconi's wireless for direct communication.

Brush-covered hillsides, probably overgrazed, were saturated to the consistency of slush and the soil gave way in great slides. The scars permanently changed the contour of hills and disappeared only as new brush grew and the new contours became familiar. Springs previously unknown to the back country flowed for years afterward. Lower Otay Dam went out and loosed a flood that demolished everything in front of it. Many lives were lost.

Old residents with an ingrained habit of hoping for rain remember today that for the first time they were fearful. It seemed the rains would never end and the damage would never stop mounting. On the high land of San Diego itself life seemed to be perched, wet and insecure, above raging disaster. The San Diego River was a mile-wide torrent covering Mission Valley from the Kearny Mesa to the mesa of the city and sending back-waters between the jutting fingers of both. Great trees tumbled root over branch. Sticks of lumber, railroad ties and parts of houses floated crazily. Out of the gullies from the east and south came droves of cattle, horses, sheep and goats.

All of it would be known thereafter as Hatfield's flood, comparable only to San Diego's great flood of 1862 in stream flow. Despite the tragedy, it would also suggest the plot of comedies in which a little man made hocus pocus at the sky and the rain fell in torrents.

San Diego has since assumed the strained air of amused tolerance as it views the simplicity of its 1916 city council. No other government body except the rambunctious Yukon Territorial Council ever employed Hatfield. San Diego has a vague discomfort because it agreed to pay Charles M. Hatfield \$10,000 if Morena Reservoir was filled. Morena was filled until a thundering cataract went over the spillway, but San Diego behaved like the town of Hamlin after the deal with the Pied Piper.

"Haunted" Maya Underwater Cave Holds Human Bones nationalgeographic.com

A.R. Williams

Published January 16, 2014

A flooded sinkhole in southern Mexico so frightens nearby villagers that they won't go anywhere near it. The ancient Maya seem to have kept their distance too.

A recent underwater survey in the cavern, or cenote, located in Mexico's Yucatán, has found a likely reason for its fearsome reputation—the floors of its two chambers are littered with human bones.

To investigate the cenote, archaeologist Bradley Russell and his team spent two weeks last August diving into its submerged reaches. Russell received support from the NGS/WaiteGrants Program for this work.

The photos in this gallery reveal what they found.

A rappel of 40 feet (11.5 meters) took Russell from the lip of the cenote (photo below) to the water's surface within the cave. On the way down he passed massive stalactites and the long roots of thirsty trees stretching toward the moisture below.

The locals have named this natural well Sac Uayum (pronounced sock-wye-OOM).



The cenote sits just outside the ruins of the ancient Maya city of Mayapán, about 25 miles (40 kilometers) south of Mérida, the capital of the Mexican state of Yucatán.

In its heyday, between 1150 and 1450, Mayapán was a major political center with at least 17,000 residents and a stone wall that enclosed 1.5 square miles (4.2 square kilometers) of the city.

Russell was especially intrigued by the location of Sac Uayum. Mayapán's wall curved in a way that put the cenote just outside the city limits, then turned back to include a nearby cenote known as X'coton (pronounced eesh-coh-TOHN).

Photograph by Rait Kütt

"The rest of the wall doesn't zigzag like that," Russell said in a phone interview. "This part is noticeably different from everything else that the path of the wall does."

About 40 cenotes were included inside the city wall and would have served as vital sources of water in the semi-arid limestone plateau of the Yucatán Peninsula.

In fact, Mayapán was probably built in this location precisely because there were so many cenotes in the area. As part of their research last summer, Russell and his team identified 150 previously unknown cenotes around Mayapán, located during four days of aerial laser

mapping.

Offerings to the Gods



Photograph courtesy Bradley Russell, National Geographic Grantee

Before the archaeologists begin their dives, shaman Teodormio San Sores prepares for a traditional ceremony amid the steam from food offerings cooking on a fire.

In the modern Maya language, the ceremony is called *jeets' lu'um* (pronounced hets loom), literally "calming of the Earth."

Its purpose is to ask the gods for permission to enter the cenote, and to placate the cenote's legendary guardian—an enormous feathered serpent with a horse's head that the locals believe will snatch children who get too close.

The demon guardian is a combination of the feathered serpent of ancient Mexican myth and the steeds that the Spanish conquistadors brought to the New World.

Similarly, the ceremony combines beliefs from the ancient and colonial eras.

San Sores set up an altar on the table, oriented to the four cardinal points of the Maya universe and to the central axis that was thought to connect the Earth to the sky and the underworld. But he also placed a Christian cross on the altar.

His prayers addressed the old gods but included modern religious references as well.

He offered three foods to the east, west, north, and south: stewed chicken; a mixture of cornmeal, sugar, and water called *saka'*; and a thickened, spiced broth called *k'ol*.

He also left an offering at the cenote's entrance for the serpent—a gourd bowl filled with *saka'*.

When the divers finally penetrated deep into the cenote, their motions created a spooky parallel to the clouds of steam in this image. As they swam, they stirred up the limestone sediment, which then clouded the water.

At the same time, a limestone fog arose outside the cenote from a small fissure in the ground. "It was genuinely strange the first time we saw it," says Russell.

Taking a Dive

Several days into the cave exploration, archaeologist Lisseth Pedroza Fuentes checks out a submerged rockfall filled with bones in the first chamber.

"From the very first dive, we had seen skulls," says Russell. "At the time of this dive, we were



Photograph courtesy Bradley Russell, National Geographic Grantee

still doing an initial assessment and putting together a plan of action for mapping the cenote."

Flattened Skull

An adult skull sitting upright amid the first chamber's rockfall debris likely belonged to a woman.

The top of the cranium was intentionally flattened during infancy. This method of deformation was widely practiced by the ancient Maya and is consistent with skulls that have been found in the customary burials from this same period.

"The hole in the forehead is probably postmortem," says Russell, "not the cause of death."

So far his team has identified ten skulls in this chamber, with more likely awaiting discovery among the rocks and sediment.



Photograph courtesy Bradley Russell, National Geographic Grantee

Skulls and Bones

Skeletal remains scattered at the bottom of the rockfall slope include pieces of several human skulls and some long bones from modern cattle.

Drowned Cow

A bovine skull lies upside down on the rocky debris in the first chamber.

"This must have been a cow that wasn't smart enough to avoid the hole in the ground," says Russell. "It's definitely not pre-Hispanic." If a cow takes a tumble



Photograph courtesy Bradley Russell, National Geographic Grantee

into a cenote, there's no escape—it drowns, and eventually its bones drift to the bottom.

Herds of free-roaming cattle graze in the bush here, and ranchers use the area's cenotes like wells to water them.



Photograph courtesy Bradley Russell, National Geographic Grantee

Nice Teeth

The light from Russell's flash illuminates a brown, horseshoe-shaped lower jaw lying on the debris slope of the first chamber.

"All the molars have emerged, but the teeth are in beautiful condition—they weren't worn down over a long time," says Russell. "That means this is a young adult, about 18 years old."

The hard enamel of teeth often protects internal tissue, so Russell is hoping that this set will provide a good carbon-14 date for the cenote's human remains.



Photograph by Rait Kütt

The Abyss

At the bottom of the first chamber, Lisseth Pedroza Fuentes follows an intriguing tunnel that leads to a second chamber.

"This is very technical diving," says Russell. "You're crawling on your belly with your tanks against the ceiling." And there's no popping to the surface if something goes wrong.

The second chamber, completely filled with water, is about two times the size of the first. It has no opening to the sky and plunges to a depth of about 115 feet (35 meters). Part of its floor was also strewn with bones.



Photograph courtesy Bradley Russell, National Geographic Grantee

Aftermath of an Avalanche

Human remains in the second chamber include this partial skull that sits topsy-turvy amid rocks and sediment.

Russell believes that all the bones lay in the first chamber, originally. But at some point the floor collapsed, sending skulls, ribs, and femurs cascading down into the second chamber along with chunks of limestone.



Photograph by Rait Kütt

Bare Head

In the second chamber, the top of another skull emerges from the sediment.

Russell's team spotted five skulls here. That brought the total from both chambers to 15, with indications that there may be more hidden in the debris.

Why does this cenote hold the remains of so many people, who appear to be males and females, teenagers and adults?

Most residents of Mayapán were buried under or near their houses, so this wasn't a normal cemetery.

The bones bear no marks that would indicate cause of death, so the people probably weren't sacrificed.

Other artifacts found here are mostly pieces of plain water pitchers, so there's nothing to indicate that these people were among the elite and getting some



Photograph by Rait Kütt

kind of special treatment.

Russell wonders whether the location of Sac Uayum is a clue.

For starters, it lies to the south of Mayapán, the direction that the Maya associated with the underworld—humankind's mythical place of origin, known as Xibalba (pronounced shee BALL bah). The dead might have been buried here to await the next cycle of creation.

Also, the builders of the city wall seem to have deliberately excluded the cenote from the city.

"Suppose these were plague victims," says Russell. "You wouldn't want them near the rest of the population. And you wouldn't want to drink the water either."

The evidence fits that theory, and so does the long-standing taboo.

Over time, the real reason to stay away from the cenote may have been forgotten, but the legend of the feathered, horse-headed serpent continued to keep people at a distance.

Older residents of the nearby village of Telchaquillo tell stories of people seeing the serpent perching in a tree, leaping up, spinning around three times, and diving into the water. But

those sightings all happened once upon a time, as the stories go.

Younger villagers tend not to believe such tall tales.

At the Brink



Photograph by Marilyn A. Masson

Perched on the limestone cap that partly covers the entrance to Sac Uayum, Russell contemplates the future.

He hopes to return to the cenote to continue mapping, and to excavate the debris slopes in both chambers.

He and his team have been working at Mayapán since the year 2000. "This was our best season ever," he says. "I don't know how we could top that."

But who knows? He could very well uncover more clues as to why people were once laid to rest in this watery grave.

Follow A. R. Williams on Twitter.

Post comment

Lauri Carpenter

This is intriguing. Isn't it interesting how local legends surrounding ancient sites often come from forgotten facts? Also, I was wondering if the reason the cenote was outside the wall could be out of reverence to the dead there and possible religious nature of the site, instead of out of fear or contamination from the dead or disease? I would like to learn more about this site - like what was it's purpose to the ancients, who were the dead buried there, and how did they end up in the cenote?

Dale Emmons

Is it possible that people simply fell in this cenote and drowned every once in a while, and over time it became thought of as dangerous/cursed/haunted?

GlobalVision Tours 5pts

I am very interested to know about ancient caves and artifacts. Here in Kerala also have ancient stone-age caves and dolmens. Cave paintings and special structure of dolmens in Munnar is very famous. Please check slide show here <http://goo.gl/tiW6KV>

Jason Salazar

Maybe part of an ancient ceremony of sacrifice?

Gabriele Menefee

Fascinating. Do you think that they used the cenotes to bury their dead? Or maybe it was unfortunate falls into these holes? At any rate, if you used it to place your dead, why would you drink from there? Would it be contaminated?

Shelly-Ann Simon

If its a sink hole maybe there was a village or long-house there and the hole just swallowed everything up. There is the possibility that the appearance of a sink hole back then could have been regards with great superstition, hence avoidance of the general area.

S. Sirgany

Fascinating read. I appreciate how academic inquiry coincides with adventure (cave diving) and spirituality. Great work.

Lloyd Lee

I particularly like how Mr. Russell sees this cenote as a holy place while the locals fear it as haunted :-)

Carmen DeCecco

This is so cool... the Mayans seemed to have had a grasp of something that we should follow if we can, applying the cosmic knowledge we have acquired since their civilization reigned, to learn more from their vault of knowledge, and hopefully benefit from what they discovered before they disappeared. I think these fossils and trails could really help us today, as long as we pursue them and try to understand their meaning within the context of their time.

Maria Harris

Great photos and very interesting. Amazing how different cultures in the past have incorporated nature into their customs and beliefs.

Sherry Kasper

Totally awestruck. Its amazing how intact the teeth still are even when the skull looks as it does. Hope to hear more on this...!!

Jennifer Hight

Interesting article. Disease does seem to be a logical explanation.

jan hamshaw

I found the article fascinating along with the local folk law.

Mary Jane Ramon

Fascinating article....I hope to hear more and see more photos in the future.....reading about this, took me on an amazing journey full of discovery.....WOW!

Mark Worth

were any other artifacts discovered in the cenote besides bones and water pitchers? it would be very interesting to know what they were doing there.

Graham Becker

My theory would be that those are not high status, that they could be the outcasts of the Mayapán city (civilization), because of the purposeful meander of the wall to exclude it.

The Maya usually wanted everyone to see / know that they were of higher status. Very cool. I wonder what type of markings will be on the bones, cracked blunt force skull fractures? The "bare head" photo looks like it might... so exciting. Hope we hear more!!!

Teresa Laine

this article and photos are absolutely fascinating, I hope we shall hear more re the DNA on the teeth, Personally I think it would be very interesting to be able to positively identify the dates

Gabriele Scalise

It's extremely impressive how much we discovered from our past and how much we will learn from it.

Jolaine Johnson

The article was fascinating and the photos incredible. I wish I could be at the site and experience the thrill of the find. I am looking forward to reading more of Dr. Russell's work.

Bernard Beale

Living in Merida (only 25 miles away from Mayapan), and having visited Mayapan's pre-columbian site many times, I totally ignored the presence of human bones in these cenotes. Great description and photos.

Sammie Holmes

Two thumbs way up for my professor Dr. Russell. The things they've found in there are incredible. Cannot wait to learn more!

Suzanne Barnes

Incredible, both the narration and the photography! And I admire Russell for his respectful

treatment of the locals' shaman and their beliefs; I wish all archaeologists were as open-minded and culturally sensitive.

Gwen Hastings

Enjoyed the article.....intrigued by the ancient Mayan's and their knowledge....

David Allen

@Carmen DeCecco There were no fossils found in the cenote. Fossils take millions of years to form and the article describes finding remains that are hundreds of years old.

Makenzie Rogers

@Jolaine Johnson I agree, I think the photo's of this article is what gave a more realistic vision of what went on in these caves. The pictures of the cave was also neat because it shows just how difficult and life threatening it can be to be diving in these caves because of the tight spaces you would have to swim through to experience it's natural depths as well as it's mystery.

National Geographic

- Some people believe that the ghost of Gram Parsons, father of country rock, inhabits room 8, which is where he died of a drug overdose in the early 70's. He will allegedly move or relocate small items such as earrings and will move the mirror that hangs on the ...
- Some say the ghost of a little boy appears in the Payless breakroom. So his story goes, he badly wanted a pair of shoes but his mother said no. Upset, he ran out of the store and was struck by a car and died.
- This location has been a popular teen hangout spot for decades. Locals know it as "The Oak Tree." The tree covers some old stone ruins which are now heavily covered in graffiti and refuse. Mostly used for drinking and doing drugs, but several bodies have been discovered ...
- At Sunnyslope Cemetery, witnesses have reported cold spots, strange noises, uneasy feelings, and touches from an unseen hand. Perhaps even more intriguing is a ghostly groundskeeper said to disappear into a shed.
- The Morey Mansion was built in 1890 by David and Sarah Morey, and it is said that both of them remain in the house today. Reports say Sarah died a tragic death and her husband committed suicide shortly thereafter, in 1901. The house became a bed-and-breakfast in 1985. Ghost-hunting teams ...
- None other than Will Rogers is believed to haunt California Theatre. Why? It's the venue where he made his last performance before he died in a plane crash. Those in the know say Rogers' ghost haunts a practice room that's always cold, and his apparition has been seen through its ...
- As locals it, many years ago a beautiful lady drowned her six children, and she now haunts the who stretch of the road around Agua Mansa Pioneer Cemetery. She is known in Hispanic legend as La Llorona, or the Weeping Woman, doomed to roam in search of the children she ...
- This hotel is awesome. If you are interested in amazing architecture, stairways that descend to nowhere, towers, flying buttresses, and just a constant feeling of "this place was designed by a madman" the Mission Inn is definitely a place that you must visit. Quite probably one of the most interesting ...
- Back when the building served as a schoolhouse, the ashes of a little girl was buried there. She has been seen on several occasions on the second floor of the building, looking out of the windows into the street. The ghost a woman in a white dress frequents the stairway, ...
- Legend has it that on Halloween every year, blood appears on the table between the three marble chairs in the graveyard's southeast part.

- These olive groves sit at the bottom of the Ortega mountains off of Grand Ave. There have been numerous sightings of a woman running away from someone or something and hiding behind olive trees. The place has been olive groves for many years but also a fire destroyed ...
- To get to this gravity hill, follow Glen Helen Road until you pass two consecutive railroad tracks. When you pass a third set, go past the stop sign that's about 100 hundred feet ahead and stop on the line. If you put the car in neutral, it should roll uphill, ...
- Some say the shape of a man can be running across Jicarilla Road very quickly. It may start chasing witnesses, and then suddenly vanish.
- A ghostly lady in a white dress and another apparition on a balcony above the Plaza Café have been reported. Also, Native American apparitions have been seen near the railroad tracks and doors have been known to close by themselves. The apparition of a fire burning in one corner has ...
- Once a part of Route 66, the boulevard is haunted by the ghost of a young man in a striped shirt carrying a long stick, thought by some to be a buggy whip. The ghost crosses the street as cars approach, and then disappears. He is sometimes accompanied by a ...
- According to locals, there are some large boulders in Live Oak Park that Native Americans in used long ago to grind acorns to make bread. The indentations worn into the rocks by the process can still be seen. Reports say that the local police department has received dozens of calls ...
- Some witnesses have said that when they touched the trees in Fallbrook Masonic Cemetery, they felt a hot surge of energy.
- Once J.J. Live Oak Steakhouse and El Cerrito Inn and now Rockefellas Bar, the place is said to be haunted. Local legend tells of a 1988 waitress who was strangled and left in the trunk of a car behind the inn. Her ghost is said to flush toilets near closing ...
- Local legend tells of many strange things that have happened nearby, perhaps the first being a small wagon train that was demolished during the California Gold Rush. Then in the 1900s when the Fallbrook Union High School was built nearby, three pairs of teens disappeared from their prom only to ...
- Marie Callender's restaurant is believed to be haunted. Witnesses have described objects such as a metal pie cutter flying off a shelf and salt and pepper shakers that filled themselves. Strange sounds, floating orbs and electrical appliances turning on and off also have been reported. A worker shampooing the carpet ...
- At this site used to stand the Beverly Hotel; reports are unclear as to what stands here now. At the Beverly, shadows were seen in the southwest 2nd floor corner window, and visitors heard footsteps and fire alarms. Also reported were flickering lights and cold spots.
- There are reports of paranormal activity stemming from an Indian massacre that

occurred here in 1831. There are also many other urban legends surrounding this canyon. Some are not paranormal but involve things such as a homeless man who will chase you away with a gun, and cults that perform ...

- There have been sightings of small grey apparitions running around at night. They have been known to attack people. Hologram People have also been seen by me. I have also recorded many EVPs. Winged apparitions were caught on video behind a tombstone of a gargoyle. I also have video of ...
- The ghost of a young Native American girl is said to sit by a pond, crying and watching the fish. Cold spots and sudden gusts of wind also have been reported in the area.
- Although the building has been made into several shops, it once was Griswold's Old School House. The disembodied voices of ghost children have been heard, and a white mist has been reported as well. Doors will fly open for no apparent reason, and many witnesses have described a feeling that ...
- Thompson Creek Trail is said to be haunted. Visitors say they have seen shadowy figures following them and heard the crackling of branches, footsteps, and scratching noises. It is also reported that the clouds above seem to form the shapes of skulls. Some witnesses have seen bizarre visions that include ...
- Area 41, they say, is haunted by a Marine who shot himself in distress when his fiancée left him. You may see him move objects around, or hear him hum the thinking tune from the TV show "Jeopardy."
- Allegedly the ghost is haunted with residual type hauntings. People claim to feel "presences" and cold spots throughout the town.
- Formerly Plaza Cinema 4 and now Moviemax, theater 3 is said to be haunted. A trashcan once rolled up the aisle for no apparent reason, and employees' names have been whispered by something unseen.
- Hunter Steakhouse was built on the site of the Buena Vista Cemetery, and rumor has it some spirits remained when their graves were moved. A female spirit is said to haunt the stairs to the bar area, and several others like the storage room above the lower dining area/entrance. On ...
- Employees claim to feel "a presence" and cold spots.
- The Pink Lady at Yorba Family Cemetery is a ghost who is believed to appear at night on June 15 every other year. Legend has it that on her prom night, she and her boyfriend were killed nearby by a train. She is said to have been wearing a pink ...
- Visitors here may catch a glimpse of any of three ghosts: a Native American girl, a bellringer, and a Spanish soldier who is missing his head.
- This restaurant is set in a building that was once the 1797 home of Miguel Yorba as well

as the town's court and jail, built in 1812. The former jail, in which currently stands the restaurant's wine cellar, is said to be haunted by a ghost. The apparition of a ...

- The water park Raging Waters is said to be haunted. Witnesses say phones have rung throughout the night, mostly coming from Wave Cove. Security guards have heard footsteps, the voice of a girl asking for help or something calling their names in the food court. The hauntings are said to ...
- The ghost who reides at this eatery is said to be a little girl, possibly Native American, who grabs servers' trays and knocks over glasses and other objects.
- Rumor has it that room 130 is haunted by the ghost of a man who committed suicide there.
- Nearly a dozen deaths have occurred along this stretch of Brea Canyon Road over the past 20 years. It is dark at night and somewhat winding. Many people claim to see "phantom hitchhikers" and other strange phenomena here while driving the area at night.
- The Bennett Home was purchased by the DAR (Daughters of the American Revolution) in 1982. Rumor has it that the apparition of a woman appeared at the DAR's first monthly tea in the house. The ghost was determined to be a former resident who lived in the home around 1910.
- Galster Park is the centerpiece of some legends concerning a murderer and rapist whose victims were children. Screams and pleading children's voices are said to be heard late at night. Apparitions of scarred children are said to roam here as well.
- According to restaurant staff, food has been thrown across the kitchen by something unseen. Phantom laughter also has been heard, and shadows have shown up on the walls.
- AMC Puente Hills 20 movie theater is rumored to be haunted, and apparitions of children have been seen running around the theater. The cinema is on the site of the former Broadway Department Store, which also was said to be haunted, as witnesses reported music coming from locked storerooms, clothes ...
- "They" say that this hotel is haunted by the ghost of a couple who died on the nearby highway. Because, really, who wants to die and haunt a freeway? Much better to haunt the nearby place with television.
- The ghost seen here is said to be Michael O'Donnell, once the troubled son of travel agency founded Dorothy O'Donnell. In life, Michael had substance-abuse problems although he was known to be a kind soul, and his spirit is still known for his kindness. Seen in the theater lobby, sometimes ...
- Although the inn burned down in 1989, there is still a ghost who frequents the corner where it once stood. Folks say here, on the southeast corner of Harbor and Commonwealth, the apparition of Mr. Melody, the former owner's father, appears holding a box of matches. The ghost has even ...

- A paranormal investigation at the Villa del Sol building's The Cellar, a fine-dining spot rumored to be haunted, turned up some mysterious findings. According to the investigators, one of them was touched by hand that came out of a wall, electronic voice phenomena were recorded in the men's restroom, and ...
- Walt Disney's first park is said to be haunted by the man himself, seen in or near his old apartment near the Main Street fire station. It is also said that the park is haunted by the spirits of park guests who have died on the Anaheim theme park's premises. ...
- Legend has it that a spirit resides in the area behind the mosh pit. Witnesses say something unseen has brushed against, touched or pushed them.
- The 1894 Red Cross House, aka the Stoffel House or the Woelke-Stoffel House, was built by John Woelke and purchased by the Stoffel Family in 1907. The house was moved to Founder's Park and is now on display. It is rumored to be haunted by the original caretaker, whose eyes ...
- Chain Reaction is in a building that has been a biker bar, a club, and a Mexican restaurant. Reports say a homeless person was found dead in the back alley, and disembodied talking and laughing has been heard there at night and in the bathrooms.
- The 1891 Stanley House at Stanley Ranch Museum in Heritage Park is said to be haunted. A former live-in caretaker woke up to a frank-speaking apparition of an older man next to his bed, who advised him "Don't take any bullsh--!" The caretaker also saw the ghost of an older ...
- At this McDonald's, employees say strange things happened after closing time. Tubs of mustard and straws were thrown across the room, and a depiction of Satan was said to have been made in the wood of a bathroom stall door. The door has since been replaced.
- El Campo Santo Cemetery, aka Old Town Cemetery, is believed to be haunted by the spirit of a gravedigger who was himself buried at the cemetery's southeast corner. Also, apparitions have been seen crossing the section of road that was paved over a portion of the cemetery.
- Reports (and an emblem on the building's front) say that this structure housed a high school in the early 1900s, and employees say they have heard the ghostly sounds of children playing in the basement and in the restrooms. Dishes also have been known to fall on the floor for ...
- Rumor has it that back when this property used to be a night club, a man was stabbed to death here in a drug deal gone wrong. Employees have reported seeing the ghost of a man in a cowboy hat, hearing unexplained noises, and noticing things fall off shelves for ...
- At Knott's Berry Farm, many places are rumored to be haunted. At Camp Snoopy, Peanuts Playhouse is rumored to be haunted. Employees have reported chills, voices, lights that go on and off when the power is off, and the feeling of someone following them.

Also, the Kingdom of the Dinosaurs ...

- Rumor has it that in a wooded area near Lake Morena Campground, the ghost of a young woman in a long white dress appears. Some have also heard a woman's voice laughing and singing or footsteps around their tents at night. An orb has shown up in a photograph taken ...
- Former owner C. Arnholt Smith, aka "Mr. San Diego," is believed to haunt Herringbone. Smith was a businessman and the first owner of the San Diego Padres. He used this property as a car dealership and then a wine business run by his son in the 1970s, but the building ...
- Featured on TV's Ghost Adventures, the 1827 building that houses the Cosmopolitan is said to be haunted. It was originally built by Juan Lorenzo Bandini, his young daughter died in the home, and her bed and rocking chair remain in the house. The chair has been known to rock by ...
- El Fandango's building is relatively new, but the land on which it sits was the site of the Machado family mansion, which was destroyed by fire in 1858. It is believed that the ghost who was once seen here may have had something to do with the area's past. The ...
- Robinson Rose House was built in 1853 by Judge James W. Robinson, and the building was later used as a newspaper office, a railroad office, and other such offices. By 1987 nothing was left of the original building, so it was rebuilt using records and photos to look as it ...
- Built by Thomas Whaley in 1857, this home once included the town's courthouse, general store, granary, theater and morgue. It is now a National Historic Landmark and museum, and folks say it's haunted by the ghosts of Whaley family members and the spirit of another man who was reportedly hanged ...
- This historic house is said to be haunted by its namesake family, the Estudillos. The house has been featured on the TV show Ghost Adventures.
- Star of India, originally the Euterpe, is a restored historic 1863 sailing ship with more than a few mysteries under its sails. Its fascinating history is detailed at its docking place, the Maritime Museum of San Diego. It is thought to be haunted by many ghosts, including John Campbell, a ...
- An apparition has apparently been seen walking the hallways. Maids also report that items will move of their own volition, often seeming to move in an instant when your back is turned.
- Villa Montezuma was built in 1887 for musician Jesse Shepherd, who is believed to still linger here in spirit. Shepherd was known for an ability to "channel" the spirits of deceased musicians while playing, and some believe this has pulled negative energy into the house. At one time, Shepherd reportedly ...

- Room 309 is allegedly haunted by a ghost they call Roger Whitaker. Although the hotel has been relocated, and it is not claimed that "Roger" actually died in the hotel or in that room, people claim there is an unearthly presence that causes the wardrobe doors to open of ...
- The tales of the Hotel del Coronado are remarkably consistent and their ghost has a name: Kate Morgan a young woman who checked in to the Hotel del Coronado and committed suicide with a gunshot wound to her head. There is no suspicion that it might have been ...
- Folks who work at Crest Theatre say they have heard disembodied voices talking to them at night, or music blasting from the sound system when it had already been turned off for the night. Cold spots have been reported as well.
- Rumored to stem from a man who died inside the theater, folks say eerie cold spots can be felt here, usually around Aisle 8.
- Fort Rosecrans National Cemetery, aka Point Loma National Cemetery, is rumored to be haunted by apparitions of soldiers who come out of their graves to look out over the cliffs and make sure their country is secure before returning to their graves.
- A ghost girl, believed to be the spirit of a girl who was killed in a nearby car crash, is said to appear walking along the road after midnight. Rumor has it that if you give her a ride, she will eventually disappear from your car seat. And if you ...

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Larry Ellison Learns Hawaiian Island Makes Uncool Engineering Project

gawker.com



Expand1

After Oracle founder Larry Ellison plunked \$300 million to buy his own island, he described his plan to transform Lanai into a "sustainable Eden" as "this really cool 21st-century engineering project." Now, in classic Silicon Valley fashion, Ellison is running the tropical rebrand with the "veneer of egalitarianism," "buzzwords," questionable promises, and non-disclosure agreements, reports *The New York Times Magazine*.

It's the sort of sweeping challenge that engineering types get giddy over: a full-scale model. Of course, there are actual people living inside Ellison's engineering project — a community being hit by an unimaginable wave of wealth.

Ellison wouldn't talk to the *Times*, so the magazine interviewed a number of the island's 3,200 residents who turned from awe-struck to ecstatic to hopeful to suspicious about the logistics of turning Lanai into a premier tourist destination—especially when previous pivots under prior executives (a pineapple producer under James Drummond Dole and a tourist center under David Murdock) lapsed into disrepair.

Like a lot of omnipotent forces, Ellison has remained mostly invisible. He has visited Lanai many times — locals told me they can tell he's on the island when they see his yacht hitched in the harbor — but he seems determined to keep a formal distance from the community, shielding himself behind the executive team of Pulama Lanai, the management company he set up to oversee the island's transformation. Although Pulama holds frequent public meetings on Lanai, Ellison has declined to attend any or to address residents directly. Several residents told me that they'd resorted to reading biographies of Ellison to learn more about the man — books that have somewhat disquieting titles like "Everyone Else Must Fail" and "The Difference Between God and Larry Ellison," the punch line being: "God doesn't think he's Larry Ellison."

The moment the *Times* got some straight answers, it seemed, sources ended up employed by Ellison's management company Pulama Lanai and under NDA. But not before author Jonathan Mooallem caught wind of that some of the grand plans were already going sideways.

... for a local named Gail Allen, the first sign that things had started to go wrong this summer came when Pulama Lanai inexplicably abandoned its renovation of the golf course behind her house, and the weeds and thistles grew waist-high and thick as a broom head, and the fish in the ponds died, and their bodies were left to knock around the algae-clouded edges of the water, floating on their sides.

Ellison did not seem to anticipate that an island engineering project meant bringing in materials and labor and "inadvertently" caused a housing shortage in Lanai:

There was so much work that contractors had to be shuttled in daily or weekly from other islands or relocated. A few off-island construction companies bought up housing in Lanai City in anticipation of winning contracts from Pulama, and the island's independent landlords found they could demand higher rents from the remaining workers. Though the company was busily fixing up cottages to rent out, many displaced locals wound up on Pulama's indeterminably long waiting list for housing, which they believed Pulama employees were bypassing.

Soon enough, Ellison began to scale back his long list of ambitious projects:

At public meetings, Pulama was now explaining that it had given up on the second airport runway and was also downshifting the \$27 million makeover of the existing Four Seasons at Manele Bay too: The company would renovate only half the resort this year and was scrambling to finish in time for a large booking in October. (Around town, the event was rumored to be a giant party for Ellison's daughter, Megan.)

According to the *Times*, there's something familiar about residents once again finding themselves in a company town, employed and under NDA. Ellison once said, "If we do a good job taking care of the locals, the locals will do a good job taking care of our visitors."



Let's Take a Close Look at Facebook's Company Town

If Facebook staffers opt to move in to work, they'll be getting a very sweet deal out of it...[Read more](#)

It sounded like the same Silicon Valley philosophy that spawned all the epicurean cafeterias, yoga classes and nap pods on tech-company campuses — amenities designed to keep engineers happy and maximize their productivity. But now, in his office, Kepa Maly [a local cultural historian who ended up employed by Ellison] reminded me that it was a much older model too, and one that Lanai had fared pretty well under. "It's just like Dole said," he said. "Have happy workers, grow better pineapples."

That slogan may be too on the nose for Facebook's propaganda factory, but the sentiment is the same.

To contact the author of this post, please email nitasha@gawker.com.

[archaicwonder](#)

September 13th 2014, 6:01:02 pm · a day ago



16th Century Hawking Ring (and a ghost story taboot)!

This is a silver hawking leg ring consisting of a band inscribed to the outer surface *F.VAGHAN in Roman letters; with attached heater shield bearing the engraved crest of a male head with a snake wrapped around his throat; this crest attributed to the Vaughn family of Herefordshire and to Francis Vaughn (died 1597). Found in East Yorkshire, UK.

The Vaughn family of 13th century Hergest Court, Herefordshire (still standing today) are descended from Black Vaughn, an infamous Lord of the Welsh Marches in the 15th century (beheaded 1469, after the battle of Banbury) who owned a huge and vicious dog that is said to still haunt the Herefordshire borderlands and around Hergest Court. To this day, legend has it that if the hound is sighted, it will bring death to the family. The haunting reputedly inspired the famous Sherlock Holmes tale *The Hound of the Baskervilles* by Arthur Conan Doyle (first published serially 1901-1902).

Francis Vaughn married Anne Boynton (daughter of Sir Thomas Boynton, High Sheriff of Yorkshire) in 1577 and Francis was appointed to this same post for 1594-1595 so this vervel could very well have been lost there in East Yorkshire, where it was found in 2012.

by Janet Six

The story of New Jersey's failed "Garden of Eden"



[image]



[image]

I first laid eyes on Ralston Heights in the dead of winter ten years ago. The late-nineteenth-century New Jersey estate, across the street from a graveyard, looked bleak in the afternoon light. As I made my way onto the grounds, I could see several ruined buildings and what looked to be the remains of a roadway leading into the woods from a crumbling gate. A mansion, known by locals as the "Castle," loomed at the top of a circular driveway, its round turret barely visible through the mist. Inside the mansion, I found a maze of interconnecting hallways and circular rooms so disorienting that for a time I was unable to find my way back out.

This spooky mansion and its decaying grounds are all that remain of one man's vision of utopia. Between 1894 and 1895, Webster Edgerly, the charismatic leader of a social movement known as Ralstonism, bought up large chunks of farmland along the northern slope of central New Jersey's Hopewell Valley. Here, in what he called "a scientifically proven Garden of Eden," Edgerly was intent on building a future "City of Ralston" to be populated by just a few of his 800,000 followers. Ralstonites (the name came from an acronym of Edgerly's seven principles for living: Regime, Activity, Light, Strength, Temperation, Oxygen, and Nature) bought Edgerly's books and health-food products, followed his strict dietary prescriptions, and did bizarre physical exercises to attain "personal magnetism," which Edgerly promised would give them control over the thoughts of others. Edgerly was also a strong proponent of eugenics and saw his followers as the founding members of a new race free from "impurities."

While the mansion underwent a series of renovations in the years since Edgerly died, the surrounding grounds did not fare as well. Much of the estate lies in ruins, buried beneath decades of leaf fall and decay. Over the years, the site's history has become muddled by local ghost stories, scandalous legends, and one particularly persistent rumor that its construction was some how connected to the Ralston-Purina company, famous for its line of pet chows.

In 1999, in conjunction with graduate work in historical archaeology, I began actively researching the history of Ralston Heights. I wanted to understand Edgerly's motivations behind the construction of the site, especially the Great Walled Garden, an area closed off from the rest of the estate by a formidable eight-foot-high brick wall. Was the estate laid out according to the principles of Ralstonism? Or was Edgerly simply another wealthy entrepreneur using his property

as an elaborate display of wealth and power? Using an archaeological approach by mapping the ruins and closely studying the layout of the mansion and garden, I felt I might be able to answer the question.

Janet Six is a Ph.D. candidate at the University of Pennsylvania and is currently a lecturer at the University of Hawai'i at Hilo. She would like to thank B.W. Johnson and William Michael Williams for their generous assistance.

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archive.archaeology.org/0405/abstracts/ralston.html

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From Defense to Desperation, Why There Is a Hidden World of Underground Cities

atlasobscura.com

by Chris White / 16 Sep 2014



article-image

Derinkuyu Underground City in Cappadocia, Turkey (photograph by Nevit Dilmen/Wikimedia)

The history of underground cities is a complex and meandering one, ranging from the Ancient Era in the Middle East and Europe to those sunk during the height of Cold War paranoia, such as the bunker complexes of Cheyenne Mountain or Beijing's Underground City. There are also more recent underground cities, some of which are simply underground shopping centers or networks of tunneled roads, like those in

Vancouver and Tokyo, as well as others which will begin to be built only in the future, due to the constraints of small islands and the opportunities for vast wealth, which are being considered in Singapore and in Hong Kong.

Now, we're not talking about mole people (or even their modern namesakes). The primary reason for digging underground cities in the ancient world was for protection, as the spaces could be closed by rolling heavy boulders across the entrances. So-called "fairy chimneys" allowed for the ventilation of the chambers, and the smoke from within would rise to the surface many miles away from the cities. Some of the oldest known underground cities are in Spain, with the village of Setenil de las Bodegas showing evidence of occupation dating at least from the Roman invasion of Iberia in the First century CE, and possibly from much earlier. The town has an especially florid history, having been occupied by the Romans, as well as being a Moorish stronghold from the 12th century until the early 15th, when it was finally taken during the Christian Reconquest. The town is not what you would imagine an underground city to be, however, as it is mostly above-ground, with large boulders overhanging the houses.

Setenil de las Bodegas (photograph by Andrei Dimofte/Wikimedia)

Setenil de las Bodegas (photograph by Samu/Flickr)

The cities of Özkonaak, Derinkuyu, and Kaymaklı in Cappadocia, Turkey, are some of the most complete (and most underground) of our underground cities. Derinkuyu is estimated to have once been capable of housing 20,000 people, and actually connects to Kaymaklı via an underground tunnel, eight kilometers long. The cities are just three of a huge number of underground refuges in Turkey, and each is suggested to have been occupied since antiquity. They contain churches, storerooms, and staggering staircases, as well as artefacts



Vista de la localidad de Setenil de las Bodegas, en la provincia de Cádiz - image by Andrei Dimofte, via Wikipedia



article-image

of

Zoroastrianism, Byzantine Christianity

and of more mundane activities, with oil presses and gigantic storerooms occupying large portions of the site. The history of the region provides an explanation of why so many underground cities exist in Turkey - not only was the region under constant pressure from foreign invaders (the Greeks, Persians, Scythians and Romans all fought over this territory for millennia), but the region also sheltered Christians during the persecutions of the Roman Empire and of the area's later Muslim overlords.



article-image

Derinkuyu Underground City in Cappadocia, Turkey (photograph by Nevit Dilmen/Wikimedia)

Derinkuyu Underground City in Cappadocia, Turkey (photograph by Nevit Dilmen/Wikimedia)

Underground City of Kaymakli (photograph by Andrea Schieber/Flickr)

by Nevit Dilmen/Wikimedia)

Kaymakli Underground City (photograph

Petra, in Jordan, was settled as early as 312 BCE, although the area around the city had been settled around 7000 BCE. It is mentioned in accounts of Egyptian military campaigns, as well as in the Biblical book of Exodus, as the country of the Horites, with the city itself referred to as *Sela*, or "the cleft in the rock."

Archaeologists believe that the city was originally settled as a means to control the natural reservoirs that form beneath it, or possibly as a burial site. Writers such as Pliny the Elder recognized Petra as a major trade site between Gaza and Syria, and then on into Rome, which allowed the city to prosper. It wasn't until its conquest by Rome in 106 CE that the city



article-image



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began to enter a slow decline. The site was forgotten, until 1812, when it was rediscovered by Swiss explorer Johann Ludwig Burckhardt. The site is now on the UNESCO Intangible Cultural Heritage List, and the agency declared Petra to be "one of the most precious cultural properties of man's cultural heritage."



Kaymakli underground city 9003 Nevit Enhancer - image by Nevit Dilmen, via Wikipedia

An entrance to Petra, Jordan (photograph by Eric Borda/Flickr)

View of the entrances to Petra (photograph by bachmont/Flickr)

Inside Petra (photograph by alljengi/Flickr)



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The Pueblo People (or the Anasazi, "ancient enemies" in the language of the Navajo) first began to settle in what is now the southwestern United States in around 1300 BCE. Their

famous, cliff-side pueblos, such as the Chaco Canyon and Mesa Verde sites, were not first constructed and occupied until around 1100 CE.

Although not all the Pueblo People lived in the cliff-houses, these are what the civilization is



article-image

best remembered for. Most sit within the Mesa Verde National Park, which is the only National Park in the United States dedicated as a National Cultural Park. More than 4,000 archaeological sites sit within this 81 square mile park. The current scientific consensus as to the decline of the Pueblo People's civilisation is linked to a drought that lasted in the area for a quarter of a century.

Mesa Verde at night (photograph by jE Norton/Flickr)



article-image

Mesa Verde National Park "Spruce Tree House" (photograph by Andreas F. Borchert/Wikimedia)

Other underground cities exist, although not of such ancient provenance. Matmâta, in Tunisia, is famous as the home of Luke and Anakin Skywalker in its role as the set for the planet Tatooine. Coober Pedy, in South Australia, is almost entirely underground, was only founded in 1916, and now has a population of 1,600. The Wieliczka Salt Mine, beneath the city of Wieliczka, in Poland, was first exploited in the 13th century, and until production stopped in 2007, was one of the world's oldest salt mines still in operation. The caves include a cathedral, carved entirely (chandeliers and all) from salt.

Matmata, Tunisia (photograph by Arian Zwegers/Flickr)

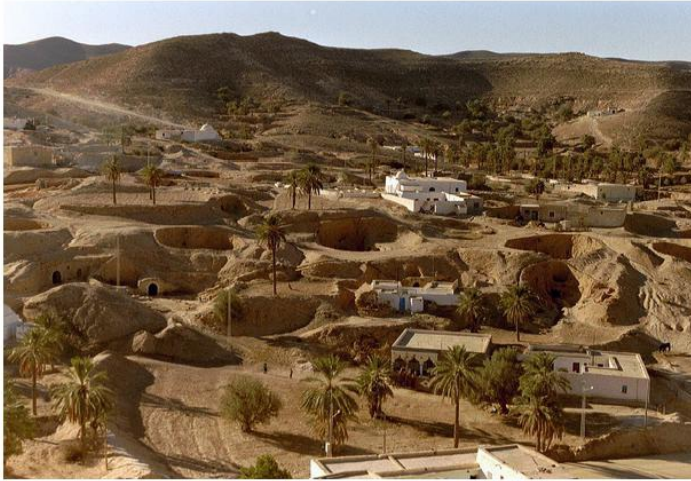


Three-storeyed house at Spruce Tree House - image by Andreas F. Borchert, via Wikipedia

Pedy, Australia (photograph by duremi/Flickr)

Underground bookstore at Coober

Chandelier made of salt, from St. Kingy Chapel, Wieliczka salt mine, Poland (photograph by Andrzej Barabaszwikimedia)



article-image

And now into the M.A.D world of the Cold War. Huge underground cities exist in the United States, at Cheyenne Mountain, and in Great Britain, at Burlington (or "Subterfuge," as it was enigmatically called). These glorified nuclear bunkers (which, for some reason, Switzerland has enough of to house their entire population) are rumored to be able to protect vast numbers of people — in the case of Burlington, more than 4,000 for a period of around three months. The numbers for Cheyenne Mountain are not

so concrete, as the site is still occupied by the US military (as NORAD's Alternate Command Centre).

NORAD Blast Doors
(photograph by an unidentified government employee/Wikimedia)

China, on the other hand, has built an underground city worthy of the name. Dixia Cheng, or, more simply, "the



article-image



Chandelier in st. Kingy chapel, Wieliczka salt mine, Poland - image by Andrzej Barabasz, via Wikipedia



NORAD Blast-Doors - image by an unidentified government employee, via Wikipedia

"Underground City," sprawls for 85 square kilometers beneath Beijing, with more than 90 currently known entrances. At the time of its construction the Chinese government claimed it would be able to accommodate all of Beijing's civilian population.

While it has never been put through its paces in any official capacity, the Underground City is

still maintained by the city government, and is apparently in a good state of repair. The tunnels have been designed to make longterm survival possible, with mushroom farms, silk factories, cinemas, a hospital, and even a roller skating rink.



Entrance of the Underground City at Xidamochang Jie - image by Dingruogu, via Wikipedia

Entrance of the Underground City at Xidamochang Jie (photograph by Dingruogu/Wikimedia)

Most of these underground cities have either incredibly small populations, or were born from some now-extinguished threat, and will, it seems, be slowly abandoned (or already have been). Yet there are still underground cities that pop up around us, with Russian police raiding an illegal underground city with a population of around 300 in 2013, which, despite its small numbers, still featured an underground casino, a Turkish cafe, and movie theatre. There are also plans afoot in cities like Singapore, Helsinki, and Hong Kong to try and avoid skyrocketing property prices (in Singapore's and Hong Kong's case, the fact that ever-more people are living on their tiny islands) by expanding their cities' footprints deeper underground. And as the cities of the Pueblo Peoples, Petra, and the Cappadocia region show us, it might not be such an impossible idea.

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Bakersfield - Highland High school Theater - Westley Anderson Hall -

There is a spirit of an older man that likes to play tricks on people. He will turn the stage lights off when people are on the stage but never during a performance where he just sits and observes. He also likes to whispers in peoples ears and rummage through the costumes in the costume loft. Also reported the figure of a 16/17 year old girl walking around the stage dressed in a '50s style outfit.

Hiker Discovers an Abandoned Town Inside Tennessee's Great Smoky Mountains National Park

Roadtrippers Become a fan Travel local.

huffingtonpost.com

Posted: 10/03/2014 10:54 am EDT Updated: 10/03/2014 8:59 pm EDT

Sometimes it's easy to take for granted how much land there is in America. Sure, it's harder and harder to find places that haven't been explored, but it's also become easier to forget places that we've already been. Kind of like the entire friggin' town in the middle of Tennessee's Great Smoky Mountains National Park.



JordanLiles



JordanLiles

That's exactly what Jordan Liles discovered when he explored the park last year, and lucky for us, he brought along his camera to document the entire adventure. It makes for a great watch.

From his website:

About a mile up an unnamed gravel road inside Great Smoky Mountains National Park is the back way into an abandoned neighborhood and hotel, some of which was originally constructed more than 100 years ago. In the fully edited film below, Tennessee Wonderland, I explore the houses and the remains of what was once referred to as the

Wonderland Club. I've applied color correction, balanced audio levels, cut everything down to the essentials without sacrificing interesting moments and most importantly, I made sure to place importance on including a proper ending.

Check out his video below and start planning your own trip to the abandoned town of Elkmont. It might just inspire you to go exploring and see what might have been forgotten in your own neck of the woods, like the incredible Cisco, Utah Ghost Town, the abandoned town



Jordan Liles

of Chloride in Arizona, or California's long-dead Bodie.

Interestingly enough, earlier this year on 2014 America Adventure Rally, the Roadtrippers team stumbled onto a whole other set of abandoned buildings just a few miles from Tennessee Wonderland. What we'd actually discovered was

the Elkmont Historic District, an abandoned town that's just outside of the still-active Elkmont Campground. It's the perfect place to pitch a tent and go for a midnight flashlight adventure. Click the image below for the full story.



Tour the creepy abandoned buildings of the Elkmont Historic District

In case checking out the remains of an abandoned town wasn't cool enough, get this - just last year, a guy with a personal drone went out and documented his own bizarre find: an abandoned renaissance fair deep in the Virginia forest. Click on the image below to jump over and check out his

own video adventure to another of America's coolest forgotten places.

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Franz, survivor of Hindenburg crash, dies at 92

By Frank Jordans

Associated Press

Werner Franz, believed to be the last surviving crew member of the German airship Hindenburg that crashed 77 years ago, has died. He was 92.

Franz was a 14-year-old cabin boy when the hydrogen-filled Zeppelin caught fire and crashed in Lakehurst, N.J., on May 6, 1937. The disaster was captured by waiting photographers, film crews and a radio broadcaster on the ground, making it one of history's most iconic air accidents.

Luck and quick thinking meant Franz was able to jump out of the Hindenburg as it fell burning to the ground, said historian John Provan, a longtime friend.

"Werner survived the crash without a scratch on him," Provan said.

Franz returned to Germany and served as an aircraft technician during World War II, and was a roller- and ice skating coach in later life. He spoke freely about his experience, said Carl Jablonski, president of the Navy Lakehurst Historical Society, who last met Franz at an event commemorating the 70th anniversary of the disaster that killed 35 of the 97 people on board and a Navy crewman on the ground.

The huge airship — as long as three football fields and 15 stories tall — was considered the most luxurious means to cross the Atlantic at the time. Its loss — widely attributed to static electricity that ignited leaking hydrogen — was a heavy blow to the image of a resurgent Germany that the Nazis wanted to project to the world.

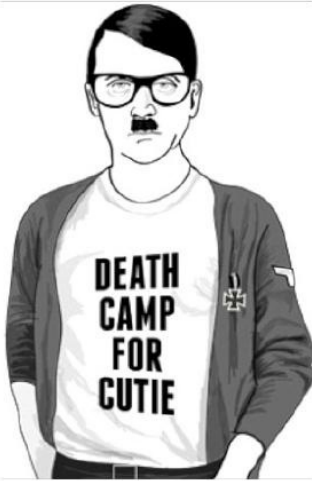
Jablonski said three other survivors of the disaster are believed to be still alive today. Werner Doehner and Horst Schirmer, who were both passengers aboard the Hindenburg, and Robert Buchanan, a member of the ground crew that was waiting to moor the ship.

'Since when was Hitler cool?' Outrage after 'jokey' comic strip book called Hipster Hitler turns murderous Nazi dictator into trendy geek

05:22 EST, 20 September 2014 |
05:22 EST, 20 September 2014

dailymail.co.uk

By Gemma Mullin for MailOnline



Comic strip book Hipster Hitler has turned the Nazi dictator into trendy geek wearing black-rimmed glasses and a cardigan (pictured)

A 'jokey' comic strip book called Hipster Hitler which turns the murderous Nazi dictator into a trendy geek has sparked outrage among the Jewish community.

The widely available book shows the former German Chancellor wearing black-rimmed glasses, eating cashew nuts, playing Pac-Man and riding a bike with a basket on the handlebars.

A group of Jewish activists has pledged to shred all the copies of the comic strip, which it says is 'anti-Semitic' and 'sick'.

Shania Angel, a member of London Stands with Israel - and whose grandmother died in the Holocaust - has said the group plans to boycott stores which sell the book.

Miss Angel, 23, told the Ham & High newspaper: 'The book is a disgrace and should be banned.'

'T-shirts are now being sold of Hipster Hitler - it's turning Hitler into a cute and trendy character.'

'It's offensive to people like me who have had family members killed in the Holocaust.'

She added: 'Anti-Semitism has skyrocketed recently and we shouldn't be selling books like this.'

'We should boycott shops that sell it, we should protest outside their stores and do everything we can to make sure these aren't being sold.'

Ilana Katz, a fellow member of the group, said: 'If we can't get shops to stop selling copies we'll buy and shred them all.'

'Since when was it okay to promote Hitler as a cool person?'

But the New York-based authors James Carr and Archana Kumar say the book is a 'parody' and is not intended to offend anyone.

They state: 'None of the views expressed should be confused with the actual views of the

authors, advertisers, the hosting company, any service providers or the owner of this domain name.

'Everything... is intended to spoof, parody and satirise. We make no claims as to the accuracy of our satire.'

'HipsterHitler.com uses the names of public figures for purposes of satire only.'



He is pictured playing Pac-Man, eating cashew nuts and wearing slogan t-shirts in the widely available book

The images, including this one showing him riding a bike with a basket on the handlebars towards field marshal Rommel, have sparked outrage among the Jewish community who say the book is 'sick'

The book, which was published after becoming a success online, is described as

a



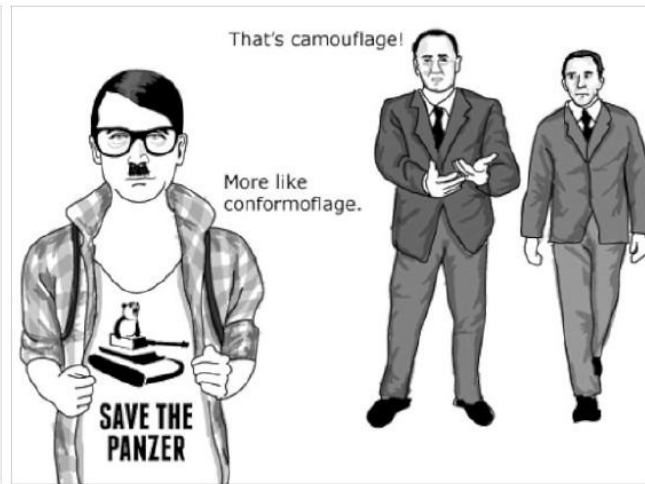
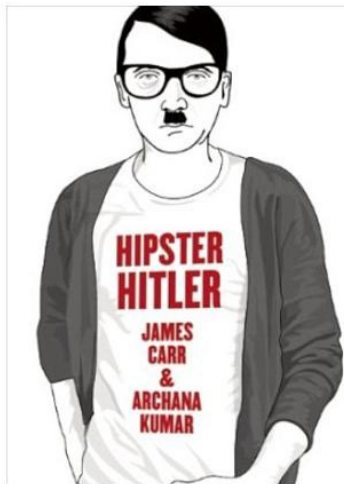
'notorious, irreverent strip' which 'reveals how today's subculture personalities fetishise the authentic to create a new variety of conformism'.

It states: 'Using a combination of puns, parody, dark humour and visual gags, the exploits of the Third Reich and the activities of the everyday Hipster are lampooned in a knowing fashion.'

'The online strip has garnered huge numbers of fans with an acerbic deconstruction of the hipster urban tribe.'

Authors James Carr and Archana Kumar say it is a parody and not intended to be offensive (front cover, right)

The dictator is also pictured wearing slogan t-shirt 'Save the Panzer' and arguing with his



Minister of Propaganda Joseph Goebbels, calling him a 'kibitzer' - a Yiddish term for someone giving unwanted advice

However, CK, a publisher at Jewlicious.com, writing a post on

the site about the book said: 'It's kind of creepy perhaps but frankly, anything that ridicules Hitler I figure is pretty good for the Jews. And for mankind.'

Various comic strips from the book - which is being sold on Amazon and in book stores like Waterstones for £12.99 - include Hitler saying he doesn't like 'Kosher salt', wearing a t-shirt stating 'Death Camp for Cutie', 'Save the Panzer' and '1941: A Race Odyssey'.

The dictator is also pictured arguing with his Minister of Propaganda Joseph Goebbels, calling him a 'kibitzer' - a Yiddish term for someone giving unwanted advice - for interrupting him, eating cashew nuts and wearing a beanie hat.

Hitler became Chancellor of Germany in 1933 and a dictator of Nazi Germany in 1934. His reign came to an end in 1945 when he took his own life.

He was a veteran of World War I before he joined the National Socialist German Workers' Party and eventually became leader in 1921.

The Nazis wanted to maintain the purity of the 'Aryan Race' and sought to get rid of people they considered 'subhuman'.

Around six million Jews were systematically murdered during the Nazi regime under the command of Hitler, in what became known as the Holocaust.

Nazis also persecuted and killed millions of people including approximately three million Ukrainians, over two million Poles as well as Slavic, Soviets and Romani people.

People with mental disorders and disabilities, homosexuals, political opponents and religious dissidents such as the Jehovah's Witnesses were also killed.

Figures suggest the total death toll of the genocide stands at around 17 million.

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THE OFFICIAL LEGEND OF LE MARCHE DU NAIN ROUGE

Way back in 1701, Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac – the legendary founder of Detroit – met a fortune-teller. He'd been having dreams, you see, of a red devil. This fortune-teller warned Cadillac: The devil he'd dreamt of was the Nain Rouge, a little red imp that embodied his ambition, his anger, his pride and his envy – everything that held Cadillac back. And further, the Nain was the harbinger of doom. If Cadillac chose to settle near the straits between Michigan and Ontario, well, it might pay off someday, the fortune-teller said. But it would be a long, uphill slog fraught with setbacks.

It was sound counsel, but when Cadillac encountered the Nain Rouge in person, things didn't go so well. The Nain taunted Cadillac mercilessly, and the fiery Cadillac chased the red devil away with a stick. Courage, even in the face of common sense, and willingness to endure whatever comes, are henceforth defining characteristics of denizens of the city that Cadillac went on to establish: Detroit.

(Unfortunately, the fortune turned out to be true and Cadillac died penniless after he left Detroit for France. The city he founded, however, fared better, endured and prospered (mostly), against the fiendish efforts of the Nain Rouge.)

Cadillac might have left the New World, but the Nain Rouge was here to stay. And at Detroit's worst moments, the Nain has been seen often cackling or taunting the city's residents. And so for 300 years, Detroiters have memorialized not just Cadillac's actions, but his willingness to persevere and hope for better things, combined with the determination to rise from the ashes.

In 1701, legendary founder of Detroit Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac met a fortune-teller, who warned him to beware of the Nain Rouge, a red devil that had appeared to Cadillac in a dream. She warned him that the little red imp is the embodiment of his ambition, anger, pride, envy — everything that held him back. The Nain Rouge, she told him, is the harbinger of doom. If Cadillac chose to settle near the straits between Michigan and Ontario, the fortuneteller said, it might pay off one day, but it would be a long uphill slog fraught with setbacks.

Despite this sound counsel, when Cadillac first saw the fiend in person, the Nain taunted him mercilessly and Cadillac chased the red devil away with a stick. Courage, even in the face of common sense, and willingness to endure whatever comes, are henceforth defining characteristics of denizens of the city that Cadillac went on to establish: Detroit.

Unfortunately, the fortune turned out to be true and Cadillac died penniless after he left Detroit for France. The city he founded, however, fared better, endured and prospered (mostly), against the fiendish efforts of the Nain Rouge.

For 300 years, Detroiters memorialized Cadillac's actions and willingness to persevere and

hope for better things, combined with the determination to rise from the ashes. At Detroit's worst moments, the Nain has been there, cackling or taunting the city's residents.

And so every year, Detroiters celebrate liberation from the Nain, a new beginning, and whatever is good and working in the city in a spring festival for the good and betterment of the city of Detroit.

Unfortunately, on such occasions, the Nain Rouge manifests, revealing itself to revelers, taunting them by highlighting all of its evil accomplishments and plans to bring the city down. (Just in case, revelers are advised to come in disguise, so the Nain can't exact revenge.)

On these occasions, a struggle ensues – the Nain Rouge taunts revelers and challenges them to join him in Cass Park, where he'll reveal his ultimate plan for the city's demise. The epic confrontation culminates in a decisive moment – the future of the city hinges on the whether the gathered Detroiters can overwhelm the Nain Rouge's dastardly plans with their hope for better things, or whether the Nain manages to hold the city back once again. So far, our track record is pretty good – but the Nain's power is no joke.

So we need your help. Please join us for a celebration of Detroit – and should the Nain Rouge appear, support our city against the this wretched red devil, the embodiment of everything that holds us back.

With your help, just like in years past, the thing that tries to thwart us will discover this city is not dead. This city will not give up. This city has a bright future.

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U.S. 666: "Beast of a Highway"?

On May 31, 2003, the American Association of State Highway and Transportation Officials approved a new number for the remaining segments of U.S. 666 in Arizona, Colorado, and New Mexico. At the request of State transportation officials, the route became U.S. 491, a spur of U.S. 191.

This is the story of why it was numbered U.S. 666 in the first place.

by Richard F. Weingroff

Revised 06/18/03



New Mexico's U.S. highway network as approved November 11, 1926

New Mexico Map - from New Mexico Highway Journal, March 1927. Click on map for larger version

The numbering plan devised by the Joint Board on Interstate Highways had several components. East-west roads were given even numbers; north-south roads, odd. Transcontinental and main east-west roads were assigned two-digit numbers ending in zero, while the main north-south routes carried numbers ending in one. Three-digit numbers were assigned to alternate routes and branches of main roads.

For the history of U.S. 666, the New Mexico designations are of interest. The September 1925 issue of *New Mexico Highway Journal* listed routes that had been identified during the final conference in August of the Joint Board on Interstate Highways in Washington. The routes listed in the article were not yet numbered, or arranged in their final configuration as part of interstate routes:

1. From Raton, via Las Vegas, Santa Fe and Albuquerque to El Paso.
2. From Clovis via Roswell and Alamogordo to El Paso.
3. From Texico via Clovis, Willard, Estancia, Tijeras Canyon, Albuquerque and Gallup

Wickenburg, Arizona) even though neither U.S. 666 nor U.S. 191 intersected U.S. 93. Moreover, U.S. 93 did not have any branches; if AASHTO were to number branches of U.S. 93 in sequence, the first would be U.S. 193, not 393.

At the suggestion of AASHTO, the States agreed to renumber the route as a spur of U.S. 191, with "491" chosen to avoid duplicating State route numbers. After AASHTO's Standing Committee on Highways approved the change, it became official on Saturday, May 31.

As S. U. Mahesh of the New Mexico State Highway and Transportation Department told the *Albuquerque Journal*, which number ended up on the highway was not important. "As long as it's not 666 and it's nothing satanic, that's OK."

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to Holbrook, Arizona.

4. From Las Cruces via Deming and Lordsburg to Duncan, Arizona.
5. From the Texas Line near Clayton via Des Moines to Raton.
6. From Glenrio via Tucumcari and Santa Rosa to Las Vegas.
7. From Willard via Scholle, Abo Pass, Socorro, Datil to Springerville, Arizona.
8. From Caballo, via Hillsboro, Silver City, Lordsburg and Rodeo to Douglas, Arizona.

The article added that another New Mexico route had been added during a regional meeting held in Denver on September 9, 1925:

This route established a connection between Gallup, The Mesa Verde National Park, and Salt Lake City, and is described in New Mexico as from Gallup via Shiprock to Cortez, Colorado.

Prior to its inclusion in the U.S. system, the route was known as the Navajo Trail and also was included in the National Park to Park Highway (a loop connecting many of the National Parks west of the Mississippi River).

The routes described in the article were reconfigured as parts of interstate highways by the time the Joint Board applied its numbering plan to the national map. The Joint Board's numbering plan was contained in its October 1925 report. This report assigned the number "60" to a Chicago-to-Los Angeles crescent route, with five branches numbered east to west:

- U.S. 160: Baxter Springs, Kansas to Coffeyville, Independence.
- U.S. 260: From Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, to Okemah, Henryetta.
- U.S. 360: From Amarillo, Texas to Farwell, Clovis, New Mexico, Roswell, El Paso.
- U.S. 460: From Los Lunas, New Mexico, to Route No. 70.
- U.S. 560: From Gallup, New Mexico, to Cortez, Colorado.

New Mexico had two cross-State highways in the Joint Board's plan. The original designation of U.S. 60 took it through Tucumcari, Newkirk, Santa Rosa, Las Vegas, Santa Fe, Bernalillo, Albuquerque, Los Lunas, McCarty, and Gallup to Holbrook, Arizona. (At the time, New Mexico did not have a good road linking Santa Rosa and Albuquerque, so interstate traffic took the route via Santa Fe). The other cross-State highway, U.S. 70, went through Clovis, Fort Sumner, Willard, Scholle, Socorro, Magdalena, Springerville to Holbrook. (This routing is well to the north of the modern routing of U.S. 70 (Clovis, Roswell, Ruidoso, Alamogordo, Las Cruces, Deming, Lordsburg)).

With these main routes in mind, the New Mexico branches of U.S. 60 made sense. U.S. 460 was linked to U.S. 60 at Los Lunas and U.S. 70 west of Scholle. U.S. 560 was linked to U.S. 60 at Gallup.

AASHO's Executive Committee approved a sixth branch of U.S. 60 during its meeting on January 14, 1926, in Chicago. The new route in New Mexico-from Hondo to San Antonio-had not been part of the Joint Board's plan. Because it was east of the Gallup-Cortez route, the new route was numbered U.S. 560. It did not link to U.S. 60, but was linked to U.S. 360, which connected with U.S. 60 at Amarillo. With this January addition, AASHO had approved

six branches of U.S. 60. Therefore, U.S. 560 became U.S. 660.

The Fight Over 60 Changes the Map

Following complaints from Kentucky and other States in the East that "60" should have been assigned to a transcontinental route through their States, the number "60" became the subject of the most protracted and bitter controversy involving the numbering plan. The compromise solution was to assign "60" to a route from Virginia Beach, Virginia, to Springfield, Missouri, and "66" to the Chicago-to-Los Angeles route. AASHO sent ballots to the States involved seeking approval. By August 7, 1926, enough States had approved the change for AASHO to consider the matter closed.

The change to "66" meant that the former branches of "60" had to be renumbered as branches of the new number. Therefore, the sixth branch, U.S. 660, became U.S. 666.

When the U.S. 60/66 controversy was resolved in early August, some additional adjustments were necessary to accommodate other changes that had occurred during the months since the Joint Board's report. Executive Secretary W. C. Markham wrote to the Executive Committee on August 11, 1926, to provide a copy of his letter to the State highway agencies involved in the 60/66 controversy notifying them that it had been resolved. He added:

In view of the settlement of this controversy it becomes necessary for us to change a ballot which you have already approved affecting New Mexico, and this is to advise that the ballots which I have on hand from you concerning this New Mexico adjustment will be changed to read as follows in the record:

Moved:

"That Route No. 285 between Raton and Route 66 south of Las Vegas be numbered 385, and that Route 466 between La Joya and Isleta be numbered 570 instead of 460."

This change meant that U.S. 66 would have only five branches, but the fifth would retain its number, 666. (On the ballots, "60" was converted to "66" by a pen mark on the zero.)

The Fate of 460

For U.S. 460, the change to U.S. 570 would not last long. On August 10, State Highway Engineer James A. French of New Mexico wrote to Markham to ask AASHO for a shift in U.S. 85. The State Highway Commission had approved a resolution on July 27:

. . . . This road leaves the Canadian border running in a general southerly direction to Raton, N.M., and then abruptly turns southeasterly thru Clayton to Bowie, Texas, connecting with U.S. Highway 81. The Commission believes that the Camino Real from Raton in New Mexico by way of Las Vegas, Santa Fe, Albuquerque, Socorro and Las Cruces to El Paso should bear Federal Number 85, as this is the most general north and south route and most direct route from the Canadian border to the Mexican border.

The alignment from Raton via Clayton to Bowie was part of the established Colorado to Gulf Highway/Puget Sound to the Gulf Highway.

French pointed out that the suggested change would make U.S. 85 "a true north and south road" from Canada to Mexico. Moreover, it would incorporate *El Camino Real* (The King's Highway), "the first road created by law in New Mexico and used as a highway for 250 years previous to that time." He noted that from Raton to Santa Fe, the route had been part of the old Santa Fe Trail. He added:

A situation is developing which is extremely unpleasant for the highway department and somewhat antagonistic toward the U.S. Highway System. It seems to me that a change as suggested by the Commission in making the route from Raton to connect with Route No. 81 in Texas, No. 585 could be easily effected without protest.

Markham replied on August 23. The change "appears very reasonable," but it would "necessarily involve a number of lapping routes." Although "it is a little late to take up any general change," New Mexico's proposal would involve only one other State, Texas. He agreed, therefore, to take the matter up with the Executive Committee. The Executive Committee approved the change on September 7, shifting U.S. 85 onto the historic road from Raton to El Paso. Former U.S. 85 from Raton via Clayton to the Texas State line became U.S. 385. The new routing of U.S. 85 would absorb U.S. 570 (former U.S. 460/466).

With U.S. 570 now part of U.S. 85, no other routes were available for the "4" branch, leaving it undesignated in the plan approved on November 11, 1926. Therefore, the branches of U.S. 66 were as follows:

- U.S. 166: Baxter Springs to South Haven, Kansas.
- U.S. 266: Oklahoma City to Warner, Oklahoma.
- U.S. 366: Amarillo, Texas, via Clovis, New Mexico, to El Paso, Texas.
- U.S. 566: Hondo to San Antonio, New Mexico
- U.S. 666: Gallup, New Mexico, to Cortez, Colorado
- U.S. 666 was listed as 141 miles long.

Later Changes

On June 8, 1931, AASHO approved a series of changes in New Mexico and Texas when U.S. 60 was extended from Springfield, Missouri, to Los Angeles, California. U.S. 70 from Farwell, Texas, to Holbrook, Arizona, became part of extended U.S. 60 and U.S. 260. At the same time, "70" was reassigned to the southern alignment familiar from a modern map. Related changes included creation of U.S. 380 from Albany, Texas, to Socorro, New Mexico. This new route absorbed and eliminated U.S. 566. For the same reason, "470" in (Willard to Moriarity to Albuquerque) was eliminated and its route redesignated U.S. 366. With this series of changes, all branches of U.S. 66 in New Mexico were linked to the route.

With these changes, U.S. 66 had four branches:

U.S. 166: Baxter Springs to South Haven, Kansas
U.S. 266: Warner to Henryetta, Oklahoma
U.S. 366: Willard to Albuquerque, New Mexico
U.S. 666: Gallup, New Mexico, to Cortez, Colorado.

The first route log to include U.S. 466 was published in 1935 (Kingman, Arizona, to Las Vegas, Nevada, to Morro, California). The route was the sixth branch of U.S. 66 to be designated, but it was west of U.S. 566, the reverse of the normal pattern.

By the 1942 log of U.S. numbered highways, AASHO had approved extension of U.S. 666 to Douglas, Arizona, by incorporating the rugged Coronado Trail and bringing the route to a total of 556 miles. The Coronado Trail (initially from Springerville to Clifton) was named in 1926 because the explorer and conquistador, Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, passed through the area in 1540. The route has been improved since 1926, but remains a challenge to motorists. Travel writer James T. Yenckel, in an article in *The Washington Post* on December 29, 1991, commented:

No structural evidence of Coronado's passing remains, but the verdant countryside, abloom in summer wildflowers, is largely untouched, and it must look now as it did when he struggled through. The route was a struggle for me, too. An almost empty highway to nowhere, U.S. 666 climbs to above 9,000 feet along the Coronado Trail in a cliff-hanging series of twists and turns so sharp the speed limit often drops to only 10 miles per hour. The reward for this little test of nerves is a picture-postcard panorama of pine-draped ridges leap-frogging across the horizon.

The route was extended to Monticello, Utah, in June 1970 as part of a series of changes requested by State highway officials in Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico, and Utah. Its new length was 605 miles.

In 1985, the American Association of State Highway and Transportation Officials (AASHTO, as AASHO is now called), eliminated the number "66," at the request of the States involved, after the highway had been replaced by Interstate highways. This change did not automatically result in new numbers for the former branches of U.S. 66. However, the link between the numbering of U.S. 66 and U.S. 666 was lost.

Any change in branch numbering had to be initiated by the State transportation departments and approved by AASHTO. (The Federal Highway Administration has no role in the numbering of the U.S. numbered highways.) In June 1992, at the request of the transportation departments of Arizona and New Mexico, AASHTO approved a numbering change affecting U.S. 666 in those States. The route became an extension of U.S. 191 from Chambers at I-40 to Douglas. The segment of U.S. 666 that ran along I-40 to Gallup, New Mexico, was eliminated as a U.S. route. These changes to the branch route are consistent with elimination of U.S. 66 in 1985. However, north of Gallup through Colorado to Monticello, Utah, the route remained U.S. 666. The three States involved had the sole authority to request a change.

As for the other branches of U.S. 66, only two have survived with a "66" number, namely U.S. 166 (Joplin, Missouri, to South Haven, Kansas) and U.S. 266 (Warner to Henryetta, Oklahoma). U.S. 366 was eliminated in the late 1930's, while U.S. 466 was dropped in the early 1970's.

The Number of the Beast

Over the years, U.S. 666 has sometimes been the object of controversy because "666" is the "number of the beast" (or Antichrist) in the Bible. *Revelation* 13:18 states:

Let him who has understanding calculate the number of the beast, for it is the number of a man: His number is 666.

This association is a result of gematria, a system of numerology that assigns a value to each letter of the alphabet. A word can, thus, be counted by adding the value of each letter. Through gematria, "666" is the biblical "number of the beast" because the letters comprising the name of the "beast" add up to 666. The identity of the "beast" is unclear, although the Roman Emperor Nero is a possibility.

The association with the "beast" earned U.S. 666 the nickname "Devil's Highway." *USA Today* quoted a State trooper who recalled one drunken-driving suspect on U.S. 666 who told him, "Triple 6 is evil. Everyone dies on that highway" (August 4, 1990). *The Wall Street Journal* titled an article "Beast of a Highway: Does Asphalt Stretch Have Biblical Curse?" (August 3, 1995). Referring to the highway's dangers, the article quoted a resident who "blames Satan. After all, 'the highway has the devil's name.'" It was also the subject of a cartoon in *The New Yorker's* issue of February 23/March 2, 1998 (a Corvette-type open top sports car is passing the U.S. 666 sign; the driver and his passenger are depicted as satanic figures).

In 2001, Lions Gate Home Entertainment released "Route 666," a movie starring Lou Diamond Phillips. He and Lori Petty play FBI agents assigned to deliver a government informant to court. The Internet Movie Data Base summarized the plot:

Smith, a mob informer hiding out with the Witness Protection Program, decides to make a break for it and hide out in the Arizona desert. The Feds catch up with him and rescue him just before a group of hitmen can manage to silence him for good. In the course of getting Smith away from the mafia thugs, the pair of agents assigned to protect him turn onto an abandoned stretch of highway nicknamed "Route 666" after the mysterious death of a prison chain gang. As the three continue on their way, they soon discover just what happened to the chain gang, and how the highway earned its name.

The route also played a small part in director Oliver Stone's controversial 1994 movie *Natural Born Killers*.

Despite the biblical reference and the image U.S. 666 has gained over the years, the gematria calculation had nothing to do with the numbering of the route. Boring though it may

be to contemplate, the route was simply the sixth branch of U.S. 66 in early August 1926-and retained that number when U.S. 466 was dropped a few weeks later.

The Copper Crucible

Lawyer and journalist Jonathan D. Rosenblum discussed U.S. 666 in his history of the 1983-1986 strike by the United Steelworkers of America against the Phelps Dodge copper company in Arizona and Texas (*Copper Crucible*, Cornell University Press, Second Edition, 1998). Rosenblum began chapter 1 with a description of the highway:

Route 666 rides the rugged eastern seam of Arizona from the Petrified Forest, south, across the Zuni River, through the Apache National Forest, and into the mountain mining towns of Clifton and Morenci. Unlike the straightforward, gentle passage of retired Route 66 ("America's Highway"), U.S. 666, its descendant, is tortuous, wild, and as strange as its name. In little more than one hundred miles, the surrounding altitude ranges from twenty-nine hundred feet to more than eleven thousand feet. With some four hundred twisting curves in one sixty-mile stretch, the road has sent more than its share of travelers crashing off cliffs. If, as Nat King Cole sang, drivers get their kicks on Route 66, they take their risks on 666.

He pointed out that from the start, the people living along the road "worried over a possible connection between ancient symbolism and their modern fate." He adds:

At the road's dedication in the 1920s, local Apaches reacted with curiosity to the white people's numerology; they performed a ceremony called "the Devil's Dance."

Because of its location in the midst of the copper district, U.S. 666 was at the center of the 3-year strike. Strikers marched the route and negotiators mediated disputes on its pavement. One example occurred on August 8, 1983, at a Phelps Dodge employment office near the Open Pit bar on U.S. 666 near Morenci after the union had declared this to be "the day everything stopped." When the first replacement workers arrived, they were "greeted by furious unionists" who demanded that employment director Dick Boland close the office, which they surrounded. The crowd relaxed when Boland assured the strikers the two replacement workers wouldn't go to work:

But within minutes, a rumor spread that the men had been allowed in a back entrance of the Phelps Dodge mine. As the clock ticked down toward the 3:00 P.M. shift change, protesters surged toward the gate, making a half-mile human chain along U.S. 666

With the workers demanding closure of the mine, State police were not certain they could control the crowd. Commander Ernie Johnson picked one of the workers who appeared to have some authority, Rick Melton, and suggested that a meeting could be arranged with the mine manager, John Bolles, if the crowd would refrain from attacking strike breakers as they left or entered the mine during the shift change:

The scene had all the markings of an Old West showdown. Two Phelps Dodge officials-Bolles and company attorney Jim Speer-appeared from behind the mine gate, smelter smokestacks in the background. They walked down the highway, away from the mine entrance. Two union members, Melton and boilermaker Angel Peralta-walked slowly up the highway to join them . . . Johnson came over to mediate. The five men gathered directly in the center of U.S. 666. Hundreds in the crowd followed and formed a cordon behind this nervous convocation.

Bolles said he would keep the mine open, but would cancel the shift changes for 24 hours. He also informed Melton and Peralta that Governor Bruce Babbitt and top union and company negotiators were to meet in Clifton to try to find a solution to the dispute. When Melton and Peralta agreed, Bolles tried to get the first bus of workers out of the mine and onto U.S. 666, but the angry strikers surrounded the bus and began rocking it. Melton succeeded in calming them, but had to get on the bus and escort it through the crowd. After the crowd finally dispersed, the remaining workers in the mine had the option of spending the night or going home. "Fearing the wrath of the protesters, most decided to spend the night on cots inside the mine."

The strike ended on February 19, 1986, when the National Labor Relations Board rejected the unions' decertification appeals. Rosenblum explained, "more than one thousand unionists from the Steelworkers coalition had remained on strike and in contact with their unions for the full thirty-two months-some taking jobs elsewhere, some unemployed, and a few working for the struggling locals." The strike was over, and the union was decertified. Rosenblum summarized the conclusion by saying:

And it all led to indisputable ends: Phelps Dodge survived to become one of the most profitable mining companies in the world ("an emerging superstar," in the words of the business press) and the union locals were dead.

He added that "it became evident that an era of American labor history ended in the 1980s along the desolate highway between Clifton and Morenci, Arizona."

The End of 666

On January 21, 2003, Governor Bill Richardson delivered his first State-of-the-State Address to the New Mexico Legislature. The new Governor discussed many topics of importance to his State, including the fate of U.S. 666:

We must coordinate the business interests of Native Americans and the state. After years of neglect in Santa Fe, I am proud to announce my wholehearted support for the renovation of Highway 666 (a name we are working to change) from Gallup to Shiprock, on the Navajo Nation, and I have directed the secretary of transportation to cooperate fully with the Navajo Nation in this effort.

It was the death knell for "666."

The New Mexico State Highway and Transportation Department joined with Colorado and

Utah transportation officials in submitting a recommendation to eliminate the last remaining segments of U.S. 666 and establish a new route, U.S. 393, in its place. After summarizing the history of the route, New Mexico's application explained the reason for the change:

There has been such an outcry from people living on or near US 66 in New Mexico and from the traveling public who avoid traveling on US 666, that House Joint Memorial 60 and Senate Joint Memorial 49 were passed by the 2003 Legislature of the State of New Mexico, to request assignment of a new designation for US 666 as quickly as possible.

The identical Joint Memorial Resolutions described U.S. 666 as "the site of many accidents," noting that "although the rate of accidents has decreased due to road improvements, it is still a dangerous stretch of highway." Then the resolutions got to the point:

WHEREAS, people living near the road already live under the cloud of opprobrium created by having a road that many believe is cursed running near their homes and through their homeland; and

WHEREAS, the number "666" carries the stigma of being the mark of the beast, the mark of the devil, which was described in the book of revelations in the Bible; and

HEREAS, there are people who refuse to travel the road, not because of the issue of safety, but because of the fear that the devil controls events along United States route 666; and

WHEREAS, the economy in the area is greatly depressed when compared with many parts of the United States, and the infamy brought by the inopportune naming of the road will only make development in the area more difficult.

Based on these considerations, the Joint Memorial Resolutions requested a new numeric designation as quickly as possible, adding that, "changing the numeric designation of United States route 666 would provide an added degree of comfort for those using the road."

New Mexico's application explained why the three States had settled on U.S. 393 as the new number:

Renumbering U.S. 666 to U.S. 393 would keep changes to the branch route consistent with the elimination of U.S. 66. U.S. 666 is also a north south route, and therefore should have an odd route number, rather than an even route number.

Before considering "393," the States had apparently thought about basing the new number on the fact that the northern terminus of U.S. 666 was its intersection with U.S. 191 at Monticello, Utah. However, because the numbers 191, 291, and 391 were used for State routes in New Mexico or Colorado, the States concluded they could not maintain the numbering sequence for variants of U.S. 191.

They chose 393, which was not in use in any of the three States. The problem was that the number implied that the highway was a branch of U.S. 93 (Port of Rossville, Montana, to

Niʻihau **PHOTO ABOVE:** Photograph of a 1778 engraving of Niʻihau by William Ellis, a **History** surgeon who sailed with Captain Cook when he first arrived in Hawaiʻi.



Niʻihau & Lehua Island

An aerial view of Niʻihau and Lehua...

Traditional Hawaiian chants offer several different legends about the formation of the island of Niʻihau, but most agree that when Pele, the volcano goddess, came to Hawaiʻi, her first home was on Niʻihau. She continued to move down the chain of islands to her current home on the island of Hawaiʻi, an ancient chronology of events generally supported by modern science although there is geological evidence that Niʻihau was formed

by a secondary vent after the Kauaʻi volcano began erupting.



House of Refuge at Kaewanoʻi Bay, Niʻihau - 1924

After the islands were inhabited by the early Polynesians who voyaged countless miles across the vast Pacific ocean, Kahelelani became the first great *aliʻi* (chief) of the island of Niʻihau. Until today the island is often called *Niʻihau a Kahelelani*, and his name is also used for the famous *kahelelani* shells which are used in making Niʻihau shell lei.

Another beloved *aliʻi* in the history of Niʻihau was Kāʻeo who was responsible for uniting the island after defeating the warlike Kawaihoa. Kawaihoa was banished to the southern point of the island.

His name was given to the hill on the southern end of the island which is usually visible from West Kauaʻi and sometimes mistaken for a separate island.

Independent Nature of Kauaʻi and Niʻihau Hawaiians

Kāʻeo married a high chiefess named Kamakahahei, and their son Kaumualiʻi was born in 1790. Kaumualiʻi later became king of both Kauaʻi and Niʻihau, and the story of how the islands of Kauaʻi and Niʻihau were the last islands to be united under Kamehameha is another bit of history that exemplifies the independence of these two islands. "*Niʻihau i ke kīkū*" is a

traditional saying that also describes the independent nature of the people of Ni'ihau.

However, 1863 marked the advent of a series of events which was to have lasting influence on the history of Ni'ihau and her people until this very day.



Ni'ihau Village

That year members of the Sinclair-Robinson-Gay clan arrived in Honolulu from New Zealand and began looking for land to purchase for ranching. When offered the island of Ni'ihau by King Kamehameha IV, members of the Sinclair family traveled to visit the island and decided to buy it.

A final purchase price of \$10,000 was agreed upon, but Kamehameha IV died on November 30, so Royal Patent No. 2944 shows his brother, Kamehameha V, completed the transaction on January 23, 1864, giving fee

simple title to James McHutchinson Sinclair and Francis Sinclair for all the government lands on Ni'ihau. These "government lands" did not include two large parcels of land set off for Koakanu during the Great Māhele in 1848 and a tract of land containing 50 acres previously sold to Papapa.

PHOTO: Ni'ihau home in the late 1800s.

Papapa apparently agreed to sell his acreage to the Sinclairs without incident, but it seems Koakanu refused to allow anyone to cross any portion of his land and even forbade boats to come in closer than one-half mile off the shoreline of his property. The story goes that it was his wife who finally convinced him to accept an offer of \$1,000 (or \$800 according to other records) for his lands.



Fishing on Ni'ihau

During the 1800s, the traditional lifestyle of the Ni'ihau people was generally similar to that on the other islands, particularly in the rural areas. The grass house was the standard residence, and fishing was a primary source of food. Because of the arid climate, however, yams, sweet potatoes, and breadfruit mostly replaced taro and fruits which have always been abundant on the other islands which have adequate rainfall.

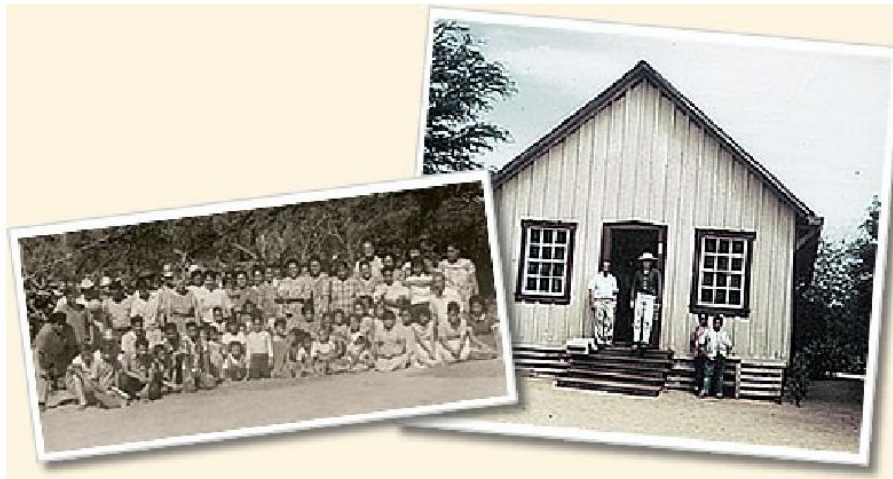
However, the yams from Ni'ihau, called *uhi*, were highly favored by whalers who stopped there for provisions because these yams

lasted longer than sweet potatoes or taro. These giant *uhi* were once described as being so heavy that a horse could carry no more than two at a time.

PHOTO: Fishermen in canoes off the shore of Ni'ihau.

Ni'ihau, a Heritage of Island Artisans

Ni'ihau was also known for crafting the finest *makaloa* mats in Hawai'i made from a perennial sedge that grew abundantly on the island. Geometric *pāwehe* motifs were used to decorate the mats and were also used on gourds whose designs were prepared in a special way never used on any of the other islands.



Ni'ihau School

Unfortunately, neither of these practices has been passed down to the current generation of Ni'ihau residents, but another aspect of the culture, the Ni'ihau shell lei, has not only been preserved, it has also been enhanced and has developed into a fine folk art unequalled anywhere in the world.

Much has been written about the fact that an entire island and its population has been under the control of a single family for nearly 150 years, but due to the policy of the owners—current ownership of the island is in the names of brothers Bruce and Keith Robinson, descendants of the original Sinclair family who purchased the island in 1864—access to the island has been limited, and this has resulted in the preservation of the Ni'ihau language as well as a traditional lifestyle unlike anywhere else in Hawai'i.



Ni'ihau Photos from Kauai Museum

PHOTOS:

Loading cattle from the beach.

Ni'ihau school building. One of two buildings; this is the one that Gilbert Pahulehua taught in.
Photo donated to Kaua'i Museum in 1962.

Ni'ihau children Summer school on Ni'ihau 1966. Mr. Gabriel I visiting Ni'ihau School (date unknown).

Ni'ihau Cultural Heritage Foundation

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Site Map

Website by: Emagine

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -90px !important; width: 180px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

HMAS Vampire makeover sucks up ocean of paint as ship gets ready for new berth at National Maritime Museum

- *Naomi White*
- *The Daily Telegraph*
- August 19, 2014 11:38AM
- <http://www.dailytelegraph.com.au/news/nsw/hmas-vampire-makeover-sucks-up-ocean-of-paint-as-ship-gets-ready-for-new-berth-at-national-maritime-museum/story-fni0cx12-1227029358792?nk=42253bedef67af9916072680979123d3>



HMAS Vampire is out of the water and in the Captain Cook Dry Dock at Garden Island. Picture: Cameron Richardson

- The makeover will take three weeks and more than 3200 litres of paint
- The National Maritime Museum is preparing a new home for HMAS Vampire
- Ex-navy destroyer fought in Vietnam War
- New areas on the ship will be open to the public

AFTER serving Australia for almost 30 years, this beast of the sea is getting a much-needed spruce up.

[GAS MAIN RUPTURES AND LEAKS FORCE EVACUATIONS IN COLLAROY](#)

[COUPLE STUCK IN THAILAND WITH SURROGACY TWINS](#)

HMAS Vampire has returned to the naval base at Garden Island where more than 3200 litres of paint

will be applied in three coats to the 119m from stern to bow.



Phillip McKendrick the Fleet Services Manager at Australian National Maritime Museum inspects the HMAS Vampire's huge propeller. Picture: Cameron Richardson

Weighing almost four tonnes, it will take crews three weeks to paint the 2000sq metres of underwater steel and the same on deck with primer, undercoat and top coat of navy regulation paint.

The last of Australia's big gun ships before the navy switched to missile weaponry, it was used for nearly thirty years, from 1959 to 1986.

One of her biggest roles was as an escort ship for HMAS Sydney, offering gun support on tours to Vietnam during the Vietnam War.



Ex-navy destroyer HMAS Vampire is the National Maritime Museum's biggest exhibit. Picture: Cameron Richardson

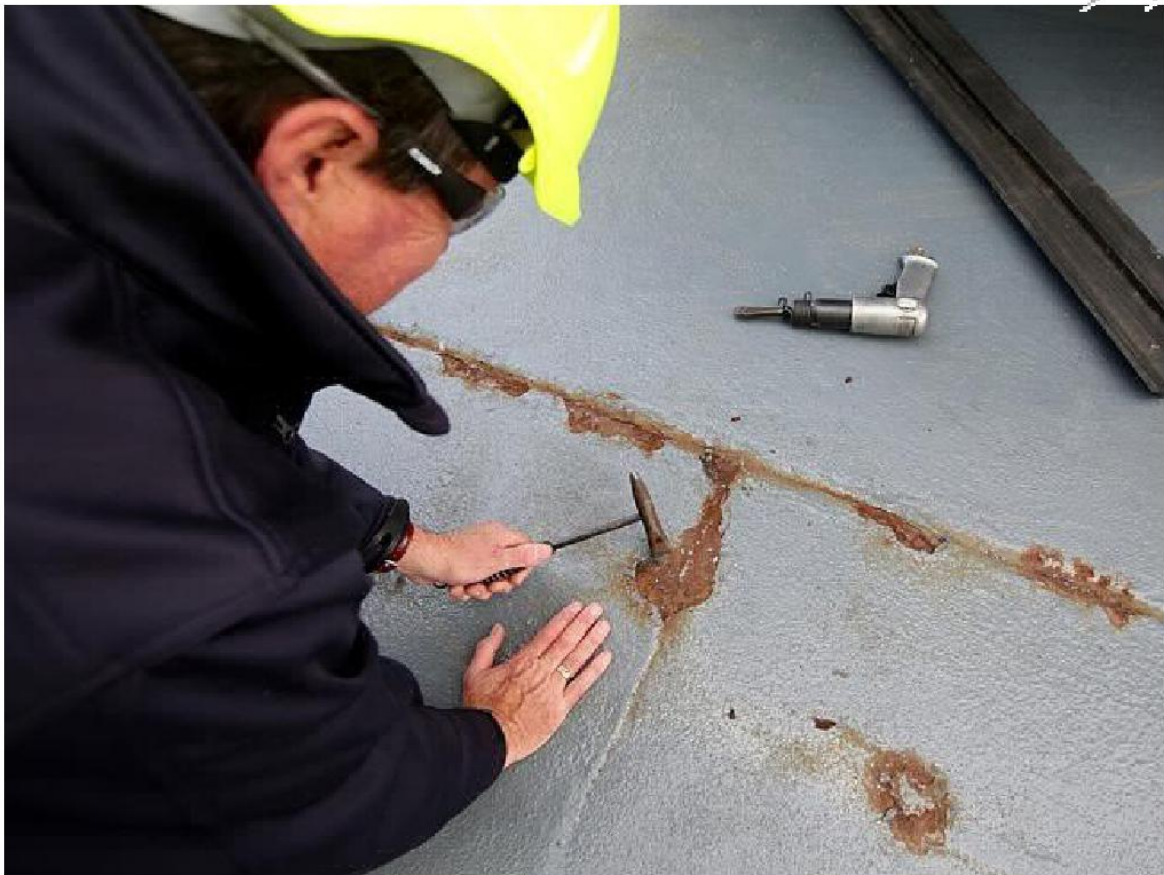
Fleet Manager at the Australian National Maritime Museum, Phil McKendric, served on board the ship between 1972 and 1976 and said it was a proud moment to get back on board.

"It's fantastic, I feel really proud to be back on board, it's great to be on a ship I served on," he said.

"We're getting her spick and span, ready to get her back to the museum looking all shiny and new."

Mr McKendrick said the museum, who were gifted the ship from the navy in 1990, take her out every three or four years for maintenance, but were paying "extra attention" to her this time.

"We're getting her spick and span, ready to get her back to the museum looking all shiny and new"
- Fleet Manager Phil McKendric



Chipping away at the rust on HMAS Vampire. Picture: Cameron Richardson



More than 3200 litres of paint will be applied in three coats to the HMAS Vampire. Picture: Cameron Richardson



Workman prepare the exterior of the ship ahead of the much-needed paint job. Picture: Cameron Richardson

That includes working on making areas previously closed to the public able to be accessed — including the radio and radar rooms and the chief petty officer's recreation room — ahead of the museum's opening of a new facility, which will house the ship and a submarine, later this year.

The ship will return to the museum "fresh and revived" next week and re-open for public viewing mid-August.



Phillip McKendrick said it was a thrill to be back on board a vessel he served on. Picture: Cameron Richardson

HONORING CIVIL WAR SOLDIERS



A Civil War-era replica cannon fires a salute at a Confederate Memorial Service on Saturday at Lazarine Cemetery west of Nacogdoches, Texas.

ANDREW D. BROSIG, THE DAILY SENTINEL, VIA AP

About in the seventies, it is told by former nurses and employees that in the fourth floor of the Hospital del Sagrado Corazón (Sacred Heart Hospital) a young girl possessed by the devil was interned for several weeks, until she dies there. It is also said that an exorcism took place in her room, which was about the middle of the corridor to the east. The hospital was owned by a local company that sold the building, which is located in Reforma Avenue in downtown Mexicali, and it is now a hotel. The floor where it's supposed to have taken place the possessed case is often colder than the actual weather and the spot near the door of the room is darker than others places. But the local church and the companies involved denied the case.

Byron - Hot Springs Hotel -

This hotel is located on the right hand side of the road about a quarter of a mile back down a long drive way. There is an old orange hotel from the late 1800's that remains are still intact. Legend says that this place is haunted by many who lost their lives in there. So far all that has been seen is an old man wearing white rags, and a young boy who runs up and down the halls. dragging noises have been heard on the first floor towards the main entrance. Dark shadows were seen from a distance and then disappeared after seen. Very active spots. You could tell this wasn't a happy house.

Anaheim - House of Blues -

The area behind the mosh pit on the first floor is where the hot spot is. People have been brushed against, touched, and pushed by something, but when they look there is no one there. It happens so casually that you don't even realize it the first time.

How satanists exposed the Christian right's core hypocrisy

Amanda Marcotte, AlterNet

Friday, Sep 26, 2014 09:25 AM PDT

salon.com

Evangelicals fancy themselves champions of "religious freedom" -- except when its exercise challenges their beliefs



[Enlarge](#)

This article originally appeared on AlterNet.

One of the favorite myths that Christian conservatives like to tell about themselves is that they are champions protecting "religious freedom" from the supposed oppressions of a secular humanist society. But that argument is increasingly being tested by, of all people, Satanists. Yes, people who claim to worship the demon that Christians believe runs hell are quickly learning how easy it is to show that the

Christian right never had any intention of protecting "religious freedom". Instead, time and time again, Satanists are showing that the conservative Christian definition of "religious freedom" doesn't apply at all to faiths, like Satanism, that offend them. Faced with the demands of Satanists, the supposed religious freedom crusaders of the religious right turn right back into the theocrats they always were, interested only in having government endorsement of *their* religion and often eager to demand that the government stomp out religious practices that offend them.

Oh yeah, and it all has the side benefit of exposing the Christian right as a humorless movement that struggles to tell the difference between reality and satire. But that's just a bonus for observers.

The latest dust-up involves a Satanic "black mass" conducted in a Civic Center in Oklahoma City. The Dakhma of Angra Mainyu Syndicate held a 2-3 hour ceremony that mocked the Catholic mass by stomping on bread and sexualizing the grape juice-in-lieu of wine, as well as praying to various demons.

Sadly, the whole thing, held by convicted sex offender Adam Daniels, was basically a failure as satirical performance art, as the group conducting it seems to take themselves way, way too seriously. (Because of this, other Satanist groups with better senses of humor have distanced themselves.) But despite being an utter failure on that front, it still managed to demonstrate the screaming hypocrisy of Christian conservatives who claim to stand for religious freedom.

Father Jonathan Morris went on Fox News Sunday to demand that Oklahoma City officials

shut down the black mass. After paying lip service to the idea that Satanists have a “political right” to worship, the fact that some people in the community oppose it should be considered reason enough to shut it down. “When you have a group that does this, not just because they want to do their own little worship, but they are provoking anger and hatred among the community, the city can step in and say, ‘That’s not worship, that’s not free speech, that’s mockery, and you’re inciting violence!’”, he added, as if it’s the fault of Satanists if people assault them and not the fault of people doing the assaulting.

“But what if I want to go and desecrate a Koran out in front of my church?” complained Morris. “What if I want to speak pro-Nazi stuff right in front of my church and get people all fired up on a public sidewalk?” In fact, both of those would actually be completely allowed under the First Amendment. Christian conservatives are constantly floating the fear that Christian pastors will be thrown in jail for preaching hate against gay people, but in fact, this doesn’t happen precisely because of the same freedoms that allow a bunch of Satanists to stomp on some bread and say they are against Jesus. By flailing around like this, Father Jonathan Morris showed how much the Christian right wants to have it both ways: Demand broad religious rights for themselves while demanding state oppression when others want the exact same rights.

The proposed monument is a hoot: Baphomet sitting on a throne while two children gaze adoringly at his goatly visage. The point of the stunt, however, is quite serious, to expose the hypocrisy of Christian conservatives who want to justify government endorsement of religion under the guise of “religious freedom”. Lucien Greaves of the Temple told *Vice*, “Constitutional law is quite clear on this issue: The state can’t discriminate against viewpoints. If they’ve opened the door for one, they’ve opened it for all.” To turn down the Satanists is to admit that the Christian right didn’t care for religious freedom at all, but simply wants government to push their religion while suppressing others who disagree.

The Satanic Temple is pulling a similar stunt in Florida, to protest the Orange County Public Schools, which allowed the World Changers of Florida to pass out Bibles and religious pamphlets on campus. An atheist group already managed to get its protest in by getting similar permission to pass out atheist materials, putting the district in a situation where they either had to let them do it or risk a lawsuit. But the Satanist groups are making the situation hilariously surreal by asking to distribute *The Satanic Children’s BIG BOOK of Activities*, a coloring book with games that explain the ins and outs of Satanic rituals, as well as showing kids how to draw a pentagram.

As with the Oklahoma case, Greaves explains that it’s a matter of simple fairness, because “if a public school board is going to allow religious pamphlets and full Bibles to be distributed to students — as is the case in Orange County, Florida — we think the responsible thing to do is to ensure that these students are given access to a variety of differing religious opinions.”

Ian Millhiser at Think Progress concurs, pointing out that in *Lamb’s Chapel v. Center Moriches Union Free School District*, the Supreme Court decided that churches could show religious films on school property so long as they didn’t turn around and discriminate against other religions who want the same rights. “Under the Constitution, what’s good for an

evangelical church is also good for the Satanic Temple," Millhiser concludes.

For years now, the Christian right has been able to push government endorsement of religion by claiming that they aren't asking for *special* rights to use school grounds, statehouse lawns and civic centers for their religious agenda. The only way to know for sure is to put them in a situation where they extend the same privileges they want for themselves to people who they not only hate, but fear: Satanists. So far, they're failing the test.

Amanda Marcotte is a Brooklyn-based freelance writer and journalist. She's published two books and blogs regularly at Pandagon, RH Reality Check and Slate's Double X.

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How Would Immortality Affect a Vampire's Memory?

By [Brian Levine](#) | August 20, 2014 | <http://blogs.scientificamerican.com/guest-blog/2014/08/20/how-would-immortality-affect-a-vampires-memory/>

The views expressed are those of the author and are not necessarily those of Scientific American.

About 30 years ago I saw my first Jim Jarmusch movie, *Stranger than Paradise* at the Detroit Film Theatre, a popular site for indie film screening situated in the Detroit Institute of Arts. It is fitting that Jarmusch's latest film, *Only Lovers Left Alive*, starring Tom Hiddleston and Tilda Swinton as Adam and Eve, takes place in Motor City.

Being a film about vampires set in city where I once lived, it got me to thinking about what vampires can teach us about the workings of memory. Vampires have two features of interest to memory theorists. First, to the extent that they avoid angry mobs, they are immortal, allowing them to accumulate life experiences indefinitely. Second, they are [immune to the effects of aging](#). This is of interest because, in the living, the deleterious effects of long periods of time on memory are inextricably confounded with the effects of aging on brain structure and function. A vampire's memory would allow us to disentangle the effects of time and aging.

I must admit that I have failed to attract even a single vampire to my laboratory for testing, but in the absence of data, allow me to speculate on how your friendly neighborhood vampire might process memories of events at a specific time or place, beginning with the issue of immortality.

Episodic Memory

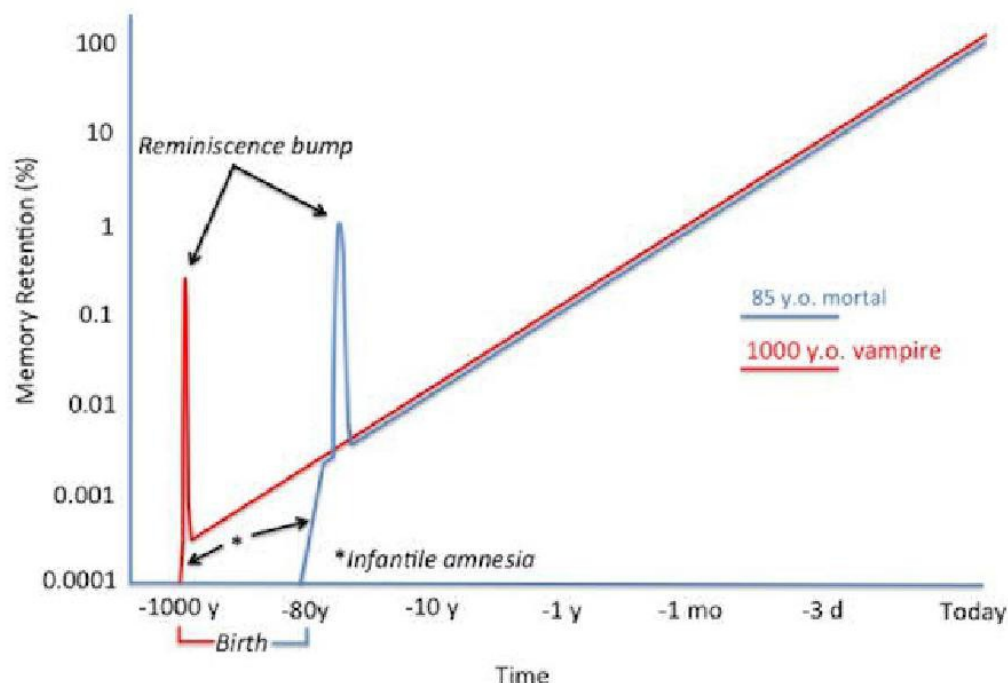
If you lived forever, would you remember everything that happened to you? The answer is no. Memory decays exponentially over time. In the Figure below, the horizontal axis represents time, starting from the present on the right, going exponentially into the past to the left as the years shrink and collapse upon themselves. The vertical axis represents the percentage of events accessible to recall, also plotted as an [exponential function](#). While you may recall nearly everything that happened today, after three days, this goes down to 10 percent for most people. A month from now, we would be hard pressed recall more than 1 percent of today's events. After a year, a tenth of 1 percent and so on.

With a couple of exceptions, this function is monotonic, meaning that the relationship between time and forgetting is constant in perpetuity. A normal 85-year-old mortal can recall but a scintilla (about 0.003 percent) of daily life events from his or her primary school years. Extrapolating this to a 1,000-year-old vampire, the figure would be 0.0002 percent. This is not necessarily a bad thing; forgetting is a normal process important the formation of new memories. [As psychologist Théodule-Armand Ribot stated in 1882](#) "Without the total obliteration of an immense number of states of consciousness, and the momentary repression of many more, recollection would be impossible." For both mortals and vampires, the most useful memories in terms of daily activities (say remembering where you parked the car or where to find fresh blood) are the most recent ones.

The first exception to the monotonic forgetting function is the period of infantile amnesia from birth to around age four, where few to no events are retained into the adult years (for a recent neurobiological account of infantile amnesia focusing on hippocampal neurogenesis, [click here](#)). The second is the "reminiscence bump," which refers to the period peaking around age 20 during which events and the cultural milieu are bound up with the formation of one's identity, gracing that period with enhanced recall and preference.

Events occurring during the reminiscence bump survive in memory because they are personally significant and emotional. These same events are also repeatedly recalled and reviewed in memory, enhancing their status in our autobiographies. Vampires were once young, after all, so they too are

entitled to a reminiscence bump. There is no reason to think that a vampire's first kiss would fade from memory even after 1,000 years. Thus vampires' early adulthood events would retain their special status in memory, as is the case for mortals.



Functions describing retention of events in a healthy 85-year-old mortal (blue) and a 1,000-year-old vampire (red). Time progresses exponentially from the present backwards to birth along the horizontal axis. The vertical axis indicates what percentage of life events would be recalled at different time points if memory were tested today. All events happening today would be recalled, declining to 10% of events from 3 days ago, 1% of events from one month ago, and so on. The function is constant over time, except for the period of childhood amnesia (birth to age 4) where little to no events are recalled into adulthood (hence the steeper slope of the function going down to birth), and the "reminiscence bump" from ages 10-30, where retention of events is relatively enhanced due to personal identity formation, novelty, and emotional salience. Vampires and mortals show similar retention functions, with the vampire continuing to recall increasingly fewer events that occurred during her 920 additional years of consciousness.

The figure above shows the percentage of events recalled, but what about the quality or vividness of those memories? In 2002, my group discovered that with age, mortals recall fewer episodic (specific) details (e.g., "it was a shiny red Mustang") and more non-specific details or commentary (e.g., "they don't make Mustangs like they used to!"). This phenomenon may be due to an age-related failure to suppress off-task thoughts. While vampires' detailed recall may suffer from the passage of time, their stories (such as Adam's personal reminiscences of Lord Byron in *Only Lovers Left Alive*), immune to the effects of aging, would be crisp and free of clutter.

Non-episodic memory

Memory of skills, habits and expertise are not subject to the same decay as the memory of episodes and events. Yet when it comes to self-improvement, the inevitability of death forces certain choices. Although I would like to pick up a new language or perfect my tempura technique, there are other priorities and there is only so much time.

Vampires are confined to evening hours, but otherwise have a lot of time to work with. Whereas aging

shifts mortals' focus towards present well-being and “generativity” (the desire to nurture younger generations) and away from long-term goals, no such effect is expected in vampires. Although some squander their immortality (there is one such example in *Only Lovers Left Alive*), vampires are generally a cultured, even uppity bunch that can hold their own in any conversation. In *Only Lovers Left Alive*, when packing for a trip, Eve selects books in several languages.

With aging, mortals acquire more knowledge and wisdom, yet processing speed and physical capacities decline, leading to the aphorism that youth is wasted on the young. For vampires, there is no theoretical limit on the number of skills that could be acquired to a reasonable level of competence, aside from pastimes that require being outdoors in the daylight or the use of a mirror. Vampires have the best of both worlds: whereas mortals are wise and slow, vampires are wise and fast. The tricky part would be to maintain these learned skills. Having taken piano lessons in the Elizabethan era would not be of much use today without regular practice. The following advice, amalgamated from cognitive neuroscience research, is for readers who are vampires and want to maximize their self-improvement:

1. Choose two or three things from different categories, such as physical skills, artistic talents, and intellectual pursuits (e.g., billiards, playing the banjo, and Greek literature, respectively). The variety of tasks will keep up your motivation and support training-induced neuroplasticity through strengthening of complementary brain systems.
2. Spaced or distributed practice is better than massed practice, so cycle your training for each task across days, allowing for a day or two of rest before returning to each task.
3. Take one or two days a week to reinforce and maintain skills that you have already mastered.
4. Get a good day's sleep, for sleep is essential for consolidation of learned skills.
5. Finally, choose skills with staying power. You'd be sorry if you had chosen macramé in the 70s just because it was hot.

The complexity of the human brain, with 100 billion neurons and 100 trillion connections, is beyond comprehension, at least with current methods. Given sufficient time, the amount of information that could be absorbed through the neuroplastic sculpting of these connections is limitless. The benefits of greater exposure and experience enjoyed by mortals are offset by the liabilities of age-related brain changes. Although vampires are subject to the same forgetting function as mortals, they illustrate the brain's capacities for learning and memory that can only be seen in the absence of brain aging and finite temporal horizons.

Further reading

Levine, B., Svoboda, E., Hay, J., Winocur, G., & Moscovitch, M. (2002). Aging and autobiographical memory: dissociating episodic from semantic retrieval. *Psychology and Aging*, 17, 677-689.

Rubin, D. C. and M. D. Schulkind (1997). “The distribution of autobiographical memories across the lifespan.” *Mem Cognit* 25(6): 859-866.

KANSAS Wichita: Police are searching for a stolen 800-pound wok, which was in an Asian cuisine restaurant.

Untitled

Skull donation has APD looking for answers

By Patrick Tolbert Published: August 27, 2014, 12:05 pm Updated: August 27, 2014, 6:23 pm

<http://kxan.com/2014/08/27/skull-donation-has-apd-looking-for-answers/>

AUSTIN (KXAN) – Someone donated a human skull to Goodwill at the 5555 North Lamar Blvd. location and Austin police would like to circle up with them.

APD says they don't believe the skull was involved in a crime and suspect the item may have been part of a private collection.

If you, or someone you know, donated the skull, you are asked to call APD at (512) 973-5210.

Arcata - Humboldt Brewery -

The original proprietor of the building (and several others nearby) is known to haunt the pub and periodically cause it to be known. Employees report moving furniture, dishes etc. during their shifts and the ghost is well known to established patrons.

ONCE A YEAR IN CHINA, THE GATES OF HELL OPEN UP, LEADING TO AN INFLUX OF *spirit creatures, bad omens AND ravenous ghosts...*

Hungry are the Damned

by MOANER T. LAWRENCE



EVER WONDER WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE IF HALLOWEEN LASTED AN ENTIRE MONTH? YU LAN, OR THE HUNGRY GHOST MONTH, IS A PERIOD CELEBRATED IN SOUTHERN ASIA THAT SPANS THE ENTIRE SEVENTH MONTH OF THE CHINESE LUNISOLAR CALENDAR.

That's right, weeks of nightly supernatural suspense, rife with colourful customs and rich superstition. For an entire month, residents avoid going out after dark, swimming or leaving their chopsticks upright in a bowl of rice, for fear of an encounter with misshapen spirits known as hungry ghosts.

It all begins with family. Although there are various denominations one can belong to in Asia, filial piety (devotion to one's parents and worshipping one's ancestors) is practiced by nearly all. Devotion to loved ones is demonstrated by visiting their graves, cleaning them or displaying other courtesies, such as burning incense or praying for their souls, often long after someone has departed the mortal world. It's believed that failure to observe filial piety can have supernatural consequences, and a hungry ghost, or *preta*, is one of them. Unlike a normal soul that dies, a hungry ghost remains behind as the result of unlucky circumstances, including being overly materialistic in life, experiencing a violent death, committing suicide, neglect stemming from the fact that someone's descendants don't visit his or her grave anymore, or that a family line has perished.

Whatever the reason, the result is the same: the souls in question become stuck in what's known as the *Naraka*, the lower realm of Buddhist Hell, where they're tormented with perpetual starvation. According to Chung-wah Chow, a

Hong Kong native who leads Hungry Ghost Festival tours, "A Buddhist sutra [Sutra of Stability in Contemplation of the True] mentions that there are 36 types of hungry ghosts."

What these ghosts consume varies from something benign, such as good deeds, vomit or dung; to something parasitic like wickedness, chi (energy) or infant blood. It's also believed that becoming possessed by one can lead to illness or insanity. This wouldn't be such a problem for the living, except that the King Yama or Yan Luo, the Buddhist judge of the dead and god of Hell, opens the gates to the netherworld once a year to let the spirits roam free amongst the living to feed or take revenge on any who have wronged them.



In response to this annual influx of dark forces, a series of protective rituals are followed in an attempt to appease the hungry ghosts. At home, relatives of the recently deceased set empty places and serve entire meals for family members that have recently passed away. In town, businesses usually close up early to leave room for the ghosts to congregate, and set up food-covered altars in the street. Meanwhile, plays, operas and concerts are performed with the front rows kept empty for the ghosts to occupy. In addition, Taoist and Buddhist monks will go out into the street and publicly perform rites and offer prayers to distract or ease the spirits' pain and suffering.

Chow says one legend that explains the origins of these practices concerns the mother of one of Buddha's disciples, Maudgalyayana, who died and went to Hell for being a wicked and selfish person. As a punishment, she was reborn into a warped spiritual body: her throat became needle-thin so that she couldn't swallow any food, and her stomach bloated to an obese size making her feel ravenously hungry all the time.

"The pain she suffered in Hell was that she was always starving," he explains. "Her son tried to send her food, but whenever she put the food in her mouth, the food would burn to ash and became totally inedible."

After consulting with Buddha, the disciple discovered that the solution was to burn the food on Earth, so it would become real food in the netherworld that his mother could eat.

"This also explains why, during the festival, the food offerings to the ghosts will always be something wet, or containing a lot of water, such as fruits, congee, juices, etc.," adds Chow.

Maudgalyayana's story has resulted in the practice of burning something as a way to get goods to your deceased loved ones. The most common item is fake money called Hell Bank notes, which are always coming out in colourful new varieties and often depict King Yama.

"[Asians] see the netherworld similar to the world we are living in," says Chow. "The Hell Bank notes are for the ancestors of each family to have a better afterlife in that world. The notes are not only for them to buy any necessary commodities, but also to bribe the officials in that world. This concept is rather funny, because it reflects that the government in ancient China was just as corrupt as today's [government]!"

In addition to money, all other modern conveniences imaginable are available in paper form for shipment to the afterlife, including shaving sets, jewelry, HD TVs, iPhones and lingerie.

However, Yu Lan isn't all fun and games; there are several taboos that are solemnly respected during the festival out of deeper fears. It's considered extremely bad luck, for example, to eat any of the food or sit in the seats reserved for the ghosts. Also, speaking or coming in contact with the Chinese character for the number four is a bad omen because it looks and sounds a lot like the Chinese word for death. (Tourists can get a room with a number 4 on it cheaper during this time because of the bad vibe it supposedly inspires.)

Staying out of dark corners, woods and alleys at

night is considered mandatory, as such shadowy places attract hungry ghosts. Matrimony during this month is also considered a bad omen, as is leaving your chopsticks upright in a bowl of rice; it resembles a funeral urn with incense sticking out, which might attract a ghost and bring chaos and misfortune to the restaurant it's lured to. People also avoid investment and making financial decisions during this time, to the extent that the Asian stock exchanges dip.

Finally, one of the biggest taboos during Yu Lan involves avoiding bodies of water. Chow tells us this is based on one of the most feared spirits: the *shui gui*.

"[Shui gui] refers to people killed by water," he says. "Either they committed suicide by jumping into the sea, a lake, or they died in a water-related accident. According to Chinese folklore, shui gui are trapped in the water until they find their prey [i.e. another living human] and they will drown this person, possess his body and get reincarnated as a new human being and finally leave the water world."

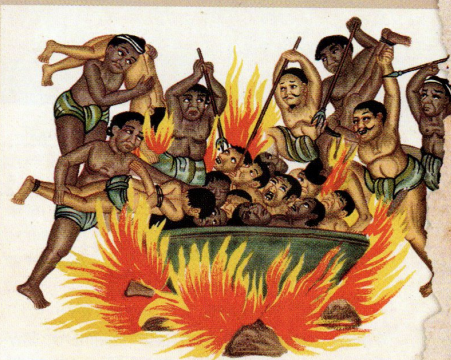
The soul of the drowned person then becomes the new *shui gui* who will have to search for another victim so that they can be reincarnated as well. Therefore, swimming, and travelling by, or over, water during Yu Lan is also avoided. In some areas, people won't even go fishing or launch new boats for fear of these ghosts.

The aforementioned taboos and rituals all culminate in a grand celebration that falls on the 14th night (or 15th depending on where you live) called the Hungry Ghost Festival. The largest of these fests are celebrated in Taiwan, Hong Kong and Singapore, and are marked by a ritual called the Burning of the King of Ghosts. "Burning the King of Ghosts is a ritual performed on the last day of the festival," says Chow. "The King of Ghosts is actually a paper effigy. It is a form of incarnation of the *Bodhisattva*

[an unenlightened Buddha], and burning the King of Ghosts is to signify to the hungry ghosts that they should now be satisfied and must return to the netherworld before the gates of Hell are closed."

After the King of Ghosts is immolated, people spend the remaining two weeks of Yu Lan floating paper boats and red lanterns to guide the ghosts back to the underworld, where they'll wait until next year.

Though Yu Lan remains relatively obscure to Westerners, many of us have already experienced some aspect of it. Japanese author Koji Suzuki, often regarded as the Stephen King of the East, is a solid example: in addition to writing fiction that spawned the J-horror phenomenon, he's also helped migrate many of the supernatural entities we see in Yu Lan, such as vengeance ghosts (*The Grudge*) and shui gui (*The Ring*, *Dark Water*). In addition, filmmaker Eduardo Sánchez made the festival the topic of his 2008 film *Seventh Moon*, about tourists running afoul of the ghosts while visiting a remote village during Yu Lan. With *Dia De Los Muertos*, *Krampusnacht* and *Walpurgisnacht* becoming more prominent internationally, expect China's hungry ghosts to have their turn at the table. 🍻



Burnt Offerings: Food is left out for the ravenous spirits during Yu Lan, (above) a depiction of the lower realm of Buddhist hell, called Naraka, and (opposite) fake money, which is burned for the hungry ghosts.



Glass Beach Treasure, Fort Bragg, California

A note from California State Parks regarding Glass Beach at MacKerricher State Park: "All park cultural features are protected by law and may not be removed or disturbed, including glass found at Glass Beach."

Why Go: To hunt (but not take) sea glass treasure.

The Buzz:

There are actually three glass beaches — all former city trash dump sites — that cough up beautiful sea glass.

What To Do: Search for rare ruby reds (from pre-1967 auto tail lights) or sapphire gems from apothecary bottles. Snap a photo, but leave the glass behind for others to discover.

Local Lore: From 1906 to 1967, everything from cars to batteries to bottles, cans and appliances were unceremoniously pushed over the cliffs into the ocean — a common practice of seaside cities for centuries. Mother Nature responded to this abuse with a nice surprise in the form of smooth, colored sea glass treasure in a rainbow of colors.

Best Picnic Spot: On the rocks and cliffs overlooking Glass Beach #3 (the most northern of the three beaches; located in MacKerricher State Park).

Getting There:

From Highway 1, turn west on Elm Street (Denny's is on the corner) and drive a few blocks to Glass Beach Drive. Park at the intersection and walk down to the beach.

Learn More: Frequently asked questions.

10BEST: Powwows that wow 'em

Every year, thousands of American Indian dancers, singers and musicians hit the powwow circuit in family-friendly festivals.

"These are full-out cultural events — dancing, music, food, fellowship and tradition, all combined in one," says **Paul Gowder** of PowWows.com, which lists more than 1,500 events. "You come face to face with a living, evolving culture." He shares popular powwows with **Larry Bleiberg** for USA TODAY.

CROW FAIR **CROW AGENCY, MONT.**

Now in its 96th year, this gathering is like a state fair for the Crow people. "It's a complete cultural experience," Gowder says. The August event includes a parade with participants riding horses elaborately decorated with beads and blankets. Perhaps most notable is the tepee encampment with up to 1,000 of the shelters. "It's quite a sight. They call themselves the tepee capital of the world." www.crow-nsn.gov/crow-fair-2014.html

UNITED TRIBES **INTERNATIONAL POWWOW** **BISMARCK, N.D.**

This 45-year-old September festival draws more than 1,500 dancers and representatives from 70 tribes, which makes it one of the biggest gatherings in the North Central states. "It's one of the must-dos on the circuit. It wraps up a long summer of powwowing," Gowder says. This year, its Sept. 4-7. unitedtribespowwow.com

DENVER MARCH POWWOW



MORONGO THUNDER AND LIGHTNING POW WOW

CABAZON, CALIF.

This event (Sept. 26-28) kicks off California's fall powwow season, attracting dancers from around the country. Based at the AAA four-diamond Morongo Casino Resort & Spa near Palm Springs, it offers a luxury setting. "You're right there in a plush resort area. It's well-run, and spectators love it," Gowder says. It's also one of the few places to see California bird singing and dancing, a distinctive regional style. 888-667-6646; morongocasinoresort.com/wp-content/powwow/pow2.php

4TH OF JULY POWWOW

CHEROKEE, N.C.

While most major powwows are in the West, this one on the Cherokee reservation is among a handful of top-ranked events east of the Mississippi. It attracts a wide following and offers a different experience. "The dance area is gorgeous, with mountain backdrops. It's green and lush and a beautiful location — usually nice and cool with a mountain breeze," Gowder says. 800-438-1601; visitcherokeenc.com

HUNTING MOON POW WOW

MILWAUKEE

While a relative newcomer on the powwow circuit, this fall event (Oct. 17-19) has grown tremendously over the past several years and now is ranked among the top five in an annual poll on Gowder's website. "That says a lot. It's growing really fast," he says. 414-847-7320; huntingmoonpowwow.com

The powwow season kicks off every March with this event, which attracts a huge number of Native American drum groups. These organizations usually have 12 to 15 people with male drummers and female singers. "Some of them have big followings," Gowder says. denvernatchipowwow.org

JULYAMSH POWWOW

POST FALLS, IDAHO

The largest outdoor powwow in the Pacific Northwest attracts more than 600 dancers and an eager crowd. "It's more of a traditional powwow," Gowder says. "It's the middle of summer and the middle of the season. The dancers dance on grass." julyamsh.com

MARVIN "JOE" CURRY VETERANS POW WOW

SALAMANCA, N.Y.

Formerly called the Seneca powwow, this annual mid-July event recently changed its name to honor a tribal member who served in the Korean and Vietnam wars. "It's one of the biggest in the Northeast," Gowder says. senecapowwow.org

COUSHATTA POW WOW

KINDLER, LA.

Located near Lake Charles, La., Coushatta is one of the biggest American Indian events in the country. And while most powwows feature similar dance styles, this June event also offers a chance to see stomp dancing, a style popular among tribes in the Southeast. 800-584-7263; coushattapowwow.com



The Crow Fair in Crow Agency, Mont., has been celebrating the Crow people for almost 100 years.

ADAM SINGS IN THE TIMBER



The Gathering of Nations, considered "the Super Bowl of powwows," draws crowds of 150,000 to Albuquerque in April.

PAUL GOWDER, POWWOWS.COM

GATHERING OF NATIONS

ALBUQUERQUE

The nation's biggest powwow attracts more than 3,500 dancers and 150,000 spectators during the last week of April. "This is the Super Bowl of powwows. Everybody saves up to come to this one," says Gowder, whose site offers live webcasts of the events. Activities include a Miss Indian World cultural (not beauty) pageant and even a long-hair contest. gatheringofnations.com

MORE TOBEST: TRAVEL.USATODAY.COM

See lists for travel ideas online.



[theoddmentemporium:](#)

Madron Cloutie Well

A cloutie well is a well or spring, usually with a tree growing beside it, with supposed magical healing powers. Back in the day sick or injured people would make pilgrimages to the site and bathe naked in the waters then circumnavigate the well three times before resting on a nearby hill. A strip of cloth would then be torn from their clothes and tied to a nearby tree, the belief being that as the cloth deteriorated so would the ailment.

[Sources: Photos: Mine | [Cloutie Well](#) | [Madron Well](#)]

Russia's Atlantis rises again

By News from Elsewhere... media reports from around the world, found by BBC Monitoring
11:35 UK time, Thursday, 14 August 2014



Stalin ordered the flooding of the historic city of Mologa to make way for a giant reservoir in 1935, but now the 'Russian Atlantis' has risen from its watery grave - to the delight of its former inhabitants.

The city on the River Volga dates back to the 12th Century, and was a major trading post between the Baltic Sea and Asia. But the Soviets decided Mologa had to go to make way for the Rybinsk Reservoir and hydroelectric power station. The 130,000 townspeople were forced out, and the city gradually disappeared beneath the waters in the 1940s. Nearly 300 people refused to go and were left to drown, Soviet secret police files confirmed.

The former inhabitants and their descendants sail to the site every year to pray and cast wreaths on the water. But a mild winter and hot summer have seen water levels drop dramatically, exposing remnants of the former Cathedral of the Epiphany and surrounding streets. The reservoir authorities allowed Nikolai Novotelnov, who had to leave Mologa when he was 17, to walk on his native turf again, Russia's [TV Tsentr](#) reports.

There is little to see beyond the cathedral foundations and the outlines of the streets, but Mr Novotelnov described the pre-war scene to television reporters. "Here was the inn, over there was the Voikov school and the flour store. Communist Street ran that way, towards the district administration building, the chemists, and my house," he told reporters. He laid flowers at the metal navigation marker that stands on the cathedral site and gathered brick fragments for his fellow Mologans.



The last of Mologa

The twisted custody battle over a T. rex named Sue

The documentary 'Dinosaur 13' details the complicated legal challenges over a 42-foot Tyrannosaurus Rex fossil discovered in South Dakota in 1990.

<http://www.mnn.com/lifestyle/arts-culture/stories/the-twisted-custody-battle-over-a-t-rex-named-sue>

By: Gerri Miller

Wed, Aug 13, 2014 at 04:02 PM

In May 2000, the 42-foot skeleton of a well-preserved Tyrannosaurus Rex went on display at Chicago's Field Museum amid much fanfare. But few of the millions who've seen Sue (named for her discoverer, Sue Hendrickson) in the 14 years since are aware that this once-ferocious dinosaur was embroiled in fierce battle over the custody of its bones that dragged on for the better part of a decade. This fascinating story is the subject of the documentary "Dinosaur 13," directed and produced by Todd Douglas Miller and opening in theaters on Aug. 15.

Based on the book "Rex Appeal: The Amazing Story of Sue, The Dinosaur That Changed Science, The Law and My Life," by Peter Larson and Kristin Donnan, the film begins in the summer of 1990, when a team of paleontologists from the Black Hills Institute in South Dakota including Larson and Hendrickson, found the T. rex fossils and paid landowner Maurice Williams \$5,000 for them. Unpredictably, that unleashed a complicated dispute over who owned the bones: the institute, Williams, the Sioux tribe to which Williams belonged, and the federal government, because the property was held in trust by the U.S. Department of the Interior.

The FBI and the National Guard seized Sue's remains in 1992, placing them in storage, and they remained there while a David-vs.-Goliath fight over their ownership played out in the courtroom until as settlement was reached five years later. The skeleton was auctioned off for a record \$8.36 million in October 1997, and it took three years to prepare it for display. "Dinosaur 13," it turns out, also traveled a long and complicated road to the screen.

"We started with conducting intensive first-person narrative interviews with everyone involved. At first we decided to dramatize the film with re-enactments and make it more of a docudrama. But then we were supplied with so much archival footage and press materials that we decided to utilize that instead," says Miller. "In all, there was around 300 hours of footage. Our approach was to go through every second of every frame, sometimes multiple times. We really wanted this to be the definitive story on Sue and her discoverers. So that meant years and years of research and talking with everyone involved in the story, some of whom are speaking for the first time in the film. Mostly everyone agreed to be in the film."

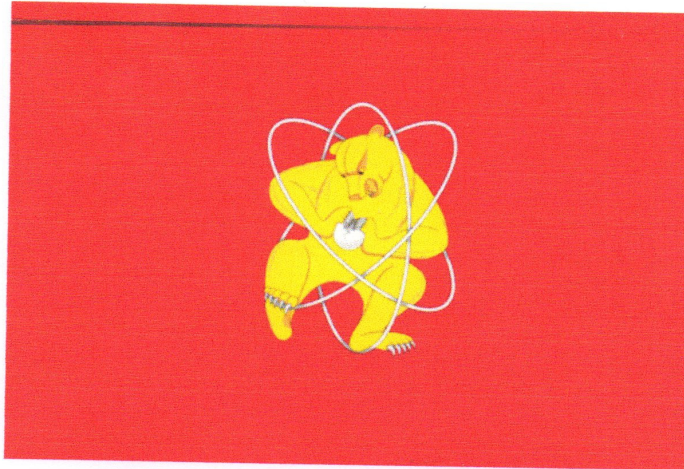
With so much material and a complex story, Miller's biggest challenge was "telling a very complex story that takes place over such a protracted amount of time in under two hours." In particular, he found, "There's no easy way to explain the land/ownership issue in a nutshell. Basically, dinosaur hunters can dig on either public or private land. The permitting process on public land, as well as the laws and regulations, are ever-changing. The case in our film set a precedent, which is still debated today."

The fact that the paleontologists wound up facing a host of criminal charges — and Peter Larson was even imprisoned — while Maurice Evans profited handsomely is one of the unfortunate ironies of the story and an important thread in the film. "Sometimes when a large, multiple-pronged apparatus is set in motion it's very difficult to stop," Miller reflects. "Maurice Williams was entitled to the proceeds of the auction because he owned the dinosaur. Whether that is right or wrong is up to the audience to decide."

Surprisingly, Larson isn't bitter over the loss of his beloved Sue. "I've personally never meant anyone with a more positive outlook and attitude on life than Peter Larson," says Miller. With regard to lessons learned from the story, that positivity may have rubbed off. "We're all on this planet for a very, very short time and we all need to treat each other with care and respect. And the more we learn about the history of past life on this planet the better off we're all going to be as we move forward as a society."

Miller hopes that audiences come away with that appreciation and a little motivation. "We want to get people excited about science and dinosaurs," he says. "Paleontology is one of the greatest fields in all of science, so it's my hope that the film will encourage people to learn more about it."

This town in Russia is called [Zheleznogorsk](#). Their flag and coat of arms is a bear splitting the atom.



That is all.

kicks down door, knocks over end table, vase crashes to the floor

No that is NOT all, because Zheleznogorsk is *really interesting*.

It was a secret city, established in 1950 in the middle of Nowhere, Siberia for the purpose of researching nuclear weaponry and producing massive quantities of plutonium, the facilities for which were hidden inside a *hollowed-out mountain*. It appeared on no maps, and had no census data. Although more than 100,000 people lived there at one point, satellite imagery would have shown only a fairly small mining town. The mountain complex contained 3,500 rooms and *three plutonium reactors*, which were kept cool by one of the mightiest river in Siberia. The space had been excavated by tens of thousands of gulag slave laborers, who removed more rock from inside the mountain than was used to build the Great Pyramids. Protected under the granite peak of the mountain, these facilities would survive a direct nuclear attack.

No one called it "Zheleznogorsk." Officially, it was "Krasnoyarsk-26," which is something like naming a city 'Arizona-17.' Residents traveling outside the city called it Iron Town, if they had to refer to it at all. They were under strict instructions never to reveal to anyone the actual business of Krasnoyarsk-26.

And life there was *fantastic*. People living and working in the secret city received some of the best wages in the Soviet Union. There were sports stadiums, public gardens, a movie theater, and the shortages notorious in the rest of the USSR were unknown. The best nuclear scientists in Russia lived in a sealed-off utopia.

A third of all the nuclear weapons produced in Russia during the Cold War were powered by fuel from Zheleznogorsk. At the time, the image of the great Russian bear ripping an atom apart wouldn't have seemed very funny at all.

So basically its the IRL inspiration for the [TV show Eureka](#)?

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Friday, August 22, the 234th day of 2014. There are 131 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1485: England's King Richard III was killed in the Battle of Bosworth Field, effectively ending the War of the Roses.

1787: Inventor John Fitch demonstrated his steamboat on the Delaware River to delegates from the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia.

1846: Gen. Stephen W. Kearny proclaimed all of New Mexico a territory of the United States.

1851: The schooner America outraced more than a dozen British vessels off the English coast to win a trophy that came to be known as the America's Cup.

1910: Japan annexed Korea, which remained under Japanese control until the end of World War II.

1914: Austria-Hungary declared war against Belgium.

1932: the British Broadcasting Corp. conducted its first experimental television broadcast, using a 30-line mechanical system.

1956: President Dwight D. Eisenhower and Vice President Richard Nixon were nominated for second terms in office by the Republican National Convention in San Francisco.

1962: French President Charles de Gaulle survived an attempt on his life in suburban Paris.

1968: Pope Paul VI arrived in Bogota, Colombia, for the start of the first papal visit to South America.

1972: President Richard Nixon was nominated for a second term of office by the Republican National Convention in Miami Beach. John Wojtowicz and Salvatore Naturile took seven employees hostage at a Chase Manhattan Bank branch

in Brooklyn, N.Y., during a botched robbery; the siege, which ended with Wojtowicz's arrest and Naturile's killing by the FBI, inspired the 1975 movie "Dog Day Afternoon."

1989: Black Panthers co-founder Huey P. Newton was shot to death in Oakland, Calif. (Gunman Tyrone Robinson was later sentenced to 32 years to life in prison.)

2004: As shocked spectators watched, armed thieves stole one of four versions of the Edvard Munch masterpiece "The Scream" and a second Munch painting, "Madonna," from the Munch museum in Oslo, Norway. (The paintings, visibly damaged, were recovered in August 2006; three men were convicted in connection with the theft and sentenced to prison.)

2009: Dozens of wildfires broke out across Greece, torching olive groves, cutting off villages and sending residents fleeing as one of the largest blazes swept perilously close to the capital's northern suburbs.

2013: Egypt's ousted leader Hosni Mubarak was released from prison and transported to a military hospital in a Cairo suburb to be held under house arrest. A day after being sentenced to up to 35 years in prison for leaking secrets, Army Pfc. Bradley Manning, in a statement to NBC's "Today" show, announced he intended to live as a woman named Chelsea and undergo hormone treatment. A mysterious glitch halted trading on the Nasdaq for three hours.

Thought for today: "Life does not give itself to one who tries to keep all its advantages at once. I have often thought morality may perhaps consist solely in the courage of making a choice." — Leon Blum, French statesman (1872-1950).



A coin for curing the “King’s Evil”; the gold angel of Charles I, London (Tower mint), 1625-1649

The gold ‘angel’ was introduced in 1465 by Edward IV, and was called an angel because it shows the Archangel Michael on the obverse. On the reverse is a medieval ship, which had been on the reverse of medieval gold coins since 1344. It was originally worth one-third of a pound (six shillings and eightpence), but by the sixteenth century it had increased in value to ten shillings, indicated by the Roman numeral X.

The coin dates from the reign of Charles I (1625-1649) and bears the inscription AMOR POPULI PRAESIDIUM REGIS (‘the love of the people is the King’s protection’), which was introduced by Charles I. This reflects the king’s concern about popular discontent, which was entirely justified by the events of the English Civil War, culminating in the execution of the king on 30th January 1649.

This coin was pierced so that it could be used in the ceremony of ‘touching for the King’s Evil’. It was believed that the skin disease scrofula could be cured by the touch of the king, and thus it was also called the King’s Evil. Sufferers of the disease who were touched by the king were presented with a gold angel to hang around their neck, as an amulet to reinforce the cure.

One of the last people to be touched for the King’s Evil was Dr. Samuel Johnson, one of the greatest literary figures of the eighteenth century, who was touched by Queen Anne (1702-1714). The first Hanoverian monarch, George I (1714-1727), abandoned the practice, which was regarded as superstitious.

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Saturday, August 23, the 235th day of 2014. There are 130 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1305: Scottish rebel leader Sir William Wallace was executed by the English for treason.

1775: Britain's King George III proclaimed the American colonies to be in a state of "open and avowed rebellion."

1858: "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," a play by Timothy Shay Arthur about the perils of drinking alcohol, opened in New York.

1913: Copenhagen's Little Mermaid statue, inspired by the Hans Christian Andersen story, was unveiled in the harbor of the Danish capital.

1914: Japan declared war against Germany in World War I.

1926: Silent film star Rudolph Valentino died in New York at age 31.

1927: Amid protests, Italian-born anarchists Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were executed in Boston for the murders of two men during a 1920 robbery.

1939: Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union agreed to a non-aggression treaty, the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact, in Moscow.

1944: Romanian Prime Minister Ion Antonescu was dismissed by King Michael, paving the way for Romania to abandon the Axis in favor of the Allies.

1960: Broadway librettist Oscar Hammerstein II, 65, died in Doylestown, Pennsylvania.

1973: A bank robbery-turned-hostage-taking began in Stockholm, Sweden; the four hostages ended up empathizing with their captors, a psychological condition now referred to as "Stockholm Syndrome."

1982: Lebanon's parliament elected Christian

militia leader Bashir Gemayel president. (However, Gemayel was assassinated some three weeks later.)

1989: In a case that inflamed racial tensions in New York, Yusuf Hawkins, a 16-year-old black youth, was shot dead after he and his friends were confronted by a group of white youths in the Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn. (Gunsman Joey Fama was convicted of second-degree murder and sentenced to life in prison; he will be eligible for parole in 2022.)

2004: President George W. Bush criticized a political commercial accusing Democratic nominee John Kerry of inflating his own Vietnam War record, and said broadcast attacks by outside groups had no place in the race for the White House. In Athens, Jeremy Wariner became the sixth consecutive American to win the Olympic title in the 400 meters, leading a U.S. sweep of the medals. The U.S. softball team won its third straight gold medal with a 5-1 victory over Australia.

2009: Reality TV contestant Ryan Jenkins, suspected of killing his wife, former model Jasmine Fiore, was found hanging in a motel in Hope, British Columbia, Canada, an apparent suicide. Stefania Fernandez, Miss Venezuela, won the 2009 Miss Universe pageant in the Bahamas; she succeeded fellow Venezuelan Dayana Mendoza, the previous year's winner.

2013: A military jury convicted Maj. Nidal Hasan in the 2009 shooting rampage at Fort Hood, Texas, that claimed 13 lives; the Army psychiatrist was later sentenced to death.

Thought for today: "I know the world is filled with troubles and many injustices. But reality is as beautiful as it is ugly. I think it is just as important to sing about beautiful mornings as it is to talk about slums. I just couldn't write anything without hope in it."
— Oscar Hammerstein II (1895-1960).

Reward offered for stolen piece of sculpture

A metal dog sculpture at the Village Park Animal Hospital in La Quinta lost its head on Aug. 29 after the entire art piece was ripped from its base and dragged by a vehicle, according to hospital officials.

A \$250 reward is being offered Dr. Kathryn Carlson for the return of the missing head — no questions asked.

The sculpture of the dog with a fire hydrant, was originally located in the dog relief area. It was found in the park adjacent to the facility at 51-230 Eisenhower Drive with the head missing.

People with information to share can call Village Park at (760)564-3833 or the La Quinta Police Department at (760) 771-3220.

Xochitl Peña

Future Ghost Story? The Desert Sun Sept 12 2014 pg A4



The Casa Larrea Motel pool Thursday evening.

DAVE
NYCZEP/THE
DESERT SUN

D.C. woman drowns in Palm Desert motel pool

By Dave Nyczepir
and Lorraine Whetstone
The Desert Sun

A 31-year-old Washington, D.C., woman died Wednesday after she was pulled from a motel pool in Palm Desert.

Lena Ramadan was pronounced dead at 12:22 p.m., according to the Riverside County coroner's office.

Firefighters responded to a drowning call at 11:39 a.m. at Casa Larrea Motel at 73-771 Larrea St.

The time of injury, however, was listed as 10:32 a.m.

The woman had been in the water for about an hour before staff saw her body and called 911, Riverside County sheriff's Sgt. Brent Sechrest said. The only other guests at the hotel had checked out by the time she was found.

Security camera footage shows Ramadan had gone in and out of the pool several times.

The last time she went in, Sechrest said the tape shows that she was holding on to the side before drifting down into the pool at 10:32 a.m.

"We reviewed the videotape and that's when she went under the water," Sechrest told The Desert Sun on Thursday.

The woman was in cardiac arrest when firefighter paramedics took her

to a local hospital, Cal Fire said.

A lone beach ball floated in the 6-foot-deep pool Thursday evening inside the quaint, 12-room motel.

Off to one side of the pool signs are posted to inform guests that no lifeguard is on duty and that the pool capacity is 40 people.

Casa Larrea owners Kim and Frank Schuler disagreed Thursday with police reports about the length of time Ramadan had been in the pool before someone noticed something was wrong.

They said she was only in the pool six to eight minutes before paramedics arrived.

"It's very sad. She was a young, beautiful girl," Kim Schuler said. "She booked online to stay one day and decided to stay one more night."

Surveillance video showed Ramadan sunbathing, swimming, going in and out of her room, and talking on the phone, the couple said. Then the motel cleaner found her in the pool.

"She had a staggering, unsteady gait as she jumped into the pool again and swam to the other side," Frank Schuler said, adding that he and his wife are waiting to learn the results of the coroner's report. "She went under, but she never came up."

Reporter Denise Goolsby contributed.

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Wednesday, Sept. 10, the 253rd day of 2014. There are 112 days left in the year.

On this date:

1608: John Smith was elected president of the Jamestown colony council in Virginia.

1813: An American naval force commanded by Oliver H. Perry defeated the British in the Battle of Lake Erie during the War of 1812. (Afterward, Perry sent out the message, "We have met the enemy and they are ours.")

1914: Movie director Robert Wise was born in Winchester, Indiana.

1919: New York City welcomed home Gen. John J. Pershing and 25,000 soldiers who'd served in the U.S. First Division during World War I.

1935: Sen. Huey P. Long died in Baton Rouge two days after being shot in the Louisiana state Capitol, allegedly by Dr. Carl Weiss.

1939: Canada declared war on Germany.

1945: Vidkun Quisling was sentenced to death in Norway for collaborating with the Nazis (he was executed by firing squad in October 1945).

1955: The long-running TV Western series "Gunsmoke," starring James Arness as Marshal Matt Dillon, premiered on CBS television.

1963: Twenty black students entered Alabama public schools following a standoff between federal authorities and Gov. George C. Wallace.

1974: The West African country of Guinea-Bissau became fully independent of Portugal.

1979: Four Puerto Rican nationalists imprisoned for a 1954 attack on the U.S. House of Representatives and a 1950 attempt on the life of President Harry S. Truman were freed from prison after being granted clemency by President Jimmy Carter.

1984: A revival of the TV game show

"Jeopardy!" hosted by Alex Trebek premiered in syndication.

1994: The prison drama "The Shawshank Redemption," starring Tim Robbins and Morgan Freeman, premiered at the Toronto International Film Festival.

2004: CBS News vigorously defended its report about President George W. Bush's Air National Guard service, with anchor Dan Rather saying broadcast memos questioned by forensic experts came from "what we consider to be solid sources." Former transportation secretary Brock Adams died in Stevensville, Maryland, at age 77.

2009: President Barack Obama said he'd accepted Republican Rep. Joe Wilson's apology for shouting "You lie!" during the president's health care speech to Congress. A frail Sen. Robert Byrd addressed the Senate for the first time in months to pay tribute to the late Sen. Edward Kennedy, his one-time rival and longtime dear friend. The activist group ACORN fired two employees of its Baltimore office after they were seen in hidden-camera video giving tax advice to a pair of conservative activists, James O'Keefe and Hannah Giles, who were posing as a pimp and a prostitute.

2013: President Barack Obama, in a nationally broadcast address, said diplomacy held "the potential to remove the threat of chemical weapons" in Syria without the use of force, but declared the U.S. military would be "ready to respond" against President Bashar Assad if other measures failed. An Indian court convicted four men in the fatal gang rape of a young woman on a moving New Delhi bus. (The four were later sentenced to death.) Thomas Bach was elected president of the International Olympic Committee, succeeding Jacques Rogge.

Thought for today: "There are years that ask questions and years that answer." — Zora Neale Hurston, American author (1891-1960).

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Thursday, Sept. 11, the 254th day of 2014. There are 111 days left in the year.

On this date:

1714: The forces of King Philip V of Spain overcame Catalan defenders to end the 13-month-long Siege of Barcelona during the War of the Spanish Succession.

1789: Alexander Hamilton was appointed the first U.S. Secretary of the Treasury.

1814: An American fleet scored a decisive

victory over the British in the Battle of Lake Champlain in the War of 1812.

1857: The Mountain Meadows Massacre took place in present-day southern Utah as a 120-member Arkansas immigrant party was slaughtered by Mormon militiamen aided by Paiute Indians.

1936: Boulder Dam (now Hoover Dam) began operation as President Franklin D. Roosevelt pressed a key in Washington to signal the startup of the dam's first hydroelectric generator.

1941: Groundbreaking took place for the Pentagon. In a speech that drew accusations of anti-Semitism, Charles A. Lindbergh told an America First rally in Des Moines, Iowa, that "the British, the Jewish and the Roosevelt administration" were pushing the United States toward war.

1954: The Miss America pageant made its network TV debut on ABC; Miss California, Lee Meriwether, was crowned the winner.

1962: The Beatles completed their first single

for EMI, "Love Me Do" and "P.S. I Love You," at EMI studios in London.

1974: Eastern Airlines Flight 212, a DC-9, crashed while attempting to land in Charlotte, North Carolina, killing 72 of the 82 people on board. The family drama "Little House on the Prairie" premiered on NBC-TV.

1984: Country star Barbara Mandrell was seriously injured in an automobile accident near Nashville that claimed the life of the other driver, Mark White.

1994: Actress Jessica Tandy died in Easton, Connecticut, at age 85.

2001: On America's single-worst day of terrorism, nearly 3,000 people were killed as 19 al-Qaida members hijacked four passenger jetliners, sending two of the planes smashing into New York's World Trade Center, one into the Pentagon and the fourth into a field in western Pennsylvania.

2013: A car bomb tore through a Libyan Foreign Ministry building in the eastern city of Benghazi on the anniversary of a deadly attack on the U.S. consulate there as well as the 2001 terror attacks in the United States. More than 1 million people showed their support for Catalan independence by joining hands to form a 250-mile human chain across the northeastern region of Spain.

Thought for today:

"This will remain the land of the free only so long as it is the home of the brave." — Elmer Davis, American news commentator (1890-1958).

Our glorious golf history ... all on one page

By Larry Bohannan
The Desert Sun

It started with a little research on an iconic restaurant in Palm Springs in the 1950s, it ended as a reminder of the glorious and star-studded history of golf in the Coachella Valley.

Desert Sun reporter Denise Goolsby was researching a story on developers hoping to revive the old Don the Beachcomber brand from the famous restaurant that opened in Palm Springs in 1953. Part of the research was leafing through some actual Desert Sun papers from 1953, bound into a tattered books of such papers.

I wandered through some of the issues and stumbled onto a big advertisement from March 5, 1953 about a big women's golf tournament headed to Tamarisk. The event would feature some of the best women golfers in the country, headlined by Babe Didrikson Zaharias, Patty Berg, Louise Suggs, and other LPGA founders like the Bauer sisters, Alice and Marlene.

Excited by the idea that such important women had played in the desert as long ago as 1953, I had to turn a few pages to see who had won the event. And when I found that on a page on April 16, 1953, it was a treasure trove all on a single page.

First, there was the rather sad news that Zaharias was not able to play in the Tamarisk event because of "tragic" news.

The news was that Zaharias had been diagnosed with colon cancer. While Zaharias would recover briefly from that disease, it would eventually take her life in 1956.

The rest of the women players did play in the event, along with some high-profile amateurs including one named Mrs. Bob Hope. But the winner was a surprise, a pro from Hawaii



Now ... watch the WOMEN
PLAY GOLF!

APRIL 14th and 15th

19 of the World's Top Professional Women Golfers, all members of the Weathermen Group, will participate in the two day Gold Coast Tournament. This 36-hole play will mark the first time women of such calibre in the golfing world, will take part in the game here on the desert.

The public is invited to see the ...
Gold Coast Tournament

GALLERY ADMISSION PER PERSON HAS BEEN SET AT \$2.50 for one day or \$4.00 per person for both days. 18 holes each day to be played with the contestants fighting every inch of the way for \$3,000 in prize money.

★ ★ SEE THESE FAMOUS WOMEN PROS ★ ★

Babe Didrikson Zaharias	Patty Berg	Louise Suggs
Betty McKinnon	Beverly Hanson	Feggy Kirk
Marlyn Smith	Jackie Pong	Betty Jamison
Alice Bauer	Marlene Bauer	Betty Rowle
Betty Bush	Shirley Spork	Betty Hicks
Malen Detweiler	Betty Dodd	Barbara Ransom
	Ann Brault	

Tamarisk Country Club
Wander Palms Road Tel. 84623

THE DESERT SUN
A poster for a women's golf tournament in April 1953 at the Tamarisk Country Club pictures Babe Didrikson Zaharias, who didn't compete.

named Jackie Pong with a two-day score of 145, two shots better than Betsy Rawls.

Next to the story about Zaharias was a pair of pictures of top professionals, Ben Hogan and Ed "Porky" Oliver.

The Desert Sun was congratulating Hogan, the head pro at Tamarisk, for winning the 1953 Masters earlier that month over Oliver, who had finished sec-

ond. Yes, in a day when pros had winter jobs as club professionals, Ben Hogan was the head pro at Tamarisk.

Scan over another column and again Tamarisk was in the headlines. This time it was for a men's professional tournament that was coming to the desert. And one of the big stars in the event was to be Paul Runyan. Runyan was, of course, a two-



THE DESERT SUN
Ben Hogan, left, the head pro of Tamarisk Country Club, and Ed "Porky" Oliver, who was associated with the El Mirador Hotel, finished first and second in the 1953 Master's tournament.

*On April 16, 1953,
the Desert Sun reported
on an all-star women's
golf tournament and the
famous Tamarisk head pro*

time PGA Championship winner and World Golf Hall of Fame member.

That's all just one page in one edition of the paper 61 years ago.

A few days earlier, there was a small story that President Eisenhower had politely declined an invitation to play in the annual O'Donnell Invitational. Seems he was busy. And it

seemed the every other page had a picture of a desert resident like Bing Crosby or Lucille Ball.

Sure, it was all a long time ago. But just leafing through those pages looking for something else entirely provided a nice glimpse into some of the important building blocks that have made the Coachella Valley what it is today.

'Six Californias' fails to make 2016 ballot

Only 66% of signatures are valid, state says

By Laura Mandaro

USA TODAY Network

So much for the West Coast states of Jefferson and Silicon Valley — at least for now.

A California ballot initiative that would have given voters a chance to divide the state into six parts failed to garner enough signatures, the California secretary of state said Friday.

The campaign, largely funded by venture capitalist Tim Draper, contested the secretary of state's results.

"Six Californias collected more than enough signatures to place the initiative on the November 2016 ballot and we are confident that a full check of the signatures would confirm that fact," said Draper in a statement.

In July, the group said it had gathered 1.3 million signatures, well over the roughly 808,000 needed to get on the November 2016 ballot.

Draper has argued that state residents would be better served by smaller

governments, and the group was getting ready to roll out six individual websites for each state — which would include Draper's would-be home state of "Silicon Valley" and "West California," future home of Los Angeles.

The discrepancy between the number of valid signatures Draper's group thought it had gathered and the lower number estimated by the state seems to lie in how they were confirmed.

To qualify for the ballot initiative, a person or group submits the signatures to the relevant county. The county (or counties) then verifies the raw count of signatures — 1.14 million, in this case. If the total raw count is enough, the state then does a random sample of the collected signatures to make sure they've been submitted by qualified, registered voters.

According to the secretary of state, only 66 percent of those submitted, or 752,685, were valid, said the office.

For Draper, that random sampling is an example of California's "current, archaic system."

He said the internal verification process his signature-gathering firm used predicted a much higher validity rate than the state's.

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Saturday, Sept. 13, the 256th day of 2014. There are 109 days left in the year.

On this date:

1759: During the final French and Indian War, the British defeated the French on the Plains of Abraham overlooking Quebec City.

1788: The Congress of the Confederation authorized the first national election, and declared New York City the temporary national capital.

1803: Commodore John Barry, considered by many the father of the American Navy, died in Philadelphia.

1814: During the War of 1812, British naval forces began bombarding Fort McHenry in Baltimore but were driven back by American defenders in a battle that lasted until the following morning.

1911: The song "Oh, You Beautiful Doll," a romantic rag by Nat D. Ayer and Seymour Brown, was first published by Jerome H. Remick & Co.

1948: Republican Margaret Chase Smith of Maine was elected to the U.S. Senate; she became the first woman to serve in both houses of Congress.

1959: Elvis Presley first met his future wife, 14-year-old Priscilla Beaulieu, while stationed in West Germany with the U.S. Army. (They married in 1967, but divorced in 1973.)

1971: A four-day inmates' rebellion at the Attica Correctional Facility in western New York ended as police and guards stormed the prison; the ordeal and final assault claimed the lives of 32 inmates and 11 employees.

1974: "Chico and the Man," starring Jack Albertson and Freddie Prinze, "The Rockford Files," starring James Garner, and "Police Woman," starring Angie Dickinson, premiered on NBC-TV.

1989: Fay Vincent was elected commissioner of Major League Baseball, succeeding the late A. Bartlett Giamatti.

1993: At the White House, Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin and PLO Chairman Yasser Arafat shook hands after signing an accord

granting limited Palestinian autonomy. "Late Night with Conan O'Brien" premiered on NBC.

1996: Rapper Tupac Shakur died at a Las Vegas hospital six days after he was wounded in a drive-by shooting; he was 25.

1998: Former Alabama Gov. George C. Wallace died in Montgomery at age 79.

2004: U.S. warplanes in Iraq unleashed devastating airstrikes on a suspected hideout for operatives from an al-Qaida-linked group the same day a video posted on a website in the name of the militants purportedly showed the beheading of a kidnapped Turkish truck driver. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer agreed to a nearly \$3 billion acquisition by a Sony-led consortium. Oakland posted a 7-6, 10-inning win over the Rangers in a game that was delayed in the ninth inning after Texas reliever Frank Francisco hurled a chair and injured two fans at the Coliseum; Francisco ended up pleading no contest to misdemeanor assault and was sentenced to 20 days in a work program. The wine-tasting comedy-drama "Sideways" premiered at the Toronto International Film Festival.

2009: The body of missing Yale University graduate student Annie Le was found behind a research lab wall on what would have been her wedding day. (A lab technician, Raymond Clark III, was later sentenced to 44 years in prison for murdering Le.) Kim Clijsters, capping a comeback from two years out of tennis, became the first unseeded woman to win the U.S. Open as she defeated No. 9 Caroline Wozniacki, 7-5, 6-3. At the MTV Video Music Awards, Taylor Swift's acceptance speech for best female video for "You Belong with Me" was disrupted by Kanye West, who took the microphone to praise Beyoncé's video of "Single Ladies (Put a Ring on It)."

2013: By truck and helicopter, thousands of people stranded by floodwaters were brought down from the Colorado Rockies. A pre-dawn fire swept through a Russian psychiatric hospital, killing 37 people.

Thought for today: "Revolt and terror pay a price. Order and law have a cost." — Carl Sandburg, American poet and author (1878-1967).

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Thursday, Sept. 18, the 261st day of 2014. There are 104 days left in the year.

On this date:

A.D. 14: The Roman Senate officially confirmed Tiberius as the second emperor of the Roman Empire, succeeding the late Augustus.

1759: The French formally surrendered Quebec to the British.

1793: President George Washington laid the cornerstone of the U.S. Capitol.

1810: Chile made its initial declaration of independence from Spain with the forming of a national junta.

1927: The Columbia Phonograph Broadcasting System (later CBS) made its on-air debut with a basic network of 16 radio stations.

1931: An explosion in the Chinese city of Mukden damaged a section of Japanese-owned railway track; Japan, blaming Chinese nationalists, invaded Manchuria the next

day.

1947: The National Security Act, which created a National Military Establishment, went into effect.

1961: United Nations Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld was killed in a plane crash in Northern Rhodesia.

1964: Irish playwright Sean O'Casey, 84, died in Torquay, England. The situation comedy "The Addams Family," inspired by the Charles Addams cartoons, premiered on ABC-TV.

1970: Rock star Jimi Hendrix died in London at age 27.

1975: Newspaper heiress Patricia Hearst was captured by the FBI in San Francisco, 19 months after being kidnapped by the Symbionese Liberation Army.

1984: Retired U.S. Air Force Col. Joe Kittinger became the first person to complete a solo balloon flight across the Atlantic Ocean as he landed in Italy, four days after leaving Maine.

1994: Tennis star Vitas Gerulaitis, 40, was found dead in the guest cottage of a friend's home in Southampton, N.Y., of accidental carbon monoxide poisoning.

2004: A divided U.N. Security Council approved a resolution threatening oil sanctions against Sudan unless the government reined in Arab militias blamed for a killing rampage in Darfur. Hollywood divorce lawyer Marvin Mitchellson died in Beverly Hills at age 76. Pioneer adult filmmaker Russ Meyer died in Los Angeles at age 82. Miss Alabama Deidre Downs was crowned Miss America. Pop singer Britney Spears married her fiancé, dancer Kevin Federline, in a surprise ceremony. (The couple divorced nearly three years later.)

Thought for today: "It's my rule never to lose me temper till it would be detrimental to keep it." — Sean O'Casey (1880-1964).

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Friday, Sept. 19, the 262nd day of 2014. There are 103 days left in the year.

On this date:

1777: the first Battle of Saratoga was fought during the Revolutionary War; although British forces succeeded in driving out the American troops, the Americans prevailed in a second battle the following month.

1796: President George Washington's farewell address was published.

1881: The 20th president of the United States, James A. Garfield, died 2½ months after being shot by Charles Guiteau; Chester Alan Arthur became president.

1934: Bruno Hauptmann was arrested in New York and charged

with the kidnap-murder of Charles A. Lindbergh Jr.

1945: Nazi radio propagandist William Joyce, known as "Lord Haw-Haw," was convicted of treason and sentenced to death by a British court.

1957: The United States conducted its first contained underground nuclear test, code-named "Rainier," in the Nevada desert.

1959: Soviet leader Nikita Khrushchev, visiting Los Angeles, reacted angrily upon being told that, for security reasons, he wouldn't get to visit Disneyland.

1960: Cuban leader Fidel Castro, in New York to visit the United Nations, angrily checked out of the Shelburne Hotel in a dispute with the manage-

ment; Castro ended up staying at the Hotel Theresa in Harlem.

1964: The family TV show "Flipper," about a dolphin adopted by a Florida family, premiered on NBC.

1970: The situation comedy "The Mary Tyler Moore Show" debuted on CBS-TV.

1985: The Mexico City area was struck by a devastating earthquake that killed at least 9,500 people.

1989: A Paris-bound DC-10 belonging to French airline UTA was destroyed by a bomb over Niger, killing all 170 people on board. (A French court later convicted six Libyans in absentia for the bombing; Libya agreed in 2004 to pay \$170 million in compensation, although it stopped short of acknowledging responsibility.)

1994: The medical drama "ER" premiered on NBC-TV.

2004: Hu Jintao (hoo jin-tow) became the undisputed leader of China with the departure of former President Jiang Zemin (jahng zuh-MEEN) from his top military post. Militants decapitated three hostages believed to be Iraqi Kurds in a videotape that surfaced hours after Iraq's prime minister said that January elec-

tions would be held on schedule. The United States suffered its biggest Ryder Cup loss in 77 years as it lost to the Europeans, 18½ to 9½. "The Sopranos" won best drama series at the Emmy Awards while "Arrested Development" won best comedy series honors.

2009: Russia said it would scrap a plan to deploy missiles near Poland after Washington dumped a planned missile shield in Eastern Europe. Art Ferrante, 88, half of the piano duo Ferrante and Teicher, died in Longboat Key, Florida. (Lou Teicher had died in 2008 at age 83.)

2013: Signaling a dramatic shift in Vatican tone, Pope Francis said in a published interview that the Roman Catholic church had become obsessed by "small-minded rules" about how to be faithful and that pastors should instead emphasize compassion over condemnation when discussing divisive social issues such as abortion, gays and contraception. A Texas appeals court tossed the criminal conviction of former U.S. House Majority Leader Tom DeLay, saying there was insufficient evidence for a jury in 2010 to have found him guilty of illegally funneling money to Republican candidates.

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WYOMING AND MONTANA

With the largest concentration of animals in the Lower 48 states, it's so easy to see animals at this national park that you sometimes don't need to leave your car. But Sano suggests parking and hiking for just a mile or so. Yellowstone's bounty includes bear, deer, elk, moose, bighorn sheep, mountain goats, lynx and wolverines. 307-344-7381; nps.gov/yell

STEVEN MORELLO, WWF-US

Coyotes are common at Yellowstone National Park, which covers nearly 3,500 square miles.



CORONER'S REPORT

WEIRD STATS & MORBID FACTS

CASE NO.

148

William Peter Blatty's *The Exorcist III* was the favourite film of serial killer Jeffrey Dahmer.

Earlier this year, a desk clerk was fired after he put the body of a 96-year-old suicide victim in a dumpster behind his workplace. Rigor mortis had set in and he believed the woman's corpse was a dummy left outside as an April Fool's Day prank.

Liam Neeson was considered for the role of Dracula in Fred Dekker's *Monster Squad*, but the part went to Duncan Regehr. Neeson was paid for a bit part that was never shot.

On May 22 of this year, in the northern French town of Longwy, a "female Hannibal Lecter" killed her 80-year-old husband with a kitchen mortar, then cooked his heart, nose and genitals. She was sent to a prison psychiatric unit to undergo tests.

The Canadian zombie movie *Pontypool* was shot in a Toronto church just a block away from *Rue Morgue's* former headquarters. The church was later turned into condos where editor-in-chief Dave Alexander lived for several years.

Vampyroteuthis infernalis, lit. ("vampire squid of Hell") is a small, deep-sea cephalopod found throughout the temperate and tropical oceans of the world. The animal's dark colour, cloak-like webbing, and red eyes gave it its name, though it does not feed on blood.

A labor of love for Guillermo del Toro, *The Devil's Backbone* was sixteen years in development and written when the director was still in college.

Before her death on April 7, television personality Peaches Geldof posted a selfie on Instagram taken in the bathroom of her house in Kent, England, which included a ghostly hand at her shoulder. She believed it belonged to the friendly phantom of a woman who committed suicide in the bath.

The startling shot of a woman leaping off the side of a building in Kiyoshi Kurosawa's *Kairo* was achieved by having a stunt-woman filmed bungee-jumping off the rooftop, followed by a look-alike dummy; the two shots were edited together and the bungee cord digitally erased.

In the Swedish vampire film *Let the Right One In*, sound effects were achieved by biting into sausages to replicate biting into skin and flesh, drinking yogurt to sound like drinking blood, and rubbing the skin of two grapes to emulate the sound of children blinking.

Romanian lawyer Madalin Ciculescu took four priests and an Orthodox bishop to court earlier this year because they failed to exorcise flatulent demons that he claimed were ruining his business. However, he failed to convince judges in Pitesti, Romania and lost his case.

Tom Savini has often said that he considers his best F/X work to be in Joseph Zito's *The Prowler*.

During the recording of Iron Maiden's 1982 album *Number of the Beast*, producer Martin Birch was involved in a car accident with a mini-bus transporting a group of nuns. The repair bill was £666.

COMPILED BY GREG CHANT AND JESUS MAGGOT
GOT A WEIRD STAT OR MORBID FACT? SEND IT TO: INFO@RUE-MORGUE.COM

Humans highly attuned to detect spiders

Study suggests early humans needed vigilance to survive

Traci Watson
Special for USA TODAY

What's the dim creature lurking in the corner? Yikes, a spider! A new study suggests that humans have a special spider-sense that makes us exquisitely attuned to the crawling critters, even when we're paying no attention to our surroundings.

Such spider-specific vigilance makes sense because early humans and *Homo sapiens* evolved in Africa in the company of highly poisonous spiders, says the study's lead author. One bite can incapacitate victims for days — leaving them vulnerable to other dangers — and can even cause death. So a talent for noticing spiders may have been advantageous eons ago, even if it isn't now.

To test whether humans have a special eye for spiders, the scientists recruited college students to perform a simple task: Look at lines shown on a computer monitor and choose the longest.

After the subjects had performed the task three times, they were asked to do it again. This time, in addition to the lines, another object flashed on the screen. It appeared for just 200 milliseconds, about as much time as the blink of an eye.

If the object shown were a picture of a hypodermic needle, less than 15% of subjects were able to notice it, pinpoint its location on the computer screen, and identify it. The line-categorizing task had absorbed them so thoroughly that their attention wasn't easily diverted. Similarly, only 10% noticed, located and identified an

image of a housefly.

But more than half noticed, located and identified a picture of a spider, says evolutionary psychologist Joshua New of Barnard College. Many also noticed and identified a stylized spider image consisting of a blob with four straight lines running through it to represent four pairs of legs.

"A central body plus radiating segments — that's the template you need to (turn on) this super-responsive awareness," New says. His study will appear in an upcoming issue of *Evolution and Human Behavior*.

"If you're walking around and there's a spider on the ground and a needle, you'd be more likely to step on the needle than on the spider" — despite the unpleasant memories most people have of getting shots, New says.

"A central body plus radiating segments — that's the template you need to (turn on) this super-responsive awareness."

Joshua New,
evolutionary
psychologist at
Barnard College

The study is well done, says developmental psychologist Vanessa LoBue of Rutgers University, who was not involved in the research. She says it's clear that spiders claim special attention from humans, but she's "not convinced" that we're quick to notice spiders because they were a threat to our ancestors.

New responds that his research ruled out reasons other than an evolutionary explanation for our acute spider vision.

For example, if people noticed spiders because they had learned to fear them, research subjects with a terror of spiders should have detected the spiders more readily than subjects without arachnophobia.

That wasn't true, indicating primal wariness of spiders rather than a newly acquired fear.



Many innovative growing techniques tailored to solving problems in hot, dry desert climates have been developed in Israel.

Desert

Continued from D1

While Blass was the primary hydraulic engineer in Palestine he spent much time in the desert. One day he sat beneath a large fig tree to eat lunch. A pipe coupler nearby was perpetually dripping, and was the only sign of moisture to this tree. The engineer could not understand how such a large tree could survive with so little moisture, so he dug a hole to determine exactly how the drops of moisture could feed such a large plant. His discovery was a deep onion-shaped wet zone underground that remained perennially moist because there was no surface evaporation. The fig had tailored its root system to feed off this single column of moisture in the ground, growing just as productive as other fig trees.



Blass

This epiphany drove Simcha to recreate such a scenario with a new kind of water conservative irrigation.

The solution had to be affordable and easily manufactured to meet the growing demand of the Negev kibbutzim.

Using new plastics, he worked to solve problems and exploit hydrology of flow rates, friction loss and pressure changes. By 1960 Blass had a prototype emitter about the size of a thimble that compensated for pressure delivering

water at a static rate.

The story goes that there was much skepticism because agriculturists who were trained on the large spreading root zone mentality simply did not trust such a solution. They could not think outside the box.

Blass approached each kibbutz with his prototype but most were naturally unwilling to invest in such a curious new irrigation product.

Finally Hatzerim kibbutz, a collective desert farm was willing to give it a try. The new emitters were such a success Blass patented his new products. In 1965 he established Netafim (Hebrew for "drops of water") Irrigation Company (Netafim.com) giving the kibbutz 80 percent ownership and himself just 20 percent to better support the emerging nation.

Today Netafim is a worldwide presence wherever there is a need for solving problems of aridity and desertification.

Every drip irrigation system in our desert can be traced back to Simcha Blass and his pioneering work in Israel. Necessity became the foundation for many innovations in this unusual style of water delivery. His discoveries have transformed arid regions around the world feeding millions where drought and famine have been historic.

This tale demonstrates how some of the darkest periods in human history have given birth to great accomplishments. The second miracle is a land of milk and honey that declined to an eroded, infertile, dry desert, then was brought back to productivity.

HYDROLOGY HISTORY



After the Holocaust, refugees streamed into Israel creating a pressing need for a reliable food supply through more productive agriculture.

SIMCHA BLASS UNDERSTOOD DESERT'S NEEDS



The Hatzerim Kibbutz was the first to test drip irrigation in the Negev.



Maureen Gilmer

Agriculture was forever changed in the late 1950s when three monumental issues collided. First, the scarcity of rubber during World War II stimulated rapid development of plastics.

Second, Holocaust survivors streamed out of Europe and Russia to found

a homeland in Israel.

Third the desert of Palestine had to be made fertile again to support a rapidly growing population of refugees. It was in the midst of this whirlwind that Ben Gurion challenged his people to "make the desert bloom."

A Polish-born Jewish engineer and immigrant, Simcha Blass working at the epicenter of Israeli hydrology sought to help his people grow crops in the desert where water was in extremely short supply. It was he who purchased the pipes used in London to fight fires during the Blitz and shipped them to Israel to provide water to formerly dry lands. This pipeline allowed 11 new Jewish settlements in the Negev on that historic Yom Kippur night in 1946.

Blass was well aware of the development of polypropylene and polyethylene between 1930 and 1940. American scientists had rapidly put these plastics into use for the war effort and Blass studied these new applications. Armed with the latest science, Blass put his mind to solving the agricultural irrigation problem in Israel.

His story of the birth of a new form of irrigation reads much like a Biblical parable with many different versions but in all the result was the same.

Please see **DESERT, D8**



BENJAMIN SPILLMAN/THE RENO GAZETTE-JOURNAL

A graffiti mural shown an underpass where the Lincoln Highway passes beneath what was once the Transcontinental Railroad line near Truckee.

History underfoot in the Donner Pass

History underfoot in the Donner Pass

By Benjamin Spillman
Reno Gazette-Journal

It's ironic so many American success stories happened at a spot named for one of history's iconic failures.

But that's how it is with the Donner Pass near Truckee, Calif.

The first wagon train to successfully cross the Sierra Nevada squeezed through the tiny granite gap in 1844. In the 1860s, laborers built massive walls and 15 tunnels through the pass to bridge the most difficult section of the Transcontinental Railroad route. And in the early 1900s, the Lincoln Highway, America's first transcontinental automobile highway, was developed and included a route through the pass on the former Dutch Flat Wagon Road.

It's the name of the ill-fated Donner Party whose disastrous 1846 journey left them stranded in the area, resulted in dozens of death and prompted some members to resort to cannibalism, however, that defines the region. In addition to Donner Pass, there's Donner Lake, Donner Peak and Donner Pass Road.

"Maybe this is the most historic square mile or two in California," said Greg Palmer, who leads hikes through the area. "But on all the maps this is known as the Donner Pass mainly because of the sensationalism of the Donner Party."

Palmer is one of about two dozen guides who leads hikers through the region via several routes designed to highlight the history of the area that's known mainly, and begrudgingly by some, for a historic tragedy.

This year's hikes, scheduled for Oct. 4-5, mark the 22nd consecutive year organizers have coordinated guided treks

in the area. The first day features hikes on five routes that highlight the diverse history and sights. The second day has a walking tour that's focused mainly on the disastrous Donner trip.

"That's the beauty of this event," said organizer Kathy Hess. "We take you to places you would never see on your own."

Hess and Palmer previewed a portion of the Summit Canyon/Dutch Flat Wagon Road hike. They started from Donner Pass Road west of Donner Lake and hiked out onto some granite flats overlooking the lake.

The flats are covered with an estimated 200 pieces of rock art. The Donner Summit Historical Society says archaeologists estimate the art is 1,500 to 4,000 years old and provides a record of the first human inhabitants of the area, ancestors of the Washoe people.

They continued toward the pass that's partly filled in by the bed for the Transcontinental Railroad. The bed, from which the tracks have been removed, is supported where it crosses the pass by a "Chinese Wall," named for the Chinese laborers who assembled the large stones in place by hand.

The former rail line also has a series of tunnels and snow sheds that are frequented by hikers, cyclists and others despite the fact it is private property and the public isn't authorized to access it.

Crossing underneath the former rail line immediately to the east of the pass is an underpass for the Lincoln Highway. The highway, first conceived in 1913, was the first transcontinental automobile route in America and the Donner Pass crossing, Palmer said, is the first railroad underpass for automobiles constructed in California.

Jerrie Mock, first female pilot to circle the globe, dies at age 88

Associated Press

Fifty years after she made aviation history, Jerrie Mock chuckled when asked whether she ever got scared while circling the globe alone.

"Scared? Let's not use the word scared," she said.

But she had plenty of harrowing moments, from landing by mistake on an Egyptian military base to seeing a burning wire aboard her plane loaded with extra fuel.

Geraldine "Jerrie" Mock, the Ohio housewife who became the first female pilot to fly solo around the world, died Tuesday in her sleep at her Quincy, Florida home, grandson Chris Flocken said Wednesday. She was 88 and had been in declining health for months.

She was inspired as a child by Amelia Earhart. But while she considered Earhart her hero, Mock said she didn't dwell on the aviation pioneer's fate as she made her own journey 27 years after Earhart and navigator Fred Noonan disappeared in the South Pacific while Earhart was trying to become the first female aviator around the globe.

Mock played down her trip as a fun adventure. She flew her single-engine Cessna 180 "Spirit of Columbus" 23,000 miles in 29-plus days before landing in Ohio's capital city on April 17, 1964. On her trip, she made stops in places such as the Azores, Casablanca, Cairo and Calcutta.

"Airplanes are meant to fly. I was completely confident in my plane," she said in an interview in April.

But she had radio and brake problems, ran into bad weather, and landed by mistake at an Egyptian military base, causing some tense moments with armed sol-



Geraldine "Jerrie" Mock poses in 1994 in Quincy, Fla., next to a photograph of her that was taken minutes before her historic around-the-world flight in 1964. AP

diers before base officials directed her to the international airport. She also had to act quickly when she noticed a burning wire while flying over a desert in the Middle East; she switched it off and watched it cool it down while considering what could have happened on her fuel-laden plane.

Dubbed "the flying housewife" at the time, the Newark, Ohio, native was a mother of three in suburban Columbus but also an experienced pilot who studied aeronautical engineering at Ohio State University. She spent months planning her flight with aviation experts and veteran pilots.

Another experienced pilot, the late Joan Merriman Smith, was on the same quest but finished behind Mock.

Mock was honored at the White House by President Lyndon B.

Johnson, and appeared on national television. She later added several aviation speed records.

"Nobody was going to tell me I couldn't do it because I was a woman," said Mock, who wore a skirt and blouse on her flight and put on high heels after landings.

A life-sized bronze statue depicting Mock holding a globe was unveiled in April at Port Columbus airport on the 50th anniversary of her flight, and it was also commemorated with an exhibit at the National Air and Space Museum.

She is survived by a daughter, after being preceded in death by her two sons. She had 12 grandchildren.

Flocken said Mock didn't want a funeral service. Instead, as she had requested, she will be cremated, with her ashes to be scattered from a plane over the Gulf of Mexico.

Impressive Earthwork of Spiral Jetty, Utah, USA



Ray Boren

Spiral Jetty is a famous earthwork sculpture sited on the northeastern section of the Great Salt Lake at Rozel Point peninsula in the state of Utah. The structure, which comprises black basalt rocks, mud and crystallized salt, coils from the shore into the lake in an anti-clockwise fashion, measuring 1,500 feet in length and 15 feet in width. Its construction is credited to American sculptor Robert Smithson. The visibility of the structure varies from season to season as determined by the levels of the lake.



Photo Source : KAP Cris

Spiral Jetty's Visibility

Due to its location in the Great Salt Lake, Spiral Jetty has not always remained in view above water level. About two years after its completion, the earthwork sculpture became submerged under the water and remained



so for 30 years before reappearing in 2002 as a result of drought. The elevation of the Great Salt Lake's northeastern shore was about 4,195 feet when the artwork was built. So water levels above 4,195 feet can leave Spiral Jetty submerged. But you may still be able to see the tops of some of the rocks at 4,197 feet. It is advised to check the USGS website for water levels before visiting. The lake is usually at its lowest levels in the months of

Photo Source : Ben Steiner

October and November.



Photo Source : Robert Smithson

Preservation of the Earthwork

Efforts have been made to preserve Spiral Jetty, which was donated by the Estate of Robert Smithson to Dia Art Foundation in 1999. It has been proposed that more basalt rocks be added to the site to address the challenges of rock discoloration and impact of increasing number of visitors as well as to ensure the structure is not easily submerged when water levels rise. Plans for exploratory oil

drilling in the proximity of Spiral Jetty in 2008 were vehemently opposed by artists.



Photo Source : Ultra Extra

Visiting Tips

Planning to visit Spiral Jetty? Here are few tips that could help you avoid issues on the way or while there.

Check water level – As mentioned earlier, Great Salt Lake water levels fluctuate from time to time. So you will do well to check the levels on the USGS website before heading out.



Photo Source : George Steinmetz

Have refreshments ready – It is worthy of note that there is no place where food can be bought near Spiral Jetty. You are advised to take some snacks and drinks along, especially when going on the visit with your kids.

Get enough fuel – There are no gas stations in the immediate vicinity of the earthwork sculpture. You will do well to make



Photo Source : Heather Champ

sure you have sufficient fuel in your tank that can take you to Spiral Jetty and back before setting out.

Wear the right shoes – The surface of the jetty is irregular and rocky. You may also have to do some wading through the water, so it is recommended to wear shoes that can protect your feet well.

Spiral Jetty is worth a visit, especially if you happen to be a fan of artworks built into landscapes. You may also take time off to check out the nearby Golden Spike National Historic Site on your way.

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Photo Source : Hikmet Loe



Photo Source : Climb Utah



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The Mad Gasser of Mattoon is often held up as a classic example of mass hysteria and has led to even more extraordinary claims of Nazi or alien involvement. But is the case really as mysterious as it seems? Jonathan Downes ventures to the American Midwest to investigate. All photographs by the author.

Text: Jon Downes / Images: Jon Downes

Some 15 years ago, as I was reading Loren Coleman's classic book *Mysterious America*, one story in particular caught my imagination, and over the following months and years I became mildly obsessed with it.

In September 1944, a series of peculiar events rocked the town of Mattoon, Illinois. For almost two weeks, the town's police department received dozens of reports from terrified residents that a mysterious prowler, dressed entirely in black, was haunting the streets and squirting anæsthetising gas into the faces of his victims. The reports got weirder. One described the mysterious felon as wearing a strange metal helmet or mask; another spoke of a Bigfoot-type creature.

Although the attacks petered out in mid-September, the events of that fortnight have since achieved near-mythical status. Like the incidents reported from London and Aldershot over half a century before, the real events that unfolded in Mattoon underwent a fortean sea change to become items of myth and folklore, and a local lunatic, more to be pitied than censured, became a figure of legend: if 19th-century London hatched 'Spring-heeled Jack', then 1940s Illinois gave birth to 'The Mad Gasser of Mattoon'.

One fascinating aspect of these stories is that they provide some clues towards the workings of that peculiar sociocultural mechanism whereby real events become myths, one particularly prevalent in my own

field of cryptozoology (most notably, perhaps, in the case of the exotic cats which now roam the wilder parts of the United Kingdom; they too have undergone this process, becoming the 'Surrey Puma', the 'Fen Tiger' or the 'Beast of Exmoor'). The other thing we shouldn't forget is that tales like those of the Mad Gasser of Mattoon are, quite simply, irresistible fun.

The Real Mattoon

In the summer of 2004, I found myself standing in the pouring rain outside a small, square, two-storey house boasting a neat little pocket-handkerchief garden, and the ubiquitous corrugated white 'sidings' seemingly found on every house in the Midwest. Clutching my camera, I took photographs of the house and the street. As I did so, I remembered a song about the Mad Gasser case that I'd written a decade before; when performing it onstage I'd often quipped that it was one of my life's ambitions to perform the song in the very place where it was set.

What could I do? I sang my Mad Gasser song with gusto to an audience consisting of two stray cats and a dead opossum. Truly, life does not get much better than this!

But I, of course, was not the first strange visitor to this little house. On the night of 1 September 1944, at 11 o'clock, Illinois housewife Mrs Kearney was retiring to bed. As she was tucking in her three-year-old daughter, she noticed an overwhelming sweet odour. Her throat had become extremely dry, her lips were burning, and she was losing sensation in her legs. The police were called, and found nothing; but when her taxi-driver husband returned home at half past midnight, he saw a strange dark figure, dressed head to foot in black and wearing a cap, peering into windows. Mr Kearney gave chase, but the prowler was too fast for him, and escaped.

It wasn't the only attack of the night. Mrs George Rider told her husband that during the night she had smelled a strange, sweet odour, and that their two children, Joe and Anne Marie, had become nauseous and "extremely restless"; later, she too had become light-

headed and then vomited. In a statement that would prove immeasurably valuable to researchers over half a century later, she said that the gas – whatever it was – did not smell like chloroform.

Yet another attack took place that night at a house just west of Mrs Rider's, where an unnamed young mother was woken by a sickly-sweet odour drifting through her house. She found all the children in their bedroom ill and vomiting. She was adamant that they have been perfectly well when she had put them to bed earlier that evening. 2

These weren't, in fact, the first attacks; in a little-known incident the previous night Mr Urban Raef, feeling ill and nauseated, had woken his wife and accused her of leaving the gas stove switched on. She also felt weak and sick, but when they managed to struggle downstairs they found that while the gas stove wasn't on, much of the house was filled with a strange, sickly-sweet odour.

It was a strange experience standing in the warm, early summer rain outside the house where, 60 years before, the Kearney family had been attacked. For the first time, I understood why generations of American tourists would fly to London and stand in awe outside a building society in Baker Street, as they searched for the authentic Sherlock Holmes experience. I may have been six decades too late, but I was looking at one of the real 'Mad Gasser' locations, and nobody could take that away from me.

I got back into the car and my long-suffering guide (actually, a friend's mother) looked at me in bemusement. You could just see her thinking: these limeys are all completely crazy.

She drove me to the grocery store a few blocks away and waited while I went in. There was an elderly man behind the till. I introduced myself and, feeling slightly embarrassed about the true nature of my quest, told him I was an English journalist researching what life had been like in the mid-West during the war years.

Something I always find amusing about Americans is their *idée fixe* that Britain is a tiny island where

everybody knows each other. The old man by the cash register was no exception; his eyes lit up, and he asked if I knew Pamela – a Land Girl from the West Midlands with whom he had enjoyed a steamy affair as a teenage soldier back in 1943. That was the third year of America's involvement in WWII, and a large proportion of the able-bodied men of this Midwestern town was away fighting in Europe, and most of the rest of the population was employed by a large chemical factory – the Atlas Imperial Diesel Engine Company – in the middle of town.

I asked the old man whether the neighbourhood had changed much since 1944. Much to my surprise, he told me that this part of Mattoon hadn't really changed at all. It was still a relatively affluent middle-class area where the people went about their business and lived in bizarrely homogenous two-storey box-like houses built along neat, suburban roads. Each house – looking oddly like something out of *The Simpsons* – had a neatly tended front lawn, a mailbox and, more importantly when considering this case, a straight alleyway between it and its next-door neighbour. It was hard to believe that this neighbourhood could ever have been the location for anything more sinister than a church fund-raiser or a coffee morning.

I had somehow imagined the neighbourhood to be far more tumbledown and sinister than this, and had imbued the Mattoon of 1944 with all the characteristics of 19th-century Whitechapel. I couldn't have been further from the truth – although once I had seen what the real Mattoon was like, the whole affair began to make a hell of a lot more sense.

Back in 1944, there was a lull in the storm. For four days, nothing happened. If the police department realised something extraordinary was going on, they kept it to themselves, releasing a statement that suggested the incidents had been nothing more than unsuccessful burglaries carried out by a petty criminal with an unusual *modus operandi*. However, as their investigations continued, they began to realise that they could be dealing with a lunatic whom the local newspaper had already dubbed "The Mad Anæsthetist".

Against this background of slowly mounting unease, the attacks resumed on 5 September, and the small town was soon in the grip of one of the best-documented social panics of the 20th century.

When writing my own Mad Gasser song back in 1995, I had taken Loren Coleman's account and embroidered it with an entirely fictional story – as opposed to the accepted mass hysteria explanation – of an emotionally retarded recluse who, unable to approach the object of his desires in a conventional manner, stalked her and her friends, gas canister in one hand and a knife in the other. This was pure invention on my part, but as my investigation continued I began to realise that it was nearer the truth than I could possibly have imagined.

I gritted my teeth and asked the old man whether he had heard of the Mad Gasser. Fully expecting ridicule, I was amazed by his answer. "Yeah, sure. It was that young fool Farley. His family used to own this store".

The Last Attacks

On 5 September at about 10 o'clock in the evening, Beulah and Carl Cordes were returning home when they noticed a white cloth on the front porch. Mrs Cordes retrieved it, and noticed that it was soaked in some strange chemical. Without thinking, she sniffed it.

"When I inhaled fumes from the cloth, I had a sensation similar to coming in contact with an electric current. The feeling raced down my body to my feet, and seemed to settle in my knees. It was a feeling of paralysis," she told the newspapers some weeks later and with the benefit of hindsight. Indeed, as the weeks progressed, and as fear took hold on the streets of Mattoon, the symptoms reported by the victims became more and more extreme, and the reports of the Gasser himself more and more bizarre.

The FBI was called in on 6 September, but on that night no fewer than seven residences were attacked. A tall, thin man was seen running away from one of the houses. By now, in the words of author Scott Maruna, Mattoon was "a town on the edge of panic.



210 Moultrie Avenue, scene of consecutive attacks on 6 and 7 September



Many citizens of modern day Mattoon knew of Farley Llewellyn's part in the Mad Gasser story



A contemporary newspaper reports an "Anesthetic Prowler"



1817 Grant Avenue, site of the first reported Mad Gasser attack on the night of the 31st August

Those who'd been sleeping alone in their houses – because most men were off at war – now moved in with friends and neighbours. Children were not allowed out after dark. And many an uncomfortable muggy night was spent slumbering in rooms with closed windows."

The next night saw a triple attack on a single house, and on Friday, 8 September a scathing editorial in the local newspaper took the local police department – and its political masters – severely to task.

On Saturday, 9 September, there were four more attacks, including a repeat visit to Maxine and Frances Smith, principals of a local school, who had been attacked a few nights before.

On the Sunday, police questioned four suspects, and arrested one of them. Although there was another attack on the 11th, when a short, plump person wearing women's shoes was seen running away from the scene of the crime, the Mad Gasser attacks were over.

It has always been implied that, like Jack the Ripper or Spring-heeled Jack, the culprit was never identified or caught, but this is simply not true. Everywhere I went in Mattoon I was told the same thing. Yes, of course they knew about the Mad Gasser – and they all knew who he was: a tragically disturbed young man called Farley Llewellyn.

Meet the Mad Gasser

I consulted Scott Maruna, an Illinois historian who is possibly the world's foremost expert on the Gasser. Maruna had already come to the conclusion that the attacks were real, that there was no mass hysteria involved, and that with one exception there was a single culprit – Farley Llewellyn. This was the argument of Maruna's 2003 book *The Mad Gasser of Mattoon: Dispelling the Hysteria*, in which he set out the following profile of Mattoon's Mad Gasser:

1. There was more than one Gasser, as conflicting eyewitness reports described dramatically different body shapes.

2. One of the culprits was tall while another was short and obese.
3. At least one of the culprits had an extensive knowledge of organic chemistry.
4. The culprits lived in the same general vicinity as the victims.
5. At least one of the culprits had the ability to move about town inconspicuously.
6. The culprits had reason to be angry about society in general, which was manifested somewhat randomly.

Farley Llewellyn was an exceptionally bright young man who had achieved an exemplary record at Mattoon High School and had excelled as a chemistry major at the University of Illinois, Urbana. However, he was an alcoholic and also homosexual, and when he returned from university it was obvious that he was suffering from severe personality and mental health problems. As he reached his thirties, Farley's behaviour and mannerisms grew increasingly strange; most of the town concluded that he was "losing his mind."

Although the family had done what it could throughout Farley's earlier years to hide from others the then-shameful truth that Farley was homosexual, their efforts were futile. The gossip mill had been spreading the news around for years, and it was to this aspect of Farley's life that most of the town now attributed his diminishing sanity.

Farley's family owned and operated a neighbourhood grocery store at 920 DeWitt Avenue – the very shop where I had inadvertently asked for information from the old man. Farley's father was a well-known local philanthropist; however, his two sisters, Florence and Katherine, were known as an unattractive, unkempt and oddly reclusive pair who never married.

Farley lived in a caravan behind the family store, where he built a well-stocked laboratory and continued his chemical studies. Neighbours

remember that on one occasion, just prior to the Mad Gasser attacks, there was a massive explosion and the caravan was severely damaged when one of his experiments went wrong. Farley would never reveal what had caused the explosion, but Maruna believes that he had been synthesising 1,1,2,2-tetrachloroethane ($C_2H_2Cl_4$), which, as he writes, "is a clear, oily liquid that is extremely volatile, with a sweet, fruity odour. Breathing high levels of this can cause fatigue, vomiting, dizziness, and possibly unconsciousness".

It seems almost certain that Farley successfully synthesised this substance and then used it to take a childish revenge on a town that had never given him the respect he felt he deserved. The first three victims were all in their mid-thirties and had been Farley's High School classmates. Although it is now impossible to verify this, it doesn't take too great a leap of faith to imagine that these schoolfellows of the unloved, homosexual alcoholic had done something, whether real or imagined, which Farley felt deserved revenge. Other victims can also be linked to Farley, including authority figures such as the pair of high school principals.

The most damning evidence against Farley is the fact that the attacks ended on the 11 September. Tetrachloroethane only remains stable for 16 days, and if we hypothesise that Farley managed to synthesise a quantity of it around the time of the explosion in his laboratory, then it would certainly have degraded by 11 September. Farley was arrested on the 10th, and he spent the rest of his life in the State's lunatic asylum. The final attack, on the 11th, was reportedly carried out by a short, dumpy person wearing woman's shoes. Could it have been a copycat attack carried out by one of Farley's equally socially inept sisters in a vain attempt to prove her brother's innocence?

Laying the Myth to Rest

Emboldened by my success at the grocery store, I prevailed on my guide to drive me into the middle of town, where I visited several shops and spoke to a

number of the older members of the community I found there. Everybody knew of the Mad Gasser; everybody knew that it was Farley; and everybody told me that, because Farley's father had been such a well-loved and popular member of the community, nobody had been prepared to pillory the family in public just because his son was insane. In order to protect the reputation of Farley's family, the whole town had put up with 50 years of visiting UFO freaks, conspiracy theorists, and assorted nutcases. The town had found unwanted fame as the location of the world's most famous outbreak of mass hysteria.

Now there were no longer any living relatives, people were prepared to talk; and several told me they were happy to do so because – at long last – the myth of Mattoon's Mad Gasser could be laid to rest.

But what about the numerous other interpretations of the Mad Gasser story that have circulated for so long, and still find their way into the fortean literature? We're not just talking about the mass hysteria or poison gas cloud theories– hundreds of thousands of words have been printed over the years suggesting that the Mad Gasser was an alien, a Nazi infiltrator, a rogue FBI agent, or a phantasmal gun-toting ape from another dimension.

Perhaps there's a lesson here for anyone researching strange phenomena. After all, if any of the so-called investigators who hatched the above-mentioned theories had only bothered to go into the convenience store on DeWitt Avenue to buy a pack of cigarettes, and just happened to get chatting with some locals, then it's just possible that they would have found out the truth about poor, confused, and tragic Farley Llewellyn.

For more news on strange phenomena, weird experiences, curiosities, prodigies and portents subscribe to **Fortean Times** magazine.

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Indian Woman Forced To Marry Stray Dog After Family Claims She Has An Evil Spirit

elitedaily.com

WorldEmily ArataSep 3, 2014 -3:43pm

At 18-year-old Mangli Munda's recent wedding, the bride wore red and the groom wore his own fur.

Mangli was told by her elders that she had an evil spirit living within her. She married a stray dog called Sheru as a way to transfer the spirit to him.

The ceremony was religious and legally non-binding, leaving Mangli free to meet an eligible bachelor. Villagers believe that Mangli will have a long and happy life, curse-free.

Sheru, only briefly Mangli's husband, has now become her pet. She will watch over him, ensuring that the evil spirit doesn't harm him.

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Is that really Billy the Kid? HPD sketch artist IDs gunslinger

Doug Miller, KHOU 11 News

khou.com



Billy the Kid

HOUSTON -- If anybody knows about pictures of bad guys, it's Lois Gibson.

As Houston's police sketch artist, she's drawn thousands of images of suspected crooks and the walls of her office are lined not only with her work, but also with newspaper and magazine articles celebrating her prowess at helping cops

catch criminals. The Guinness Book of World Records even crowned her "the world's most successful forensic artist."

Now, she's fresh off the trail of one of the most infamous criminals of all time.

"I get an e-mail from this shy guy in New Mexico saying that he's got a picture of Billy the Kid, but nobody believes him," she said.

The shy guy in Albuquerque was Ray John de Aragon, who said his father had bequeathed him a photograph presented to

him by a neighbor. De Aragon extensively researched the picture and the photographer he believes took it.

"If you notice the pose, it's exactly the same as the famous tintype," de Aragon said. "He's wearing the famous gamblers pinky ring on his finger, on his pinky finger. And if you look at the two photographs they're almost identical except that one he's got a cowboy outfit, the other one he has a suit."

He went public with his photograph last year, but his claim was greeted with skepticism. So he contacted Gibson, who gained some notoriety for identifying the so-called "kissing sailor" famously photographed in Times Square after the Japanese surrendered in World War II.

"She has a great deal of expertise," de Aragon said. "In fact, they ask for her input and expertise all over the world."

Gibson first looked for anything that might definitively disprove that the man in de Aragon's

picture was Billy the Kid, such as different distances between the nose and the upper lip. Then she basically laid transparencies of the photos on top of each other and discovered both pictures showed similar body and facial structures.

"He has maxillary central incisors, which is these teeth," she said, pointing to her own front teeth. "One of them is rotated on top of the other one, so that there's this little black hole with sort of a rounded off triangular shape." Then she noticed the teeth.

Although the lips of the man depicted in de Aragon's photo are barely parted, Gibson – who attended dental school – spotted the distinctive dental detail that left her with no doubt about the photograph's authenticity.

The search for Billy the Kid photographs has intensified since 2011, when the original tintype of the notorious gunslinger sold at auction for \$2.3 million. But de Aragon said he has no intention of selling his picture.

"It's been a family heirloom," de Aragon said. "And I'm going to continue keeping it as a family heirloom."

Now Gibson can go back to helping catch 21st century outlaws.

"It's so wonderful to have a fleshing out of history, because everybody's heard of Billy the Kid," she said. "He's a wild west icon. And this picture seems to be from before he went wild."

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Isis Use Picture of 'Cyclops Baby' to Recruit Fighters for Apocalyptic Battle

ibtimes.co.uk



Isis claims the one-eyed baby in this photo is 'Masih ad-Dajjal' - an anti-Messiah, whose birth marks the approaching Armageddon. (Reuters)

Isis militants are spreading photos of a one-eyed baby they claim is the Masih ad-Dajjal – the Islamic equivalent of the anti-Christ. The militants are using the images as a recruiting tool, claiming that the child's birth heralds the Apocalypse, and the end of the world.

The pictures have gained hundreds of thousands of views.

The posts show pictures of real children born with one eye, who were born in Bolivia in 2008 and India in 2006. The child in India later died.

Those disseminating the images claim that the baby is the ad-Dajjal who was born in Israel.

The children were born with *cyclopia*, a rare defect linked to the use of experimental anti-cancer drug Cyclopamine.

Apocalyptic propaganda

Experts said that apocalyptic imagery had been previously used by Isis in its propaganda campaigns, and there had been a sudden surge in its use.

"The ideological core of the Islamic State, they really believe this stuff," Aymenn Jawad al-Tamimi, a fellow at the Middle East Forum, a conservative think tank based in Washington, DC told news website Vocativ. "It's definitely a part of outreach to new recruits."

Though there is no mention of the Apocalypse in the Koran, the Hadith, a book of saying attributed to Mohammed, claims that the end of the world will be heralded by the birth of the ad-Dajjal.

According to the text, the ad-Dajjal will appear near Iran and Syria at a time when homosexuality and drug use have become prevalent.

It predicts that he will lead an army of 70,000 Jews to war against an army of the righteous led by Christ and a warrior named the Mahdi.

The righteous are predicted to be victorious in the battle, and rule the world until Judgement Day, when they will ascend to heaven, and all others will be damned.

Islamic scholars point out that in the text ad-Dajjal is described as having one eye, but not

being a cyclops.

Isis' religious justifications

Isis' mission to establish an Islamist caliphate across the Middle east is steeped in eschatological thinking.

"Issa (Jesus) will come down here, and al-Dajjal will come out here, it is the land of epics and the land of resurrection," said the leader of the Chechen Isis contingent In December last year, reports the Jamestown Foundation.

In a press conference recently chairman of the US joint chiefs of staff Martin Dempsey warned that Isis was an "apocalyptic" organisation.

"They can be contained, but not in perpetuity. This is an organisation that has an apocalyptic, end-of-days strategic vision which will eventually have to be defeated," he told reporters.

Though Isis has not yet proclaimed its leader Abu Bakr al-Baghdadi as the Mahdi, experts believe it is only a matter of time.

"Once the caliphate is firmly established, then the likelihood of a Mahdiah being proclaimed increases," notes jihadism expert Timothy Furnish on his blog.

Other Muslims though have warned that al-Baghdadi is ad-Dajjal.

"One should also beware of the likelihood of a false messiah claimant appearing among them, who would in fact be the ad-Dajjal," writes the author of the Wahhabism Unveiled blog.

Island Rising Out of Pacific Could Be Tsunami Hazard : DNews discovery.com

Sep 5, 2014 11:30 AM ET // by Patrick J. Kiger



Nine months after a new volcanic island broke through the surface of the western Pacific Ocean and merged with the existing island of Nishimo-shima 600 miles south of Tokyo, the combined island is still giving off smoke as it grows 200,000 cubic meters in volume per day, thanks to lava flow. (That's enough to fill 80 Olympic-sized swimming pools.)

The birth of a new island might seem like a pretty cool thing, but there are a few distinct downsides.



"If lava continues to mount on the eastern area, it will be deposited on steep slopes," University of Tokyo scientist Fukashi Maeno explained in an email to NASA's Earth Observatory website. "This could cause instability on the slope, so a partial collapse of the island may occur. We need to carefully observe the growth process."

Photos: New Japanese Island Forming in Pacific



Maeno told Agence France-Presse that if the new hybrid island collapses, it could unleash a tsunami upon nearby inhabited areas as it does. He calculated that seismic waves from 12 million cubic meters of collapsing volcanic rock would create a tsunami that would send three feet of water slamming into the nearby town of Chichijima and its 2,000 inhabitants within minutes at bullet-train speed.

An official from the Japan Meteorological Agency, which monitors earthquakes and tsunamis in addition to weather, told AFP that the agency's scientists already are monitoring the island.



Video: New Pakistani Island Spewing Gas

"We studied the simulation this morning, and we are thinking of consulting with earthquake prediction experts... about the probability of this actually happening, and what kind of measures we would be able to take," the official told AFP.

There's also apparently the possibility that the island could explode.

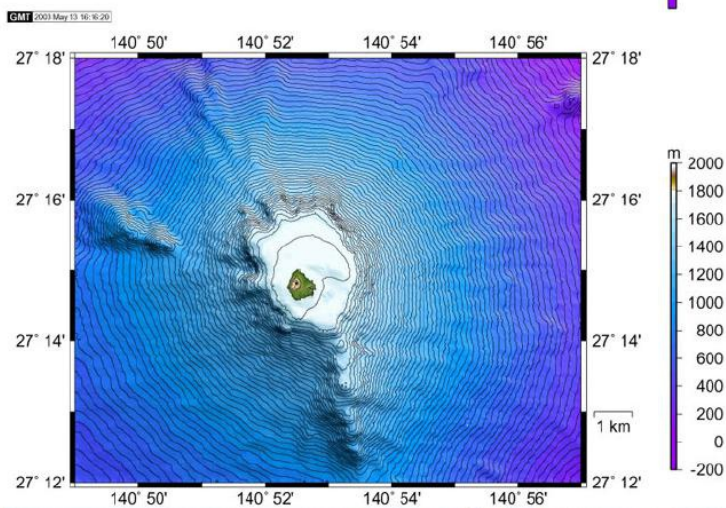
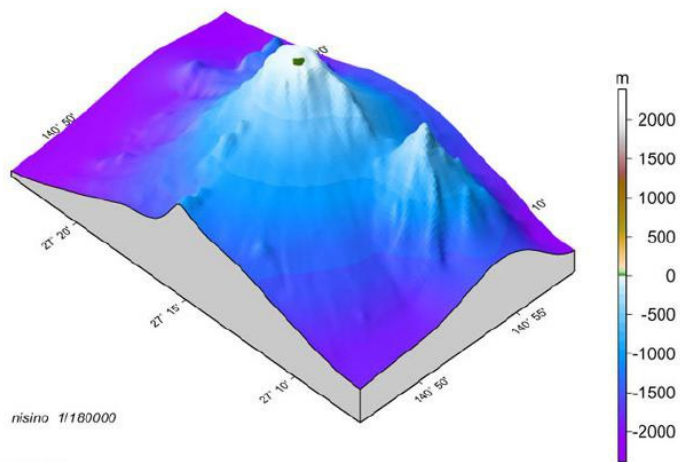
According to *Asahi Shimbun*, Japan Coast Guard officials say that a cone-shaped mound of congealed lava inside a volcanic vent there could seal off movement of magma and raise interior pressure within the island, which might eventually result in a large-scale explosion.



Photo: A rapidly-growing new island in Japan could possibly collapse and cause a tsunami, or else explode, a scientist warns. Credit: Japan Coast Guard









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The Ripper unmasked: DNA identify Britain's most notorious criminal

16:01 EST, 6 September 2014 |
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WORLD EXCLUSIVE: Jack the Ripper unmasked: How amateur sleuth used DNA breakthrough to identify Britain's most notorious criminal 126 years after string of terrible murders

- DNA evidence on a shawl found at Ripper murder scene nails killer
- By testing descendants of victim and suspect, identifications were made
- Jack the Ripper has been identified as Polish-born Aaron Kosminski
- Kosminski was a suspect when the Ripper murders took place in 1888
- Hairdresser Kosminski lived in Whitechapel and was later put in an asylum

By Russell Edwards For Mail On Sunday



GUILTY: A DNA sample has proven Polish immigrant Aaron Kosminski was Jack the Ripper

It is the greatest murder mystery of all time, a puzzle that has perplexed criminologists for more than a century and spawned books, films and myriad theories ranging from the plausible to the utterly bizarre.

But now, thanks to modern forensic science, The Mail on Sunday can exclusively reveal the true identity of Jack the Ripper, the serial killer responsible for at least five grisly murders in Whitechapel in East London during the autumn of 1888.

DNA evidence has now shown beyond reasonable doubt which one of six key suspects commonly cited in connection with the Ripper's reign of terror was the actual killer – and we reveal his identity.

A shawl found by the body of Catherine Eddowes, one of the Ripper's victims, has been analysed and found to contain DNA from her blood as well as DNA from the killer.

The landmark discovery was made after businessman Russell Edwards, 48, bought the shawl at auction and enlisted the help of Dr Jari Louhelainen, a world-renowned expert in analysing genetic evidence from historical crime scenes.

Using cutting-edge techniques, Dr Louhelainen was able to extract 126-year-old DNA from the material and compare it to DNA from descendants of Eddowes and the suspect, with both proving a perfect match.

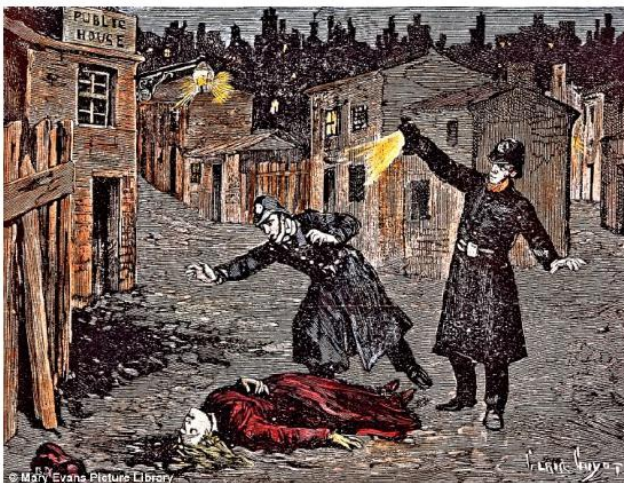
The revelation puts an end to the fevered speculation over the Ripper's identity which has lasted since his murderous rampage in the most impoverished and dangerous streets of London.

In the intervening century, a Jack the Ripper industry has grown up, prompting a dizzying array of more than 100 suspects, including Queen Victoria's grandson – Prince Albert Victor, the Duke of Clarence – the post-Impressionist painter Walter Sickert, and the former Liberal Prime Minister William Gladstone.

It was March 2007, in an auction house in Bury St Edmunds, that I first saw the blood-soaked shawl. It was in two surprisingly large sections – the first measuring 73.5in by 25.5in, the second 24in by 19in – and, despite its stains, far prettier than any artefact connected to Jack the Ripper might be expected to be. It was mostly blue and dark brown, with a delicate pattern of Michaelmas daisies – red, ochre and gold – at either end.

It was said to have been found next to the body of one of the Ripper's victims, Catherine Eddowes, and soaked in her blood. There was no evidence for its provenance, although after the auction I obtained a letter from its previous owner who claimed his ancestor had been a police officer present at the murder scene and had taken it from there.

Yet I knew I wanted to buy the shawl and was prepared to pay a great deal of money for it. I hoped somehow to prove that it was genuine. Beyond that, I hadn't considered the possibilities. I certainly had no idea that this flimsy, badly stained, and incomplete piece of material would lead to the solution to the most famous murder mystery of all time: the identification of Jack the Ripper.



Gruesome: A contemporary engraving of a Jack the Ripper crime scene in London's Whitechapel

When my involvement in the 126-year-old case began, I was just another armchair detective, interested enough to conduct my own extensive research after watching the Johnny Depp film *From Hell* in 2001. It piqued my curiosity about the 1888 killings when five – possibly more – prostitutes were butchered in London's East End.

Despite massive efforts by the police, the perpetrator evaded capture, spawning the mystery which has fuelled countless books, films, TV programmes and tours of Whitechapel. Theories about his identity have been virtually limitless, with everyone from Prince Albert Victor, the Duke of Clarence, to Lewis Carroll being named as possible suspects. As time has passed, the name Jack the Ripper has become synonymous with the devil himself; his crimes setting the gruesome standard against which other horrific murders are judged.

I joined the armies of those fascinated by the mystery and researching the Ripper became a

hobby. I visited the National Archives in Kew to view as much of the original paperwork as still exists, noting how many of the authors of books speculating about the Ripper had not bothered to do this. I was convinced that there must be something, somewhere that had been missed.



By 2007, I felt I had exhausted all avenues until I read a newspaper article about the sale of a shawl connected to the Ripper case. Its owner, David Melville-Hayes, believed it had been in his family's possession since the murder of Catherine Eddowes, when his ancestor, Acting Sergeant Amos Simpson, asked his superiors if he could take it home to

give to his wife, a dressmaker.

Incredibly, it was stowed without ever being washed, and was handed down from David's great-grandmother, Mary Simpson, to his grandmother, Eliza Smith, and then his mother, Eliza Mills, later Hayes.

In 1991, David gave it to Scotland Yard's Crime Museum, where it was placed in storage rather than on display because of the lack of proof of its provenance. In 2001, David reclaimed it, and it was exhibited at the annual Jack the Ripper conference. One forensic test was carried out on it for a Channel 5 documentary in 2006, using a simple cotton swab from a randomly chosen part of the shawl, but it was inconclusive.

Most Ripper experts dismissed it when it came up for auction, but I believed I had hit on something no one else had noticed which linked it to the Ripper. The shawl is patterned with Michaelmas daisies. Today the Christian feast of Michaelmas is archaic, but in Victorian times it was familiar as a quarter day, when rents and debts were due.

I discovered there were two dates for it: one, September 29, in the Western Christian church and the other, November 8, in the Eastern Orthodox church. With a jolt, I realised the two dates coincided precisely with the nights of the last two murder dates. September 29 was the night on which Elizabeth Stride and Catherine Eddowes were killed, and November 8 was the night of the final, most horrific of the murders, that of Mary Jane Kelly.

Found at the scene: Russell Edwards holds the shawl he bought in 2007, allegedly handed down from a policeman who took it from the scene, which had the incriminating DNA on it

I reasoned that it made no sense for Eddowes to have owned the expensive shawl herself; this was a woman so poor she had pawned her shoes the day before her murder. But could the Ripper have brought the shawl with him and left it as an obscure clue about when he was



planning to strike next? It was just a hunch, and far from proof of anything, but it set me off on my journey.

Before buying it, I spoke to Alan McCormack, the officer in charge of the Crime Museum, also known as the Black Museum. He told me the police had always believed they knew the identity of the Ripper. Chief Inspector Donald Swanson, the officer in charge of the investigation, had named him in his notes: Aaron Kosminski, a Polish Jew who had fled to London with his family, escaping the Russian pogroms, in the early 1880s.

Kosminski has always been one of the three most credible suspects. He is often described as having been a hairdresser in Whitechapel, the occupation written on his admission papers to the workhouse in 1890. What is certain is he was seriously mentally ill, probably a paranoid schizophrenic who suffered auditory hallucinations and described as a misogynist prone to 'self-abuse' – a euphemism for masturbation.

McCormack said police did not have enough evidence to convict Kosminski, despite identification by a witness, but kept him under 24-hour surveillance until he was committed to mental asylums for the rest of his life. I became convinced Kosminski was our man, and I was excited at the prospect of proving it. I felt sure that modern science would be able to produce real evidence from the stains on the shawl. After a few false starts, I found a scientist I hoped could help.

Dr Jari Louhelainen is a leading expert in genetic evidence from historical crime scenes, combining his day job as senior lecturer in molecular biology at Liverpool John Moores University with working on cold cases for Interpol and other projects. He agreed to conduct tests on the shawl in his spare time.

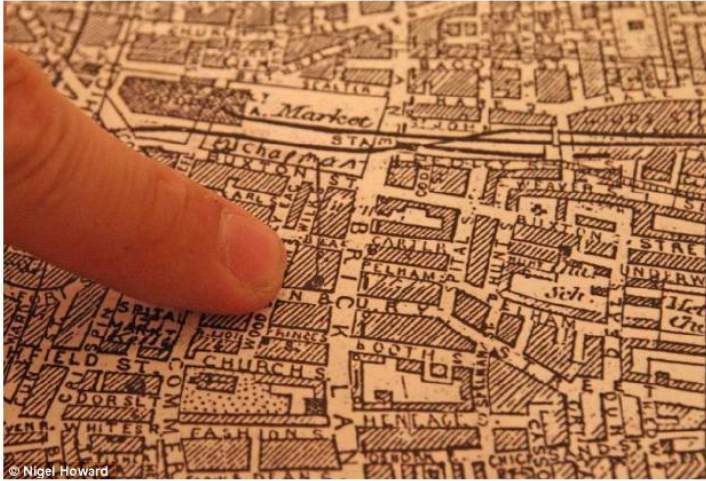
The tests began in 2011, when Jari used special photographic analysis to establish what the stains were.

Using an infrared camera, he was able to tell me the dark stains were not just blood, but consistent with arterial blood spatter caused by slashing – exactly the grim death Catherine Eddowes had met.

But the next revelation was the most heart-stopping. Under UV photography, a set of fluorescent stains showed up which Jari said had the characteristics of semen. I'd never expected to find evidence of the Ripper himself, so this was thrilling, although Jari cautioned me that more testing was required before any conclusions could be drawn.

Obsession: Russell Edwards points to Hambury Street where one of the murders took place

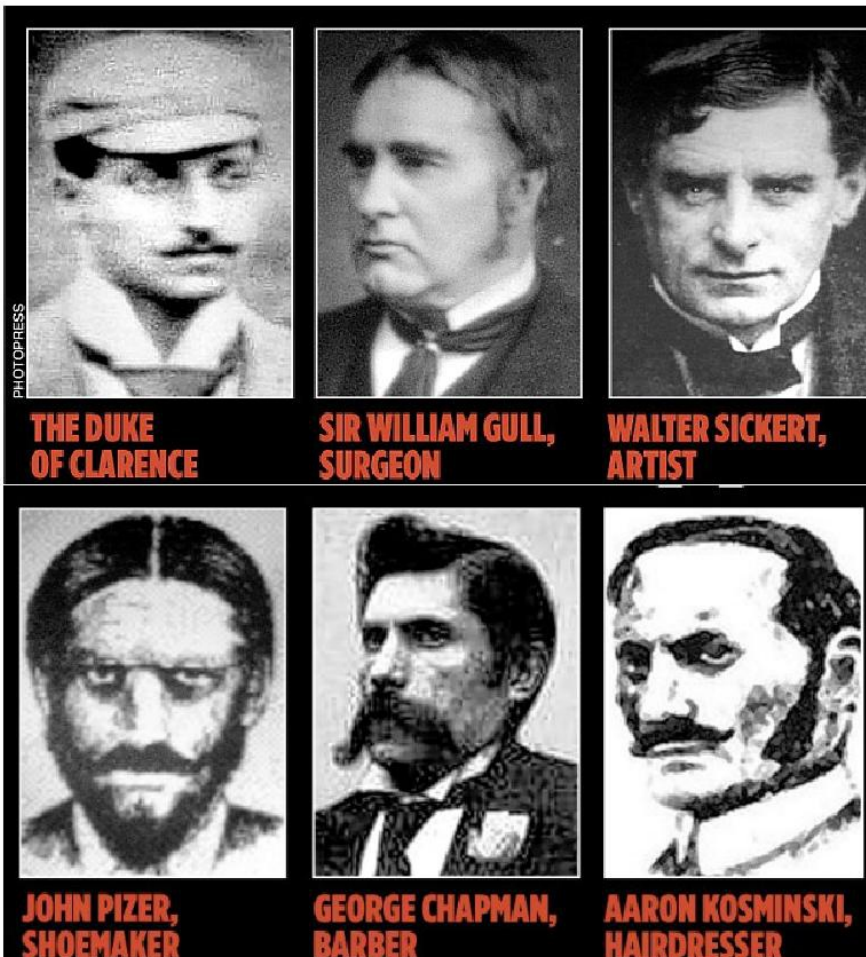
He also found evidence of split body parts during the frenzied attack. One of Eddowes' kidneys was removed by her murderer, and later in his research Jari managed to identify the presence of what he believed to be a kidney cell.



It was impossible to extract DNA from the stains on the shawl using the method employed in current cases, in which swabs are taken. The samples were just too old.

© Nigel Howard

As a non-scientist, I found myself in a new world as Jari warned that it would also be impossible to use genomic DNA, which is used in fresh cases and contains a human's entire genetic data, because over time it would have become fragmented.



organs. In this case, it was likely to have come from the urethra during ejaculation.

Kosminski was 23 when the murders took place, and living with his two brothers and a sister in Greenfield Street, just 200 yards from where the third victim, Elizabeth Stride, was killed. As a key suspect, his life story has long been known, but I also researched his family. Eventually, we tracked down a young woman whose identity I am protecting – a British descendant of Kosminski's sister, Matilda, who would share his mitochondrial DNA. She provided me with swabs from the inside of her mouth.

Amplifying and sequencing the DNA from the cells found on the shawl took months of painstaking, innovative work. By that point, my excitement had reached fever-pitch. And when the email finally arrived telling me Jari had found a perfect match, I was overwhelmed. Seven years after I bought the shawl, we had nailed Aaron Kosminski.

As a scientist, Jari is naturally cautious, unwilling to let his imagination run away without testing every minute element, but even he declared the finding 'one hell of a masterpiece'. I celebrated by visiting the East End, wandering the streets where Kosminski lived, worked and committed his despicable crimes, feeling a sense of euphoria but also disbelief that we had unmasked the Ripper.

Kosminski was not a member of the Royal Family, or an eminent surgeon or politician. Serial killers rarely are. Instead, he was a pathetic creature, a lunatic who achieved sexual satisfaction from slashing women to death in the most brutal manner. He died in Leavesden Asylum from gangrene at the age of 53, weighing just 7st.

No doubt a slew of books and films will now emerge to speculate on his personality and motivation. I have no wish to do so. I wanted to provide real answers using scientific evidence, and I'm overwhelmed that 126 years on, I have solved the mystery.

Shawl that nailed Polish lunatic Aaron Kosminski and the forensic expert that made

the critical match

By Dr Jari Louhelainen



Evidence: Russell points to the part of the shawl where DNA was found

When Russell Edwards first approached me in 2011, I wasn't aware of the massive levels of interest in the Ripper case, as I'm a scientist originally from Finland.

But by early this year, when I realised we were on the verge of making a big discovery, working on the shawl had taken over my life, occupying me from early in the morning until late at night.

It has taken a great deal of hard work, using cutting-edge scientific techniques which would not have been possible five years ago.

To extract DNA samples from the stains on the shawl, I used a technique I developed myself, which I call 'vacuuming' – to pull the original genetic material from the depths of the cloth.

I filled a sterile pipette with a liquid 'buffer', a solution known to stabilise the cells and DNA, and injected it into the cloth to dissolve the material trapped in the weave of the fabric without damaging the cells, then sucked it out.

I needed to sequence the DNA found in the stains on the shawl, which means mapping the DNA by determining the exact order of the bases in a strand. I used polymerase chain reaction, a technique which allows millions of exact copies of the DNA to be made, enough for sequencing.

When I tested the resulting DNA profiles against the DNA taken from swabs from Catherine Eddowes's descendant, they were a match.

I used the same extraction method on the stains which had characteristics of seminal fluid.

Dr David Miller found epithelial cells – which line cavities and organs – much to our surprise, as we were not expecting to find anything usable after 126 years.

Then I used a new process called whole genome amplification to copy the DNA 500 million-fold and allow it to be profiled.

Once I had the profile, I could compare it to that of the female descendant of Kosminski's sister, who had given us a sample of her DNA swabbed from inside her mouth.

The first strand of DNA showed a 99.2 per cent match, as the analysis instrument could not determine the sequence of the missing 0.8 per cent fragment of DNA. On testing the second strand, we achieved a perfect 100 per cent match.

Because of the genome amplification technique, I was also able to ascertain the ethnic and geographical background of the DNA I extracted. It was of a type known as the haplogroup T1a1, common in people of Russian Jewish ethnicity. I was even able to establish that he had dark hair.

Now that it's over, I'm excited and proud of what we've achieved, and satisfied that we have established, as far as we possibly can, that Aaron Kosminski is the culprit.

Dr Jari Louhelainen is a senior lecturer in molecular biology at Liverpool John Moores University and an expert in historic cold-case forensic research.

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Naming Jack The Ripper, by Russell Edwards, will be published by Sidgwick & Jackson on September 9, priced £16.99.

The comments below have not been moderated.

alexandergalant, Mississauga, Canada, 8 minutes ago

There was no shawl found on the body of Catherine Eddowes. There is a very detailed list of what she wore and what was in her pockets, including: 1 small tooth comb, 1 white handle table knife, 1 metal teaspoon 1 red leather cigarette case with white metal fittings, etc. Let us examine who was at the scene of the crime. Police Constable Edward Watkins discovered Catherine Eddowes' body in Mitre Square at 1:45am on September 30, 1888 and Dr. Frederick Gordon Brown, the London police surgeon who was called in to the murder scene, arrived at 2:00am. Inspector Collard arrived a few minutes later, and Detective Constables Halse, Marriott, and Outram searched the surrounding area. Edwards claims that "Acting Sergeant Amos Simpson, asked his superiors if he could take it home to give to his wife." However, there was no Amos Simpson at the scene of the crime.

Ade, Hull, United Kingdom, 47 minutes ago

This new technique needs peer review and needs to be repeated before we can say this murder is solved.

Ian Brendan Bell, Manchester, United Kingdom, 2 hours ago

I am going to take a big stab in the dark and assume that the Russell Edwards who wrote this "world exclusive" news story is the same Russell Edwards who is author of the book "Naming Jack The Ripper" which will be "available in all good bookstores" from Tuesday ... Call me old fashioned, overly sceptical and maybe even cynical.. I think that maybe this story is nothing more than an advertisement for a book. I wonder if the daily mail paid Robert Edwards to report this 'news' or if he paid the Daily Mail to get his book advertisement on here. In the current climate of media outlets getting accused of biased reporting on things.. I don't think you can get much more biased than this. ha .. I look forward to buying this book for £1 from a charity shop in a few weeks :)

FleetStreetFox, London, United Kingdom, 1 hour ago

Errr, what you've "unmasked" is called a newspaper serialisation. Hence the credit at the end. Russell Edwards has just written a first person piece as he's the author of the book, not a journalist. So yes, he gets paid so the mail can break the story. Serialisations happen every weekend in UK papers.

Tom Tiernan, Iselin, United States, 2 hours ago

A careful examination of the 5 murders indicates strongly that the last four were copy cat killings. It became very convenient and easy to pin each murder on Jack. By Mary Kelly's death, the press had begun to lose interest in the story, and the killings stopped when they were no longer in the news. Sad, but probably true.

nkrancher, Naples, United States, 1 hour ago

I have read every book on Jack the Ripper and seen every documentary. The three most respected experts on the subject are Martin Fido, Paul Begg, and Donald Rumbelow have never once even entertained the idea that the last four were copycats. You sir, are an idiot.

Mark N. Decker, Portland, United States, 29 minutes ago

No respected expert on the Ripper murders believes this to be the case, so the "indication" is entirely made up in your head. On the contrary, it is universally accepted that Nichols, Chapman and Eddowes were certainly killed by the same person, and Stride and Kelly extremely likely to have been so as well.

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Japanese veteran admits vivisection tests on PoWs

Justin McCurry in Tokyo

theguardian.com



A Chinese woman visits the ruin of the yellow-rat breeding room at the Japanese germ warfare center operated by Unit 731, near the Chinese city of Harbin. Photograph: Jason Lee/Reuters

Japan has again been forced to confront its wartime conduct after a former doctor in the country's imperial navy admitted he had conducted experiments on Filipino prisoners during the second world war.

Akira Makino, 84, said in an interview with the Kyodo news agency that he had performed surgery and amputations on dozens of prisoners of war before they were executed in the Philippines.

Several veterans have admitted conducting human vivisection in northern

China as part of Japan's wartime chemical and biological weapons programme, but experts say Mr Makino is the first to testify that similar atrocities took place in south-east Asia.

Mr Makino said that as a 22-year-old he had operated on about 30 prisoners between December 1944 and February 1945 while working as a medic on the island of Mindanao.

As part of his medical training he said he had been ordered to conduct amputations, abdominal dissections and other experiments on condemned men, women and children, including two men who had been beaten unconscious for allegedly spying for the US.

After sedating the men by placing ether-soaked cloths over their faces, he was instructed to make an incision with a surgical knife and study their livers.

"I thought, 'What a horrible thing I am doing to innocent people, even though I had been ordered to do it,'" he told Kyodo.

Mr Makino said he was too scared to refuse. "I would have been killed if I had disobeyed the order," he said. "That's how it was in those days."

Filipino patients who survived their ordeal were strangled with rope.

Mr Makino is one of several former Japanese soldiers who decided to reveal the truth about their country's use of human guinea pigs before they die.

Unit 731, the imperial Japanese army's notorious germ warfare unit, killed thousands of Chinese civilians and Allied PoWs at its sprawling complex in Harbin, northern China, from the late 1930s until the end of the war.

The victims, named "logs" by their torturers, were injected with typhus, cholera and other diseases. They died during the experiments or were executed to prevent them from talking about

their experiences.

As the end of the war approached, the unit destroyed evidence of their activities, releasing infected animals and dumping chemicals into rivers. The extent of their activities only came to light following testimony from repentant former doctors, soldiers and nurses.

Hal Gold, author of *Unit 731: Testimony*, said Mr Makino was typical of medical students and young doctors who were sent overseas by their superiors. "A lot of those guys didn't have a choice," said.

"They had to follow orders, so it's hard to pass a moral judgment on people like that. As you go further down the line of command, many of them didn't know what they were getting into. If they refused orders, it was the end of their medical careers."

With many surviving former members of the unit now in their 80s and 90s, he said Mr Makino may be among the last to talk frankly about their work.

"There's a pretty slim prospect of anyone in authority coming forward," he said. "Our only hope is that someone discovers a letter or a diary, something that may have been hidden by the family because they were ashamed."

The US authorities secretly granted unit officials immunity from prosecution in return for access to years of research into biological weapons. Several former Unit 731 officials went on to enjoy prominent careers in medicine, academia and business, including its former leader, Dr Masaji Kitano, who headed Green Cross, once Japan's biggest pharmaceutical company.

Mr Makino, who lives near Osaka, said he remained haunted by memories of the experiments and had ignored friends who urged him to take his secret to the grave. "We should not repeat that misery again," he said. "I want to tell the truth about the war."

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- news.com.au
- 22 Sep 2014

A WOMAN has spent \$20,000 on surgery to get a third breast and her dream is to become a celebrity.

The Florida massage therapist, who calls herself Jasmine Tridevil, said she had the surgery a few months ago.

Jasmine Tridevil spent \$20,000 on surgery to get a third breast. Courtesy: YouTube/Jasmine Tridevil

“It was really hard finding someone that would do it, too, because they’re breaking the code of ethics,” Tridevil told “I called like 50 or 60 doctors, nobody wanted to do it.”



Jasmine Tridevil got surgery so she could have three breasts. Source: Facebook

Last month she posted a YouTube video of herself in a bikini while Radiohead’s Creep plays in the background.

Tridevil said her extra breast felt like her other breasts, “the only difference is the nipple”, which she had to get tattooed on.

The 21-year-old saved up for two years so she could have the surgery and is also paying for a film crew to follow her around.

“My whole dream is to get this show on MTV,” she said.

“I’m dumping every penny I have into this. If this doesn’t work, I’m through.”

Tridevil said that while she wanted fame and fortune, this was not why she had the surgery.

“I got it because I wanted to make myself unattractive to men. Because I don’t want to date anymore,” she said.

She has been filmed telling her parents about the third boob and they were not happy.

“My mum ran out the door. She won’t talk to me. She won’t let my sister talk to me. My dad ... he really isn’t happy ... he is kind of ashamed of me but he accepted it,” she said.

While some have criticised Tridevil for her chasing fame, others have described her as



Tridevil dreams of having her own reality show. Source: Facebook

"beautiful" and commented that she reminds them of the girl in the sci fi film *Total Recall*.

"I love boobs, you have three, what's not to like ... we all loved that girl in *Total Recall*, now your (sic) the real deal," said one follower on her



She also makes her own clothes to accommodate the extra breast. Source: Facebook



"I don't want to date anymore". Source: Facebook

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Jesus lived here

THERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD

While celebrity maps have always been popular with tourists, most fail to list the addresses of the most famous figure of all: Jesus Christ. As phone records show, the Son of God has lived in a number of homes around L.A., including the following:

DATE	LISTING	ADDRESS	PHONE
★ 1928	J. Christ	1133 E. 42nd St., L.A.	HU-1397
★ 1938	J. Christ	2286 Vasanta Way, L.A.	HI-5789
★ 1949	J. H. Christ	626 E. Elmwood, Burbank	CH8-2637
★ 1952	J. H. Christ	1244 Otsego Dr., N. Hollywood	SU3-1433
★ 1955	J. Christ	1345 W. 22nd St., L.A.	RI7-9234
★ 1962	J. Christ	8134 Calhoun St., Panorama City	ST2-5306
★ 1976	Jesus Christ	15216 Florewood Ave., Lawndale	644-0687
★ 1982	J. Christ	4211 Jackson Ave., Culver City	838-3550
★ 1987	J. H. Christ	950 2nd Ave., Santa Monica	394-4657
★ 1995	Jesus Christ	1809 N. Bronson Ave., L.A.	467-2571
★ 1998	Jesus Christ	1322 Euclid Ave., Santa Monica	Unlisted

Notice a pattern? It seems that Mr. Christ has renounced the godforsaken lands of the inner city and moved to the Westside—complete with an unlisted number!

Apple Valley - Jicarilla Rd. -

Witnesses have seen a shape of a man run across the street super fast and it starts chasing you then it disappears at a certain point.

Bell Gardens - John Anson Ford Park - the small forest - Sometime between 1972 & 1973, two boys from Cudahy were killed in the park. Apparently, they had gone night fishing at the pond that was located in the park and were murdered by someone who was never caught. They were found in the morning by the pond with their throats slashed. It was told by word of mouth and in the newspapers that it was a grisly scene straight out of hell. It could be the ghosts of the two boys that haunt the park. -

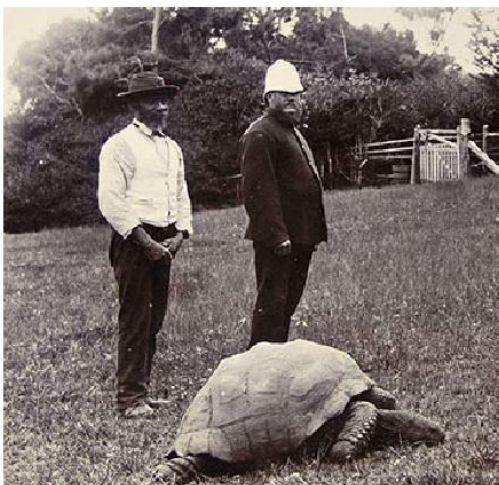
June 2008 Correction/Additional Information: A Police officer in Bell Gardens reports the boys bodies were recovered with the help of a local psychic; the bodies were recovered in the Whittier Narrows area not at the park and a suspect was arrested, tried and convicted of the crime. The real story here is that there were no leads at all until the psychic was contacted as a last resort by one of the detectives.

Although he may be not as fast as he used to be, 182-year-old Jonathan the giant tortoise is still going strong. He just might be the oldest living tortoise, or even terrestrial animal, in the world.

It is thought that Jonathan was brought to the island of St. Helena in 1882. A photo from 1902 shows him at his full adult size and it can take 50 years for a giant tortoise to reach its adult size, meaning that he could have been born in 1832.

Jonathan is probably the oldest land animal currently living, but he isn't the oldest ever – other tortoises have lived longer, with one unconfirmed tortoise in India that may have lived up to as many as 250 years of age.

1902 vs Today



This lazy panda forgot to write something about itself.

182-year-old-tortoise-jonathan-15



182-year-old-tortoise-jonathan-5



182-year-old-tortoise-jonathan-17



182-year-old-tortoise-jonathan-12



182-year-old-tortoise-jonathan-2



182-year-old-tortoise-jonathan-4



182-year-old-tortoise-jonathan-16



182-year-old-tortoise-jonathan-6



182-year-old-tortoise-jonathan-1

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Alameda - Kaufman Auditorium -

You can hear noises, and people have sighted a female ghost walking around backstage.

Bakersfield - Norris School built in 1882 - now Kern County Museum -

Witnesses report hearing the tapping of chalk on the chalkboard, but saw nothing.

Bakersfield - The Kern Realty Group Building -

House built in 1911 has had numerous experiences. Three spirits are said to be in residence. One young man seen hammering is believed to be a young man who fell to his death during construction. The second is an elderly woman who stands and watches. The third is a man always described as "angry". He is believed to be one of the former owners. Lights are switched on and off, doors and windows open or close by themselves. Doorknobs rattle, voices can be heard, and the sounds of footsteps on the staircase occur quite often. The present owners of the property, who operate the real estate company, say they have never felt afraid or in danger, and are now quite used to the "other agents" and their nightly actions.

The man killed by an automaton

By Magazine Monitor A collection of cultural artefacts 23 May 2014 Last updated at 19:27 ET



Author Jeremy Clay tells the grisly story of the Victorian man killed by a bell-chiming automaton.

There was no need for Sherlock. The killer didn't flee the scene. He stood his ground over the lifeless body of his victim, his hand still gripping the bloody weapon, his face betraying no emotion.

At the feet of the mechanised figure of a person - which was to have struck the hour with a hammer - lay Mr Maybrook. Poor, blameless, bludgeoned Mr Maybrook. At least the end, when it came, was swift. Swift, and absurd.

Mr Maybrook was a man of independent means, according to the report in the Illustrated Police News, who was travelling for his own pleasure in the German province of Silesia.

That winter's day in 1876 his wanderlust brought him to a historic church in the town of Glogau. The verger offered to show him round, but was called away during the tour, leaving the visitor alone in the clock tower.

Mr Maybrook wasn't too bothered. The clock was an ornate affair with carved automatons that chimed the passing hours. Left to his own devices, this was a chance to indulge his curiosity and examine the workings at close quarters. He was enthralled by the intricate mechanism. So enthralled, in fact, that he was oblivious to the ominous whirring sound that signalled the wooden figures were about to spring into action.

What followed was a scene that even an author of badly written whodunits would dismiss as implausible.

Suddenly, one of the figures struck the great bell. The startled Mr Maybrook jumped back in surprise. It was the last thing he would ever do.

"He came directly within the range of a huge hammer wielded by another automaton," said the paper, "which descended on the head of the unfortunate and ill-fated traveller."

The verger returned from his errand to find his guest in a pool of blood inside the clock. Well, when your time's up, your time's up.

Whittier - King Richards Antique Center. Off Whittier Blvd. near Historic Whittier district. Uptown. -

large Building built in 1903. Once used as an old Citrus packinghouse in the early 1900's. Now housing a Antique Mall since 1979 with 4 floors inside. The former Owners and Staff as well as the dealers experienced strange happenings. Two the stories are that 2 citrus plant workers died tragically in the mall. One story is that a worker had locked himself accidentally in the old freezer room in the basement and passed away. Another is unknown how but a worker died from machinery falling onto him in the back of the bottom floor. Dark shadowy figures have been seen in closing time. The cleaning crew has quit after hours when a woman cleaner screamed from the bottom floor claiming she saw a black figure watching her. Electrical appliances have sounded off with no batteries inside. Pictures have fallen feet away from where they were hung. Saucers and objects for sell have rolled or flung off onto the floors. A empty space has got the most attention where stairs use to be, cold spots and sensitive customers have felt a presence there. Curiously young children who know nothing of the mall refuse sometimes to enter the basement where the freezer accident occurred. King Richards

is history all around and the staff claims that they feel no threat from the strange occurrences. Sometimes you just feel like they want to be noticed or known. Oddly enough the happenings really become more active around October through the holiday season. Its hard to separate the occurrences said one worker. the Antique items that are brought in by dealers some time hold a past with them as well. But for the feeling of King Richards you see, to know the difference. No harm from these ghost's just a remembrance of Whittiers History.

Kips Castle in Verona has a long, strange history

7:00 AM

northjersey.com



Adam Anik/ Staff Photographer

Since Frederic and Charlotte Kip moved into the 9,000-square-foot mansion in 1905, Kip's Castle was home to a textile baron, a law firm and, for a brief time in the 1980s, a cult.

"This is certainly not just another vernacular house," said Jane Eliasof, director of the Montclair Historical Society.

According to Eliasof, Charlotte designed the trap rock and sandstone castle, and after she died in 1926, her heartbroken husband immediately sold it to Signono Munoz, who was in the steamship and oil industries.

The house remained a private residence until 1980, when Indian guru Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh moved from India to Kip's Castle. During the brief span, advertisements for sexual liberation and red-clad followers who followed Rajneesh created myths and rumors that still circulate through the area.

In 1981, one neighbor told the New York Times there was concern for "our property values, our children and about this becoming an international headquarters for a free-sex cult." The article went on to describe "persistent rumors about the group's buying more property on the mountain, bizarre sex rituals at the castle and leaving red and orange dye ... in the washing machines at a local coin laundry."

Other accounts, some published by *Weird New Jersey*, say the followers broke some of the stained glass windows and replaced the walls with Sheetrock. But they didn't stay long. By the end of the year, Rajneesh had fled to Oregon and a law firm was in the building within a few years.

According to Eliasof, the only common thread among its eclectic owners seems to be an appreciation for the castle's unique architecture. But, she said, more people could stand to recognize the castle.

Email: rosenblumd@northjersey.com

Anaheim - Kmart on Euclid -

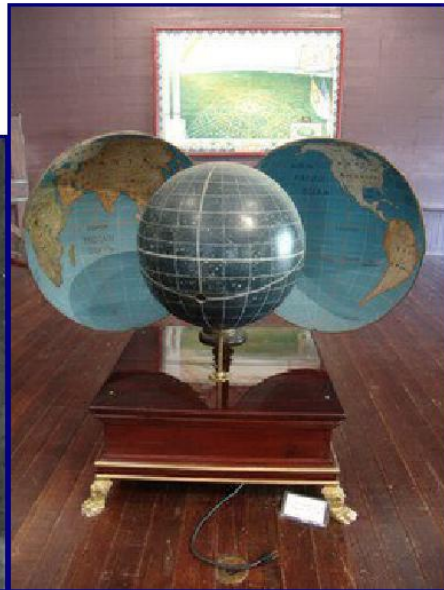
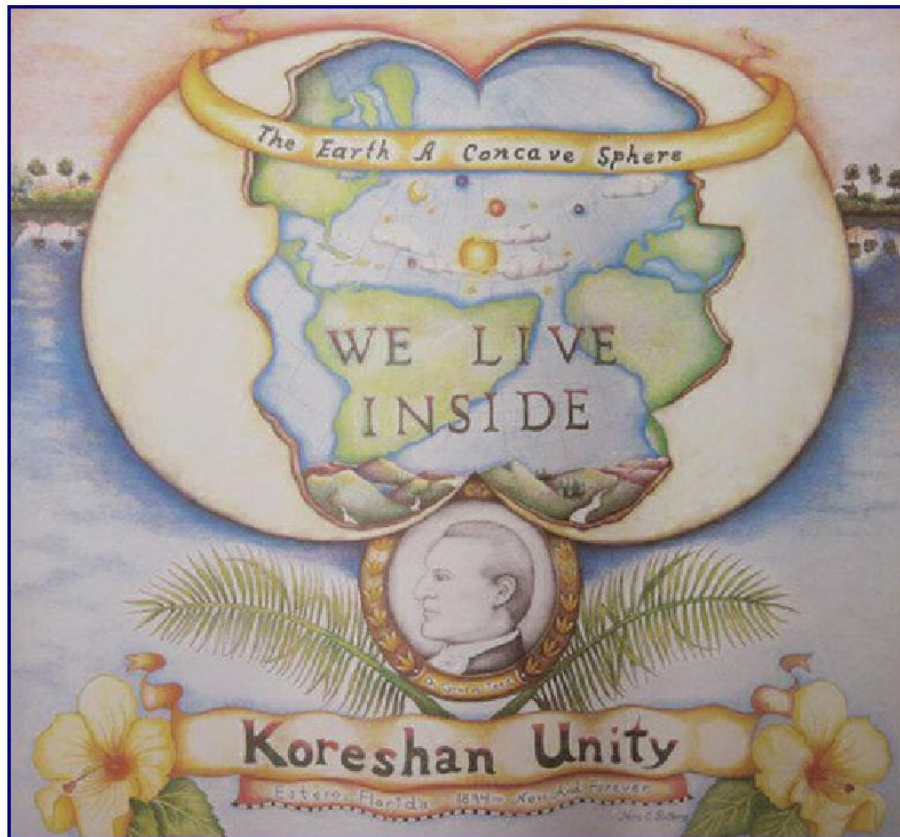
Employees have reported things falling off of shelves after closing. Some report seeing a girl. Her name is supposedly Isa or Isabel.

Buena Park - Knott's Berry Farm - Many employees have claimed to have heard noises and cries inside the "Peanuts Playhouse" in Camp Snoopy. The employees feel chills on their arms and shoulders and upstairs they hear voices and someone following them. Also claim to have lights go on and off, even when the power is off. Also the "kingdom of the Dinosaurs " ride is claimed to be haunted by a former male maintenance employee who fell to his death in a fire many years ago and a young boy is seen in several areas of the attraction, especially the ice-age area, many employees are afraid to be in position there. -

December 2006 Additional information: In the early 80's, a young man, distraught over a recent heart break, Jumped to his death from the top of the parachute ride. The ride is since gone, but the structure still stands. On several occasions, employees have had the experience of some thing large slamming into the ground, "as if someone were to drop a sack of potatoes from high above on the structure" only to find nothing.

Additional information:

While up on the 2nd floor (employee break Room),noises, cold air and breezes, and closet doors opening up by themselves.



Koreashanity and the Concave Earth Theory,

The idea of the hollow earth was made popular by Jules Verne's novel "Journey to the Center of the Earth". However, in 1869 a doctor in New York would propose an idea that took the hollow earth theory one step further. Dr. Cyrus Teed was a physician who had a very unique view of the earth.

According to Teed the earth was hollow, however we were living inside of the concave hollow earth, with the sun, atmosphere, stars, and moon located in the center. Needless to say, Dr. Teed was a very odd man, who also performed very odd experiments involving mysticism, alchemy, and subjecting himself to high voltage electrical shocks.

After subjecting himself to one such shock in 1869 Dr. Teed was visited by a divine spirit who revealed that Teed was a messiah, and salvation of humanity depended on his spreading of the "Concave Earth" theory. Dr. Cyrus Teed changed his name to "Koresh", the Hebrew name for Cyrus, and founded a new religion called "Koreshanity". The core of Koreshanity revolved around belief in the Concave Earth, as well as communal living, utopianism, celibacy (no sex), and reincarnation. Many people flocked to join his new religion, and communes were formed in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco.

In 1894 Teed declared the creation of a "New Jerusalem" in Estero, Florida. 250 Koreshans built a prosperous town complete with a bakery, a general store, concrete works, power plant, and a Koreshanity College. In 1905 they conducted a five month long experiment in which not only did they supposedly prove the Concave Earth theory, but measured its curvature at eight inches per mile. The Koreshans even created their own political party, unsuccessfully running candidates for local government positions. However, the growing influence and expansion of the Koreshanity movement led to suspicion and acts of violence between residents and the Koreshans. In one incident, Teed himself was accosted and injured by a group of men from Fort Meyers. Apparently the injury never healed, and Teed died two years later in 1908.

Teed had always preached that he was immortal, and would be resurrected like Jesus after his death. His body was laid and watched over day and night for over a week until the local health department ordered his burial. Despite this set back Teed's followers continued to faithfully practice his teachings. However, the lack of procreation caused by his teachings in celibacy ultimately doomed the religion. Few followers joined the religion after his death, seeing Teed as a nutcase and crackpot. Slowly the sect died out, with only a handful of Koreshans living in Florida by the 1960's. Today the Koreshan settlement is owned by Florida and is protected as a state park.

Being the most densely populated spot in the world, the Kowloon Walled City had plenty of unique features.

The Kowloon Walled City was nicknamed the City of darkness, because the lack of sunshine. In fact, it was so dark that it was illuminated 24 hours a day by fluorescent lamps. The streets were on average 1 meter wide. The alleys were mostly free from pedestrian traffic, because locals used to walk on the roof through interconnected passages and stairways. There was a main street intersecting the city from the east to the west called Lung Chun Back Road and two streets crossing it from north to south.

The buildings were built without any supervision and there was a fear that the whole city could easily burn down in the eventuality of fire.



Templo Tin Hau, escondido en el interior de la ciudad de Kowloon.

The maximum height of the buildings was limited to **14** floors because of the proximity to the now defunct Kai Tak Airport.

There were a few places that weren't overbuilt in the city, most notably the yamen in the middle which served as a center of social life and the Tin Hau temple built there in 1951.

Although the Tin Hau temple wasn't built on, it was protected by a rack to prevent garbage to accumulate in it. (photo left)

But the issue of garbage was not one related to the Kowloon Walled City only, as back then the whole city had an issue with garbage, but inside the walled city, this issue was exaggerated.

Apartments were not surprisingly overcrowded, as a family commonly shared a living space of only 250 square feet (23 sqm). The electrical system was exposed, in order to be able to be approached in case of a fire emergency.

Overall the city had one kindergarden, a water supply and three temples.

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Kowloon Walled City in 1990.
Photo: SCMP

It was called a lawless twilight zone by some and the world's most overcrowded squat by others. But to many, the Kowloon Walled City was simply home.



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This month marks 20 years since work started to wipe away one of the most striking features of the Hong Kong landscape for good.

A 2.7-hectare enclave of opium parlours, warehouses and gambling dens run by triads, it was a place where police, health inspectors and even tax collectors feared to tread.



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Pictures: What was it really like living in Kowloon Walled City?

In Cantonese, it was known as the City of Darkness.

But though it may have been a fetid slum, crawling with rats and dripping with sewage, it was stoutly defended to the last by those who lived there, as well as an unlikely ensemble of Chinese

shopkeepers, faith healers and self-taught dentists.

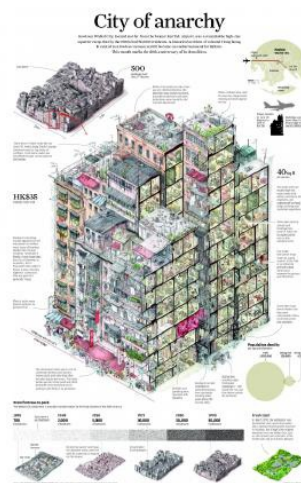
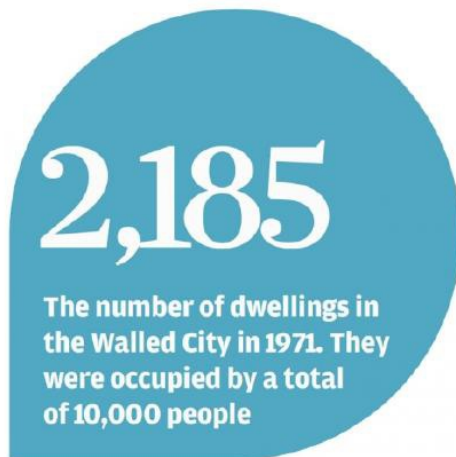
It was once thought to be the most densely populated place on earth, with 35,000 people crammed into a few tiny apartment blocks and more than 300 interconnected high-rise buildings, all constructed without contributions from a single architect.

But in March 1993, the last batch of residents finally accepted the government's rehousing terms and compensation terms.

It brought down the final curtain on a bizarre chapter of Hong Kong's colonial past.

Ask former residents what they miss most about the Walled City and most say the friendship.

In the 1960s, the Heung family of six moved from a rooftop hut in Hung Hom to the Walled City.



At first they lived in a 70 sq ft room in a two-storey house near Tung Tau Chuen Road, which they shared with seven other families.

Several years later they moved to a two-bedroom flat on the fourth floor of a high-rise on Tai Cheng Street.

"Life was poor, but we were very happy," said Heung Yin-king, the eldest daughter.

"We had the best times in the first house, even though the rooms were so tiny there wasn't space for a dinner table.

"We ate from a board laid over the knitting machine and sat on the bed. Everyone got along, and it was great to have so many kids to play with.

"The second house was all right but had no taps, so as the eldest daughter I had the responsibility of hauling buckets of water from the public taps up four floors to the flat every day. That's why I'm so short!"

The history of the Kowloon Walled City dates from the Sung Dynasty of 960-1297, when it began as a small fort to house the imperial soldiers who controlled the salt trade.

In the second half of the 19th century, the Chinese were facing invasion by the British, who held Hong Kong Island. So they expanded it into a proper garrison town containing soldiers, officials and their families.

In 1898, it became the only part of Hong Kong that China was unwilling to cede to Britain under the 99-year lease of Kowloon and the New Territories.

The British agreed that China could keep the Walled City until the colonial administration for the area was established.

But China never dropped its claim of jurisdiction and the sovereignty fight remained unresolved. The result was that it became a lawless enclave and a hotbed of criminal activity.

In December 1899, after several unsuccessful attempts to clear the city, the British announced their jurisdiction was to be extended to include it and the Chinese officials left.

The city became isolated. While parts were leased to church-run, charitable institutions, much was left to fall into disrepair. By 1940 only the Lung Chun School, its gateway and one private home remained.

When the Japanese invaded in the second world war, they demolished the oldest standing part of the Walled City - its wall, used in work on Kai Tak airport.

But the destruction didn't prevent Chinese refugees flocking to the site after the war.

Rents were low, and there were no concerns about taxes, visas or licences. By 1947 there were 2,000 squatter camps on the site. Permanent buildings followed, and by 1971, 10,000 people occupied 2,185 dwellings.

By the late 1980s, it was home to 35,000 people. The government tried to clear the city several times, but on each occasion the residents threatened to create a diplomatic incident.

Their attitude - handy when it came to keeping the noses of the authorities out of their business - was that the city was part of China and would never belong to Hong Kong. And to avoid damaging Sino-British relations, the government adopted a largely hands-off policy towards it.

The city again became a hotbed of criminal activity. Opium dens, heroin stands, brothels and dog restaurants all multiplied in the '50s and '60s, with police usually turning a blind eye.

There were three reasons for that - the police were politically hamstrung, some were bribed and it was too dangerous.

Real power lay with the triads. But the position changed in the '70s, when a wave of anti-corruption campaigns removed most criminal elements in the authorities. No longer protected, the triads became weaker.

The height of the Walled City rose with the rest of Hong Kong. In the 1950s, housing usually consisted of wooden and stone low-rises. In the '60s, concrete buildings of four or five storeys appeared. And in the '70s, many were replaced by blocks of 10 storeys or more.

The site became chaotically cramped, with buildings so close to each other that in some it was impossible to open a window.

Low rents also meant many small factories, with toys, plastic goods and food among the

biggest products. The factories may have brought their owners decent incomes, but they also brought more rubbish, fire hazards and pollution to the city.

Limited interference by the authorities also meant limited welfare. Apart from basic municipal services such as rubbish collection, residents had to rely on each other to maintain living conditions. That bred a close-knit community of people willing to support each other.

The Walled City's fate was finally decided in January 1987, when the government announced plans to demolish it.

After an arduous eviction process, demolition began in March 1993 and was completed in April 1994. Kowloon Walled City Park opened on the site in December 1995.

But some artefacts from the Walled City, including its Yamen building, remain. This was built in the early 1800s and served as a military headquarters.

Remnants of its South Gate have also been preserved.

But while it has been demolished, memories of the Walled City - and its spirit - still live on in the hearts of many Hongkongers.

It could be argued that today we have lost some of the sense of community and social solidarity that could once be seen there.

Growing up, Albert Ng Kam-po and his friends would go to the roof and fly kites that could almost scrape the bellies of airliners as they descended to Kai Tak Airport across the street.

"We didn't know it was so dangerous," says Ng, 45, a pastor at the English-speaking Island Evangelical Community Church in Quarry Bay.

"We'd just play ping-pong in the hallway. The kids would go up onto the roofs and leap from building to building, or we would drag discarded mattresses to the roof and jump on them. It was a happy time."

Ida Shum a 62-year-old former resident now living in Hung Hom, agreed that the some of the worst and poorest people in Hong Kong lived there.

She said it was a haven for triad groups such as the 14K and Sun Yee On, who jealously controlled their territory.

But she also said there was much more to the Walled City than that.

She remembered how when it was raining, the street was nearly always flooded.

Water would rise to people's knees with trash floating around, but the residents just walked through it in their bare feet.

No problem, no matter how difficult, could be overcome.

Shum described how her neighbour always helped her take care of her children and they cooked for each other.

This allowed her to focus on her work and earn money to feed her family.

"We all had very good relationships in very bad conditions.

"Even now, many people stay in touch with each other even though some old friends are overseas," Shum said.

"People who lived there were always loyal to each other. In the Walled City, the sunshine always followed the rain."

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HALF-HUMAN TERROR IN OJAI

Valley Builds Trap for Monkey-Man

MONSTERS

OJAI, June 28. Valley citizens today built a trap in which they hope to capture a "half-monkey, half-human thing" responsible for terrorizing housewives, killing chickens and destroying corn patches.

Mrs. Tom Richards, last to see the "thing," said it was sitting in a corn field eating ears of corn when her husband came home. Richards gave chase, but it swung swiftly into the trees and disappeared.

Mrs. Catherine Loughboro of Oakview Gardens said the half-animal, half-human appeared to

be about the size of a 12-year old boy and had killed six hens and a rooster in her neighborhood by strangulation.

As the trap was being built, courageous men set out with guns in the Casitas Springs-Oakview Gardens area to end the terror reign.

Whittier - La Serna High School -

When in the wrestling room, sometimes heard the noise of basketball being played in the adjacent small (women's) gymnasium. Sounds include: sneakers squeaking on gym floor, basketballs bouncing, shouting. Also footsteps above... on the roof?

The bizarre tale of the ladies who limped

By Magazine Monitor A collection of cultural artefacts 18 July 2014 Last updated at 19:59 ET

<http://www.bbc.com/news/blogs-magazine-monitor-28357269>

In the well-heeled streets of London, something peculiar was afoot. In Edinburgh too, things were askew.

Before long, the phenomenon had worked its way across the land, passed from town to town like a contagion, leaving hobbling knots of sufferers wherever it went.

But in an age of ailments, from potter's rot to chimney sweep's scrotum, there were no physical grounds for the spreading infirmity. It preyed on the young, the capricious, the suggestible and the status-obsessed. Or, to put it another way, the fashionable.

They called it the Alexandra Limp and it was quite possibly the only fad to be born in a sick bed.

Alexandra of Denmark was the bride of the Prince of Wales, and a 19th Century fashion icon. The clothes she wore were copied as well. The chokers she wore to conceal a scar on her neck were copied. And when a bout of rheumatic fever left her with a pronounced limp... Well, that was copied too.

In the well-do-do hotspots of Britain, toadying women began clumping about in a style that suggested they'd recently stood barefoot on discarded Lego.

At first, it was a DIY affair. Women would simply grab odd shoes to help them totter effectively. But canny shopkeepers soon realised there was a pretty penny to be made from what otherwise would be retail's most unshiftable line - wildly mismatched footwear, with one high heel, and one low.

What did ordinary people make of it all? Not a great deal, if this 1869 report from the North British Mail is anything to go by. "A monstrosity has made itself visible among the female promenaders in Princes Street," it seethed. "It is as painful as it is idiotic and ludicrous.

"Taking my customary walk the other day, observant of men, women and things, I met three ladies. They were all three young, all three good-looking, and all three lame! At least, such was my impression, seeing as they all carried handsome sticks and limped; but, on looking back, as everyone else did, I could discover no reason why they should do so.

"Indeed, one decent woman expressed her pity in an audible 'Puir things!' as she passed, but I was enlightened by hearing a pretty girl explain to her companion, 'Why that's the Alexandra limp! How ugly!'"



Alexandra of Denmark was a trend-setter in the 1860s

The Dundee Courier and Argus was no less contemptuous. "Some remarkably foolish things have been done in imitation of royalty," the paper tutted, "but this is an act which involves a spice of wickedness as well as of folly.

"There must be a line at which even fashionable folly may be expected to stop short," it said, and this line ought to be drawn "at the caricaturing of human infirmity".

And then, as is the way of these things, fashion moved on. The game was probably already up by the time a race-horse was given the deeply unpromising name of Alexandra Limp.

"A fashion journal announces that the Alexandra limp is to be discontinued forthwith," reported the Western Daily Press. Cue great sighs of relief, which will have lasted right until the reader reached the following sentence: "The skirt of the season, we are informed, is to cling closely round the feet, in consequence whereof ladies will be obliged to walk as if their feet were tied together."

Authorities looking for jewel thief Doris Payne

City News Service

A warrant has been issued for a prolific octogenarian jewel thief who was released from custody a few months after admitting to stealing a diamond ring from a Palm Desert jewelry store, according to court records.

Doris Marie Payne, 83, pleaded guilty in April to one felony count each of burglary and grand theft for swiping the 3.5-carat, \$22,500 ring last Oct. 21 from El Paseo Jewelers. She was sentenced to four years in custody, and was to serve half of the time in jail and the other half under supervision.

Payne met the criteria to be "fed kicked" — released because of jail overcrowding — and was released from a Riverside County jail on July 8 to the custody of the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department, according to the Riverside



Payne

County sheriff's and probation departments. Payne was on probation for felony theft in a Los Angeles case when the crime in Palm Desert occurred.

On July 10, Payne was released from L.A. County custody for unspecified reasons, and as of Aug. 8, hadn't reported to the Riverside County Probation Department. One of the terms of her supervision was to report to probation within two days of release, according to probation and court records.

On Aug. 15, the Riverside County Probation Department filed a report alleging that she violated that requirement, and asked that her supervision be revoked and a bench warrant be issued.

On Aug. 28, an Indio judge re-

voked Payne's supervision, and a warrant was issued by the following day, according to court records.

The probation report stated that a probation officer left Payne a message telling her to contact the probation department, and she didn't report. The document asks for Payne to be arraigned on the violation and ordered to serve 60 days in custody. Her whereabouts are unknown, according to the report.

Payne's lengthy career as an international jewel thief was detailed in a 2013 documentary, "The Life and Crimes of Doris Payne." She had been out of prison for about three months, and was living in a Riverside motel at the time of the Palm Desert ring theft.

The general manager of El Paseo Jewelers, Rajendra Mehta, testified at Payne's preliminary hearing last December that the defendant came into the

store on Oct. 21 and said her jewelry had been stolen. She looked at earrings, necklaces, loose diamonds and rings, and tried some pieces on, then said she would return with a cashier's check, Mehta said.

"Did the defendant put that (stolen) ring on her finger?" Deputy District Attorney Anne-Marie Lofthouse asked.

"Yes," Mehta said.

He said his bookkeeper told him later that afternoon that a ring was missing, and an inventory conducted by employees confirmed it.

"Do you know who the last person was with the ring?" Lofthouse asked. "Miss Payne," Mehta replied.

Michael Jacobs, who worked at his wife's secondhand jewelry dealer business in Palm Desert, testified that Payne came in the day of the ring theft and said she had a ring she wanted to sell. He said she asked for \$1,000,

and he gave her \$800. Sheriff's deputies recovered the ring there on Nov. 6.

According to Deputy Adan Yamaguchi, detectives identified the woman in El Paseo Jewelers as Payne using images captured Oct. 18 in Saks Fifth Avenue in Palm Desert. A store security guard recognized her "from the company's run-in with Payne in 2010," when she was arrested for theft, according to Yamaguchi.

The West Virginia native was young when she started developing her theft technique, telling an Associated Press reporter in 2005 that she would go into jewelry stores as a teenager and ask to see a wide variety of merchandise — eventually causing the clerk to forget how many items she was being shown.

She said she put her technique into action when she was in her early 20s, stealing a \$22,000 diamond.



minnesota-lake-harriet-elf-tree

The Lake Harriet Elf (aka “Mr. Little Guy”) lives at the base of an ash tree on the south shore of Lake Harriet in Minneapolis, Minnesota. He moved into the tree in 1995.

Although never seen by the public, Mr. Little Guy allows the public to post notes and letters by opening the 6-inch tall door to his house and placing them inside the tree for safe keeping until he has time to answer each and ever one of them.

Local legend says that notes left in the tree for the elf are always answered with a message. Each reply ends with, “I believe in you.” Sometimes children leaves gifts and candy for the elf, as well.

The content of the letters can range from the serious, “My parents are getting a divorce” to the whimsical, “Do you like Salsa?”

Although Mr. Little Guy is reclusive, certain facts have been garnered over the years from his letters:

- He’s taller than his younger brother and shorter than his older brother.
- He likes to eat minnow cake and pizza.
- He loves baking chocolate chip cookies.
- He gets a lot of his jokes from ladybugs.
- He cooks on a grill made from a walnut shell.
- His bicycle is the size of a mushroom.
- His bedroom is wallpapered with notes written by “big people.”
- And lastly, his birthday is August 15th.

In 2014, it was reported that a special ceremony was planned to honor Mr. Little Guy upon the 20th anniversary of his service to the community.

The elf tree can be found between the bike and walking trails, just past South Oliver Avenue. If you walk the path by Queen Avenue you will come to a “T”.

During the winter season, the elf door is shut with a message reading “moved to his castle in the east.” It reopens around springtime.

NOTE: There is a similar elfin door at the base of a tree in Deming Heights Park in Minneapolis.

Lake Harriet Elf

1300 E 42nd St

Minneapolis, Minnesota 55419

Email: thom@mrlittleguy.com

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THE RUMOR:

The **Lamb Funeral Home** secretly sells the eyeballs of every corpse that it puts to rest.

Where It Comes From:

In late 1986, a neighbor of the Oscar Ceramics Company in Hesperia, a small town just north of San Bernardino, called the sheriff's department to complain about something "very sinister" going on at the Oscar warehouse. He claimed that he saw trucks unloading what looked like corpses to the warehouse on a daily basis. And judging from the noxious plume of black smoke that spat from its smokestack, it was fairly obvi-

ous that they weren't putting them underground. "Don't tell me that they're not burning bodies," he told the officer. "I was at Auschwitz. I know what that smells like."

Surprisingly, the charges turned out to be true. The employees at the ceramic company were in fact burning bodies—loads of bodies—from ten on a slow day to sixty on a weekend.

The revelation was shocking to say the least, especially to the residents of Hesperia who failed to see how a ceramic company could be involved with cremation. But as investigators later found



out, the warehouse was really a front for the Lamb Funeral Home in Pasadena, a prestigious company with a sixty-seven-year history. David Sconce, a former football coach who inherited the business from his wife, Laurieanne Lamb, had purchased the warehouse months earlier, and used it to triple his cremation business—although he rarely, if ever, played by standard funerary rules. When investigators descended upon the Oscar Ceramics shop on January 20, 1987, they not only found a massive, apartment-sized oven, but crates of human bones, teeth, and skulls, and several large petrol drums filled with human oil. (Investigators also found boxes of bones hidden under Sconce's house at 1103 Comstock Avenue in Glendora.)

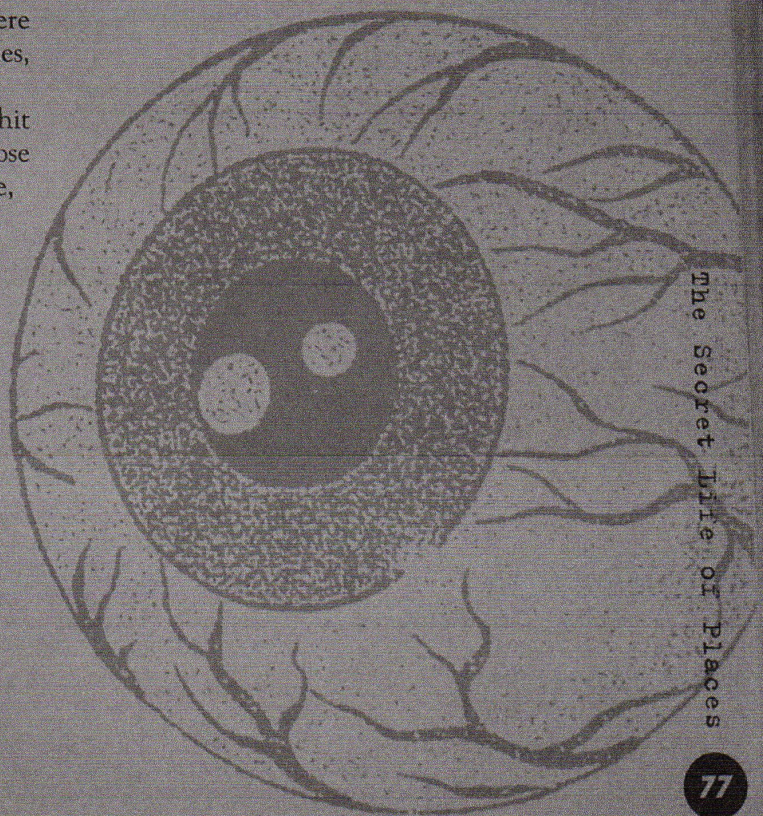
Yet that's not all they found. As investigators looked further into the case, they discovered that each corpse had been thoroughly plundered: Gold and silver fillings were ripped out and melted down for cash; organs—including brains, lungs, and hearts—were removed and sold to biological companies; false teeth were yanked out and sold to dental supply companies; eyeballs were popped out and sold to eye research companies, and hair was cut off and sold to wigmakers.

What's more, Sconce hired thugs and hit men to go after those who threatened to expose his operation. Timothy Waters, for example, perhaps Sconce's most vociferous rival, received beatings and death threats on at least two occasions, as did some of his associates, until he finally swallowed some poison and "accidentally" died. What's more, it was also alleged that Sconce even went so far as to hire killers to knock off his own grandparents, who were cooperating with the investigation. "He wouldn't stop at killing anybody," said one witness, "if they deterred him from making a living or hurt his family."

...they not only found a massive, apartment-sized oven, but crates of human bones, teeth, and skulls, and several large, petrol drums filled with human oil.

The Aftermath:

Finally, in 1992, relatives of over 5,000 deceased loved ones brought a class-action suit against the mortuary for commingling remains and forging signatures to sell organs without permission. The suit ended with a \$15.4 million judgment against the funeral home in 1995. Two years later, Sconce pleaded guilty to conspiracy charges and received life probation.



Legal fight continues over \$250,000 penny

By Kristina Davis 1:36 p.m. Updated 4:29 p.m.
SAN DIEGO

utsandiego.com



La Jolla Coin Shop owner Michael McConnell, left, and real estate agent Randy Lawrence with the one-of-a-kind 1974-D aluminum penny, which could fetch the pair more than \$250,000 at auction in April.

La Jolla Coin Shop owner Michael McConnell, left, and real estate agent Randy Lawrence with the one-of-a-kind 1974-D aluminum penny, which could fetch the pair more than \$250,000 at auction in April. — Kristoffer Newsom

— The fight for a rare penny isn't over yet.

Last month, a San Diego federal judge ruled that Randall Lawrence and Michael McConnell didn't prove their

claim of ownership over the 1974-D aluminum penny, which they had planned to auction for around \$250,000 and donate part of the proceeds to charity.

It was a win for the U.S. government, which says the coin is federal property.

But the two men aren't giving up. Earlier this month, they filed an amended complaint, explaining in much further detail how the coin came rightfully into their possession — a point that the judge said had not been proven in their earlier court filings.

Hundreds of thousands of 1974 aluminum pennies were made and handed out to U.S. dignitaries in hopes that Congress would replace the copper versions, according to the lawsuit. The idea fizzled. The U.S. Mint melted down its supply and collected others that had been distributed, but many remained unaccounted for, and not surprisingly so, Mint officials wrote back then. The Mint at that time asked the FBI to look into who might still be holding onto the coins, and briefly considered asking Congress to restrike aluminum cents to destroy any collector value for the coins, the lawsuit states.

Lawrence's father, Harry, came into possession of one upon his impending retirement in 1979 after 20 years of working at the Denver Mint. His retirement gift included a silver coin clock and some of the error coins struck at the Mint, including the aluminum penny in question, the suit says.

Lawrence, who inherited the coin, later sold it to McConnell at the La Jolla Coin Shop. When McConnell realized how valuable the coin was, he notified Lawrence.

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Calabasas - Leonis Adobe -

an old house/ranch from the 1800's is said to be haunted by the original owner/builder of the house.

Lessons in local history: Fairfield witchcraft trials fascinate teachers

Gretchen Webster

Updated 4:48 pm, Tuesday, July 29, 2014

fairfieldcitizenonline.com

It's strange to think of witchcraft as an esoteric subject, but it used to be for some teachers before they attended "The Witch Trials in Connecticut" workshop at the Fairfield Museum and History Center.

But not any more.

Learning about Mercy Disborough, a Fairfield woman accused of witchcraft in 1692, and Elizabeth Clawson, who was put on trial in Stamford for witchery, recently brought the subject of witches home to Connecticut for the teachers.

"The Salem witch trials permeate everything we learn about witches; it's gotten kind of boring," said Katelyn Botsford, a social studies teacher in Shelton. "I love the idea of getting this live," she said as she sat just yards away from a pond on the Town Hall campus where Mercy Disborough was subjected to the water dunking test for witches. She floated -- and "failed" -- because the theory behind the test was that if the accused sank she was innocent, but guilt was indicated if she floated "because the pure water cast out her evil spirit," according to "Connecticut Witch Trials and Posthumous Pardons" at <http://1.usa.gov/1rNgGuq>. She was later granted a reprieve by the General Assembly.

Two other local women were not so fortunate. Goodwife Bassett and Goodwife Knapp were convicted of being witches in 1651 and 1653, respectively, and subsequently hung.

"It's wonderful to add a local explanation, especially when the local history is just as cool -- and it's in our students' backyard," Botsford said.

The teachers from all around Fairfield County were spending a day at a Summer Teachers Institute sponsored by the museum.

The museum brings in speakers and presents primary, or first-hand sources for the teachers, said Christine Jewell, director of education and community programs. Museum educators also tie the workshop curriculum to the new state's Common Core standards for public school education.

Fairfield Ludlowe High School teacher Lauren Marchello plans to bring the real-life stories about Fairfield witchcraft she heard on presenting evidence and witnesses, trial procedures and interpretation of colonial law, back to her classroom. She intends to use the material in a civics course she teaches on youth and the law. "Fairfield students will definitely be interested," she said.

One concept discussed in the witchcraft workshop she especially wants to emphasize with her students: "Fear and hysteria still exist today; we're not past that," Marchello said. "Individual rights can be compromised when fear enters in."

Some of the teachers attending the witchcraft session had been to other Fairfield museum programs before. Others, after becoming familiar with museum and its programs, planned to bring their students to the museum in the upcoming school year.

"Having them talk about the pond [where Mercy Disborough was tested] and to picture where it is, would be really interesting," Marchello said.

The group of about 20 adults attending the workshop walked out to the wide, but shallow, depression in the earth near Fairfield's historic Sun Tavern and Old Academy buildings. Jewell pointed out how they "tested" the women for witchcraft by binding their arms and legs and throwing them into the pond.

Museum docents who want to gather more information for the walking tours and other programs they lead for the town attended the session, in addition to teachers.

"I like to learn as much as possible," said Michael Brennan, a volunteer museum docent who took photos of the group at the pond site. He plans to take visitors to the former witch-testing pond on his next walking tour, he said.

Also working with the teachers was museum educator Walter Matis. "It's important for us as an institution to work with teachers," he said. "They have so little time for research, and such an enthusiasm for history."

Several free workshops are given each year at the museum. Some of the programs the museum has offered in the past include topics like slavery in Connecticut, local colonial history, and the state's civil rights movement.

The workshops are usually offered in conjunction with a museum exhibit, such as the one on witchcraft in Connecticut that the museum will mount in the fall. "Accused: Fairfield's Witchcraft Trial," opens Thursday, Sept. 25, at the museum.

For more information about teacher workshops or educational programs, visit www.fairfieldhistory.org/education or call 203-259-1598.

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Greek Name Transliteration Latin Spelling Translation

Λευκροκοττας Leukrokottas Leucrocotta Leucrocota Yellow-white?

Λευκροκοτται Leukrokottai Leucrocottae (leukos, krokōtos)



Leucrocota, Aberdeen Bestiary manuscript c. 1200, Aberdeen University Library

Leucrocota, Aberdeen Bestiary manuscript
c. 1200, Aberdeen University Library

THE LEUKROKOTTAS (or Leucrocotta, Corocotta) was a fantastic creature with the body of a stag, a lion's neck, cloven hooves, and a wide mouth with a sharp, bony ridge in place of teeth. It had the ability to imitate the voices of men to lure prey.

The creature was probably derived from travellers' accounts of a type of hyena.

Ctesias, Indica (summary from Photius, Myriobiblon 72) (trans. Freese) (Greek historian C4th B.C.):

"In Aithiopia (Ethiopia) there is an animal called Krokottas (Crocotta), vulgarly Kynolykos (Cynolycus, Dog-Wolf), of amazing strength. It is said to imitate the human voice, to call men by name at night, and to devour those who approach it. It is as brave as a lion, as swift as a horse, and as strong as a bull. It cannot be overcome by any weapon of steel."

Aelian, On Animals 7. 22 (trans. Scholfield) (Greek natural history C2nd A.D.):

"It seems that the Hyaina (Hyena) and the Korokottai (Corocottae), as they call it, are viciously clever animals. At any rate the Hyaina prowls about cattle-folds by night and imitates men vomiting. And at the sound dogs come up, thinking it is a man. Whereupon it seizes and devours them. I shall now relate the villainy of the Korokottai, of which I have actually heard. It conceals itself in thickets and then listens to woodcutters calling one another by name, and even to anything they say. And then it imitates their voices and speaks (though the story may be fabulous) with a voice that sounds human at any rate, calling out the name which it has heard. And the man who has been called approaches: the animal withdraws and calls again: the man

follows the voice all the more. But when it has drawn him away from his fellow-workers and has got him alone, it seizes him and kills him and then makes a meal of him after luring him on with its call."

Pliny the Elder, Natural History 8. 72 (trans. Rackham) (Roman encyclopedia C1st A.D.) :
"Aethiopia (Ethiopia) produces . . . many monstrosities : . . . the Leucrocota, swiftest of wild beasts, about the size of an ass, with a stag's haunches, a lion's neck, tail and breast, badger's head, cloven hoof, mouth opening right back to the ears, and ridges of bone in place of rows of teeth--this animals is reported to imitate the voices of human beings."

Pliny the Elder, Natural History 8. 107 :
"When crossed with this race of animals [i.e. hyenas] the Aethiopian (Ethiopian) lioness gives birth to the Corocotta, that mimics the voices of men and cattle. It has an unbroken ridge of bone in each jaw, forming a continuous tooth without any gum, which to prevent its being blunted by contact with the opposite jaw is shut up in a sort of case. Juba states that in Aethiopia the Mantichora (Manticore) also mimics human speech."

There were numerous alternate spellings of the name of the beast which was also known as a Kynolykos (Dog-Wolf).

Greek Name	Transliteration	Latin Spelling	Translation
Κοροκοπας	Korokottas	Corocottas	Corocotta Saffron-coloured?
Κοροκοπαι	Korokottai	Corocottae	(krokôtos)
Κροκοπας	Krokottas	Crocotta	Saffron-coloured?
Κροκουτας	Krokoutas	Crocuta	(krokôtos)
Κροκοπαι	Krokottai	Crocottae	
Κυνολυκος	Kynolykos	Cynolycus	Dog-Wolf
Κυνολυκοι	Kynolykoi	Cynolyci	(kyôn, lykos)

Sources

- Ctesias, Indica - Greek History C5th B.C.
- Aelian, On Animals - Greek Natural History C2nd - C3rd A.D.
- Pliny the Elder, Natural History - Latin Natural History C1st A.D.
- Photius, Myriobiblon - Byzantine Greek Scholar C9th A.D.

Library supporters call petition an attack on first amendment, creativity and learning value

By Jacob McAdams and Vanesa Brashier

Posted: Saturday, September 13, 2014 3:03 pm | Updated: 3:08 pm, Sat Sep 13, 2014.

yourhoustonnews.com

• October 1, 2014



Library supporters call petition an attack on first amendment, creativity and learning value

VANESA BRASHIER

Library supporters call petition an attack on first amendment, creativity and learning value

Staff photo by Vanesa BrashierA shelf of Marvel and DC comic books are also part of the teen collection at Austin Memorial Library.

An effort by a Shepherd resident and minister to remove certain books from the shelves of Austin Memorial Library was addressed during the Sept. 9 meeting of the Cleveland City Council.

AML's head librarian, Mary Merrell Cohn, presented the council with a 123-page response to a petition by Rev. Phillip Missick of the King of Saints Tabernacle Church in Cleveland to remove the books.

Missick previously filed a Statement of Concern with the library regarding five books in particular: "Shattered Mirror," "Glass Houses," "Fall of Night," "Blood Promise" and "The Forbidden Game."

In the letter that accompanied his petition, he suggested that a good-sized portion of the books in the teen area of the library delved into occultic and demonic themes.

"As ministers of Christ, it is our responsibility to 'watch' and 'warn' against Satanic assaults against the hearts and minds of our children," Missick wrote.

Cohn said Missick also had a problem with the location of the books and the decor of the teen area, where the Sorting Hat and Dobby the House Elf from the Harry Potter book series sit on high shelves. Another complaint was lodged regarding dried roses that were placed on a table in the teen area.

"Dried roses are not 'occultic,'" said Cohn. "It is a way to preserve flowers. These roses have a special personal place in my heart, since my husband sent them to me for our anniversary when he had to attend a [Texas Municipal League] meeting."

Regarding the books in question, Cohn read them to determine the complainant's apprehension regarding vampirism and fornication as well as claiming them to be "dark and sinister in content."

"After reading these books, which were merely fantasies, I personally did not have any desire to perform any immoral, dark or sinister acts," said Cohn. "Of course, everyone has their own opinion after reading these books and others like them, but that is the point."

LIBRARY SUPPORT

Since the Advocate first posted a story on the petition on Aug. 21, Cohn has received support from people across the country who are concerned about the possibility of book-banning. Cohn shared the letters with the city council at Tuesday's meeting.

One supporter who corresponded with Cohn is horror author Tim Miller of San Antonio.

"I have to say myself and other writers and artists are not only appalled at his demand, but also concerned as we are huge believers in freedom of speech and artistic expression," said Miller.

Miller offered to donate some of his books to the library.

Locally, Lt. Col. Robert Hunt of Cleveland ISD JROTC commented on the ban, noting the value of such books like the Harry Potter series for his children.

"My three children, as military dependents, have grown up around the world. Every three years or so, they would have to uproot and move with me somewhere else, leaving their friends and stability behind," said Hunt in his letter to Cohn. "One thing that helped them adjust to these many life changes was books such as the Harry Potter series. Through these books, they learned valuable concepts like loyalty, honesty, friendship and value of family. They also relied on their faith and on their family but the value of these books should not be underestimated."

Hunt further commented that monitoring a child's reading selection is a responsibility for the parents and not an outside party.

"I've worked too hard over the years defending my country and raising three great kids to stand by while this kind of action is proposed," he said.

BOOKS NOT BANNED

Currently, the books under protest are not being banned from the library. Coincidentally, libraries across the nation will celebrate Banned Books Week during the week of Sept. 21-27. Despite any confusion the name of the celebrated week might cause, the event is actually a celebration of the freedom to read any book, even those banned previously.

However, due to the timing of the petition, the City of Cleveland will not formally recognize Banned Book Week this year. Mayor Niki Coats was expected to sign a resolution during the meeting but he declined.

"It is unfair that the banned book week falls on this week," said Coats.

Posted in News on Saturday, September 13, 2014 3:03 pm. Updated: 3:08 pm.

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Boyle Heights - Linda Vista Community Hospital -

It is an abandon hospital there is green light that is always on. the reason they shut down the hospital was because the doctors would kill their patients and there is a very strong order that comes from the 3rd floor.

Mother-of-three blames 'vampire-style' assault on PMT

06:55 EST, 25 September 2014 |

dailymail.co.uk

Lindsey Leslie bit the victim's face and blamed the attack on 'severe PMT'

A mother bit a woman's face in a bar in a violent vampire-like attack and blamed the horrific assault on premenstrual tension.

Lindsey Leslie attacked her boyfriend's sister in a pub in Carmarthen, Wales, when she came out of the toilet.

The 35-year-old pushed Janey Davies's head against a jukebox before biting her on the cheek during the attack on June 21.

She was arrested the following day after DNA swabs were taken from the victim's face.

Pleading guilty to common assault at Llanelli Magistrates' Court, the mother-of-three said she was suffering 'severe PMT' which caused her to be 'aggressive'.

She was given a 12-month community order with a supervision requirement, and told to attend 10 aggression management sessions.

The court heard how Leslie threatened: 'I'm going to gouge you' as Miss Davies came out of the bathroom at the Boar's Head pub after their boyfriends had a disagreement.

She slammed the woman's head against the a jukebox and bit her on the face.

Prosecutor Ellie Morgan said: 'Leslie shouted "I'm going to gouge you" before biting the victim on the face.

'Miss Davies went to the toilet and when she came back her partner said he had tried to speak to her brother and got a barrage of abuse back.

'After a quick word with her partner Leslie approached his sister. Miss Davies's head was then pushed with force against the pub jukebox.

'Miss Davies was very scared. She tried to push the defendant away and thought she was really going to hurt her.

'Leslie was shouting in her face.

'A swab was taken of her cheek and later found to contain traces of Leslie's DNA.'

The 35-year-old told the court she suffered severe PMT which caused her to behave aggressively

The attack happened at the Boar's Head Pub in Carmarthen on June 21 after the women's boyfriends had a disagreement

Leslie was given a 12-month community order and told to attend 10 aggression management courses at Llanelli Magistrates' Court

Robyn Reed, defending, said: 'She had been diagnosed with severe PMT.

'This can cause her to be aggressive when she comes into contact with people she does not know.'

Leslie was given a 12-month community order with a supervision requirement and a requirement that she attends 10 aggression management sessions.

She was also fined £100 and ordered to pay £85 in court costs, a £60 victim surcharge and £75 in compensation to Miss Davies for the injury to her cheek.

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Lion-ripped jeans sell for \$1,500

By Alanna Petroff

First Published: August 18, 2014: 9:50 AM ET

cnn.com

LONDON (CNMoney)

Fashionistas take note: the latest in haute couture could be distressed jeans that have been ripped by lions, tigers and bears.

A zoo fundraising group in Japan raised \$3,500 last month after selling three pairs of denim jeans that were gnawed and clawed by lions and tigers.

The group -- the Mineko Club -- created the special "Zoo Jeans" to raise money for the World Wildlife Fund and the local Kamine Zoo in Hitachi City.

Volunteers wrapped denim fabric around tires and rubber balls and threw them into separate animal enclosures for lions, tigers and bears. The animals went wild and the resulting damaged denim was used to create four pairs of jeans -- two were "designed by lions," one by tigers and one by bears.

"The wild rips and tears in Zoo Jeans have been created with pure animal instinct," according to an excerpt on its website.



The jeans were sold on Yahoo's Japanese auction site -- with a pair of lion-distressed denim selling for \$1,500. The Mineko Club said all profits went to the zoo and the WWF.

The club kept the bear-ripped jeans.

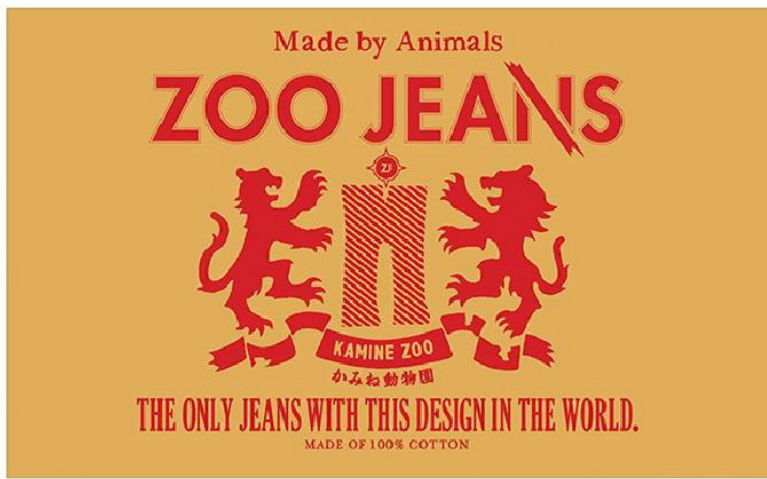
A WWF spokesperson confirmed it received the donation, but wasn't enthusiastic about the fundraising technique.

Bidders went wild for these lion-ripped jeans.

"In principle, we don't raise money by using animals in this way," said Akiko Ishihara, director of communications at WWF Japan.

Related: A big dog is the ultimate status symbol in Hong Kong

The Mineko Club, which has been around for over a decade, is dedicated to raising money and supporting the Kamine Zoo through holding events and selling zoo-related products. The zoo is considered a top tourism spot in Hitachi City, which is roughly 100 miles northeast of Tokyo.



The Zoo Jeans logo.

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Vicar 'conducted 500 sham weddings'

9 September 2014

bbc.com



The Reverend Nathan Ntege

The Rev Nathan Ntege denies charges of facilitating a breach of immigration law and one charge of fraud

A south-east London vicar presided over a "matrimonial conveyor belt" of sham weddings so foreign nationals could stay in the UK, a court has heard.

The Reverend Nathan Ntege, 55, is accused of marrying

almost 500 bogus couples at a church in Thornton Heath.

The Inner Crown Court heard the vicar was the "lynchpin" of a group at St Jude's with St Aidan Church.

Mr Ntege, from Thornton Heath, denies 14 counts of facilitating a breach of immigration law and one of fraud.

Edward Lucas, prosecuting, told the court: "The weddings that form the subject of this case were neither conducted correctly or legally and their sole purpose was to facilitate an industrial-scale abuse of the system of immigration control within the UK."

'No questions policy'

Immigration officials became suspicious because of the "inordinate number" of weddings taking place at the parish church which rose from six a year to six a day, Mr Lucas said.

He said many of the marriages involved nationals from the European Economic Area marrying people from outside so they could later attempt to seek to remain in the UK.

Mr Lucas said many were introduced to the church because of its "no questions asked policy".

Mr Ntege was arrested in June 2011.

The Rev Nathan Ntege was inducted as a priest at St Jude's with St Aidan Church

in Thornton Heath in 2002



St Jude's with St Aidan Church in Thornton Heath

The prosecution claim the vicar defrauded the church by not transferring £69,000 in statutory fees he charged for weddings between January 2007 and May 2011.

During the same period, Mr Ntege also transferred about £55,000 to Uganda, where he was ordained, the court heard.

Mr Lucas said the weddings were "somewhat farcical" with several brides wearing the same dress.

Six other defendants are also charged in connection with the sham weddings, including Brian Miller, 81, and Maudlyn Riviere, 67, who acted as the church verger and secretary respectively.

Ms Riviere, of Lucerne Road, Thornton Heath, denies 15 counts of commissioning a breach of immigration law, while Mr Miller, of Owl Close, Croydon, denies seven counts of the same offence.

Galina Petkova, 51, of Shrubbery Road, Enfield, and Georgia Forteath, 34, of south Norwood, were both married at the church and are accused of acting as "fixers" for other weddings.

Ms Petkova denies seven counts of commissioning a breach of immigration law and Ms Forteath denies two counts of the same offence.

Innocent Odoh, 34, of Brownhill Road, Hither Green, south-east London and Angela Palachie, 54, of Florida Road, Croydon both face one count each of commissioning a breach of immigration law and another of deception. They deny both charges.

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How do you put London's Roman shrine back together?

Magazine Monitor A collection of cultural artefacts 12:03 UK time, Monday, 22 September 2014



Sixty years ago, a Roman God was uncovered at a London building site. The excavations for the Temple of Mithras moved around but are now going back to the original site - how do you reconstruct a Roman temple, asks Tom de Castella.

The muddy find in September 1954 provoked urgent debate. Winston Churchill's cabinet discussed it three times. A huge new office block - for insurance firm Legal & General - was being built on the site of the Temple of Mithras, described as the Roman discovery of the century. Building work was stopped. People would be able to see it for two weeks before the remains were packed up and moved. A few hundred visitors were expected on day one. Instead about 35,000 queued round the block. Advertisers piled in: "In Londinium they believed in Mithras. In London they believe in Shell." Roughly 400,000 people saw it in all. Then the ruins began a peripatetic existence, including a stay at a builders yard in New Malden, before ending up being exhibited in the City 100 metres from where it was found.



An estimated 400,000 people visited the site in a two-week period

Now the ruins are going back whence they came. Media giant Bloomberg is building its European HQ on land that takes in the original site. The Temple of Mithras will be reconstructed underneath the office block at the exact spot it was built in AD240 - ground level in Roman London is seven metres below today's city.



The last recreation of the temple - packed up in 2011 - had crazy paving. Not ideal for an all-male Roman cult inspired by Persian religion, says Sophie Jackson, archaeologist at the Museum of Archaeology London. But how do you put a Roman temple back together again?

Jackson and her colleagues have good records from 1954 and a team of stone masons to rebuild the temple using the original excavations. But they have no information about the colour of the temple, or the mortar that was used. They are calling on people who saw the 1954 dig to help out and send colour photos, cinefilm or oral memories.



A relief sculpture of the god Mithras

Classical scholar Mary Beard is excited, but keen to dispel a myth about Mithras. "Get ready for misinformation: Mithraism NOT secret cult," she tweeted. There is nothing cultish in the modern sense, nobody hid their allegiance to Mithra, she says. He was popular with soldiers - it was a "very blokey" religion - and they would not have hid their allegiance. Unlike other Roman Gods, such as Jupiter, Mithraism was congregational in nature, Beard says.

There's one more thing. "When it was in the builders yard we know that a lot of items were pinched," says Jackson. So if there's a bit of Roman stone - better still mortar - in Gran's rockery, the Temple of Mithras would like it back.

If you have images or ephemera relating to the temple, contact the Museum of London Archaeology on 020 7410 2266, oralhistory@mola.org.uk or visit www.mola.org.uk

Yanks in Germany by Night

"Anesthetic Prowler" on Loose

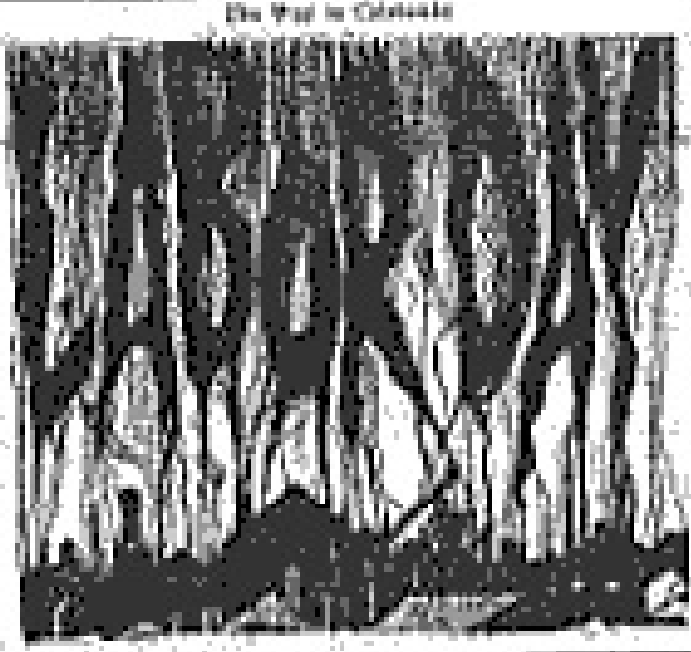
MRS. KEADNEY OF G. O. P. AND DAUGHTER FIRST VICTIMS IN ROOSEVELT

Mad. Keadney, 40, and daughter, 18, were the first victims of the "Anesthetic Prowler" in the attack on the G. O. P. and the Roosevelt administration.

The attack was carried out by a group of men who were known to be members of the "Anesthetic Prowler" organization. The attack was carried out in the city of New York, and the victims were taken to the hospital.

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J. G. Shuman Up on Handicapped, Durganville

The attack was carried out in the city of New York, and the victims were taken to the hospital. The attack was carried out in the city of New York, and the victims were taken to the hospital.

COLLAPSE OF GERMANY IN 30 DAYS SEEN

This is what all eyes are turned to now.

Sen. Pepper in Blind Attack on G. O. P.

The attack was carried out in the city of New York, and the victims were taken to the hospital. The attack was carried out in the city of New York, and the victims were taken to the hospital.

CONGRESS TO TAKE RECESS ON SEPT. 15

Great Writing and Poet Married to 25-Year-Old Girl

The attack was carried out in the city of New York, and the victims were taken to the hospital. The attack was carried out in the city of New York, and the victims were taken to the hospital.

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Hotel housekeepers compete

By Colin Atagi

The Desert Sun

Never has housekeeping been so fast-paced and competitive.

As the sun rose above the Coachella Valley on Wednesday, employees from 19 local hotels competed in the inaugural Housekeeping Olympics outside the Spa Resort Casino in Palm Springs.

Teams competed against each other in an obstacle course with tasks that included wrapping up volunteers in toilet paper, maneuvering a vacuum cleaner around orange cones and scooping balloons into dustpans.

Winning teams moved on to the next rounds until one stood victo-



COLIN ATAGI/THE DESERT SUN

Housekeeping staff from local hotels participate in the Housekeeping Olympics in Palm Springs Wednesday.

rious.

And in the end, that team was from the Curve Palm Springs Hotel.

"It was fun. It was nice to see my team playing together and working

together as a team," General Manager Joaquin Reyes said.

A team from the Riviera Palm Springs took second place, while third place went to one of two teams from the Hard Rock Hotel Palm Springs.

Other hotels that participated in the event included the Westin Desert Willows Villas in Palm Desert, Westin Mission Hills in Rancho Mirage and the J.W. Marriott Desert Springs Resort & Spa in Palm Desert.

Michael Potts, director of sales for the Spa Resort, pointed out how important the hospitality industry is in the Coachella Valley.

"A lot of the time, housekeepers don't get recognized," he said.

Malaysian 'midget gang' meets its match - World - theage.com.au

March 15, 2007 - 4:35PM

theage.com.au

Malaysian police detained an eight-member gang of small-sized robbers dubbed the "midget gang," who allegedly confessed to committing 14 break-ins over the past three months, a news report said today.

All the gang members, aged between 14 and 23 years, were diminutive, The Star newspaper said without saying whether they were dwarfs or just small.

Some of them who were less than 150cm tall would be picked to squeeze through small openings into the houses they robbed in central Malaysia, The Star said.

Gang members confessed to their crimes when they were detained, according to the report.

The arrests came about after residents in a housing area alerted police after noticing the group loitering suspiciously in a field near their homes, Ampang district police chief Amer Awal was quoted as saying.

AP

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Man catches fish with human teeth in Russia

29.09.2014 | Source: Pravda.Ru

english.pravda.ru



Man catches fish with human teeth in Russia. 53655.jpeg

A fisherman from Arkhangelsk caught a bizarre fish with a human-like jaw. As it turned out, the fish was a guest from the tropics that swam into the waters of the Northern Dvina River, reports NTV.

The man, Alexander Korobov, is an experienced fisherman. However, the fish that he caught one day in the river, literally shocked him.

"I took it in my hands and smelled it. It seemed to be fresh. I opened the gills - they were red. Yet, the mouth did not look like the mouth of a bream. I opened its mouth and was horrified to see human-like teeth in there. I got scared a bit," the man said.

Korobov then went to a local department for fishery, where specialists found it difficult to identify the catch.

Andrey Rummyantsev, senior inspector of the Department of State Control and Protection of Water Resources of the Arkhangelsk region:

"The fish looks like a bream, but the scales of it and the presence of adipose fin makes it look like salmon. Yet, salmon can not be the size of bream. The teeth of the fish looked like human. This fish is not from our region," the specialist said.

Scientists at the Institute of Fishery and Oceanography believe that the fish is a piranha. "This is a piranha, but the fact is that there are more than 90 species of piranhas. This fish is a herbivorous piranha," a scientist said.

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Man-eating leopard attacks drunks heading home at night

DAVID HARDING

nydailynews.com

A man-eating leopard in India is targeting drunks as they stumble home in the dark.

The big cat is believed to have killed 12 people in a Himalayan village since 2012.

Its latest victim was a 44-year-old man who was attacked on Thursday.

Villagers are said to be living in a state of fear that the leopard will attack again.

Local Madan Panerua told the Telegraph, "villagers are terrorized by the wild animals and it's almost impossible to venture out after dark. Moving from one village to another or to markets through forested area becomes difficult.

"People carry sticks with them and remain alert all the time. Many in the village believe that drunk people are easy prey for the wild."

Many of those who have been attacked by the leopard were savaged after they left an outdoor toilet.

Two of the dead were women. Another four people have been injured.

The leopard is thought to be around 12 years old and may be attacking humans as it is no longer able to catch prey in the wild.

Belinda Wright who works for the Wildlife Protection Society of India, said the animal is not necessarily targeting drunks.

"Quite frankly when people are drunk and weave their way back home to the village they are easy prey," she told the Telegraph.

"I'm sure you won't taste any better because you've consumed liquor."

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Manchester-by-the-Sea deals with being Manchester-by-the-Sea - The Boston Globe

By Billy Baker | Globe staff September 20, 2014

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MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA — The story of the town that won't say its name, and isn't entirely sure how to write it, begins 25 years ago in the town formerly known as Manchester.

At the 1989 Town Meeting, local resident Ed Corley delivered an impassioned speech, arguing that the name Manchester was not enough to capture the "uniqueness" of the community, and proposed expanding it to Manchester-by-the-Sea.

"Perhaps this does sound a bit elitist," Corley said. "Even if it is elitist, so what?"

The proposal passed. By two votes. And this small town on Cape Ann — best known as the home of Singing Beach — has been living uneasily with this uniqueness ever since. The added suffix is so often scorned and ridiculed by the outside world for its perceived snootiness that many locals simply refuse to say it.

"I just say 'Manchester' because if I say 'by-the-Sea' it's like this big egg has been laid," said Nat Faxon, an actor and Academy Award-winning screenwriter who was a teenager in town when the name was changed. "It's a picturesque place, and I loved growing up there, but the name gives it a stigma that you almost can't defend."

"Manchester-by-the-Sea" was actually an old nickname for the town, coined by society types who arrived in the late 1800s and early 1900s, built mansions along the coast and used "summer" as a verb. Even then, it was jeered.

When Oliver Wendell Holmes corresponded with friends in town, he mocked them by signing his letters from "Boston-by-the-Charles" or "Beverly-by-the-Depot."



Jessica Rinaldi/Globe Staff A sign spelled without hyphens is seen at the other end of Route 127.

When Corley proposed making the name official, he offered a number of reasons, including the fact that the town was so often confused with Manchester, N.H., that police had printed maps to direct lost motorists from one to the other.

Corley's proposal divided the town. After passing at Town Meeting, the Legislature ordered that it be placed on the ballot at the next town election, and it passed by another slim margin, 51 percent to 49 percent.

Today, many locals regret the decision, fearing it makes a town that already had a snobby reputation sound even snobbier. Many outsiders agree with this assessment, particularly its

neighbors in Beverly, Essex, and Gloucester, all towns by the sea that have turned “by-the-Sea” ridicule into high art. (A common retort is to call its Cape Ann neighbor Gloucester-by-the-Smell, but many in that famous fishing community quite like that nickname.)

The overwhelming majority of residents simply say they simply live in “Manchester,” like Jeremy McElwain, a local realtor who described the full name as “pretentious, too wordy, almost silly.” But, he said, there are two problems with saying “Manchester.” One is that a lot of people think Manchester and Manchester-by-the-Sea are two different places. The other is that you’re setting yourself up for contempt from those who know they aren’t.

This happens via a ritual that everyone in the “Manchester” camp has been through many times.

“Where do you live?” the ritual begins.

“Manchester.”

“New Hampshire?”

At this point, the resident will offer some other descriptive – “North Shore” or “Cape Ann” or “Near Gloucester.” Anything that will save them from the words coming out of their mouth.

“Ohhh . . .” the ritual concludes, as the person catches on. It is here their tone changes, as if they’ve spied the ruse by placing a monocle to their eye. “. . . by-the-Sea.”

When Faxon mocked the name during an appearance on the Conan O’Brien show a few years ago, O’Brien, a Brookline native, joked that it sounds like it should be said with harp music.

But on this, the 25th anniversary of the name change, there is concern in town that the biggest whack is about to come, courtesy of Hollywood. It was recently announced that Matt Damon will star in a film entitled “Manchester-by-the-Sea” where, according to the Hollywood Reporter, he will play a “ne’er-do-well” Boston plumber who must return home to Manchester-by-the-Sea to care for his teenage nephew after his brother passes away.

The worry around town is that the movie will only further the idea that everyone here is snooty. This, residents say, is simply not true. Corley, who is now deceased, often pointed out that he was living on Social Security in elderly housing.

But beyond the image issues, there are practical problems with the name, which is the longest, and most hyphenated, in the state. Because of its length, highway signs and most maps simply list it as Manchester.

Town Clerk Denise Samolchuk admits to being tired of having to repeatedly type it out.

“Our biggest problem is that we can’t find software that will accommodate a name that long, so we still have to use a typewriter for things like marriage licenses,” she said.

With so much baggage attached to the name, it may be no real surprise that there is not much agreement on whether, or how, to use it.

“Officially, it’s Manchester-by-the-Sea,” Samolchuk said as she embossed a piece of paper with the town seal, pointed to it, and said, “but personally, I think that’s wrong.”

She believes it should be written “Manchester by-the-Sea,” with no hyphen between the first two words, which is how Corley himself wrote it.

The town’s police cars and the commuter rail station and the local bookshop — “Manchester by the Book” — spell it with no hyphens at all.

Even the official state signs at the town’s borders are in disagreement. Coming from Beverly, each word is hyphenated. From Gloucester, none are.

At the post office, which never officially changed its name, a handmade sign above the door says “Manchester By The Sea.” But “Manchester” is still engraved prominently on the stone facade. Employees said they accept mail no matter how the name is written, as long as the Zip code is 01944. About 99 percent of letters, they said, simply say “Manchester.”

In truth, it’s hard to find many people in this town of 6,000 residents who will admit to being pro- “by-the-Sea.” Suzanne Wilczek is one of them.

She’s 68, descended from one of the 10 families that founded the town in the 1600s, and happily voted for the name change. Just prior to the vote, she had ordered a refrigerator from a Sears two towns over, and it was delivered to Manchester, N.H..

So when asked where she lives, does she actually say “Manchester-by-the-Sea”?

“It depends on the situation,” she admitted. “I know some people think it’s putting on airs, but sometimes it’s just easier to say it so you don’t have to say, ‘No, not New Hampshire.’ ”



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Jessica Rinaldi/Globe Staff People run along Singing Beach in Manchester-by-the-sea.



Tomb of Marjorie Bruce. Photo by Otter/Wikipedia

Marjorie Bruce, Princess of Scotland, was the only child of the first marriage of King Robert I the Bruce with Isabella of Mar. Marjorie would suffer greatly through the Scottish Wars of Independence, surviving to marry and become the mother of the child who would go on to found the Stewart dynasty of Kings.

As the wars for Scottish independence from England raged, Robert the Bruce, Earl of

Carrick, was one of the leaders of the fight. The Earl of Mar was one of the seven Guardians of Scotland and he believed Robert was the lawful King of Scots. Mar saw great advantage in aligning his family with Bruce and the possibility of his heirs inheriting the throne. He arranged to marry his eighteen year old daughter Isabella to Bruce. Legend says Isabella and Bruce were very much in love. The Earl signed over his family estates to Bruce and the marriage took place in 1295. Isabella quickly became pregnant and gave birth to a daughter named Marjorie, most likely in December of 1296. Isabella died shortly after the birth.

We don't know what happened to Marjorie, where she lived or how she was educated. Six years after the death of his first wife, Bruce was at the court of King Edward I of England and most likely met the woman who would become his second wife. Her name was Elizabeth de Burgh and she was the daughter of Richard, 2nd Earl of Ulster and one of King Edward's most prominent Anglo-Irish supporters. Either Edward chose Elizabeth as Bruce's bride or Bruce transferred his allegiance to Edward, hoping to ally himself to the Earl of Ulster. Elizabeth and Bruce married in 1302.

After years of fighting and switching of allegiances, Robert the Bruce was inaugurated as King of Scots and Elizabeth was crowned Queen on March 25, 1306. The ceremony was celebrated at Scone by Bishop Lamberton of St. Andrews and a young Marjorie was in attendance. Although Bruce had gained the throne, the English were still fighting and within a few weeks of the coronation, Bruce was defeated by John of Lorne on the borders of Argyll and Perthshire.

At the end of June 1306, Bruce decided to send his family away for safety. Queen Elizabeth, Marjorie, and Bruce's sisters Christian and Mary were given an escort of Bruce's brother Niall and the Earl of Atholl and set off across the lands of Atholl, over the hills of Braemar until they reached the stronghold of Kildrummy Castle. They were only there a short time before the English sent troops to find them. Someone in the castle set fire to the castle's store of grain

and the castle surrendered but not before the ladies escaped in the chaos.



Marjorie's parents, as depicted in the 1562 Forman Armorial

They were probably headed for the security of the Orkney Islands and on the way they took sanctuary in the small chapel of St. Duthac's at Tain in Ross-shire. The Earl of Ross was no friend of Bruce and he violated the sanctuary and seized the ladies. Ross sent them south to become prisoners of King Edward in England. Along the way, the Earl of Atholl had been captured and Niall was seized along with the ladies. Atholl was hung and Niall was hung, drawn and quartered at Berwick upon Tweed.

Of the four captured women, Queen Elizabeth was treated the least harshly by King Edward. She was the daughter of his friend after all. She spent time in the Tower of London as well as other places and was allowed servants. Bruce's sister Christian spent her imprisonment in the Gilbertine Nunnery at Sixhills in Lincolnshire. His other sister Mary was confined in a solid latticed cage of timber and iron and hung over the walls of Roxburgh Castle.

Edward had severe and punitive plans for Marjorie. He ordered the construction of cage like the one Mary was confined in to be built. He wanted the cage hung from the Tower of London and was not going to allow anyone to speak to Marjorie. But this was particularly cruel and unusual punishment for a twelve year old girl. Some of Edward's advisors counseled him against this treatment, so he rescinded the order and had Marjorie confined at the Gilbertine nunnery at Watton in East Yorkshire.

The Bruce women languished in England until the Battle of Bannockburn in June of 1314. The Scots annihilated the troops of the new King Edward II of England and took many English hostages. Edward II's commander Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford was in the hands of the Scots and Bruce traded him for his wife, daughter and sisters along with the elderly Bishop of Glasgow, Robert Wishart. All the women returned to Scotland.

King Robert's gallant 6th Lord High Steward, Robert had fought valiantly at Bannockburn and it was decided that Marjorie would marry him. They were married in 1315 and Marjorie took up residence at the Steward home in Renfrew. Marjorie's dowry included the Barony of Bathgate in West Lothian and this was destined to be the family residence of the couple. But it wasn't meant to be.

Marjorie was heavily pregnant in early 1316 when she decided to go out riding. She was thrown from her horse between Paisley and Renfrew at a place called Knock Hill. Her child, Robert, was delivered by Caesarean section and she died within a few hours at the age of nineteen on March 2. The child, grandson of King Robert I the Bruce, would become the first king of the Stewart dynasty as Robert II, the name coming from a variation on the title of Marjorie's husband as High Steward.

Marjorie's body was taken to be buried at Paisley Abbey and her tomb stood for several centuries until it was disturbed during some renovation. The remnants of the tomb lay in the

abbey gardens until 1830 when a minister of the church saw them and decided to have the tomb restored. He gathered together pieces of similar tombs and rebuilt the sarcophagus that can be seen today in the abbey. There is also a large cairn on the right side of Renfrew Road on the way into Paisley that marks the spot where Marjorie was thrown from her horse.

Sources: "The Kings and Queens of Scotland" edited by Richard Oram, "Scottish Queens: 1034-1715" by Rosalind K. Marshall, "Women of Scotland" by David R. Ross, "Robert the Bruce, King of Scots" by Ronald McNair Scott

Susan Abernethy is the writer of ***The Freelance History Writer***. You can Like her on [Facebook](#) as well on [Twitter](#). You can also follow Susan on Twitter

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The munaciello (little monk) is a legendary spirit that seems to have belonged to a deformed young boy, dressed with a cowl and shoes with silver buckles. It is said that this spirit can be nice and hide money somewhere in people's houses or play harmless jokes which can be codified in numbers to be played at the lottery; he can also be unpleasant and hide objects, break plates and tableware, blow in sleeping people's ears; he also likes expressing positive remarks about beautiful women. The writer Antonio Emanuele Piedimonte dedicates an interesting chapter of his book "Napoli segreta" to all the munaciello's possible definitions. He starts with those given by the Grande Enciclopedia dei Folletti:

"The Neapolitan Monacello or Manchetto, the Sicilian Mammucca, the Monachicchio from Basilicata and the Monacheddu from Calabria all have only one thing in common with real monks: the cowl; they are all well-known swaggerers, thieves, rascals, bottom-pinchers, who terrify convents and annoy nuns from the early morning during their prayers and especially at night".

From: Armando Rotondi "Legends and ghost stories in Naples between two centuries: Matilde Serao, Roberto Bracco and Benedetto Croce"

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By Cryptozoology News August 20th, 2013

Recreational crabbing season in Maryland starts in April and ends in mid December. The Millers are a small family of three, consisting of a father, a mother and a 12 year old boy. John, the father, says that Miller is not their real last name. He felt the need to hide their real names at least for the time being. They go crabbing every season and even though they don't catch many crabs, they enjoy the time out.

"We release most of the crab, it is about spending some quality time out with your family", says Pamela Miller, 46. Her son looks at her as he blows the blond hair off his face, as if wanting to speak, but then she gently presses her elbow against the kid's ribs. "As a matter of fact we should've been right there fishin' today, but we are not in the mood after what we saw." She mumbles while lighting a cigarette.

It is not the crabbing that they are afraid of. There is something else lurking in the waters in the Atlantic ocean that they would rather stay away from.

"It ain't no crab that's for sure" , the kid finally says. "It got big mouth and hooks on it like a big sucker fish". He stutters and blows his hair off his face once again.

Somehow I smell something fishy about the story, then the father interrupts the kid. "Let me tell you", he stands up adjusting his jeans,

"I have been crabbing many seasons, many many years. We are not professionals, you know, we just like getting out there in the ocean. You know there is no fresh air like this anywhere else." He grabs a keychain from his pocket and shakes it back and forth. He has big hands, and they look rough, full of fresh and healed cuts as though seasoned by the salty air. "It was getting rainy, but we didn't care. We found a good spot and we threw out a few crab traps. Nothing happened so far. We picked a different spot and it seemed we were luckier this time." His wife offers him a cigarette and a light. "I told my kid to put his gloves on, and help me pull the cages up on board."

The boy stares with an open mouth at his dad, blinking frequently. Then he speaks. "I put the gloves on I start pulling the lines with dad, and it's heavy stuff there. I say to him, dad we got some crab today, this is gonna be big, I say. Mom was looking at us, prepared as well, ready to help out once the cages get uploaded on to the boat."

When it comes to cryptids and other strange creatures, I have talked to many people. I have interviewed a bunch of them. There are all kinds of persons. What seems to be credible at first, sometimes becomes a hoax in the end. The opposite is also true. The ones that seem the most bizarre are usually right, and the strange behavior they exhibit is mostly due to having to compile the story in an organized manner.

I appreciate all sorts of reports and this one starts taking shape.

"So it starts getting heavy, suddenly I feel and hear a bumping noise hitting under the boat. Like a knocking sound. Probably the traps hitting, I thought. We keep pulling the ropes until we start seeing the traps. We get one trap on board, empty. Not good I say. Next one was somehow hooked to the other three traps, snagged together. So my son and I keep pulling, trying to disentangle the mess. Damn! It was a mess. I was getting mad, I told my son to just pull it up, either way, whatever way we could. So I start seeing this shape around the three traps, dark, like algae. It starts coming up on the surface, and I swear I could make out sort of arm or something. Well, my son freaks out and drops one of the ropes. So I tell him to get a grip and help me get it up. It was there now, I could see some yellow nails and something like a hand. It looked human to me. I thought at first it could have been some dead body or something. Once we got it on board we were all freaked out. Damn, I say to my kid to get a club we had there. Didn't tell him to hit it though. We waited for it to move. But it was still. It was holding the cages with its skinny scaly arms like a monkey, holding on to it. No legs, a weird type of long fin or something. Bare chest, not a pretty sight. Scales all over the deck, kept falling everywhere. It smelled like fish anyway. The face looked like a snake, or a dragon, a turtle, with sort of little horns. It had two eyes, with layers on it, and it looked like a cat's eye. It was yellowish and black. No eyelashes. I thought it was dead, until I saw the mouth. It was very round, not like people's mouths. Round, like a perfect circle, very red, with bumps on it, like a catfish type of mouth, like a sucker fish, opening and closing, showing sharp teeth inside and bloody snake-like tongue. Then it happened. My wife must have freaked it out when she moved to get her phone to take a pic, because it started shaking like it was having a seizure. It started making a high pitch noise, unbearable to the ears. She didn't get to photograph it. She started screaming, my son was fixated on it and in shock. It finally makes a fast move and is able to jump off the boat back into the water. You could see the dark figure swimming down, deep. Hell, that was the most horrible thing I have seen in my entire life. So there, that's the story. I know it sounds untrue but it's what we saw. I won't be crabbing again any time soon."



Curious_Myths_p_496_seal

It was a disturbing account. A very creepy creature, a close encounter. This wasn't a sighting. They actually got to smell it, feel it up close. But what could this creature be? Mermaids have been reported all around the world by sailors and passenger ships. They are known for emitting high pitch sounds that attracted navigators in the hope that they could help a drowning victim, only to lure the sailors to a certain death.

I would like to thank the "Miller" family for their amazing first person account and their patience with my questions. I know they made a big effort to help me out with this story. When I first received the report I knew I had to interview them. I had to delay the story a few days, and it was supposed to be published last week, but more details kept coming up and I

had to make the effort to visit them at the last minute. Therefore, to our readers, please accept my apologies for the delay.

If there is anybody reading this that knows of some creature similar to what the Millers saw, and happens to know what it is, please post it on the comments. You are more than welcome to speak up your mind about this story.

Fill in The BLANC

How radio transformed Mel Blanc from
"The Man of a Thousand Voices"
to leading man — and back again

BY BEN OHMART

By the mid-1940s, Mel Blanc claimed to be on upwards of 18 radio shows a week. That plus his cartoon work shot his take-home pay to \$2,000 a week, a monumental figure at the time.

Looking back, he didn't see how it was possible that he did so much every week. He recalled that during the 1944-45 season alone, he performed on *The Jack Benny Program*, *The Great Gildersleeve*, *Baby Snooks* and *Blondie* every Sunday, each of those requiring one or two weekly rehearsals. Monday nights it was *The Burns and Allen Show*, *Major Hoople* and *Point Sublime*. Tuesdays: *The Chesterfield Supper Club* and *Fibber McGee and Molly*. Wednesdays: *The Camel Comedy Caravan*, *The Eddie Cantor Show* and *Icebox Follies*. *The Abbott and Costello*

This excerpt from Mel Blanc: The Man of a Thousand Voices is © 2012 Bear Manor Media and is reprinted by permission of the author.



Mel Blanc

PHOTOFEIST

Show on Thursdays, *Amos 'n' Andy* on Fridays, and *The Judy Canova Show* on Saturdays. Of course Mel wasn't a regular on many of these, but his list also doesn't count the huge number of bit parts he played on other, more minor series.

Luckily for him most of the shows were performed at CBS and NBC, because the studios were just a couple blocks from

each other: CBS on Sunset Blvd. between El Centro Avenue. and Gower Street, and NBC at the corner of Sunset and Vine. The pace sometimes became so dizzying that he would forget what brand of cigarettes he was smoking where, a definite no-no where sponsors were concerned. Mel kept a pack of Lucky Strike (Jack Benny), Chesterfield (Bing Crosby) and Camel (Abbott and Costello and *Blondie*) on the dashboard of his car so he could please the roaming brand inspectors hired by the tobacco companies who often snoopied stars' pockets to make sure they were smoking the right things during the right shows.

Since Mel often voiced several characters on the same show, he would underline different parts with different color pencils with a mechanical pencil he always carried with him. He loved radio work and hearing the laughter of a live audience, which balanced his hours of cartoon time at Warner Bros.' Termite Terrace studio, where he usually performed for the director alone.

Mel loved doing the sound effects, too. He claimed that he created his famous vocal rendition of Jack Benny's 1924 Maxwell at a rehearsal show in Palm Springs, when he saw that one day the record turntable that held the usual car sound effects wasn't plugged in, so he quickly stepped in with his stuttering, wheezing, dying rendition of an old-fogey car on its last legs. (In truth, Mel was the second voice man to do the sound of Jack Benny's Maxwell jalopy.)

One of Mel's most memorable voices was as the Happy Postman on *The George*

Burns and Gracie Allen Show. Here was the most miserable of characters, groaning a high-pitched, tortured man's voice, who at any moment was sure to start bawling his head off every time he thought of his wife.

The New York Times in 1944 wrote, "The unhappy postman is an inspired character well above the general run of subordinate comics." Mel told the press, "I have to be constantly searching for new characters. Sometimes I find them in unexpected places. The voice of the Happy Postman, for example, belongs to an old beachcomber who one day asked me for a nickel for a cup of coffee. I gave him enough for sandwich money. He said, 'God bless you, mister, and keep smiling.' His voice had a peculiar whine which I remembered and have made famous, even to the 'Keep smiling' phrase."

Bud Abbott and Lou Costello were



Blanc as Bugs Bunny, getting an earful (or two) from Bud Abbott and Lou Costello

great to work with, but unlike their radio/screen personae, they didn't like—each other offstage much (Lou was always trying to find someone to replace Bud, but he never could). Mel thought that Bud Abbott was the best straight man around. He liked both men, but felt sorry for “Hard Luck Lou,” as some in the business called him. Mel said he was rehearsing with Abbott and Costello on that fateful day in 1943 when Lou received the news that his eleven-month-old son, Butch, had drowned in their swimming pool. Lou had promised his son that he'd hear him on the broadcast, and he kept that promise, weeping only after the sign-off. Mel said that Lou was never the same after that day.

One of Mel's recurring characters on the show was Botsford Twink, a Scottish tenant in the boys' apartment building. He stereotyped the usual Scots cheapness with lines like “Get yer finger off th' buzzer! Yer usin' up th' electricity!” He also played a Russian movie director by the name of Cartoon Technicolorovitch. Mel learned a lot from the boys' timing, always watching Bud and Lou during his off-mike time.

Perhaps Mel's best radio series was *The Judy Canova Show*, as it gave him a wide array of characters to hoot and holler through. He was Paw to Judy's Maw, and together they...’d...tawk.... reeeelll.... sloooooow. On the flipside was Roscoe E. Wortle (though that middle initial seemed to change), the loud, aggressive type — a traveling salesman who would often bellow, “Hello, girlie, remember me?!” He was like a combination of Yosemite Sam and Sylvester, but he was far more interested in laughing at his own jokes than in shooting varmints.

Though Wortle was married, it didn't stop him from hitting on Judy sometimes, because “Ours is a football marriage. We're both waitin' for the other one to

kick off!”

Mel was also Sylvester, Judy's wet-lipped driver who was vocally and literally the spitting image of the cartoon cat of the same name. The audience was always primed and ready for this character, who usually came in somewhere after the first song. The writers penned many sloppy S-words for Mel's lines, and he often stole the biggest laughs of the show with his spraying impediment.

When Judy had a date with Mickey Rooney on the August 24, 1943 show and she needed the car, Mel turned in his “Sufferin' succotash!” for “Shades of disappointment! Somethin's wrong with the mo-tor!” “Well, why won't it run?” Judy asks, and stands well back. “Well, the spark plugs are foul. The distributor's on the fritz. There's a leak in the cylinder head gasket. And oh yes! The starter's stuck!” The audience was howling.

Pedro the gardener was the biggest scene-stealer, however, and after Judy Canova, he was certainly the most loved and most popular character on the show. This meek Mexican, the precursor to Speedy Gonzales, had a troubled private life but he always found time to shoot the breeze with his favorite employer. “Pardon me for talking een your face, senorita,” he would always begin, at the most inappropriate time. And his goodbye was always a variation on: “Thirty days hacienda. April, June and sombrero. All the rest have thirty-one, except Gypsy Rose Lee. And everybody knows what she has, no?”

Mel's Pedro was inspired by Jose, a talkative worker who helped build Mel's new home on a plot of land in Playa Del Rey in 1940. (With son Noel growing up, they were too big a family for their Alta Vista Blvd. apartment. The new place was several miles south of Ocean Park; beachfront property, and Charlie Chaplin

lived nearby. However, it was far from the popular celebrity areas of Bel Air and Pacific Palisades.) But in one interview, Mel gave a different origin: “The voice of Pedro on *The Judy Canova Show* I picked up from a Mexican waiter. On my own CBS show I use my real voice, which is the only time it is heard other than in everyday life.”

Mel more than likely caught the eye of a potential sponsor for his own radio show while stealing scenes on *The Judy Canova Show*. Colgate Tooth Powder thought Mel's repertoire was strong enough to launch him in a solo series. He had the name value from the [Warner Bros.] cartoons, which was properly exploited in the show's opening credits.

The previous summer, Mel had purchased and opened

a hardware store in Venice, CA (just a few minutes from the Blanc home) for his father-in-law. That was to be the autobiographical basis for *The Mel Blanc Show*. The store's name in Venice and on the show was The Fix-It Shop. Mel would put little ads in the paper: “Come to the fix-it shop” and “If we haven't got it, we'll get it for you.” There Mel sold fishing equipment whenever his schedule would permit, doing all of his own purchasing. He had even visited New York City to stock the place up before its grand opening. It didn't make much money, but it was good for some gags for the show, and provided his father-in-law with something to do as he was “losing his marbles trying to keep occupied.” The actual store lasted longer than the series, which only ran for a year.

As Noel wrote, “Every odd hour



Mel Blanc poses in his Fix-It Shop

that Mel wasn't on the air, he'd spend at the Fix-It Shop which he ran with my grandfather. Now, Mel didn't know the first thing about a retail operation, but he loved the shop and did all the buying for it. He had items that no one had even thought of buying and his rapport with the customers was marvelous.... Having a national radio program with the same name was a local merchant's dream. People would come from all over California to see the original Fix-It Shop and would usually end up buying one or two weird things which were literally hanging from the rafters.”

In any given week, numerous Hollywood personalities would drive down for something to buy. Jack Benny would drop by for fishing tackle, Al Jolson for a hunting knife, Sheldon Leonard to ask Mel about aquarium supplies, Roy

Rogers for toys for his kids. It was a never-ending parade of Hollywood talent. In fact, if tourists really wanted to see stars, all they had to do was sit in front of the Fix-It Shop.

Many funny incidents that would occur at the real Fix-It Shop were told to the writers of Mel's show and they would incorporate some of them into the format. It really gave the program a non-fictional quality, and the comedy was exceptional.

The premiere episode, "Birthday Card Promotion," began with announcer Bud Hiestand smilingly shouting, "From Hollywood! Colgate Tooth Powder, for a breath that's sweet and teeth that sparkle, presents *The Mel Blanc Show!*" Mel gave samples of his other characters, including The Happy Postman, Jack Benny's train caller, Judy Canova's Pedro, and "the lovable character, Zookie!" Zookie was Mel's second-in-command, a real Porky Pig-like character who would usually try hard to introduce himself to the audience: "Hello, everyb-de-b-de-b-de-hello, everyb-de-b-de-b-de — huhuhuhuhuhuhaaa, hi!"

The opening program had Mel trying to drum up more business (so he can afford to marry the ever-faithful Betty) by buying birthday cards to send to all customers who had birthdays that month. Of course, helper Zookie messes up by buying cards that promise a free gift under separate cover, which is further complicated by Mel's Uncle Rupert, who tries to help out by buying a load of chocolate boxes from a friend that turn out to be "Ace Novelty Company's No. 1 joker. Be the life of the party — treat your friends to sure-pucker Alum candy." The luck of the stupid stops Mel from being the most hated man in town when none of the boxes are delivered thanks to Zookie's mistakenly taking a list of deceased people from City Hall, rather than a list

of customers.

At first, Mel, owner of Mel Blanc's Fix-It Shop ("You bend it, we mend it") had to put up with his loafing Uncle Rupert (Earle Ross) who was always after the rich old maid, Mrs. Longnecker (Bea Benaderet). Soon Longnecker was dropped, and Hans Conried was brought in as Mr. Snoop the postman, along with The Sportsmen harmony group from Jack Benny's show. But it was on November 5, 1946 that the show introduced Hans as lodge president Mr. Cushing and finally slipped the series into its regular formula.

The Mel Blanc Show hardly deviated from its original format, the plot of which invariably began with three couples doing the same thing, the last of which was Mel and girlfriend Betty, showing off what a loser or poor man he was. Betty's father Mr. Colby (Joe Kearns) hated Mel, and most episodes had the poor shop owner trying to impress his would-be dad or improve his lot in life.

One of the biggest laugh-getters on the series was certainly Hans Conried (vocally most famous as Captain Hook in Disney's *Peter Pan*), whom Mel had urged to be a part of his series. Mel thought that Hans was so serious about acting that he became the funniest man he'd ever met, though he had true doubts about doing comedy.

The show's main catchphrase, "Ugga-ugga-boo, ugga-boo-boo-ugga," became so popular that Mel co-wrote (with Eddie Maxwell, Mac Benoff and Irving Miller) a song by that name which was recorded by Spike Jones and His City Slickers for RCA Records. (Note: Mel did not do the vocal for this Spike Jones song; it was sung by sax player Eugene Walla, as "Ding Bell" on the label.)

Unfortunately, reviewers didn't think the show itself was so exceptional. *The New York Times*' September 15, 1946

review cried over "the deplorable waste of Mr. Blanc's indisputable talents. [His] writers have not grasped the first essentials of farce. The boff gags needed to keep it in motion were omitted, leaving only disconnected fragments of awkward and forced humor...[the show] has a long way to go before it hits the Big Time."

Variety said almost the same thing: "Mel Blanc and producer Joe Rines did a swell job with the material at hand, but had nothing to work with. Blanc is okay as himself — his first straight role. Supporting players, all hand-picked by Rines, and showing it, did good jobs, too, especially Bea Benaderet in the Billie Burke-ism part of the wealthy 'Mrs. Longnecker.' Possibility of building Blanc into a top-rating ether draw is definitely there. Colgate gave signs of recognizing that when they signed him up for five years. But such, that writing job."

Noel Blanc agreed with the general consensus that *The Mel Blanc Show* wasn't the best thing on the airwaves: "Dad was disappointed about the radio show but it really suffered from bad writing, chiefly from Mac Benoff who also directed it. He kinda knew it didn't stand a chance with Mac at the helm."

Though disappointed when his series was canceled after only a single season, Mel was also relieved that he didn't need to succumb to the pressures of being a star, and developed even greater respect for the likes of Jack Benny et al. He, like Paul Frees and other famed voice actors, liked the fact that he could walk down the street and go anywhere and not have to worry about living "a star's fishbowl existence."

To hear *The Mel Blanc Show*, tune in to *Those Were the Days* on October 18 and to *Radio's Golden Age* on December 14.

Uh, uh, uh, don't touch that dial!
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Bakersfield - Melodrama Musical Theatre -

The theatre is located at the northern most end of the city in an area called Oildale, a community grown out of the oil industry. The building was constructed in the early 1970's, originally as a toy store. The owner went bankrupt around 1975, and having lost everything he owned trying to keep his business afloat in this impoverished area, closed the doors for a final time. Haunted by Harry. He has been felt passing people in the stairwell. He has been seen breaking mirrors. His apparition seen crossing the stage during performances. Also, the women's dressing room seems to have strange occurrences: the sequin dresses on the clothes racks "rattle" on their own violation, and shadows can be seen where no one is standing.

is a haunting story that is told at mill creek about a boy named Anthony Garcia he was walking his dogs one day and his dog turned on him and dragged him in the water pulling him by the neck but right before dying he screamed out the name to his gay lover David. it is said that the ghost screams out the name of the one he loved.

Mines

Continued from A1

Sunday.

Five firefighters from the San Bernardino County Fire Department's specialized mine search team, plus three additional county firefighters, were sent to the site on Sunday.

"The sheriff's department contacted us to assist in recovering a body," county fire spokeswoman Tracey Martinez said. "They had a suspicion, but weren't sure it was Erin."

Entry into the mine was made about 3 p.m. Sunday. It took two hours to conduct the recovery, she said, which included two trips down the mine shaft. The first descent was made to recover the evidence.

One firefighter suffered a minor injury when rocks came loose and hit him, but he was also suffering from dehydration, she said. It was 106 degrees when the recovery effort began, and the firefighters did a lot of hydrating ahead of time. He was held overnight at Arrowhead Regional Medical Center and released on Monday.

Martinez said Corwin's body was discovered on a "false floor" in the mine shaft, where debris collects in one area and blocks the rest of the passage to the bottom of the mine.

"Miss Corwin's body landed



Rose of Peru Mine in the Old Dale Mining District, north of the border of Joshua Tree National Park, on Jan. 29, 2011. UNDERGROUND EXPLORERS (MIKE SCHRIBER)

figured the 200-foot rope he was hanging from wasn't long enough.

"We re-rigged for a 300-foot rope," he said.

Another member ended up making the trip below the surface and encountered a "plug of debris" on the way to the floor of the mine. Splinters of lumber and debris blocked the way.

"It was a dangerous situation and still a great distance," to the bottom.

The explorer made his way past the debris, and got about 10 to 15 feet down, and decided to reverse course.

"It was far too hard to try to negotiate," Schriber said.

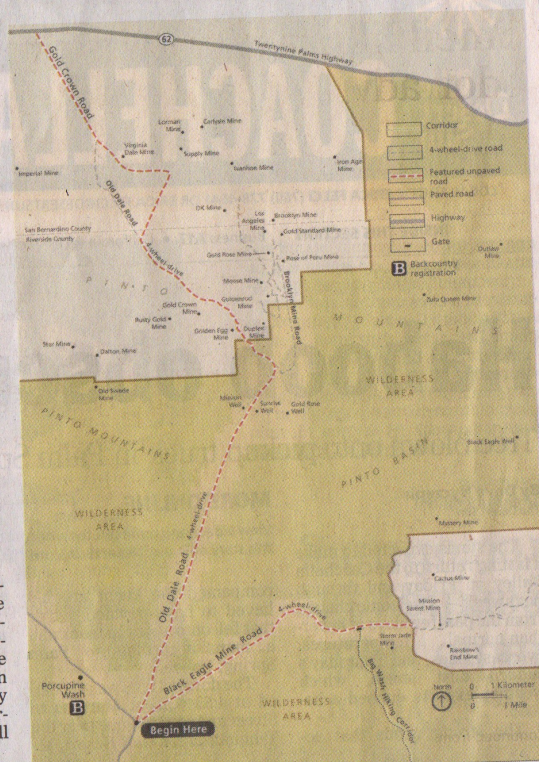
MORE ONLINE

Full coverage of the Erin Corwin case, including a timeline, videos, photos and documents, at desertsun.com/erincorwin.

lands.

About 1883, Lew Curtis discovered placer gold east of the oasis of Twentynine Palms, according to the report, "An Overview of Mining History of the California Desert Conservation Area," prepared in February 1980 by Gary L. Shumway, Larry Vredenburg and Russell Hartill.

The placer deposit lay in the canyons that drained into the northern end of Pinto Basin.



A map of the Rose of Peru mine area near Twentynine Palms. COURTESY NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

floor in the mine shaft, where debris collects in one area and blocks the rest of the passage to the bottom of the mine.

"Miss Corwin's body landed on that debris field," she said, adding that Corwin's body could have fallen much further. "We couldn't even see how deep it went."

Hunting underground

Mike Schriber, a member of Underground Explorers, a San Diego-based mine exploration group, has been to many of the mines in the area, including the Rose of Peru Mine in March 2009 and January 2011.

He has participated in searches and live extractions, but was not directly involved in the search for Corwin. His group provided maps and information about the area to members of the search team.

Schriber estimates the true depth of the Rose of Peru Mine is 250 feet or more.

The last time the group visited, Schriber got down about 20 feet into the mine and then came back up after assessing how far it was to the bottom. He

to to get down, and decided to reverse course.

"It was far too hard to try to negotiate," Schriber said.

Gold Rush legacy

There are more than 12,000 abandoned mines in the Bureau of Land Management's California Desert District, which encompasses more than 10 million acres, from Bishop to the Mexican border and the Arizona border to the Pacific Ocean.

The historic mining of hard-rock minerals — such as gold, lead, copper, silver, and uranium — was a powerful incentive for exploration and settlement of the American West. Mineral development often provided the economic base on which many remote communities were established. But when ore bodies were mined out and miners left to find new deposits, they left behind a legacy of abandoned mines, safety hazards and contaminated land and water.

These high desert mining districts, established in the late 1800s during the California gold rush, overlap in areas that are public, private and county

Hartill.

The placer deposit lay in the canyons that drained into the northern end of Pinto Basin, south of the Pinto Mountains. The town of Virginia Dale took root and mines were bestowed with names like Brooklyn, Gold Rose, Moose and Los Angeles by yesteryear's prospectors.

"Part of the challenge we have with managing over 10 million acres of California desert is that there are a lot of mine shafts out there in the mining districts across the desert," said Stephen Razo, BLM spokesman for the desert district. "We do have a very active mining mitigation program. In the last five years, we've actually worked 1,200 sites to either fence them in or close them off."

"Unfortunately, because of funding, we have to concentrate on areas that are frequented by the public."

Sterling White, who manages the abandoned mine lands for the district, said it's not illegal to go underground into an abandoned mine, but BLM tries to warn people about the dangers. Those who enter a mine and get

A map of the Rose of Peru mine area near Twentynine Palms. COURTESY NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

"Miss Corwin's body landed on that debris field. We couldn't even see how deep it went."

TRACEY MARTINEZ, spokeswoman, San Bernardino County Fire Department

lost or fall can be charged for the search and rescue, he said.

"There are mines that are partially collapsed ... where the mine caves in on itself. You don't want to assume that what you're jumping down onto is the floor of the mine. There may be some timbers that have blocked a bunch of dirt. You never know when its going to cave in."

White, who has been in charge of the district's abandoned mines for more than five years, said it's not frequent that a dumped body has been found in a mine. "But it does happen — and I've heard stories dating back to the early 1900s about it," White said. "It's just a tragedy when it happens."

Mine rescues also appear to be a fairly rare occurrence. Martinez said the San Bernardino County Fire Department participated in three live rescues in the past year.

"It's really about safeguarding areas where people are at," White said. "We work on those areas first, and when those areas have been secured, we move further back, into the rough country, the country that's more remote."

The California Desert District of the BLM is continuing to chip away at the project.

"There are more than 12,000 we have to catalog and inventory," Razo said. "It's a daunting task."

Minneapolis plans party for elf answering letters for almost 20 years

CARLOS GONZALEZ • cgonzalez@startribune.com

startribune.com

Madison Olson knows plenty about elves, particularly the one that lives in an ash tree on the south side of Lake Harriet.

"He's married to a fairy," the 3-year-old said rather emphatically. "And he can see us, but we can't see him."

While Mr. Little Guy's marriage to a fairy can neither be confirmed nor denied, Olson's got one thing right — the Lake Harriet Elf is always watching.

And for almost 20 years, he's also been answering the hundreds of letters delivered to his tiny doorstep between Memorial Day and Labor Day each year.

The Elf, also known as Mr. Little Guy and sometimes Thom, has become a much-loved Minneapolis figure; his letters, a cherished possession for children throughout the Twin Cities and beyond.

Some residents have even asked the Minneapolis City Council to recognize the Elf's good deeds, possibly on his birthday, which is Aug. 15. Those plans are currently being developed, but Council Member Linea Palmisano confirmed there will likely be a proclamation, "for his efforts to foster community around Lake Harriet."

"I think that would be such a fantastic idea," said Julie Olson, Madison's mother. "He's been answering letters for so long now that he deserves some recognition. That can't be easy for a little guy. I mean, where does he get the tiny pens?"

At a tiny store? Who knows?

Here's what is known about the Lake Harriet Elf, pieced together by his letters: He's taller than his younger brother and shorter than his older brother. He likes to eat minnow cake and pizza, loves baking chocolate chip cookies and gets a lot of his jokes from ladybugs. He cooks on a grill made from a walnut shell, his bicycle is the size of a mushroom and his bedroom is wallpapered with notes written by "big people."

Over the past two decades, he's seen a rival elf open shop in another tree and another start a Facebook page. "I'm amazed it's been almost 20 years," Mr. Little Guy said, granting a rare interview request.

During his letter-writing heyday, he responded to about 2,000 letters a season. These days it's between 1,000 and 1,500, he said. Those numbers — and unfortunately incidents of door vandalism — tend to increase any time something is written about him. (Sorry, Mr. Little Guy.)

Last week, the elf received letters from a child who wanted to know how tall he was. A vacation Bible school class in Woodbury delivered its greetings in a tightly wrapped scroll. Another simply

wanted him to know there were ducks on the lake.

Each letter is unique, and many have left an indelible mark on the Elf's heart. "It's the cancer patient, or the child from a broken home," he said. "Or, sometimes, I'll get a little from an adult who wants to know when will they ever find a job. Sometimes it's a heavy burden for such small shoulders."

Still, the Elf has no immediate plans to stop writing letters. Or plans to vacate his tree for fancier digs.

"Honestly, I don't know how to quit," he laughed.

We're relieved, Mr. Little Guy. So is Madison, who has yet to write her first letter to the Elf. She's still working on printing her name.

Instead, Madison presses her tiny mouth against the tiny door in the tree and shouts, "Don't worry, I'll be back."

Fortunately, so will the Lake Harriet Elf.

Kim McGuire • 612-673-4469



- The door in an ash tree on the south side of the lake marks the Lake Harriet Elf House, one sign of a magical letter-writing tradition.

- <http://mrlittleguy.com/>

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Monastery tempts Chinese IT workers

By News from Elsewhere... ..media reports from around the world, found by BBC Monitoring 10:11 UK time, Friday, 15 August 2014



A monastery in China is offering courses for "troubled" IT workers, it appears

The Longquan Monastery in Beijing is advertising an "IT Dhyana Camp" for employees in the city's internet and technology companies, [state-run Xinhua news agency reports](#). "Dhyana" is the Sanskrit word for "meditation", and technology professionals are taking part in the free course which insists that applicants follow the temple's rules of simple lodging and a vegetarian diet. According to Xinhua, participants will be deprived of their phones and other digital gadgets for the duration of the three-day course, and they'll be taught meditation, Buddhism and farm work.

Master Xianxin from [Longquan Monastery](#) tells Xinhua that many of the 400 applicants for the course are suffering anxiety and pressure relating to the fast pace of life and technological advances, and are looking for both clarity and new personal goals. "Many people today lack self-awareness," he says. He's also certain that Buddhism should embrace the internet: "We don't see an inevitable clash between Buddhism and technology. Instead, new technology can assist with the spread of Buddhism."

According to Xinhua, some Buddhist masters have a "huge" online following in China, offering guidance and wisdom to internet users. Academic Jiang Hong told the news agency that Buddhism and other religions are becoming more popular thanks to improved living conditions. "Chinese society has reached a stage where many people no longer lack basic necessities and want to pay more attention to their spiritual needs," he said.

Cabazon - Morongo Indian Reservation -

there's a road where you can park your car at the bottom and it rolls uphill steadily.

These rocks make strange journeys

The Associated Press

DEATH VALLEY NATIONAL PARK. For years scientists have theorized about how large rocks — some weighing hundreds of pounds — zigzag across Racetrack Playa in Death Valley National Park, leaving long trails etched in the earth.

Now two researchers at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography at the University of California-San Diego, have photographed these “sailing rocks” being blown by light winds across the former lake bed.

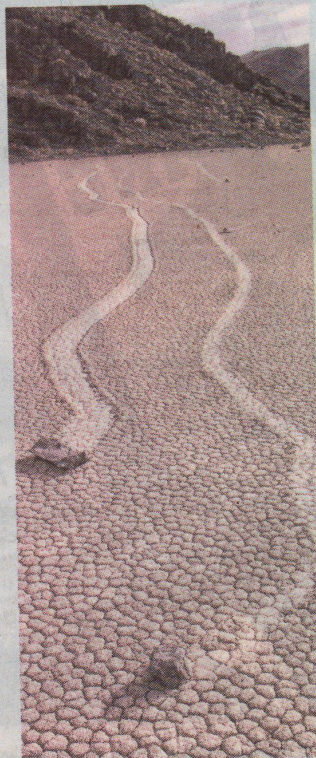
Cousins Richard Norris and James Norris said the movement is made possible when ice sheets that form after rare overnight rains melt in the rising sun, making the hard ground muddy and slick.

On Dec. 20, 2013, the cousins catalogued 60 rocks moving across the playa's pancake-flat surface.

“Observed rock movement occurred on sunny, clear days, following nights of sub-freezing temperatures,” they wrote in a report published Wednesday in the online scientific journal *PLoS ONE*.

The conclusion proves theories that have been floated since geologists began studying the moving rocks in the 1940s.

The phenomenon doesn't



NATIONAL PARK SERVICE VIA AP

Scientists caught these rocks moving across a dry lake bed in Death Valley National Park in the Mojave Desert. They are known as “sailing rocks.”

happen often because it rarely rains in the notoriously hot and dry desert valley. The rocks move about 15 feet per minute, according to the report.

Richard Norris, 55, a paleobiologist at Scripps, and James, 59, a research engineer, launched the “Slithering Stones Research Initiative” in 2011, the *Los Angeles Times* reported.

After getting permits from the National Park Service, they installed a weather station in the area and placed 15 stones equipped with Global Positioning System devices on the playa.

The “GPS stones,” which were engineered to record movement and velocity, were stationed at the southern end of the playa where rocks begin their strange journeys after tumbling down a cliff.

At the end of last year, Richard and James Norris returned to inspect the instruments.

“We found the playa covered with ice,” Richard Norris recalled to the *Times*. “We also noticed fresh rock trails near shards of thin ice stacked up along the shoreline.”

The following afternoon, “we were sitting on a mountainside and admiring the view when a light wind kicked up and the ice started cracking,” Richard Norris said. “Suddenly, the whole process unfolded before our eyes.”

Mystery of Death Valley's moving big rocks solved

Associated Press

For years scientists have theorized about how large rocks — some weighing hundreds of pounds — zigzag across Racetrack Playa in Death Valley National Park, leaving long trails etched in the earth.

Now two researchers at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography at the University of California, San Diego, have photographed these “sailing rocks” being blown by light winds across the former lake bed.

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This undated photo provided by the National Park Service shows rocks that have moved across a dry lake bed in Death Valley National Park in California's Mojave Desert. AP

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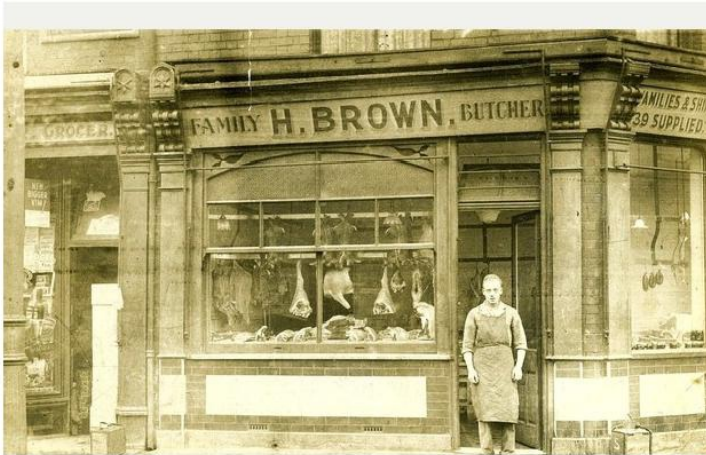
100 years ago today, Mt. Lassen eruption bears bizarre resemblance to the man it was named after.
Photo by Benjamin Franklin Loomis.

[Californiastatelibrary](#) August 19th 2014, 10:00:38 am · 11 days ago

Mum wasn't a vampire!

September 24th 2014

grimsbytelegraph.co.uk



FAMILY BUSINESS: H Brown's butchers, which was on the corner of Annesley Street and Corporation Road, Grimsby.

RECENTLY we published an article by Wendy Girdham, who told how she used to visit the Brown family on the West Marsh and on one occasion was bitten by their dog, Minnie, who had been under the table eating a bone.

This prompted Sue Moore (nee Carter) to get in touch. She said: "Further to Wendy Girdham's letter about being bitten by Minnie at Brown's butchers in Corporation Road, the dog she refers to was called Bing and he belonged to my uncle, Reg Brown.

"He often used to lay under the block in the shop after it closed, chewing on bones.

"He was put down after biting me on the face, causing an injury that required 26 stitches. He then jumped up and bit two of my cousins.

"Not the most friendly of dogs, but he thought we were after his bone.

"Therefore my mum, Minnie Carter, was not a vampire!

"Like Wendy, our family have some fond memories of living on the West Marsh, and we always referred to the neighbours as aunts and uncles. To this day we still call Chris Turner from number 1, auntie.

"By the way, the shop was owned by my nana, Margaret Brown, and all the family helped out."

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Calavares County - Murphys - Murphys Historical Hotel -

Instant feeling of something different there as soon as you walk in. It is said that a bookkeeper was shot and thrown over the balcony. the ghost is still there and roams the second floor. Feelings of being watched, and feeling a presence.

Visalia - MWI veterinary supplies -

there have been reports by workers that you can hear trays being dropped when there is no one else present. there have also been reports of a chubby man following workers.

Mystery of Girl Solved 47 Years After Fatal Fire

March 24, 1991 | *LYNNE TUOHY* | *THE HARTFORD COURANT*
March 24, 1991

latimes.com

HARTFORD, Conn. — Her name was Eleanor Cook.

She lost her life in the catastrophic Hartford circus fire of 1944. She also lost her identity.

For 47 years, the 8-year-old girl, who was partial to hair ribbons, cats and dresses, was known worldwide as Little Miss 1565.

Her battered but recognizable face and presumed abandonment came to epitomize the tragedy and devastation of the fire, which also killed 167 others and injured more than 500.

Her story symbolizes how easily the line between truth and myth can become blurred, and the danger in making assumptions.

Her name was Eleanor Cook.

The same investigation that resulted in a beloved little girl's being buried as an unidentified victim also concluded that the fire started from a carelessly discarded cigarette.

Hartford Fire Lt. Rick Davey, who has spent much of the past nine years reconstructing a tragedy that happened before he was born, recently concluded that the circus fire was arson. The worst disaster in Connecticut's history may also have been its worst crime.

The fire at the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus was reported worldwide. Most of the fatally injured were women or children, as were most of the audience, estimated at 7,000 that day.

The world was reminded of the little girl on each anniversary of the circus fire, when two Hartford detectives placed flowers at her grave. The fire might have faded from memory sooner, had it not been for the specter of a little child whose body was never claimed although her facial features were barely marred. Her plight engendered sympathy and sadness.

Davey, a tenacious investigator and history buff, first had to cope with an overwhelming distraction in his study of the fire. It was the sweet face of that child, beautiful even in death, whose only name was the morgue number her remains were assigned: 1565.

"That face is haunting to most people who come in contact with her," Davey said in a recent interview. "She demands attention. And she got it."

Davey dispelled every rumor that surfaced about the girl's identity—that she was a waif traveling with the circus, that her whole family had died in the fire and there was no one to claim her, that her family had claimed and buried the wrong body and left hers behind.

The investigation meant bringing back the horror of the circus fire for several families who had to be interviewed, including the family of Eleanor Cook. They supplied photographs, background

information and answers to questions that had fed the mystery for years.

Davey took his evidence and photographs to Dr. H. Wayne Carver II, the state's chief medical examiner, and his deputy chief, Dr. Edward T. McDonough. On March 8, they issued an amended death certificate. The little girl known for 46 years as 1565 became, officially, Eleanor Cook.

In her living room in Easthampton, Mass., 85-year-old Mildred Cook opened a scrapbook of letters and photographs, report cards and test papers from her daughter's second-grade class.

The little girl's handwriting is exceptionally good; her grades are flawless. Teachers had put little stickers over the columns of perfectly spelled words--flags and bunnies and stars. They wrote on Eleanor's report card that she showed great promise.

When Mildred Cook, a claims adjuster and training supervisor at Liberty Mutual Insurance Co., left for the circus that warm July 6, she had in tow 9-year-old Donald, 8-year-old Eleanor and 6-year-old Edward. They sat near the top of the bleacher seats in the southwest corner.

Mildred Cook remembers lying in what was then Municipal Hospital in Hartford, her burned body entirely bandaged except for a slit exposing her eyes. She recalls holding Edward's hand until staff at the hospital separated them.

She heard, rather than saw, the doctor making his way through the ward. He was telling other burn and trauma victims in a low and somber voice that their loved ones had not survived. Finally, he reached Mildred Cook. "I could tell by the way he spoke what he was going to tell me," she recalled.

Edward had died. Eleanor was missing and presumed dead. Donald, who became separated from the rest of the family, had crawled under the tent wall and escaped. Unable to find the others, he went home with another family who had a boy about his age. From there he called relatives. For a while, it was hoped that Eleanor, too, had been taken home by another family.

Eleanor's burns had been minor, but she had been trampled nearly to death in the mad rush of the crowd to escape the burning big top. Records indicate that she lived nearly three hours. An arm was bandaged and she was given transfusions at Municipal Hospital. Lifesaving efforts were in vain; so were subsequent efforts to find out who she was.

Mildred Cook remained hospitalized nearly six months. She was unable to attend Edward's funeral and burial in Center Cemetery in Southamton, Mass. His grave has a white granite marker with the simple inscription "Edward Parsons Cook Feb. 26, 1938--July 7, 1944."

Who Erected This Anatomically Complete Naked Satan Statue? (GRAPHIC)

The Huffington Post | By David Moyer

huffingtonpost.com

Posted: 09/10/2014 5:30 pm EDT Updated: 09/10/2014 5:59 pm EDT

What the hell?

That's the question some Vancouver locals were asking after a naked, anatomically correct statue of Satan was mysteriously erected in a local park.

The 9-foot-tall statue was a representation of the devil, complete with red skin, a pointed tail and horns atop his head. The statue also holds one hand up in a devil-horn salute familiar to heavy metal fans the world over.

But what has aroused controversy is the statue's prominent, erect phallus, CTV News reports.

It's quite a graphic display so it's been hidden, but it can be seen by clicking [here](#).



devil wears nada

The satanic statue was erected on Tuesday on a pedestal that previously was home to a bronzed — and clothed — Christopher Columbus commemorative statue installed in 1986, according to Straight.com. The statue was moved to the Italian Garden in Hastings Park 10 years ago.

No one has claimed responsibility for the naked Satan, according to CTV News. But the bulging Beelzebub was quickly removed because city officials weren't exactly nuts about it.

"The statue was not a piece of city commissioned artwork and consequently it has been removed," Sara Couper, a City of Vancouver spokeswoman, told GlobalNews.ca.

City officials haven't said what they plan to do, but a man named Mike Granger has started a petition on Change.org asking it be given to him for inclusion in an "Odditorium" he runs, according to the Winnipeg Sun.

One of the lines in the petition warns the city: "By removing the statue of Penis Satan, you are taking from us our freedom of expression, restricting our sexuality, and stigmatizing our religious beliefs. Please return him immediately."

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The NAPSA Vampire Cup runs from September 1 to October 13. The Pharmacy Students' Association of the University of New England, PhUNE (pronounced 'funny'), are competing in the national blood drive.

The Vampire Cup is facilitated by the National Australian Pharmacy Students' Association (NAPSA), which represents the members of local branches from eighteen Pharmacy schools across Australia.

Winners are determined on the following criteria:

- Highest total number of overall successful donations
- Highest percentage of student members vs. donations

Anyone can get involved, and its easy:

1. Make an appointment to donate at your local donor centre by calling 13 14 95 or visiting donateblood.com.au
2. Give blood within the Challenge period (September 1 - October 13)
3. Join the PhUNE Club Red group (this is how donations are tracked) - <https://www.donateblood.com.au/who-can-give/club-red/join-group>

Give blood now during the Vampire Cup just like the UNE pharmacy students are doing – in around an hour you can save three lives, so what are you waiting for?

- Name: Evan Walters
- Further details: napsa.phune@gmail.com

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Fetishes and their Meanings

Eagle	Spirit, a connection of the Divine.	Buffalo	Endurance to overcome one's weakness.
Arrowhead	Protection through life's journeys.	Beaver	Builder, strong sense of family and home.
Bear	Strength, introspection, the power of the soul.	Fox	Camouflage, protection.
Mountain Lion	Leadership, resourcefulness.	Badger	Aggressiveness, perseverance.
Turtle	Longevity, a symbol of Mother Earth.	Horse	Has the possession of healing powers.
Coyote	Trickster, laughter, humor.	Frog	Invokes the spirits to bring rain.
Raven	Sly, curious, hungry for learning.	Ram	Used to secure an increase of flocks.
Fish	Adaptability, determination, and the flow of life.	Wolf	Teacher, pathfinder on the journey of survival.
		Horned Toad	Carries the spirit and the Wisdom of Ancient ones.

A MONET FOUND IN SUITCASE OF LATE GERMAN COLLECTOR

A landscape by Claude Monet has been found in a suitcase the late German collector Cornelius Gurlitt had with him during a hospital stay, the latest piece to emerge from his long-hidden art trove.

The task force said it will check whether the Monet was stolen by the Nazis, as it is doing with many other works in Gurlitt's collection. It said it appears that after initial examination the light-blue landscape, painted on paper, may have been produced around 1864. The subject appears very similar to the French artist's "View of Sainte-Adresse."

Monet picture found in art collector's suitcase

By Geir Moulson

The Associated Press

A landscape by Claude Monet has been found in a suitcase the late German collector Cornelius Gurlitt had with him during a hospital stay, the latest piece to emerge from his long-hidden art trove.

The suitcase was left at the hospital for unknown reasons, and was handed over earlier this week to the court-appointed administrator of Gurlitt's estate, the task force investigating the pieces' origin said Friday.

The latest find comes after officials in July reported finding a few more works at Gurlitt's Munich apartment, including a sculpture apparently by Edgar Degas.

Like the Monet, they weren't among 1,280 pieces authorities seized from the apartment in 2012 while investigating a tax case, a collection that included works by Pablo Picasso, Henri Matisse and Marc Chagall. It wasn't immediately clear where the Monet was kept and why it wasn't seized.

The task force said it will check whether the Monet was stolen by the Nazis, as it is doing with many other works in Gurlitt's collection.

It said it appears the landscape may have been produced around 1864. The subject appears very similar to the French artist's "View of Sainte-Adresse."

Gurlitt died at home in May after spending weeks in a hospital.

Apple Valley - The Neurology Rehab Clinic - Used to be the old Apple Valley Inn. Reported to have 3 ghosts, The man hung himself, one woman was murdered and no

one really knows what happened to the third one. She is always dressed in white and is seen only at a certain part of the old building. The man is sometimes seen walking across the parking lot, but then he disappears. None of the ghosts are harmful. The rehab center is now a private school for the mentally challenged. And there is a soil company there and an old barbershop. -

November 2005 update: Apple Valley Inn is no longer a Rehab facility. It was sold in the last year and now has a nice restaurant and lounge. There are several other businesses on the property as well including an insurance firm, beauty salon, and others. Note: Apple Valley is where Dale Evans and Roy Rogers made there home for decades. Bother passed a way in the last couple years here. They still have a family ranch locally, as well as the family home in Apple Valley near the Apple Valley Country Club. The house has big iron gates with 2 "R"'s on it.

POLICE: MAN ARRESTED IN L.A. IS SERIAL KILLER

Authorities in Los Angeles said a man in custody is a serial killer who shot seven people, leaving four dead over five days.

Deputy Chief Kirk Albanese said at a news conference Tuesday that the three other victims were critically injured and two dogs were also shot and killed before the arrest of 34-year-old Alexander Hernandez of Sylmar.

Albanese said the shootings began Wednesday when a woman was shot and wounded by a lone man in an SUV as she exited a freeway. Shooting incidents followed for four straight days, leading to the killings of three people on Sunday.

Hernandez has been charged in only one of the killings, but Los Angeles County Sheriff's Chief of Detectives Bill McSweeney said the suspect is a serial killer.

Hernandez has not entered a plea. Prosecutors said they didn't know whether he has an attorney.

A Chinese Man, A \$50 Billion Plan And A Canal To Reshape Nicaragua

by Carrie Khan

August 14, 2014 10:35 PM ET

One hundred years ago today, the first ship passed through the brand-new, U.S.-built Panama Canal; a century later, Panama owns the canal outright, and the country is one of the most prosperous in the region.

Panama's neighbor to the north, Nicaragua, is hoping a transoceanic canal and similar prosperity are in its near future. The government has joined forces with a Chinese billionaire to construct a 173-mile, interocean canal.

It may cost more than \$50 billion, but the government says the mega-project is critical to lifting the nation out of dire poverty. Critics say the environmental and social damage will be irreparable.



Credit: Alyson Hurt/NPR

Francisco Telemaco Talavera, the affable and outgoing leader of Nicaragua's prestigious National Agrarian University, is a perfect pitchman for the proposed Grand Canal. His rapid-fire, two-hour presentation on it is filled with jokes, hand gestures and dozens of slides.

"The canal will bring prosperity to all in this poor nation," says Telemaco, creating 50,000 jobs during the five-year construction period and 200,000 more once the canal is up and running. He also says it will turn Nicaragua — now the second-poorest nation in the hemisphere after Haiti, based on a U.S. estimate of its economic output — into the region's powerhouse, with economic growth rates as high as 14 percent a year.

But building the canal won't be easy, Telemaco says — if it were, someone already would have done it.



Francisco Telemaco Talavera gives a two-hour presentation to Nicaraguan farmers on the benefits of the canal. Telemaco is the rector of a major Nicaraguan University and head of the Gran Canal Commission. He says the canal will create up to 200,000 jobs and lift the country, the second poorest in the hemisphere, out of poverty.

Carrie Kahn/NPR

And others have tried: Throughout the past century and a half, a whole host of foreigners have signed contracts and drawn routes, but every plan evaporated.

The latest to put Nicaragua's canal dream on the map is 41-year-old Chinese billionaire Wang Jing, who is said to have amassed his fortune through his telecommunications business. Wang declined an interview with NPR but has said in public that he can raise the \$40 billion to \$50 billion needed for construction costs.

Some opponents of the canal worry that the financing will actually come from the Chinese government itself, which Richard Feinberg, a fellow at the Brookings Institution, describes as "the Chinese planting their flag right in the heart of the Western Hemisphere." But since winning a no-bid, 50-year, renewable concession last year, Wang has put the project on the fast track.

Too fast for Jorge Huete, a research biologist at the University of Central America in Managua.

"This whole thing has been rushed," he says. "There was not consultations, there was no debate. ... There should be someone defending Nicaragua."



Huete is most worried about the environmental consequences of dredging millions of tons of earth, ripping through the country's huge Lake Managua – the source of Nicaragua's fresh water — and plowing under indigenous communities in the path of the canal.

A group of leading national scientists wrote a letter to Nicaraguan President Daniel Ortega, demanding to see Wang-sponsored environmental studies supporting the project — which also includes a deep-water port on each coast, an international airport and free-trade and tourist zones.

, and appears to run right through Ligda Bol's small farm, not far from the drought-dried Brito River.

Bol says that in the spring two Chinese men measured her land and took water samples from her well, but that no one has been back to tell her family if they have to leave or whether they'll be compensated for their land.



Ligda Bol, 19 years old, sits in front of her small farm. Her house, near the Brito River, is in the path of the proposed canal. Her family hasn't been told if she'll be forced to move, when a decision will be made or how she will be compensated for her farm.

Carrie Kahn/NPR

"People are also very worried about the beaches, and what happens if the diggers dig too deep and disturb the active volcanoes," says Bol.

There could be an eruption, and we will all be gone, she says. It was Nicaragua's active volcanoes and seismic activity that led the United States to select Panama for the site of the canal more than a century ago.

Canal proponents say those risks also are being assessed by internationally acclaimed companies. But despite scientists' demands, no studies for the project have been made public, and neither British environmental management firm ERM nor McKinsey and Co. — which is running economic feasibility

studies — would comment for this article.

The government insists that a new canal is economically feasible, and often cites worldwide commercial shipping projections that even the expanded Panama Canal won't be able to handle.

But Jean-Paul Rodrigue, a global trade expert at Hofstra University, says those projections are exaggerated, and that it will be tough for investors to make a profit.



Santos Nicoya Bonillo stands in the dry Brito riverbed. Nicoya heads a farmer's cooperative in Tola, Nicaragua. The proposed canal route is set to start at the mouth of the Brito river on the Pacific Ocean. This is the third year of a major drought in southern Central America.

Carrie Kahn/NPR

"It's going to take a lot of traffic and a very, very long time," he says. "That's why I say the project is technically feasible but commercially very, very dubious."

Those sorts of concerns have led some in Nicaragua to call the canal a *cuento chino*, a Chinese tale, but Manuel Coronel Kautz, a longtime adviser to President Ortega, insists it will be "a Nicaraguan dream."

"There will be a lot of criticism for this, we know that," he says, "but we also are revolutionaries, we are optimistics [sic]."

Kautz insists all studies will be made public sometime before December, when work on the canal will begin.

DAVID GREENE, HOST:

A hundred years ago today, the first ship passed through the brand-new Panama Canal. It was 1914.

STEVE INSKEEP, HOST:

That U.S.-built canal was a leap for American commerce.

GREENE: It was an engineering triumph that became a big part of the American identity.

INSKEEP: And it was a major step in American Empire. As we'll hear in a moment, the U.S. actually worked to alter national borders to get the job done.

GREENE: It was such a classic imperial project that it is hard not to pay attention when another rising nation makes plans to build its own canal across Central America. A Chinese billionaire plans just such a project across Nicaragua. Here's NPR's Carrie Kahn.

CARRIE KAHN, BYLINE: Francisco Telemaco Talavera is perfect as the government's pitch man for the proposed Grand Canal, as it's referred to, in Nicaragua. He's the rector of one of the country's most prestigious universities and delivers a rapid-fire two-hour presentation full of jokes and impressive slides.

FRANCISCO TELEMACO TALAVERA: (Speaking foreign language).

KAHN: The canal will bring prosperity to all, says Telemaco. It will be built in five years and create up to 200,000 jobs, he tells a group of farmers.

TALAVERA: (Speaking foreign language).

KAHN: But, he adds, it won't be easy. If it were easy, he says, others would've already done it. Others have tried. Throughout the past century and a half, a whole host of foreigners have signed contracts and drawn routes cutting through the Central American nation. But none have materialized.

The latest to put Nicaragua's canal dream on the map is 41-year-old Chinese billionaire Wang Jing. He declined an interview with NPR, but in public comments, insists he can raise the needed \$40 billion to \$50 billion for construction. And since winning the no-bid 50 year renewable concession last summer, Wang Jing has put the project on the fast track - too fast for some in Nicaragua.

JORGE HUETE: This whole thing has been rushed.

KAHN: Jorge Huete is a research biologist at the University of Central America in Managua.

HUETE: There was no consultations. There was no debate. There should be someone defending Nicaragua.

KAHN: Huete is most worried about the environmental consequences of dredging tons of earth, ripping through Lake Nicaragua - the country's fresh water source - and plowing under indigenous communities in the path of the canal.

A group of leading national scientists wrote a letter to Nicaragua's president, Daniel Ortega, demanding to see environmental studies supporting the project which also includes two deep-water ports - one on each coast - an international airport and free trade zones. None of the studies, all paid for by Wang Jing's development company, have been made public.

What was publicized last month was the canal's finalized route. And it looks like it'll run right through Ligda Bol's small farm she shares with her husband and 2-year-old daughter. The farm is not far from the Brito River, which starts the Pacific Ocean, but is bone-dry now. Nicaragua is in its third year of a drought. Bol stirs rice over an open fire in her outdoor kitchen hut. She says no one has told them when they would have to leave or how they'll be compensated for their land.

LIGDA BOL: (Speaking foreign language).

KAHN: She says people are also worried about the area's beaches. And what happens if the diggers dig

too deep and disturb the active volcanoes? They could erupt, and we will all be gone, she says. Canal proponents say all risks are being studied by internationally acclaimed companies, none of which would respond to request for comment. The government insists a new canal is economically feasible and often cites generous shipping projections. But global trade experts say such claims are exaggerated.

Meanwhile, opponents fear the financing won't have to come from investors but is coming directly from the Chinese government - a claim billionaire Wang Jing denies. Richard Feinberg of the Brookings Institution says a transoceanic canal would clearly be a major geopolitical thrust forward for China.

RICHARD FEINBERG: It would be the Chinese planting their flag right in the heart of the Western Hemisphere.

KAHN: Some in Nicaragua have come to call the canal a cuento chino - a Chinese tale.

MAUEL CORONEL KAUTZ: No. It is a Nicaraguan dream.

KAHN: Manuel Coronel Kautz heads the Nicaraguan Canal Authority. He's 81-years-old, a long-time member of the ruling party and one of a handful of advisers still close to President Daniel Ortega. He insists the canal is a reality and shrugs off the critics.

KAUTZ: There will be a lot of criticism for this. We know that. But we also are revolutionaries. We are optimistic.

KAHN: Kautz says all studies will be made public sometime between now and December. That's when groundbreaking of the Grand Inter-Oceanic Canal is set to begin. Carrie Kahn, NPR News.

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LOUISIANA New Orleans: A small section of the facade on historic Gallier Hall fell to the sidewalk, damaging steps at the entrance to the former New Orleans City Hall. WWL-TV reported the 5-foot stone section fell Tuesday.

A Norwegian couple has been jailed for violently abusing their daughter after she cried out "Satan" in a tantrum.

The couple, from the Aust-Agder region in south Norway, were charged after subjecting the three-year-old to repeated physical punishments, including pinching her hand and face.

At the trial last week, the girl's mother said that she was deeply religious, and started "punishing" the child after she cried out "Satan" during a tantrum.

The couple was jailed for 30 days, and fined 5,000 kroner (£535, \$870).

In its ruling, the court found that though none of the physical punishments was particularly violent, their seriousness was exacerbated by being committed against a small child.

The couple admitted to most of the offenses they were charged with.

Police were alerted after workers at the kindergarten the child attended became concerned for her welfare.

Spanish exorcists at war

In Spain, eight expert exorcists are being prepared to do battle with Satan.

Press agency EFE reports that the exorcists' specialist ghostbuster training will be led by Cesar Franco, one of the Spanish capital's three auxiliary bishops.

According to online website Religious Freedom, the decision was taken personally by Archbishop Rouco Valera to meet an avalanche of requests for help from the faithful to fight their otherworldly foe.

Many alleged victims of demonic possession and evil influence claim to have opened the gateway to hell with occult practices such as black magic, palmistry, Ouija boards and fortune telling.

Yucaipa - Oakglen rd. - Legend says that a group of teenagers had an accident at this particular location caused by a curse on the area. There had been an old woman who lived just above this location who locals claimed she was a witch. She had put a curse on the area and these teenagers were killed. You can park your car in this spot and the kids are pushing you out of harms way up hill and gaining speed. You can still see the stairs that had led to her house. -

Ventura - The Olivas Adobe -

is rumored to be haunted by the ghost of a woman. She is reported to be seen standing in an upstairs window at night.

By Chris Perez

September 15, 2014 | 12:57pm



Mother Gives Birth To Triplets From Two Separate Wombs In Northam



Barcroft Media

A woman in England is considered a true medical miracle, giving birth to triplets from two separate wombs — a rare condition known to affect one in 1 million women worldwide.

Hannah Kersey is the Northam resident born with uterus didelphys, which is when a woman has two wombs instead of one, Barcroft Media reports.

She didn't believe doctors at first when they told her and partner Mick Faulkner, 23, they would soon be welcoming triplets, especially since they previously said it was highly unlikely she would bear children in the separate wombs.

The babies, three girls, were conceived from two different eggs, one in each womb, that were fertilized simultaneously by two different sperm.

One of the eggs eventually divided — leading to identical twins Ruby and Tilly — while the other remained single, resulting in Gracie.

After a brief pregnancy scare involving the size of the babies, the trio were eventually delivered safely, with Ruby weighing in at 2 pounds 6 ounces, Tilly at 2 pounds and Gracie at 2 pounds 13 ounces, according to Barcroft.

Although there have been other cases of two babies being born to women with uterus didelphys — one in each womb — this is the first reported case of twins and a single baby.

"We were just so thankful that they were healthy and well," Kersey said. "It was more than we could have hoped for."



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Barcroft Media

The following is an article from *Uncle John's Fully Loaded 25th Anniversary Bathroom Reader*.



(Image credit: Flickr user Claire L. Evans)

If mainstream religions leave you cold, why not spice things up by throwing a few UFOs in the mix? Here's a look at some "religions" that draw inspiration from extraterrestrials.

THE SEEKERS

Close Encounter: In the early 1950s, a suburban Chicago housewife named Dorothy Martin began receiving "mental messages" from what she said were extraterrestrial

guardians from a planet called Clarion. She attracted a little band of followers and formed them into one of the earliest UFO cults, which she called "The Seekers." The aliens reportedly told her that they'd discovered unstable fault lines in the Earth's crust while observing the planet from their flying saucers. The faults were going to rupture before dawn on December 21, 1954, and cause floods that would destroy much of North America. The good news: Just before midnight, a UFO would take Martin and the Seekers to safety on the planet Clarion.



What Happened: On Martin's orders, Seekers quit their jobs and gave away their money and belongings in anticipation of a new life on Clarion. Some even divorced their spouses. About 20 Seekers gathered at Martin's house on December 20 to await the UFO. Midnight came ...and went... and no spaceship arrived. The terrified Seekers huddled together until 4:45 AM, when Martin claimed to receive another message from the aliens. More good news! The "God of Earth" was so impressed by the Seekers' devotion that he'd decided to spare North America. The crisis averted, the alien rescue saucer had returned to Clarion without picking up the Seekers.

Aftermath: Martin fled Chicago to avoid being sent to a mental hospital. She lived in Peru from 1954 to 1961, then returned to the U.S. Now calling herself "Sister Thedra" and leading a group called the Association of Sananda and Sanat Kumara, she continued to relay messages from space aliens until her death in 1992. The Association of Sananda and Sanat Kumara, headquartered in Sedona, Arizona, is still active.

SUMMUM

Close Encounter: One afternoon in October 1975, a former aerobic instructor named Claude King was relaxing, eyes closed, on the couch in his Salt Lake City, Utah, apartment. He'd had some ringing in his ears lately, but this time it was much more intense: King claimed he was "engulfed" by the sound and teleported to an alien world. When he opened his eyes, he was standing next to a giant pyramid on a green lawn, under a blue sky filled with stars. It was the first of many visits to the world of "angelic Beings" known as Summa Individuals, who transmitted their Summum philosophy ("Nothingness and Possibility come in and out of bond infinite times in an infinite moment") to King via mental telepathy.



(Image credit: Summum)

What Happened: King had his name legally changed to Summum Bonum Amon Ra (although he still went by his nickname Corky). He then founded the ancient-Egyptian-themed Summum religion, which today is headquartered in a pyramid-shaped temple in Salt Lake City and promotes the "Seven Summum Principles: Psychokinesis, Correspondence, Vibration, Opposition, Rhythm, Cause and Effect, and Gender."

The movement has even developed a form of mummification that draws inspiration from the practices of the ancient Egyptians but incorporates modern materials like fiberglass and polyurethane. The service is available to the public: Human mummification costs \$67,000, pets around \$6,000. Practitioners of Summum also make sacramental wine called "nectar publications" and meditate over it to fill it with "spiritual concepts." The group says it has given away more than 250,000 bottles over the years, but only to Summum adherents. Drinking the spiritually spiked wine is said to enhance seven different kinds of meditation.



(Image credit: Summum)

Aftermath: The first human to be mummified using the Summum technique: Corky Ra himself, who died in 2008. His mummy is stored inside the Summum pyramid, in an upright gold "mummiform" coffin just like King Tut's (except that Corky's face served as the model for the face of the coffin). The group says that more than 100 people have signed up to be mummified when they die.

THE AETHERIUS SOCIETY

Close Encounter: On May 8, 1954, a London taxi driver and yoga enthusiast named George King was alone in his apartment when he heard a voice command, "Prepare yourself! You are to become the voice of Interplanetary Parliament." The message was from an alien named The Master Aetherius. King, by virtue of his mastery of yoga, had been selected to be "the Primary Terrestrial Mental Channel for the Cosmic Masters of the Solar System." These Masters, hailing from Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, would use King to transmit their messages to the world.

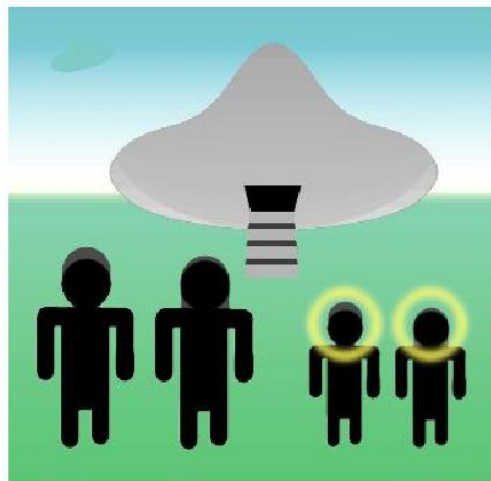
What Happened: The Masters told King that selfishness, violence, and other human ills had knocked the Earth's karma out of balance, as evidenced by pollution, warfare, and other global ills. The aliens, who regularly visited Earth in their flying saucers, wanted to help restore the karmic balance, using spiritual energy generated by prayer circles practicing a "powerful new form of Karma Yoga." On the Cosmic Masters' instructions, King formed the Aetherius Society to get the message out.

(YouTube link)

There's certainly nothing unusual about praying for the purpose of achieving positive ends, but what set the Aetherius Society apart are devices they use called "radionic batteries." These sit in the middle of each prayer circle and soak up the spiritual energy. The batteries are "charged" with prayer week after week; then when a disaster strikes, such as a hurricane or the earthquake, tsunami, and subsequent nuclear meltdown in Japan in 2011, the Society releases the energy using a machine called a "spiritual energy radiator" and transmits it directly to the trouble spot.

Aftermath: Dr. King died in Santa Barbara, California, in 1997, but the Aetherius Society, now headquartered in Hollywood, is still praying away. It has about 650 members worldwide.

THE INTERNATIONAL RAËLIAN MOVEMENT



Close Encounter: If prayer circles don't float your boat, perhaps the Raëlians are more your speed. As we told you in our book *The World's Gone Crazy*, the Raëlian movement was founded in 1973 by an aging French pop star named Claude Vorilhon after he went hiking in a dormant volcano crater in central France. There he met an alien with skin that was "white with a slightly greenish tinge, a bit like someone with liver trouble," he writes in his book *The Message Given to Me by Extraterrestrials*. The alien, a member of an advanced race called the Elohim, invited Vorilhon back to his UFO. During this and subsequent visits, Vorilhon was taught the true origin of humanity -namely that humans were created by the

aliens in test tubes in a laboratory 25,000 years ago, and prophets like Moses, Jesus, and Buddha were emissaries of the aliens, just like Vorilhon. The aliens told him that when humans perfect cloning and develop the ability to transfer memory and personality from aging bodies into healthy new ones, they will live forever. They also told him that having unlimited,

uninhibited sex would enable them to achieve “perfect freedom.” (Image credit: Kmarinas86)

What happened: After his first alien encounter, Vorilhon changed his name to Claus Raël and founded the International Raëlian Movement. He dressed in flowing white garments and grew a topknot of hair that he said was an antenna for receiving further messages from outer space. The messages revealed the extraterrestrial “truth” of stories in the Bible: Jesus walked on water using “antigravitational beams,” Jonah was swallowed by an alien submarine he thought was a whale, and the ancient Hebrews became the chosen people by winning a contest.

Aftermath: Thrown out -and laughed out- of France in the mid-1980s, Raël moved to Spain and eventually to Canada. He and his free-loving followers still live there, in a compound near Montreal. They run a museum called UFOland that presents Raëlism to the general public, and they’re raising money to build a \$20 million extraterrestrial “embassy” that will also serve as an alien spaceport. As soon as it’s finished, Raël says, Moses, Jesus, and all the other prophets (who have been kept alive through cloning) will return to Earth in their UFOs.



The aliens have told Raël that they would prefer the embassy to be built in “neutral” territory on land donated by the Israeli government. But the Raëlian Movement’s symbol, a swastika inside a Star of David, has complicated negotiations with the Israelis. (The Raëlians say they’re trying to “reclaim” the swastika from the Nazis.) In 1991 the symbol was changed to a less offensive pinwheel appearance, but that didn’t seem to help much. If the embassy ever really does get built, it probably *won’t* be built in Israel. The Raëlians claim to have 65,000 members in more than 80 countries. (No word on how many of them are just in it for the unlimited, uninhibited sex.)

(Image credit: Claude Maurice Marcel Vorilhon)

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institute's books - go ahead and check 'em out!

Comments (2)

sandyra 15Sep14 8:24am

Hitler was very much intrigued with the occult, especially signs, symbols and omens. When he chose the swastika for his 'logo' he turned it into a left-handed spin instead of a right-handed spin. The original swastikas that were used as religious symbols in some cultures long past were depicted with a clockwise turn. Picture the swastika as a kind of a wheel (pinwheel?) and you can see which way the icon would be able to turn. Germany had the counterclockwise turn on their swastika. So it became sort of like the anti-swastika.

Rubinsky 15Sep14 2:44pm

Those symbols are still used by current cultures not "long past". In japan it is called "manji" and used to denote Buddhist temples on a map, and they have different meanings depending on direction and use in landscapes and architecture.

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Man recovers after oversized scrotum surgery

Associated Press

A Michigan man underwent a successful 12-hour surgery in California on his abnormally large scrotum, the result of a rare condition.

Three surgical teams removed an 80-pound scrotal growth from Dan Maurer of Burlington late last month. They also took out 40 pounds of fat from his stomach area.

Maurer's mother, Connie Maurer, told the Battle Creek Enquirer Maurer was moved out of intensive care Thursday. He will likely need several more weeks to recover in California.

"Hopefully, it's the start of a whole new life for him," said his father, Dan Maurer Sr., who remained at the family's home.

Dr. Joel Gelman of the University of California-Irvine led the effort. He has experience performing the operation to treat the condition, called scrotal lymphedema. Doctors believe it is caused by blocked vessels in the lymphatic system that fail to drain the fluid from the area.

Maurer has dealt with the condition for more than five years.

An online crowdfunding site has raised almost \$30,000 to help with his

medical and rehabilitation bills. One of the donors is a personal trainer who wants to help Dan Maurer get back in shape when he returns to Michigan.

"It's something that could happen to anyone," Connie Maurer said. "It's a story. It's life."

Connie Maurer and her son's wife, Melita, have been at his side for most of the past few weeks, though they could not see him for 16 hours as doctors got him ready for and then performed surgery, which went just as planned.

"Dr. Gelman was very pleased with the surgery and is pleased with the healing," Connie Maurer said.

Ventura county - Oxnard - Oxnard draining ditch tunnel -

When walking thru the tunnel a strange tapping on the walls and then the sound of foot steps can be heard all around you. and a weird figure blocks the light at the end.

PUBLISHED NOVEMBER 2, 2012 BY TONY

<https://italiots.wordpress.com/tag/folklore/>

O' MUNACIELLO



Not all Neapolitans know the history of “Munaciello”, especially young people, so I guess that very few of you, living in other countries, will know it. “O ‘Munaciello” and everything that has to do with supernatural and death are part of the culture and folklore of Naples, especially in the past, when there were many legends around spirits or strange presences.

The Neapolitan “munaciello”, that means “little monk” is just a little spirit, perhaps the most legendary of Naples, which is usually represented as a deformed child or a person of a very small stature, wearing a robe, with silver buckles on the shoes. Depending on the circumstances, it may manifest either as good spirit or as a demon, in fact, a Neapolitan proverb says, « ‘o munaciello: a chi arricchisce e a chi appezzentisce » which translated means, “the munaciello either enrich (you) or send (you) in misery”

To let you know his history I will take a cue from a tale told in one of his writings by journalist and writer Matilde Serao.

During the reign of Alfonso of Aragon, after a long war in 1442 that reduced the kingdom of Naples to the extreme, the situation gradually improved, and between 1503 and 1707 many works and renovations were carried out, including sewers, roads, the Arc de Triomphe, the Spanish Quarter, via Toledo, the Riviera di Chiaia, etc..

At that time, in the area of the merchants, love had blossomed between the girl Catarinella Frezza, daughter of a merchant of cloth, and the noble guy Stefano Mariconda. Their love and their fidelity was great, but the disparity in birth forbade them the marriage as the union was not well seen by their parents. In spite of so much pain and bitterness, there were moments of happiness for the two lovers, who used to meet in secret. To get to her, Stefano at night, not without danger, jumped up to the roof, from terrace to terrace, till to reach the balcony where the beautiful beloved was waiting him. But one night two treacherous hands grabbed Stefano and threw him down from the balcony, while the poor Catarinella, crying, tried to ward off the killers. Stefano fell in the

fetid street below, horribly mangled, until his parents later gave him an honorable burial. The girl, crazy with grief, ran away from home and was admitted to a convent of nuns. She was pregnant, and prematurely gave birth to a little child, tiny pale and with dismayed eyes.

Over time, the child was not growing normally and nuns counseled her to take a vow to the Madonna, Catherine did it and dressed up the baby with a little black and white coat that made him look like a small monk. Even when he was a great age, he was short in stature, a dwarf in fact, and went on to wear that kind of robe, and that's why people called him "the munaciello." Small body, large head and almost monstrous, the nuns loved him but people in the street and shopkeepers always pointed at him frightened, reviled at him, as people often do against the weak and defenseless persons. When he passed near the Frezza's shop, just his uncles and cousins, they threw the most horrible curses. He only found peace and consolation in the mother's arms. Gradually, in the poor neighborhoods where he was toddling, spread the rumor that the munaciello had something magical, supernatural. From that moment, when people met him, made the sign of the cross and murmured words of incantation. It was said that when he wore the red cap, it was a good omen, but when it was black, a bad omen then. Since he wore the red cap rarely, "the munaciello" was often blasphemed and cursed.

It was said that it was he who carried the foul air in the slums, carrying the fever, rotting water and carrying the bad luck. The mud that people threw at him, soiled the little robes, while the fruit peels hurt his face. He fled without speaking, bringing the torment in not being able to react. Now that Catarinella Frezza was dead no one could comfort him. The nuns let him do small services and work in the garden but they also scared to see him suddenly in the dark, as a devilish appearance does. The saying that he had a dark face, that had never been to church, and that people could meet him in different places at the same time, corroborated this. Then, one night he disappeared and did not fail those who said, it has been the devil to carry him off by the hair. But someone suspected the Frezza family to have strangled and thrown him into a sewer, as well as some small bones with a large skull, found in the cloaca, left suppose.



This here is the story, but nothing ended with his death because it is just here that the legend of munaciello begins.

Here, the poor and unimaginative middle class, living in the fetid narrow and dark streets, in the Neapolitans "basso", without dawn, without end, without water, without poetry and without imagination, had their own sprite. It is not the elf who sings on the banks of the river, nor the gnome dancing on the grass of the meadows, or the one who lives in the new aristocrats districts, but the evil elf of the old houses of Naples. The zones airy, beautiful, bright and neat does not belong him, just as they are, instead, the streets of Toledo, the gloomy streets of the Tribunali or the dark quarters of the Vicaria, Foria and Pendino. There, where he lived and where he wandered with his robe, with a large head, pale face and large eyes, then it is there that he reappears as a ghost scaring women, children and men. There, where people have let him suffer, unknown soul but perhaps great in a shrunken weak and sickly body, that's where he comes back, mischievous and evil spirit in an insatiable desire for revenge.

The "munaciello" is capable of all, when the housewife finds the door's pantry open, the bladder of lard smashed or the vase with oil on his back, with no doubt it has been him to do it. And it's always him who let fall the tray with the glasses in the hand of the careless servant, that brings wine to become sour, that kills the hens or dry the basil plants. If the sale in the shop goes wrong, if an established marriage fails or if a rich uncle dies and leaves everything to the parish, for people all this happen because of this little demon who prepared these large or small misfortunes. It is always "the munaciello" that mess-up house and furniture, that troubles hearts, disarranges minds and frighten. And it is this spirit tormented and tormentor that brings turmoil with his black coat. But when the munaciello wore the red habit, his coming is a good omen. It just for this strange mixture of good and evil, malice and goodness that "munaciello" was respected, feared and loved.

That was why girls in love put themselves under his protection or because old maids were invoking him, from the balcony at midnight for nine days, so that he could procure them a husband.

For this, the player of lottery repeated three times the spells for having the numbers winning, or children to pray to him to have the wished sweets and toys. The house where the munaciello appears is regarded with distrust but not without satisfaction, the person who has seen him is looked upon with compassion, but not without envy. He appears more to girls and children but those who have seen him, keep it as a precious secret that, perhaps bringer of luck. The ghost of this story, which is a soul that has been crying and that makes we cry, that smiled and makes we smile, is a child that men have tortured and killed as a man, but also an elf who torments men as a naughty child but caress and console them as a child naïve and innocent.

With its strong Hollywood presence over the years, there are plenty of folk tales and myths floating around the Coachella Valley. Here, some colorful urban myths are examined for their veracity, resulting in some inconclusive Palm Springs mythbusters. However, more than a few examples of local folklore are confirmed true or false. Read on to find out which are real and which are just Palm Springs urban legend.

1. At Frank Sinatra's classic mid-century modern Twin Palms Estate, there is still evidence of a major blowout between Ol' Blue Eyes and second wife Ava Gardner: a crack in one of the original sinks.

TRUE. Gardner wrote in her autobiography that the marriage was very turbulent, but that the worst episode occurred in that house. To this day, the master bathroom sink has a crack resulting from a champagne bottle hurled at Gardner by an enraged Sinatra, a testament to this Palm Springs urban legend. According to the current operators of Twin Palms, Sinatra tossed all of Gardner's possessions onto the driveway that night and threw her out as well, along with pal Lana Turner.

Twin Palms Estate

Palm Springs, CA

2. Chicago mobster Al Capone had a hideaway in the Palm Springs area.

TRUE. Capone stayed north of flashy Palm Springs, in a house on the grounds of Two Bunch Palms Resort & Spa in the dusty town of Desert Hot Springs. On the run from Eliot Ness and the Chicago authorities, this was a more discreet location. A small perch on the top of the house served as a lookout tower and gun turret, should the lawmen arrive in the desert.

Two Bunch Palms Resort & Spa
67425 Two Bunch Palms Trail
Desert Hot Springs, CA 92240

760-329-8791

3. Walt Disney considered building his Anaheim theme park in the Palm Springs area.

UNCONFIRMED. However, Disney vacationed in Palm Springs since the 1930s and bought his

first desert home in a gated residential resort called Smoke Tree Ranch in 1948, a place with which he was very enamored. Although we cannot conclusively bust this Palm Springs urban myth, it is impossible to confirm whether or not Mr. Disney ever seriously considered the desert for the site of Disneyland.

4. The classic movie *Lost Horizon* was partially filmed in Palm Springs.

TRUE. The Shangri-La scene, with its cascading waterfall, was filmed in Palm Springs' then-remote Tahquitz Canyon, which is still a popular hiking destination, thanks to the natural 60-foot waterfall featured in the movie. Legendary film director Frank Capra and his crew hauled in their equipment on mules. Even today, it takes a seasoned hiker up to two hours to reach the falls.

Tahquitz Canyon Visitor Center
500 W. Mesquite Avenue
Palm Springs, CA 92264

760-416-7044

5. Lucille Ball was once elected Mayor of the City of Rancho Mirage.

FALSE. Ms. Ball never ran for political office, but she did reside in Indian Wells with her husband Desi Arnaz. In 1958, the couple founded the Indian Wells Resort Hotel. In 1965, however, the Chamber of Commerce named Ms. Ball its first "Honorary Mayor" of Rancho Mirage, the neighboring town where she later resided.

Indian Wells Resort Hotel
76-611 Highway 111
Indian Wells, CA 92210

800-248-3220

6. Palm Springs, known as "*Hollywood's Backyard*," was universally popular with celebrities.

TRUE & FALSE. Palm Springs became "Hollywood's Backyard" or "Hollywood's Playground" as early as the 1920s, and remained popular for decades. An escape to Palm Springs met the so-called "two-hour rule" that required movie stars to be no more than two hours from the set at any time. Surprisingly, however, Palm Springs was too trendy for some stars, who desired a quieter, less ostentatious environment. Barbara Stanwyck, who loved the outdoors, preferred the more rustic lifestyle on a ranch in Desert Hot Springs. Greta Garbo, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and Ginger Rogers pushed the limits of that two-hour zone, hiding at a site that is now the La Quinta Resort & Club.

La Quinta Resort & Club
49-499 Eisenhower Drive
La Quinta, CA 92253

760-564-4111

7. Rock legend Jim Morrison enjoyed diving off the second story of Palm Springs' Movie Colony Hotel into the pool below.

UNCONFIRMED. The lead singer of The Doors apparently stayed at the hotel in 1968 – it was then known as the San Jacinto Hotel – thereby making this popular folklore. Although there is no reliable confirmation that he dove into the pool from a second-story balcony, it hardly seems a stretch for a drug-induced rock star. Therefore, we can't definitively classify this under Palm Springs mythbusters.

Movie Colony Hotel
726 North Indian Canyon Drive
Palm Springs, California 92262

760-320-6340

8. The Coachella Valley is the date capital of the nation.

TRUE. No myth to bust here. About 80 percent of all date production in the U.S. occurs in the area.

9. According to Indian Canyons Golf Resort folklore, the starter shack on the North Course used to be equipped with a "red phone" connected directly to the White House, because of the course's popularity with U.S. presidents.

FALSE. Probably. Although we are unable to officially bust this Palm Springs urban legend, it is likely just local folklore propagated by proud club members. Its only plausibility lies in the fact that Presidents Lyndon Johnson, Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan all golfed here on vacation.

Indian Canyons Golf Resort
1097 Murray Canyon Drive
Palm Springs, California 92264
760-833-8700

/ Copyright 2014 Evemote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -90px !important; width: 180px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Pandering to the crowd: panda accused of faking pregnancy in bun fraud case

Ai Hin showed all the signs she was expecting but only wanted extra food and the trappings of celebrity, say keepers

Agence France-Presse in Beijing
theguardian.com, Thursday 28 August 2014 00.38 EDT
<http://www.theguardian.com/world/2014/aug/28/pandering-to-the-crowd-panda-accused-of-faking-pregnancy-in-bun-case>

Hopes that tiny panda paws would be seen in the world's first live-broadcast cub delivery have been dashed after Chinese experts suggested the "mother" may have been focusing more on extra bun rations than giving birth.

The slated star of the show, giant panda Ai Hin, had shown signs of pregnancy at the Chengdu Giant Panda Breeding Research Centre, according to state news agency Xinhua.

A live broadcast of the event was planned but Xinhua said her "behaviours and physiological indexes returned to normal", citing experts saying she experienced a "phantom pregnancy".

The breeding centre, in China's south-western province of Sichuan, commonly moves pandas that are thought to be pregnant into single rooms with air conditioning and around-the-clock care.

"They also receive more buns, fruits and bamboo, so some clever pandas have used this to their advantage to improve their quality of life," Wu Kongju, an expert at the base told Xinhua.

Phantom pregnancy is said to be common among the endangered animals. Many continued to display pregnant behaviour after noticing the difference in treatment they received, Xinhua said.

Six-year-old Ai Hin showed reduced appetite, less mobility and a surge in hormones when her "pregnancy" was first detected, the news agency said, before further observations concluded it was fake.

The giant panda's natural habitat is in the mountainous south-west

TLC Audition.txt

of China. But they have a notoriously low reproductive rate and are under pressure from factors such as habitat loss.

China has about 1,600 pandas living in the wild and another 300 held in captivity.

"Only 24% of females in captivity give birth, posing a serious threat to the survival of the species," xinhua said.

Pastor wants 'demonic' books removed from public library

A Cleveland pastor wants what he calls "demonic" books pulled from the shelves of the public library

Friday, August 22, 2014

A Cleveland pastor wants what he calls "demonic" books pulled from the shelves of the public library.

Pastor Phillip Missick of King of Saints Tabernacle, a Messianic church, filed a complaint with Austin Memorial Library, Cleveland's public library, asking that many fiction books on vampires, demons and the supernatural be purged. He says he was stunned to find the young adult section full of books like "Blood Promise," "Twilight," and the "Vampire Knight" series.

"This is dark. There's a sexual element. You have creatures that aren't human. I think it's dangerous for our kids," said Missick.

Cleveland City Manager Kelly McDonald declined an interview but we have Library Director, Mary Cohn's response to Missick's complaint, as well as to a petition he had signed by a handful of local pastors. She noted only five percent of all the 1,500 titles in the teen section deal with occult, vampires and the supernatural, and then spoke to the mission of a public library saying materials should not be chosen or removed because of partisan or doctrinal disapproval.

McDonald says they are taking Missick's complaint seriously and preparing a report for city council to review. Missick believes teens should have parental approval to check out such books. Library policy requires parental consent for minors to get a library card.

"I understand they have the right to these books, but I also have a right to complain about them," said Missick.

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September 3, 1934: Paul Klenovsky Exposed
For five years, British conductor Sir Henry Wood had attributed an orchestration of Bach's Organ Toccata and Fugue in D minor to an otherwise unknown young Russian man named Paul Klenovsky. The orchestration was highly praised. But finally, on this day, Wood admitted he himself was Klenovsky. He perpetrated the ruse, he said, to demonstrate the lavish praise bestowed by critics on anyone with a high-sounding foreign name. "Klen" was the Russian word for a maple tree (i.e. a type of wood).

And predictably, after he came clean, the critics started panning the arrangement as hackneyed, old-fashioned and unoriginal.

Sir Henry Wood will live on in the hearts of music lovers forever, not so much for Klenovsky as for founding the Proms (and his *Fantasia on British Sea Songs*, often played at the Last Night). The critics will... well, the little pre-hipsters are forgotten already.

Posted by Richard Bos in The Netherlands on Thu Sep 04, 2014 at 04:51 AM

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Banning - Payless Shoe Source -

There are reports of a little boy that appears in the break room at the back of the store. Legend says that the little boy came into the store with his mother and wanted a pair of shoes really bad. His mother didn't buy it for him and he was quite upset. Ran out the store and was hit by a car. This store has not kept employees for long because each time a new employee sees the apparition, they just quit without telling anyone. It is said that the boy appears right before the store opens and right before it closes at night.

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Tuesday, Sept. 9, the 252nd day of 2014. There are 113 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1543: Mary Stuart was crowned Queen of Scots at Stirling Castle, nine months after she was born.

1776: The second Continental

Congress made the term "United States" official, replacing "United Colonies."

1850: California became the 31st state of the union.

1893: Frances Cleveland, wife of President Grover Cleveland, gave birth to a daughter, Esther, in the White

House; it was the first time a president's child was born in the executive mansion.

1919: Some 1,100 members of Boston's 1,500-man police force went on strike.

1926: The National Broadcasting Co. was incorporated by the Radio Corp. of America.

1932: The steamboat Observation exploded in New York's East River, killing 72 people.

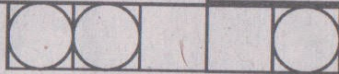
1956: Elvis Presley made the first of three appearances on "The Ed Sullivan Show."

1971: Prisoners seized control of the maximum-security Attica Correctional Facility near Buffalo, New York, beginning a siege that ended up claiming 43 lives.

JUMBLE

Unscramble these four Jumbles, one letter to each square, to form four ordinary words.

RABNO

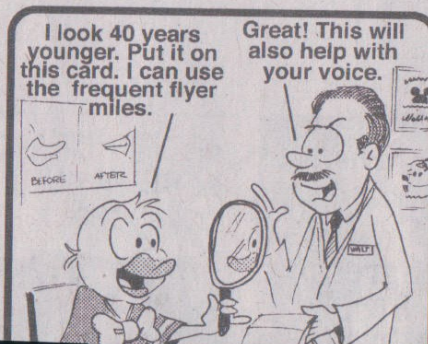


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SEYMS

THAT SCRAMBLED WORD GAME

by David L. Hoyt and Jeff Knurek





ILLINOIS Belleville: Silver Creek Saloon hosted a practice run to prepare for the city's 200th-anniversary celebration, where 50 volunteers will attempt to grill a 200-foot-long bratwurst on Sept. 21 during the Bicentennial Oktoberfest.

KENTUCKY Pineville: Dulcimer players and fans will gather at Pine Mountain State Resort Park later this month for a music festival dedicated to the instrument. A concert Sept. 26 will open the two-day festival.



COLORADO Durango: The U.S. Bureau of Land Management has created an online map to warn hikers and bikers of places they might encounter sheep guard dogs. A sheep grazing map for public lands near Durango was created following several run-ins between people and the working dogs on the Colorado Trail last month.

NORTH CASCADES NATIONAL PARK WASHINGTON

With a wide range of elevation and rainfall, the Cascade Mountains have stands of both wet hemlock in the west, and dry pine and Douglas fir forests in the rain shadow of the mountains to the east. The forests also have huge ecological diversity, serving as home to 200 bird species and 75 mammals, like wolverines and pikas. 360-854-7200; nps.gov/noca/index.htm

COMMUNITY BRIEFS

'Day of the Dead' follows Halloween

The second annual Day of the Dead, or Dia de los Muertos, cultural festival will get underway Nov. 1 in Cathedral City, officials announced.

The free event will take place at the Desert Memorial Park from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. The park is at DaVall Drive and Ramon Road. The Palm Springs Cemetery District and the nonprofit Well in the Desert are sponsoring the festival.

Information: (760) 327-8577

City News Service

NEBRASKA Lincoln: Thieves stole about \$5,500 worth of speed bumps recently installed to prevent drag racing along McCormick Drive. City traffic operations manager Scott Opfer said the 48 pieces of rubber, weighing a total of 2,400 pounds, were secured to the concrete with 6-inch bolts.

L.A. looks into making ballots bankable

Associated Press

Los Angeles is considering turning voting ballots into lottery tickets.

With fewer than a fourth of voters showing up for recent local elections, the city's Ethics Commission voted to recommend that the City Council consider a cash-prize drawing as an incentive to vote.

Commission President Nathan Hochman said a pilot program should be used first to

find out the number and size of prizes that would bump up turnout.

"Maybe it's \$25,000 maybe it's \$50,000," Hochman said, according to the Los Angeles Times. "That's where the pilot program comes in."

The Thursday vote was unanimous. The issue now moves to the Rules, Elections and Intergovernmental Relations Committee headed by City Council President Herb Wesson, who said he's intrigued by

the idea but wants to hear what neighborhood councils and "legal beagles" think.

"I can't wait to have this conversation," he said, but added that he didn't want to be the "poster child" for the proposal.

It wasn't immediately clear whether there was any precedent in other cities or states for such a move, which brings with it questions of propriety and legality.

Federal law prohibits payment for voting, but Ethics

Commissioner Jessica Levinson, who is also an attorney and law school professor, says that statute wouldn't apply to elections without federal races on the ballot.

California law prohibits money or gifts for votes for a particular candidate or measure, or payment to stay away from the polls altogether.

Hochman said the proposed prizes would be for simply entering the voting booth.

"If they truly think there are

no good candidates," he said, "we're not going to force them."

Other ideas for turning up turnout — including changing municipal elections to even-numbered years to sync with federal elections — could prove longer and more laborious, making faster, blunter approaches more desirable.

"We have turnout in citywide elections in the high teens and low 20s and I think that's pretty dismal," Levinson said.

MONDAY, AUGUST 18, 2014

TODAY IN HISTORY

| THE DESERT SU

Today is Monday, August 18, the 230th day of 2014. There are 135 days left in the year. On this date in:

1812: Russian forces are defeated at Smolensk, which is occupied by French.

1870: Western Australia is

granted representative government.

1894: U.S. Congress establishes the Bureau of Immigration.

1914: U.S. President Woodrow Wilson proclaims American neutrality in World War

I; Germany declares war on Russia.

1920: The 19th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution is ratified, giving women the right to vote.

1964: South Africa is banned from participating in the

Olympic Games in Tokyo for refusing to condemn apartheid.

1968: More than 100 women and children are killed when a landslide sweeps two sightseeing buses into rain-swollen river on Honshu Island in Japan.

1976: Two U.S. Army officers

are hacked to death by axe-wielding North Korean border guards at the truce village of Panmunjom.

1977: U.S. President Jimmy Carter's administration denounces as illegal Israel's decision to establish three new Jewish settlements on the West Bank.

SURVIVOR OF HINDENBURG AIR CRASH IN 1937 DIES

Werner Franz, believed to be the last surviving crew member of the German airship Hindenburg that crashed 77 years ago, has died. He was 92.

Franz was a 14-year-old cabin boy when the hydrogen-filled Zeppelin caught fire and crashed in Lakehurst, N.J., on May 6, 1937. The disaster was captured by waiting photographers, film crews and a radio broadcaster on the ground, making it one of history's most iconic air accidents.

Franz returned to Germany and served as an aircraft technician during World War II, and was a skating coach in later life.

IDAHO Coeur d'Alene: The U.S.

Forest Service said an American flag with a light shining on it that someone attached to the top of a large ponderosa pine tree on Fourth of July Pass will remain because it's too dangerous to remove. Idaho Panhandle National Forest spokesman Jay Kirchner told the *Coeur d'Alene Press* that the agency has no idea who put the flag atop the tree next to Interstate 90.



UTAH St. George: Descendants of both the victims and the perpetrators of the 1857 Mountain Meadows Massacre unveiled a quilt memorializing the victims. Some 120 California-bound pioneers, most from Arkansas, were killed by Mormon militiamen .

STUDY SHEDS NEW LIGHT ON CAUSES OF SCHIZOPHRENIA

New research shows that schizophrenia is not a single disease, but a group of eight distinct disorders, each caused by changes in clusters of genes that lead to different sets of symptoms.

The finding sets the stage for scientists to develop better ways to diagnose and treat schizophrenia, a mental illness that can be devastating when not adequately managed, says C. Robert Cloninger, co-author of the study published Sunday in the *American Journal of Psychiatry*.

Cloninger, a professor at the Washington University School of Medicine in St. Louis, and colleagues found that certain genetic profiles matched particular symptoms.

While people with one genetic cluster have disorganized speech, people with another genetic profile hear voices, according to the study, funded by the National Institutes of Health. Some genetic clusters gave people higher risks of the disease, according to the study, which compared the DNA

of 4,200 people with schizophrenia to that of 3,800 healthy people.

— Liz Szabo

Legislators keep time-dishonored ritual

Rituals — some formal, some unspoken — are intrinsic to any society, even if they may be unfathomable to outsiders.

Fraternal lodges, college sororities, criminal gangs, political parties, baseball teams, service clubs, labor unions, military units, religious sects and countless other organizations — and whole nations — employ rituals to solidify group identification.

Then there's the state Capitol, a community of several thousand politicians, staff members and lobbyists inside — but largely isolated from — a larger city.

The Capitol is infused with rituals, some engraved in rules



Dan Walters

and law, but many just traditions. One of them is that the end of any legislative session must be a marathon, running into the wee hours in which odd things happen.

New bills pop up, old ones thought dead are resurrected and some magically acquire amendments of uncertain ori-

gin.

How could one rationally explain to an ordinary Californian, for instance, why a bill dealing with the training of painters made its first appearance at 2 a.m. Saturday, just minutes before the Legislature was to finally adjourn?

One cannot rationally explain it, or why the session's final night stretched that late when the legal deadline for passing bills was still 48 hours away, and when legislators just sat around, or engaged in flowery paeans to departing members, for many hours earlier in the day.

In part, the ritual is purposeful. Having hundreds of bills, close to half of the Legis-

lature's annual output, handled on one final day creates confusion and thus an opportunity for bills that might not survive the normal process to make it to the governor's desk.

It's also a pressure cooker. When it's do-or-die time, interest groups that may have battled for months or even years to a stalemate become willing to deal.

The most famous — or infamous — end-of-session deal was cooked up in Frank Fat's restaurant near the Capitol in 1987. Willie Brown, then the speaker of the Assembly, and lobbyists for medical providers, personal injury attorneys, the tobacco industry and business interests agreed on a

wide-ranging tort law overhaul whose provisions were jotted onto a napkin.

There's also the fatigue factor. At some point, legislators are willing to vote for almost anything to escape from the Capitol and get some sleep.

However, it cannot be denied that for some strange reason, many of the Capitol's denizens look forward to the hectic final night.

It's an irrational, undemocratic and sometimes hurtful way to make policy for 38 million Californians. But it's a hoary ritual unlikely to end.

Reach Dan Walters at dwalters@sacbee.com

The Desert Sun
A28
PG
Sept 7th
2014

MISSISSIPPI Poplarville: A tied election for alderman will be decided by candidates drawing straws, unless the voter who lacked a government-issued photo ID shows up with a valid one before next Tuesday. Glenn Bolin and Stephanie Bounds each received 177 votes in Tuesday's special election.

PENNSYLVANIA State College: A Penn State student is gaining an Internet reputation as a "squirrel whisperer" for be-friending a furry little friend she has named Sneezy. Junior Mary Krupa told WJAC-TV that she's able to dress up the squirrel in party hats.

INDIANA Indianapolis: An annual festival celebrating bats is coming to Indianapolis. The Eighth Annual Indiana Bat Festival will be held Sept. 13 on the Indiana University-Purdue University at Indianapolis campus. It will be the first time the bat-centric event has been held outside of Terre Haute, where it's been hosted by Indiana State University.

32 TEENS ESCAPE DETENTION CENTER IN NASHVILLE

Thirty-two teens "overwhelmed" their minders and escaped Monday night from a juvenile detention center near Nashville by crawling under a weak spot in a fence, a state government spokesman said.

Eight teens still were on the run on Tuesday.

Police caught up with some walking along roads or coming out of the woods. Some turned

themselves in. And some were swiftly delivered back to the detention center by their own families.

The teens — ages 14 to 19 — left their rooms at the Woodland Hills Youth Development Center at about 11 p.m. Monday and "overwhelmed" the staff in a common area, said Tennessee Department of Children's Services spokesman Rob Johnson.

None of the 16 to 18 staff members on duty was hurt, officials said.

VOMAN, 98, WANTS RECORD CLEARED IN ESPIONAGE CASE

A 98-year-old New Jersey woman convicted of conspiracy in the run-up to the atomic spy trial of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg asked a court Tuesday to clear her name, saying documents released in the past decade show that the government withheld evidence that would have exonerated her.

Miriam Moskowitz brought the legal action in Manhattan federal court seeking to vacate her 1950 conviction on charges she conspired with two men to lie to a grand jury investigating allegations of atomic espionage. She was sentenced to two years in prison.

In court papers, Moskowitz said she was working on a book about her case in 2010 when she

spotted conflicts between the trial testimony of a former colleague who testified against her and statements he made to the FBI that were read to the grand jury. She said she learned in March that she could ask the court to vacate her conviction.

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Wednesday, Sept. 24, the 267th day of 2014. There are 98 days left in the year. The Jewish New Year, Rosh Hashanah, begins at sunset.

On this date in:

1869: Thousands of businessmen were ruined in a Wall Street panic known as "Black Friday" after financiers Jay Gould and James Fisk attempted to corner the gold market.

1890: The president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, Wil-

ford Woodruff, wrote a manifesto renouncing the practice of polygamy.

1929: Lt. James H. Doolittle guided a Consolidated NY-2 Biplane over Mitchel Field in New York in the first all-instrument flight.

1948: Mildred Gillars, accused of being Nazi wartime radio propagandist "Axis Sally," pleaded not guilty in Washington, D.C., to charges of treason. (Gillars, later convicted, ended up serving 12 years in prison.)

1957: The Los Angeles-bound Brooklyn Dodgers played their last game at Ebbets Field.

1960: "The Howdy Doody Show" ended a nearly 13-year run with its final telecast on NBC.

1964: The situation comedy "The Munsters" premiered on CBS television. The adventures series "Daniel Boone," starring Fess Parker, debuted on NBC.

1976: Former hostage Patricia Hearst was sentenced to seven years in prison for her part in a 1974 bank robbery in San Francisco carried out by the Symbionese Liberation Army. (Hearst was released after 22 months.)

1988: Members of the eastern Massachusetts Episcopal diocese elected Bar-

bara C. Harris the first female bishop in the church's history.

1991: Children's author Theodor Seuss Geisel better known as "Dr. Seuss," died in La Jolla, Calif., at age 87.

2004: Iraq's interim prime minister, Ayad Allawi appealed to world leaders at the U.N. General Assembly to unite behind his country's effort to rein in spiraling violence, lighten the foreign debt and improve security ahead of the January elections.

Thought for today: "There was never a nation great until it came to the knowledge that it had nowhere in the world to go for help." — Charles Dudley Warner, American author and editor (1829-1900).

Do your hands give away your age?

Before

After



NEW HAMPSHIRE Lancaster:

A woman accused of ransacking the grave of her father in search of his "real will" is asking a judge to dismiss the charge, arguing the body was never destroyed or removed. Eddie Nash, a businessman, died of a heart attack in 2004 at 68. His cement vault at

the Colebrook Village Cemetery was found cracked in May, the casket opened and his remains searched through.

NEBRASKA Omaha: Police who opened fire while disrupting a robbery Tuesday night at a restaurant struck and killed a crew-member with the *Cops* TV show and the suspect, who was carrying a pellet gun, authorities said. *Cops* is a reality TV show that depicts law enforcement officers in action.

VERMONT Lyndonville: Work on the 140-year-old Sanborn Covered Bridge that is in danger of falling into the Passumpsic River has stopped for lack of money. Tim Andrews of the National Society For The Preservation of Covered Bridges said \$400,000 is needed to start work and another \$800,000 is needed to complete the project.

TOMATOES FLY IN AMSTERDAM



PETER DEJONG, AP

Amsterdam's central Dam Square was a red pulpy mess Sunday, as entrepreneurs seized upon Russia's boycott of European produce to set up a tomato-throwing fight.

MICHIGAN Deer Park: The Great Lakes Shipwreck Historical Society announced the discovery of the Nelson, a schooner that sank in 1899, killing nine people. It is submerged in 200 feet of water and is "amazingly intact," the society reported.

ALASKA Bethel: Archaeologists have found artifacts in western Alaska that they say provide a look into ancient Yup'ik culture that has never been seen. The artifacts were uncovered by archaeologists and students from the University of Aberdeen in Scotland, at the ancient village site of Arolik near Quinhagak. The artifacts include household items, jewelry and weapons. The oldest dates back as far as 700 years.

SUPERIOR NATIONAL FOREST MINNESOTA

This northern reserve area not only offers incredible canoeing and recreational opportunities in the Boundary Waters Canoe Area

Wilderness but also vast forests. "It bridges into the wild landscapes of Canada," Hodder says, a transition between pine hardwoods and boreal forests. There's also a chance to see moose, wolves and lynx. 218-626-4300; fs.usda.gov/superior/

SLOPPY JOE'S

KEY WEST, FLA.

While it's now a tourist favorite, there's no denying the authenticity of Hemingway's favorite bar, which opened on Dec. 5, 1933, the day Prohibition was repealed.

"If you want to have a daiquiri and drink like Papa, that's the place to go," David says. The Pulitzer Prize-winner ordered the rum-based Papa Doble, which is still on the menu. 305-294-5717; *sloppyjoes.com*



UTAH Salt Lake City: Paleontologists are excavating the first dinosaur ever discovered in Utah, 155 years after a geologist discovered the skeleton of the mammoth plant-eater during an Army engineering survey of the West. The site's location was lost for decades, and the work hasn't continued until now.

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Saturday, August 16, the 228th day of 2014. There are 137 days left in the year.

Highlights in history on this date:

1777: American forces won the Revolutionary War Battle of Bennington.

1812: Detroit fell to British and Indian forces in the War of 1812.

1858: A telegraphed message from Britain's Queen Victoria to President James Buchanan was transmitted over the recently laid trans-Atlantic cable.

1861: President Abraham Lincoln issued Proclamation 86, which prohibited the states of the Union from engaging in commercial trade with states in rebellion, namely, the Confederacy.

1937: The American Federation of Radio Artists was chartered.

1948: Baseball legend Babe Ruth died in New York at age 53.

1954: Sports Illustrated was first published by Time Inc.

1956: Adlai E. Stevenson was nominated for president at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago.

1960: Britain ceded control of the crown colony of Cyprus.

1962: The Beatles fired their original drummer, Pete Best, replacing him with Ringo Starr.

1977: Elvis Presley died at his Graceland estate in Memphis, Tennessee, at age 42.

1987: 156 people were killed when Northwest Airlines Flight 255 crashed while trying to

take off from Detroit; the sole survivor was 4-year-old Cecelia Cichan. People worldwide began a two-day celebration of the "harmonic convergence," which heralded what believers called the start of a new, purer age of humankind.

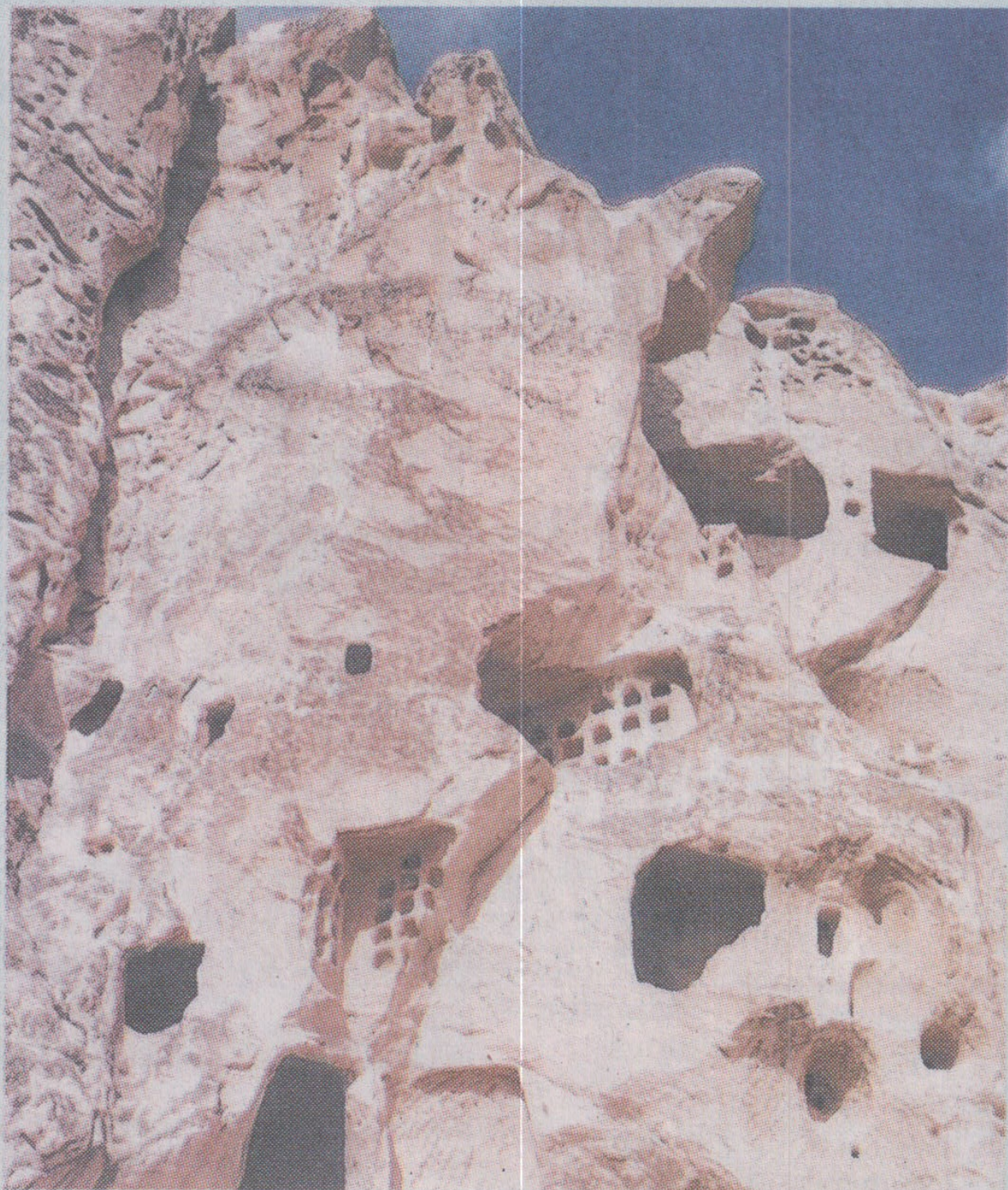
1999: The U.S. version of the quiz show "Who Wants to Be a Millionaire," hosted by Regis Philbin, began a limited two-week run on ABC.

2004: President George W. Bush announced a plan to bring home two Army divisions from Cold War-era bases in Germany. Election officials in Venezuela announced that voters had overwhelmingly chosen to keep President Hugo Chavez in office.

2009: Negotiators averted a strike against the San Francisco Bay Area's commuter rail hours before a midnight deadline. Y.E. Yang of South Korea became the first Asian-born player to win one of golf's majors with a three-stroke win over Tiger Woods at the PGA Championship in Chaska, Minnesota.

2013: In a spacewalk lasting seven hours and 29 minutes, Russian cosmonauts rigged cable outside the International Space Station for a new lab that was due to arrive in a few months.

Thought for today: "The most persistent threat to freedom, to the rights of Americans, is fear." — George Meany



ALASTAIR BONNETT

In ancient Cappadocia, you're truly going underground.

CAPPADOCIA, TURKEY

Central Turkey is home to what may be several hundred underground cities. Residents developed the ancient settlements for protection, Bonnett says. "They were living in fear, and when they knew they were going to be attacked, they'd take their entire community and go underground." Now visitors can tour ruins and even stay in underground hotels. goturkey.com

WHITE MOUNTAIN NATIONAL FOREST **NEW HAMPSHIRE**

Hodder started his conservation career building hiking trails in this New England reserve, and he saw firsthand how visitors from urban areas were inspired by the landscape. "The fall is beautiful here," he says. "The birch, maple and beech look like a bowl of fruit loops with all the colors."

603-536-6100; [fs.usda.gov/white
mountain](https://fs.usda.gov/white-mountain)

TIKI TI

LOS ANGELES

Drinkers worldwide can thank California for popularizing the tiki bar, and this 1961 spot is one of the originals. "L.A.'s contribution to cocktail history is the tiki drink," David says. The bar's Zombie is probably the most authentic served anywhere. 323-669-9381; *tiki-ti.com*

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Tuesday, Sept. 16, the 259th day of 2014. There are 106 days left in the year. Highlights in history on this date:

In 1498, Tomas de Torquemada, notorious for his role in the Spanish Inquisition, died in Avila, Spain.

In 1810, Mexicans were inspired to begin their successful revolt against Spanish rule by Father Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla and his "Grito de Dolores (Cry of Dolores)."

In 1893, more than 100,000 settlers swarmed onto a section of land in Oklahoma known as the "Cherokee Strip."

In 1908, General Motors was founded in Flint, Michigan, by William C. Durant.

In 1914, "Candid Camera" creator Allen Funt was born in New York.

In 1919, the American Legion received a national charter from Congress.

In 1953, "The Robe," the first

movie presented in the wide-screen process CinemaScope, had its world premiere at the Roxy Theater in New York.

In 1974, President Gerald R. Ford announced a conditional amnesty program for Vietnam war deserters and draft-evaders.

In 1982, the massacre of between 1,200 and 1,400 Palestinian men, women and children at the hands of Israeli-allied Christian Phalange militiamen began in

west Beirut's Sabra and Shatila refugee camps.

In 1994, two astronauts from the space shuttle Discovery went on the first untethered spacewalk in ten years.

In 2004, The National Hockey League lockout went into effect.

In 2007, O.J. Simpson was arrested in the alleged armed robbery of sports memorabilia collectors in Las Vegas. (Simpson was later convicted of kidnapping and

armed robbery and sentenced to nine to 33 years in prison.)

In 2013, Aaron Alexis, a former U.S. Navy reservist, went on a shooting rampage inside the Washington Navy

Yard, killing 12 victims before being shot dead by police.

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Early Bird discount DAYS  Purchase Adv. Tix @ cinemark.com
CINEMARK OFFERS EARLY BIRD PRICING & DISCOUNT DAYS AT PARTICIPATING LOCATIONS
CENTURY @ THE RIVER AND VN

 **CAMELOT THEATRES**
NOW PLAYING:
MAGIC IN THE MOONLIGHT (PG-13)*
Fri - Thu: 12:30, 5:30
A MOST WANTED MAN (R)*
Fri - Wed: 12:15, 5:15
Thu: 12:15 PM

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Sunday, August 17, the 229th day of 2014. There are 136 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1510: Pedro Navarro, having taken Algiers and Tripoli for Spain, is killed in ambush in North Africa.

1577: Peace of Bergerac

ends Sixth War of Religion in France, whereby Huguenots secure important concessions for exercising their religion.

1626: Flemish forces under Count Tilly defeat Denmark's King Christian IV at Lutter, east Germany, leading to the sack of Jutland and Denmark's exit from the Thirty Years' War.

1743: Sweden cedes southern Finland to Russia in the Peace of Åbo.

1759: British fleet under Admiral Boscawen defeats French off Cape St. Vincent in West Indies.

1863: Federal ships bombard Fort Sumter in Charleston, South Carolina, harbor during America's Civil War.

1896: Gold is discovered in Klondike territory, Canada, attracting 100,000 adventurers in a two-year rush.

1920: Romania joins Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia in alliance that becomes Triple Entente, where each country pledges not to conclude peace separately.

1945: Sukarno proclaims Indonesian independence, but it is refused by the Dutch.

1954: Two-thousand religious pilgrims drown in a flash flood at the Muslim shrine of the Imam Zadeh Davud in Farahzad, Iran.

1962: East German border guards shoot and kill an 18-year-old who attempted to cross over the Berlin Wall into the western sector.

1964: Congolese Premier Moïse Tshombé appeals to five African nations to help put down rebellion in the Congo.

1972: Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Dayan offers an interim peace agreement with Egypt based on a truce line dividing the Sinai Peninsula.

1976: Tidal wave on Philippine island of Mindanao leaves estimated 8,000 people dead or missing.

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Thursday, August 21, the 233th day of 2014. There are 132 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1614: Transylvanian Countess Elizabeth Bathory, believed complicit in the killings of dozens, possibly hundreds, of young women and girls, was found dead at age 54 nearly four years after being sealed off in her castle chambers.

1831: Nat Turner led a violent slave rebellion in Virginia resulting in the deaths of at least 55 white people. (He was later executed.)

1858: The first of seven debates between Illinois senatorial contenders Abraham Lincoln and Stephen Douglas took place.

1911: Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa" was stolen from the Louvre Museum in Paris. (The painting was recovered two years later in Italy.)

1940: Exiled Communist revolutionary Leon Trotsky died in a Mexican hospital from wounds inflicted by an assassin the day before.

1944: The United States, the United Kingdom, the Soviet Union and the Republic of China opened talks at Dumbarton Oaks in Washington that helped pave the way for establishment of the United Nations. (The talks concluded on Oct. 7.)

1959: President Dwight D. Eisenhower signed an executive order making Hawaii the 50th state.

1963: Martial law was declared in South Vietnam as police and army troops began a violent crackdown on Buddhist anti-government protesters.

1972: The Republican National Convention opened in Miami Beach.

1983: Philippine opposition leader Benigno S. Aquino Jr., ending a self-imposed exile in the United States, was shot dead moments after stepping off a plane at Manila International Airport.

The musical play "La Cage Aux Folles" opened on Broadway.

1984: Democratic vice-presidential nominee Geraldine Ferraro appeared

before reporters in Queens, N.Y., to field questions about her family's finances.

1991: The hard-line coup against Soviet President Mikhail S. Gorbachev collapsed in the face of a popular uprising led by Russian Federation President Boris N. Yeltsin.

1993: In a setback for NASA, engineers lost contact with the Mars Observer spacecraft as it was about to reach the red planet on a \$980 million mission.

2004: The International Gymnastics Federation ruled that South Korean Yang Tae-young had been unfairly docked a tenth of a point in the all-around gymnastics final at the Athens Olympics, costing him the gold medal that ended up going to Paul Hamm of the United States; however, the ruling did not change the final result in which Yang received the bronze.

2009: A wildfire broke out north of Athens, Greece; in the days that followed, the blaze spread, charring 80 square miles before being extinguished.

A high-level delegation of North Korean officials paid their respects to late former South Korean President Kim Dae-jung.

Leaders of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America voted to lift a ban that prohibited sexually active gays and lesbians from serving as ministers.

2013: Army Pfc. Bradley Manning was sentenced at Fort Meade, Md., to up to 35 years in prison for spilling an unprecedented trove of government secrets. The National Security Agency declassified three secret court opinions showing how in one of its surveillance programs, it scooped up as many as 56,000 emails and other communications by Americans not connected to terrorism annually over three years. Former space shuttle astronaut C. Gordon Fullerton, 76, died in Lancaster, Calif.

Thought for today: "Old age is the most unexpected of all the things that happen to a man." —Leon Trotsky (1879-1940).

Today is Thursday, Aug. 28, the 240th day of 2014. There are 125 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1609: English sea explorer Henry Hudson and his ship, the Half Moon, reached present-day Delaware Bay.

1862: The Second Battle of Bull Run began in Prince William County, Va., during the Civil War; the result was a Confederate victory.

1922: The first-ever radio commercial aired on station WEAJ in New York City; the 10-minute advertisement was for the Queensboro Realty Co., which had paid a fee of \$100.

1944: During World War II, German forces in Toulon and Marseille, France, surrendered to Allied troops.

1945: The Allies began occupying Japan at the end of World War II.

1955: Emmett Till, a black teenager from Chicago, was abducted from his uncle's home in Money, Miss., by two white men after he had supposedly whistled at a white woman; he was found brutally slain three days later.

1963: More than 200,000 people listened as the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. delivered his "I Have a Dream" speech in front of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C.

1964: Two days of race-related rioting erupted in North Philadelphia over a false rumor that white police officers had beaten to death a pregnant black woman.

1968: Police and anti-war demonstrators clashed in the streets of Chicago as the Democratic National Convention nominated Hubert H. Humphrey for president.

1972: Mark Spitz of the United States won the first two of his seven gold medals at the Munich Olympics, finishing first in the 200-meter butterfly and anchoring the 400-meter freestyle relay. The Soviet women gymnasts won the team all-around.

Thought for today: "The man who views the world at fifty the same as he did at twenty has wasted thirty years of his life." — Muhammad Ali, American boxing champion (1942-).

DRESSED UP AND SOMEWHERE TO GO



JENS MEYER, AP

People dressed in Baroque costumes walk during the opening of the Baroque Festival in Gotha, Germany, on Friday.

ANCIENT GREEK TOMB DIG FINDS MARBLE STATUES

Archaeologists slowly digging through a huge 2,300-year-old tomb in northern Greece have uncovered two life-sized marble female statues flanking the entrance to one of three underground chambers.

A Culture Ministry statement said the statues show "exceptional artistic quality." Their upper sections were discovered last week, but their bodies — in semi-transparent robes — emerged after part of a blocking wall was removed Thursday.

The excavation has gripped Greece for a month, since Prime Minister Antonis Samaras visited it and pre-empted archaeologists by releasing details on the findings. A media frenzy ensued amid speculation that the tomb may contain buried riches.

VIRGINIA Richmond: The Virginia Association of Museums is out with the state's top 10 Endangered Artifacts. They include the state's oldest bateaux, a river boat used for cargo, in Charles County, and a general store ledger dating to 1798.

POPE FRANCIS SAYS HE SEES, IN ESSENCE, WORLD WAR III

Pope Francis urged the world Saturday to shed its apathy in the face of what he characterizes as a third world war, intoning "war is madness" at the foot of a grandiose monument to soldiers killed in World War I.

Francis' aim in recalling those who died in the Great War that broke out 100 years ago was to honor the victims of all wars, and it came at a time when his calls for peace have grown ever more urgent amid new threats in the Middle East and Ukraine.

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Monday, September 15, the 258th day of 2014. There are 107 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1590: Giovanni Battista signs treaty with French Huguenots to bring army of 156,000

German and Swiss mercenaries into France.

1776: British forces occupy New York City during the American Revolution.

1777: Polish Count Casimir Pulaski is commissioned major general in American Revolutionary Army.

1810: Mexico rejects Spanish rule.

1935: The Nuremberg laws are passed, making discrimination against Jews part of

Germany's national policy and making the swastika the official symbol of Nazi Germany.

1950: U.N. forces under U.S. Gen. Douglas MacArthur land at Inchon, South Korea, halt-

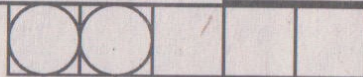
ing North Korean advance.

1959: Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev is welcomed by U.S. President Dwight Eisenhower as he arrives for an unprecedented two-week visit to the U.S.

JUMBLE

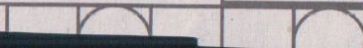
Unscramble these four Jumbles, one letter to each square, to form four ordinary words.

AZTOP



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HOOTP



THAT SCRAMBLED WORD GAME
by David L. Hoyt and Jeff Knurel

Our new campaign has given us the market share lead.



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TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Wednesday, August 13, the 225th day of 2014. There are 140 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1624: King Louis XIII of France appointed Cardinal Richelieu his first minister.

1846: The American flag was raised for the first time in Los Angeles.

1910: Florence Nightingale, the founder of modern nursing, died in London at age 90.

1932: Adolf Hitler rejected the post of vice chancellor of Germany, saying he was prepared to hold out "for all or nothing."

1934: The satirical comic strip "Li'l Abner," created by Al Capp, made its debut.

1946: Author H.G. Wells, 79, died in London.

1961: East Germany sealed off the border between Berlin's eastern and western sectors and began building a wall that would stand for the next 28 years.

1981: In a ceremony at his California ranch, President Ronald Reagan signed a historic package of tax and budget reductions.

1989: Searchers in Ethiopia found the wreckage of a plane which had disappeared almost a week earlier while carrying Rep. Mickey Leland, D-Texas, and 14 other people — none survived.

2004: A stronger-than-expected Hurricane Charley roared ashore Florida's Gulf Coast as a dangerous Category 4 storm, resulting in at least 10 U.S. deaths. Hutu marauders raided a U.N. refugee camp in western Burundi, shooting and hacking at least 150 Congolese Tutsis to death. TV chef Julia Child died in Montecito, California, two days short of her 92nd birthday.

2009: The Philadelphia Eagles signed Michael Vick to a one-year deal, prompting criticism from animal rights activists over his role in a dogfighting ring. NFL commissioner Roger Goodell suspended Cleveland Browns receiver Donte Stallworth for the entire season after Stallworth served 24 days in jail for DUI manslaughter in the death of 59-year-old Mario Reyes in Miami.

2013: Israel released 26 Palestinian inmates, many convicted in grisly killings, on the eve of long-stalled peace talks, angering families of those killed by the prisoners.

SMOKE 'EM IF YOU GOT 'EM

Select a few fine cigars and a couple of fingers of Glenfiddich to bask in perhaps the most masculine spot tucked away in The Forum Shops at Caesars Palace: Casa Fuente. The Fuente family has been in the cigar-making business for more than a century, producing premium smokes from the Dominican Republic tobacco, and its smoky lounge is a must-stop for stogie aficionados.

casafuente.com/home.html

19TH CENTURY BRITISH EXPLORER SHIP FOUND

One of two British explorer ships that disappeared in the Arctic 170 years ago has been found by a remotely operated underwater vehicle, Canadian Prime Minister Stephen Harper said. The HMS Erebus and HMS Terror were last seen in the 1840s. The ships were led by British Arctic explorer Sir John Franklin.

PALACE HOTEL SALOON

PRESCOTT, ARIZ.

This Wild West tavern opened in 1877, and soon attracted regulars like Wyatt and Virgil Earp, as well as Doc Holliday of O.K. Corral fame. "It's a place you want to come in and slap your hand on the bar and say 'Give me a rye,'" David says. "You get that sense of history, the authenticity, the creakiness of the boards, and all that adds to the flavor of the drinks." 928-541-1996; historicpalace.com

RAISING A GLASS TO OKTOBERFEST



CHRISTOF STACHE, AFP/GETTY IMAGES

Visitors celebrate the 181st beer festival Saturday in Munich.

CALAVERAS BIG TREES STATE PARK CALIFORNIA

Although not as tall as redwoods, sequoia trees are bigger around and can live for up to 3,000 years. Reserves like Calaveras “are where the true giants are still found,” Hodder says. “These are the forests that inspired (early conservationist) John Muir.” 209-795-2334; parks.ca.gov/?page_id=551

Today is Wednesday, September 17, the 260th day of 2014. There are 105 days left in the year.

Highlights in history on this date:

1787: The Constitution of the United States was completed and signed by a majority of delegates attending the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia.

1862: More than 3,600 men were killed in the Civil War Battle of Antietam in Maryland.

1908: Lt. Thomas E. Selfridge of the U.S. Army Signal Corps became the first person to die in the crash of a powered aircraft, the Wright Flyer, at Fort Myer, Virginia, just outside Washington, D.C.

1937: The likeness of President Abraham Lincoln's head was dedicated at Mount Rushmore.

1939: The Soviet Union invaded Poland during World War II, more than two weeks after Nazi Germany had launched its assault.

1944: During World War II, Allied paratroopers launched Operation Market Garden, landing behind German lines in the Netherlands. (After initial success, the Allies were beaten back by the Germans.)

1954: The novel "Lord of the Flies" by William Golding was first published by Faber & Faber of London.

1964: The James Bond movie "Goldfinger," starring Sean

Connery, premiered in London. The fantasy sitcom "Bewitched," starring Elizabeth Montgomery, debuted on ABC-TV.

1971: Citing health reasons, Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black, 85, retired. (Black, who was succeeded by Lewis F. Powell Jr., died eight days after making his announcement.)

1978: After meeting at Camp David, Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin (men-AH'-kem BAY'-gihn) and Egyptian President Anwar Sadat signed a framework for a peace treaty.

1984: Progressive Conservative leader Brian Mulroney took office as Canada's 18th prime minister.

1994: Heather Whitestone of

Alabama was crowned the first deaf Miss America.

2004: President Vladimir Putin said Russia was "seriously preparing" for pre-emptive strikes against terrorists, as Chechen warlord Shamil Basayev took responsibility for a school hostage-taking and other attacks that had claimed more than 430 lives. San Francisco's Barry Bonds hit the 700th home run of his career, joining Babe Ruth (714) and Hank Aaron (755) as the only players to reach the milestone (San Francisco beat San Diego, 4-1).

2009: President Barack Obama abruptly canceled a long-planned missile shield for Eastern Europe, replacing a Bush-era project that was bitterly op-

posed by Russia with a plan he contended would better defend against a growing threat of Iranian missiles.

2011: A demonstration calling itself Occupy Wall Street began in New York, prompting similar protests around the U.S. and the world.

2013: Engineers declared success as the Costa Concordia cruise ship was pulled upright during an unprecedented, 19-hour operation to wrench it from its side where it had capsized off Tuscany in 2012.

Thought for today: "The great tragedy of life is not that men perish, but that they cease to love." — W. Somerset Maugham, English author and dramatist (1874-1965).

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Wednesday, August 20, the 232nd day of 2014. There are 133 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1833: Benjamin Harrison, 23rd president of the United States, was born in North Bend, Ohio.

1866: President Andrew Johnson formally declared the Civil War over, months after fighting had stopped.

1882: Tchaikovsky's "1812 Overture" had its premiere in Moscow.

1910: A series of forest fires swept through parts of Idaho, Montana and Washington, killing at least 85 people and burning some 3 million acres.

1940: During World War II, British Prime Minister Winston Churchill paid tribute to the Royal Air Force before the House of Commons, saying,

"Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."

1953: The Soviet Union publicly acknowledged it had tested a hydrogen bomb.

1964: President Lyndon B. Johnson signed the Economic Opportunity Act, a nearly \$1 billion anti-poverty measure.

1972: The Wattstax concert took place at the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum.

1977: The U.S. launched Voyager 2, an unmanned spacecraft carrying a 12-inch copper phonograph record containing greetings in dozens of languages, samples of music and sounds of nature.

1989: Entertainment executive Jose Menendez and his wife, Kitty, were shot to death in their Beverly Hills mansion by their sons, Lyle and Erik. Fifty-

one people died when a pleasure boat sank in the River Thames in London after colliding with a dredger. British conservationist George Adamson, 83, was shot and killed by bandits in Kenya. The situation comedy "Saved by the Bell" premiered on NBC-TV.

1994: Benjamin Chavis Jr. was fired as head of the NAACP after a turbulent 16-month tenure.

2004: Democrats labored to deflect attacks on presidential nominee John Kerry's war record with fresh television ads touting his fitness for national command. In Athens, Michael Phelps matched Mark Spitz's record of four individual gold medals in the Olympic pool with a stirring comeback in the 100-meter butterfly, then removed himself from further competi-

tion.

2009: The only man convicted in the bombing of Pan Am Flight 103 returned home to Libya after his release on compassionate grounds from a Scottish prison. (Abdel Baset al-Megrahi, said to have only months to live because of prostate cancer, died nearly three years later, claiming his innocence.) Afghans voted for a president for the second time ever, but Taliban threats dampened turnout in the militant south. Ryan Alexander Jenkins, a contestant on the VH1 reality show "Megan Wants a Millionaire," was charged with murdering his wife, Jasmine Fiore, whose body was found in Buena Park, California (Jenkins was found dead three days later, an apparent suicide). One-time Super Bowl star Plaxico Burress ac-

cepted a plea bargain with a two-year prison sentence for accidentally shooting himself in the thigh at a Manhattan nightclub.

2013: A Pakistani court indicted former president and army chief Pervez Musharraf on murder charges stemming from the assassination of Prime Minister Benazir Bhutto. Qatar-based Al-Jazeera Media Network launched its U.S. cable news outlet, Al-Jazeera America. Crime novelist Elmore Leonard, 87, died in Bloomfield Township, Michigan. Jazz pianist Marian McPartland, 95, died in Port Washington, New York, of natural causes.

Thought for today: "To the eye of failure success is an accident." — Ambrose Bierce, American author-journalist (1842-1914?).

Standoff ends, no one found inside

By Dave Nyczepir and Colin Atagi

The Desert Sun

Law enforcement officials spent hours outside a Desert Hot Springs apartment building Thursday morning during a standoff, but no one was inside when they entered the building.

Three people were arrested Wednesday night at 68-090 Calle Las Tiendas. Desert Hot Springs police believed a fourth person was inside the home, but officials said Thursday morning that no one was there.

Police and Riverside County sheriff's deputies cleared the area at about 7 a.m. and traffic began to flow on Hacienda Boulevard and Mountain View Road, which were blocked all night. A few officers remained at the scene, but they referred questions to their supervisors.

By 7:30 a.m., all was quiet, compared to the previous several hours.

"I never felt endangered," said Brian Levinson, 50, who lives across from the apartment building. "Police presence was phenomenal. It was more of a show."

According to police, officers went to the home at 8:25 p.m. after someone reported that four people robbed him while he visited the apartment.

Shortly after police arrived, two men and a woman exited the apartment and were arrested.

Officials identified them as Palm Springs resident Andrew Leroy Dezer, 20; Terrin Renee Cho, 23, of Desert Hot Springs and a 17-year-old boy from Palm Springs. They were arrested on suspicion of robbery, assault with a gun, conspiracy and making criminal threats.

On Wednesday night, police Cmdr. John Holcomb said officials thought a third male suspect was inside and he was armed with a shotgun.

Riverside County sheriff's SWAT unit was called in to help Desert Hot Springs police, Holcomb said. They entered the building, but no one was inside. According to police, the incident is still under investigation.

On Thursday, residents said several homes were evacuated and authorities could be seen on roofs.

"It was pretty intense there for awhile," said Tony Cadena, 60, who lives across the street from the building.

EAT AND DRINK AS MEN DO

There's nothing quite like having a steak dinner when you're in Vegas. It's one of the few dining traditions this town has and does exceptionally well. Tom Colicchio's Craftsteak is top-notch, but with a super-simple menu using only high-quality ingredients from small family farms and excellent cuts of meat, including Wagyu beef. Cut a hunk off of a thick rib eye and wash it down with a smoky scotch from the restaurant's extensive collection. The contemporary and dark-wooded steakhouse boasts one of the largest and well-appointed selections of scotch and bourbon on the Strip, with more than 200 labels.

craftrestaurantsinc.com

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Friday, Sept. 12, the 255th day of 2014. There are 110 days left in the year.

On this date:

1814: The Battle of North Point took place in Maryland during the War of 1812 as American forces slowed British troops advancing on Baltimore.

1846: Elizabeth Barrett secretly married Robert Browning at St. Marylebone Church in London.

1914: During World War I, the First Battle of the Marne ended in an Allied victory against Germany.

1938: Adolf Hitler demanded the right of self-determination for the Sudeten Germans in Czechoslovakia.

1953: Massachusetts Sen. John F. Kennedy married Jacqueline Lee Bouvier in Newport, Rhode Island.

1954: The TV show "Lassie" made its debut on CBS.

1960: Democratic presidential candidate John F. Kennedy addressed questions about his Roman Catholic faith, telling a Southern Baptist group, "I do not speak for my church on public matters, and the church does not speak for me."

1962: In a speech at Rice University in Houston, President John F. Kennedy reaffirmed his support for the manned space program, declaring: "We choose to go to the moon in this decade and do the other things, not because they are easy, but because they are hard."

1974: Emperor Haile Selassie was deposed by Ethiopia's military after ruling for 58 years.

1977: South African black student leader Steve Biko died

while in police custody, triggering an international outcry.

1986: Joseph Cicippio, the acting comptroller at the American University in Beirut, was kidnapped (he was released in December 1991).

1994: a stolen, single-engine Cessna crashed into the South Lawn of the White House, coming to rest against the executive mansion; the pilot, Frank Cordeiro, was killed.

2004: US Airways Group Inc. filed for bankruptcy protection for the second time in two years. (The following year, US Airways emerged from bankruptcy protection, clearing the way for a merger with America West Holdings Group.) Ten people were killed in an apartment fire just outside Columbus, Ohio. Hurricane Ivan battered the Cayman Is-

lands with ferocious 150-mph winds. Playwright Jerome Chodorov died in Nyack, New York, at age 93.

2009: Tens of thousands of protesters marched to the U.S. Capitol, showing their disdain for President Barack Obama's health care plan. The president, keeping up the drumbeat for his proposal, told a packed rally in Minneapolis, "I will not accept the status quo. Not this time. Not now." Serena Williams' U.S. Open title defense ended with a bizarre loss to Kim Clijsters after Williams went into a tirade against a line judge who'd called her for a foot fault; following her outburst, Williams was penalized a point for unsportsmanlike conduct, ending the match, 6-4, 7-5. Norman Borlaug, 95, the father of the "green revolution" who won the Nobel

Peace Prize for his role in combating world hunger, died in Dallas.

2013: Omar Hammami, an American who became one of Somalia's most visible Islamic rebels, was killed by rivals in the al-Qaida-linked extremist group al-Shabab. The U.S. space agency NASA announced that Voyager 1, launched 36 years earlier, had crossed a new frontier, becoming the first man-made spacecraft ever to leave the solar system. American inventor Ray Dolby, 80, founder of Dolby Laboratories, died in San Francisco.

Thought for today: "We must be willing to pay a price for freedom, for no price that is ever asked for it is half the cost of doing without it." — H.L. Mencken, American author and journalist (1880-1956).

GIARRE, ITALY

This corner of Sicily offers modern archaeological ruins. It contains 25 huge, unfinished structures built in the past 60 years as part of an anti-Mafia public-works project — the aim was to give residents jobs so they wouldn't join the region's notorious crime syndicates. But the buildings never were completed; shells of a swimming pool, park and athletic and polo field remain. "These are enormous and pointless projects — unfinished megastructures," Bonnett says. "They are quite magnificent."

italiantourism.com

TODAY IN HISTORY

1327: Edward II of England is murdered at Berkely Castle, eight months after he was forced to abdicate by his queen and her lover.

1529: Turks under Suleiman I begin an unsuccessful siege of Vienna.

1746: French forces conquer Madras, India, after brief siege.

1792: The National Convention formally abolishes the monarchy in France and declares a republic the next day.

1802: Napoleon Bonaparte of France annexes Piedmont in Italy.

1860: Anglo-French troops defeat Chinese at Pa-Li-Chau.

1896: British force under Horatio Kitchener takes Dongola in the Sudan.

1898: Tzu-Hsi, dowager Empress of China, seizes power and revokes reforms.

1931: Britain goes off the gold standard.

1939: Premier Armand Calinescu of Romania is assassinated by the Iron Guard.

1938: Hurricane kills more than 700 people in New England and on Long Island in the northeastern United States.

1949: West Germany comes into existence as U.S., British and French occupation zones are transferred to German control; People's Republic of China is proclaimed by its Communist leaders.

1950: U.N. forces spring an offensive in South Korea by invading Inchon and Seoul with U.S. Marines fighting on the outskirts of Seoul.

1956: Nicaraguan dictator Anastasio Somoza is shot by a liberal poet. He dies eight days later and is succeeded by his son.

1960: United Nations deploys 4,000 troops to Katanga to prevent the massacre of Baluba tribesmen by provincial troops and police in Congo.

1964: Malta becomes independent state within British Commonwealth.

1972: Ferdinand Marcos proclaims martial law in the Philippines and jails thousands of opponents. He stays in power till 1986.

GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS NATIONAL PARK

TENNESSEE/NORTH CAROLINA

The nation's most popular national park has rare old-growth hardwood forests. Home to elk and rare creatures like giant hellbender salamanders, "the Central Appalachians also have the highest biodiversity of any temperate forest," Hodder says. It's even recognized as a UNESCO World Heritage Site. 865-436-1200; nps.gov/grsm/index.htm

BELL IN HAND

BOSTON

Town crier Jimmy Wilson took his bar's name from his former profession — he indeed held a bell in hand. He wouldn't serve hard liquor when he opened shop in 1795. Instead, patrons stopped by this spot near Faneuil Hall for ale. "That's where Daniel Webster used to drop in to drink," Lesley says. "You feel that history. It's very exciting." 617-227-2098; bellinhand.com

OHIO Kettering: The police department wants residents to stop reporting crimes on its Facebook page. Spokesman Ron Roberts said the page is not monitored around the clock, and residents should call 911 or police dispatchers if they witness a crime in progress.

NEW MEXICO Las Cruces: A prehistoric elephant skull called one of the most intact ever found is now part of a New Mexico

Museum of Natural History and Science exhibit in Albuquerque. The 3 million-year-old stegomastodon fossil was found at Elephant Butte Lake.

MASSACHUSETTS Boston: A Beacon Hill residents association has sued the city to stop the installation of sidewalk ramps for the disabled. The group says materials to be used would spoil the historic character of the neighborhood.

SOUTH CAROLINA Charleston :

Archaeologists will begin looking for evidence of Gadsden's Wharf, where more than 70,000 slaves first set foot in the USA from 1803 to 1807. A \$75 million International African American Museum is planned for the site.

RIO SECCO GOLF CLUB

Just 12 miles from the Strip, this Rees Jones design is the closest — and one of the best — of the pure desert designs around town. Rio Secco is home to world-renowned instructor and former Tiger Woods mentor Butch Harmon and his golf school. The televised Wendy's 3-Tour Challenge is played on the course. Owned by Caesars Entertainment, Rio Secco also offers the T-Mates option, provocatively dressed female caddies. But the golf course is the main attraction, at rates from \$79 in summer to an average \$129 in peak season, with discounts available for guests of Caesars' properties and members of its Total Rewards program.

riosecco.net/

ARNE, ENGLAND

During the World War II, the British built a fake town near the village of Arne to confuse German bombers. The area was set on fire, and invaders attacked the so-called sacrificial village, sparing actual population centers. "The whole place was bombed to bits," Bonnett says. Decades later, it became a nature reserve and bird sanctuary. "The tranquility contrasts with the violence of the past."

*[rspb.org.uk/
reserves/guide/a/arne/](https://rspb.org.uk/reserves/guide/a/arne/)*

COMMUNITY BRIEFS

'Day of the Dead' fest follows Halloween

The second annual Day of the Dead, or Dia de los Muertos, cultural festival will get underway Nov. 1 in Cathedral City, officials announced.

The free event will take place at the Desert Memorial Park from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

The Palm Springs Cemetery District and the non-profit Well in the Desert are sponsoring the festival. More information is available by calling (760) 327-8577.

City News Service

GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK ARIZONA AND UTAH

Forget the canyon for a moment. This 1.2-million-acre national park also contains the Powell Plateau, an isolated area that may be the last old-growth ponderosa pine forest in existence. Because of its remote location, there's no logging or fire suppression. "The forest is laced with lupine meadows, which make for a really spectacular visit," Hodder says. 928-638-7888; nps.gov/grca

THE GREEN MILL

CHICAGO

What better place to throw back a drink than at one of mobster Al Capone's hangouts? The original rum-runner favored this speak-easy, which dates to 1907, because he could sit with a view of the entire bar and quickly escape into a tunnel to elude police. "It's now a music venue, but it has great history. And it still has Capone's favorite booth," Lesley says. 773-878-5552; greenmilljazz.com

Salton Sea odors caused by gas trigger advisory by air agency

By Ian James

The Desert Sun

The South Coast Air Quality Management District issued an odor advisory Thursday after an air monitor near the Salton Sea detected higher-than-normal levels of a gas that smells like rotten eggs.

The agency said concentrations of hydrogen sulfide reached 46 parts per billion on Wednesday night at an air monitor immediately downwind of the lake. That was above the state standard of 30 parts per billion.

Lower levels of the gas were recorded by an air monitoring device in Mecca.

Hydrogen sulfide is produced by decaying material in the Salton Sea. The air pollution control agency said that when there are such levels of the gas in the air, people may have headaches or become nauseated.

The advisory was in effect on Thursday, and the agency said it would issue another advisory on Friday if warranted.

The agency issued a similar odor advisory earlier this week when odors from the Salton Sea drifted into parts of the Coachella Valley.

NEW MEXICO Las Cruces: A prehistoric elephant skull called one of the most intact ever found is now part of a New Mexico

Museum of Natural History and Science exhibit in Albuquerque. The 3 million-year-old stegomastodon fossil was found at Elephant Butte Lake.

MASSACHUSETTS Boston: A Beacon Hill residents association has sued the city to stop the installation of sidewalk ramps for the disabled. The group says materials to be used would spoil the historic character of the neighborhood.

RELAX – NO ONE'S GETTING WAXED

We promise, there's nothing unmanly about getting a spa treatment. The opulent spas at Wynn and Encore offer a package they refer to as the Men's Executive Retreat, so you still sound like a boss. An 80-minute deep-tissue massage is followed by a 50-minute facial specifically designed for men. It involves a two-part exfoliation system with vitamins, minerals and extracts to lessen irritation associated with shaving. With every treatment you also get to hang out in the spa's relaxation areas, including hot and cold pools, saunas and steam rooms so you can sweat out the toxins and get back to your very Vegas experience.

wynnlasvegas.com/

TIME LANDSCAPE

NEW YORK

A tiny corner of Lower Manhattan offers a glimpse of the past. The city park, created by artist Alan Sonfist, features only plants that existed in New York before European colonization, from red cedar trees to Virginia creeper vines to violets. "It's a park in the form of a time capsule, a memorial to the departed natural landscape," Bonnett says. *GoNYC.com*

BIG CYPRESS NATIONAL PRESERVE **FLORIDA**

The unique subtropical forests of southern Florida include cypress swamps and hardwood hammocks with trees like gumbo limbo and West Indian mahogany. "There are cool, otherworldly plant communities. It's a web of water, forest, marsh and prairie that stretches for miles," Hodder says. The public can access the area through sites like Fakahatchee Strand Preserve State Park, Picayune Strand State Forest and Everglades National Park. 239-695-2000; nps.gov/bicy/index.htm

SAZERAC BAR

NEW ORLEANS

It's hard to pick just one historic bar in New Orleans, David says. "As a city, it's really the heart and soul of the American cocktail." But he likes this watering hole at the Roosevelt Hotel, which dates to 1893. Former Louisiana governor and presidential hopeful Huey P. Long often stopped by for a Ramos Gin Fizz. There's even a hole in the wall where one of Long's body guards accidentally discharged his gun. 504-648-1200; therooseveltneworleans.com

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Saturday, Sept. 20, the 263rd day of 2014. There are 102 days left in the year.

On this date:

1519: Portuguese explorer Ferdinand Magellan and his crew set out from Spain on five ships to find a western passage to the Spice Islands. (Magellan was killed enroute, but one of his ships eventually circled the world.)

1870: Italian troops took control of the Papal States, leading to the unification of Italy.

1884: The National Equal Rights Party was formed during a convention of suffragists in San Francisco; the convention nominated Belva Ann Bennett Lockwood for president.

1911: The British liner RMS Olympic collided with the Royal Navy cruiser HMS Hawke off the Isle of Wight; although seriously damaged, the Olympic was able to return to Southampton under its own power.

1947: Former New York City Mayor Fiorello La Guardia died.

1954: The live TV drama "Twelve Angry Men" was presented on CBS' "Westinghouse Studio One" anthology series, with Robert Cummings playing the lone holdout juror later portrayed by Henry Fonda in the 1957 movie version.

1958: Martin Luther King Jr. was seriously wounded during a book signing at a New York City department store when Izola Curry stabbed him in the chest. (Curry was later found mentally incompetent.)

1962: James Meredith, a black student, was blocked from enrolling at the University of Mississippi by Democratic Gov. Ross R. Barnett. (Meredith was later admitted.)

1964: The Beatles concluded their first full-fledged U.S. tour by performing in a charity concert at the Paramount Theater in New York.

1973: In their so-called "battle of the sexes," tennis star Billie Jean King defeated Bobby Riggs in straight sets, 6-4, 6-3, 6-3, at the Houston Astrodome.

1984: A suicide car bomber attacked the U.S. Embassy annex in north Beirut, killing at least 14 people, including two Americans and 12 Lebanese. The family sitcoms "The Cosby Show" and "Who's the Boss?" premiered on NBC and ABC, respectively.

1994: Broadway composer Jule Styne died in New York at age 88.

1999: Lawrence Russell Brewer became the second white supremacist to be convicted in the dragging death of James Byrd Jr. in Jasper, Texas. (Brewer was executed on September 21, 2011.) Raisa Gorbachev, wife of the last Soviet leader, Mikhail Gorbachev, died at a German hospital after a battle with leukemia; she was 67.

2004: CBS News apologized for a "mistake in judgment" in its story questioning President George W. Bush's National Guard service, saying it could not vouch for the authenticity of documents featured in the report. A militant video posted on a Web site showed the beheading of a man identified as American civil engineer Eugene Armstrong, who had been abducted in Iraq.

2009: Blanketing most of the Sunday TV news shows, President Barack Obama said requiring people to get health insurance and fining them if they didn't would not amount to a backhanded tax increase. At the Emmy Awards, best drama and comedy series trophies went to repeat winners "Mad Men" and "30 Rock." The first game at the Cowboys Stadium set an NFL regular-season attendance record with a crowd of 105,121, and most of them went home disappointed after the New York Giants won, 33-31.

TENNESSEE Murfreesboro: The Governor's Highway Safety Office's campaign to crack down on drunken driving runs through Labor Day. There were 6,699 alcohol-related traffic crashes in the state in 2013.



BURGERS AND BETTING

SLS, the newest hotel addition to the Strip, brought with it plenty of reminders of its original home in Los Angeles, including Umami Burger, which has a cult following and earned a Burger of the Year title from GQ. Since it's a guys' weekend, the signature Manly Burger should be on your menu, topped with beer-cheddar cheese, smoke onion rings and bacon lardons. Conveniently, the sports book also is located in the 281-seat restaurant, featuring a 120-square-foot high-definition video wall, live InPlay wagering and more than 50 TVs, so you'll never miss a second of any important action.

umami.com

CHRISTIANIA, DENMARK

While technically part of Copenhagen, this hippie enclave calls itself an independent nation. The commune, located in a former military barracks, is home to about 1,000 people, many living in buildings they designed and built. "It's architecture without architects," Bonnett says. "It's full of dropouts from the rest of society, but they've been allowed to possess this huge area of Copenhagen." Visitors are welcome, but many are deterred by the drug dealers congregating at the main entrance, known as Pusher Street. *visitcopenhagen.com*

BAXTER STATE PARK MAINE

The vast North Maine Woods, a hardwood forest of maples, birch and beech trees and spruce fir, cover more than 3.5 million acres of public and private land in this corner of New England. "This is the landscape that inspired Henry David Thoreau on his trip to wilderness in the 1800s," Hodder says. Although it's one of the most roadless areas in the country, there's easy public access in spots like Baxter State Park, the northern terminus of the Appalachian Trail. 207-723-5140; *baxterstateparkauthority.com*

CITY TAVERN

PHILADELPHIA

Talk about celebrity guests. When you step up to the bar at this spot in the landmark building, you're following in the footsteps of John Adams, Paul Revere and George Washington. You can even order a colonial drink, a City Tavern Shrub, a mixture of fruit, sugar and vinegar topped with Champagne. "Incredibly influential people that we all learned about in school were drinking these things," Lesley says. 215-413-1443; citytavern.com

FOR CRYING OUT LOUD



YOSHIKAZU TSUNO, AFP/GETTY IMAGES

Amateur sumo wrestlers hold babies during the “baby-cry sumo” competition in Tokyo on Sunday. Parents believe the wrestlers help make babies cry out a wish to grow up healthy.

NEVADA Reno: Nevada Supreme Court Justice James Hardesty helped kick off a campaign in support of a ballot measure that would create such an appeals court in Nevada.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Bath: The Bath Village Bridge, the longest covered bridge in the state reopened Thursday after \$3 million in repairs. The

392-foot-long bridge has been closed to traffic since October 2012.



WWSD (WHAT WOULD SINATRA DRINK)?

Frank Sinatra was a stickler for how he liked his whiskey: Jack Daniel's, three rocks, two fingers and a splash of water. The whiskey maker created a batch just to pay homage to Ol' Blue Eyes: Jack Daniel's Sinatra Select, bottled at 90 proof and aged in oak "Sinatra Barrels," which impart smoke and a fine vanilla finish. Now you can channel your best Sinatra in the newly revamped — but amazingly vintage-looking — Lobby Bar at Caesars Palace with the \$50 Tennessee Highball #2. The tall drink is made from Sinatra Select Tennessee whiskey, lemon juice, orange bitters, ginger beer and gomme syrup. Sure, it's a steep price, but it's one the Chairman of the Board wouldn't balk at.

caesarspalace.com

BAARLE-NASSAU AND BAARLE-HERTOG

NETHERLANDS AND BELGIUM

It's hard to tell what country you're visiting in these twin villages. Although technically inside the Netherlands, they contain more than two dozen areas belonging to Belgium, a legacy of the Middle Ages, when rulers sold off and traded parcels of land. "You've got a Russian-doll village with bits of one country inside another inside another inside another," Bonnett says. "You can walk along a street and cross about five borders in under 60 seconds." *Holland.com*

TONGASS NATIONAL FOREST

ALASKA

The nation's largest national forest is also the largest intact temperate rainforest in the world, although there has been controversy about protecting some of the old-growth areas. "Like everything in Alaska, it's huge —17 million acres," Hodder says. The park, which includes islands, fjords, glaciers and mountains, has huge stands of Sitka spruce, western hemlock, western red cedar and Alaskan (yellow) cedar. 907-747-6671; fs.usda.gov/tongass

21 CLUB

NEW YORK

This Prohibition-era speakeasy had an elaborate system of levers to hide the bar shelves and tip incriminating liquor bottles into the sewer in case of a raid. "It was like out of the Keystone Cops," David says. But its fame doesn't stop there. It's also where James Bond lingered over a Stinger (brandy and white crème de menthe) with Tiffany Case in the novel *Diamonds are Forever*. 212-582-7200; 21club.com

Slip-ups at bioterror labs fuel fear in Congress



MAY 12: FERRETS INFECTED
WITH DEADLY STRAIN OF
AVIAN FLU VIRUS ESCAPE



CALIFORNIA Chula Vista: Two San Diego County women had to get help from police after being trapped in a bedroom by a family cat.

SHOOTIN' GUNS IN THE DESERT

You know there's at least a couple of dudes in your group who have always wanted to fire an AK-47 or play James Bond with a Walther PPK. Shoot Las Vegas has those firearms, and at least 30 more, all categorized by the films in which they appeared. Say hello to Tony Montana's little friend from *Scarface*, an AR-15 with grenade launcher. Or get up close and personal with Samuel Jackson's Mr. 9mm from *Pulp Fiction*. Instructors are thorough but not intimidating. Shoot Las Vegas features group packages, as well as monthly shooting events open to the public.

shootlasvegas.com/

LIECHTENSTEIN

Bonnett, who considers tiny countries "intrinsically fascinating," is particularly taken with this European microstate between Switzerland and Austria. With just 35,000 people, it's one of the world's richest places based on gross domestic product per capita, but it also attracts tourists. "It has a fairy-tale castle where the royal family lives, and a tiny army." *tourismus.li/en/*

CAJUN JACK'S SWAMP TOURS

Patterson, La.

Float along the bayous, lakes and channels of the Atchafalaya Basin, meet Cajuns living off the land, and learn about the swamp-land culture on this 2¹/₂-hour swamp tour. This Louisiana delta is filled with exotic birds, fish and other wildlife. Just 90 minutes from New Orleans, Baton Rouge and Lafayette, it's the perfect detour on your Cajun country trip.

BUENA VISTA CAFÉ

SAN FRANCISCO

This 1952 bar owes its fame to one drink: Irish coffee. The owner sought to replicate the version he had sampled at Ireland's Shannon Airport, and customers have been flocking in ever since. "You're setting foot where every single Irish ex-pat or any want-to-be Irishman or woman has gone," Lesley says. "On St. Patrick's, it's an absolute mob scene." 415-474-5044; thebuenavista.com

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Tuesday, Sept. 23, the 266th day of 2014. There are 99 days left in the year. On this date in:

1779: During the Revolutionary War, the American warship Bon Homme Richard, commanded by John Paul Jones, defeated the HMS

Serapis in battle off Yorkshire, England.

1806: The Lewis and Clark expedition returned to St. Louis more than two years after setting out for the Pacific Northwest.

1846: Neptune was identified as a planet by German astro-

nomer Johann Gottfried Galle

1889: Nintendo was founded in Kyoto, Japan, as a playing card company.

1952: In what became known as the "Checkers" speech, Sen. Richard M. Nixon, R-Calif., salvaged his vice-presidential nomination by appearing live on television to refute allegations of improper campaign fundraising.

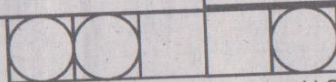
1957: Nine black students who'd entered Little Rock Central High School in Arkansas were forced to withdraw because of a white mob outside.

2004: President George W. Bush denied painting too rosy a picture about Iraq, and said he would consider sending more troops if asked.

JUMBLE

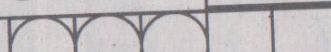
Unscramble these four Jumbles, one letter to each square, to form four ordinary words.

FUTSF



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SIDYA



THAT SCRAMBLED WORD GAME by David L. Hoyt and Jeff Knurek



new, free JUST JUMBLE app

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Friday, August 15, the 227th day of 2014. There are 138 days left in the year.

Highlights in history on this date:

1483: The Sistine Chapel was consecrated by Pope Sixtus IV.

1812: the Battle of Fort Dearborn took place as Potawatomi warriors attacked a U.S. military garrison of about 100 people. (Most of the garrison was killed, while the remainder were taken prisoner.)

1914: The Panama Canal officially opened as the SS Ancon crossed the just-completed waterway between the Pacific and Atlantic oceans.

1939: The MGM musical "The Wizard of Oz" opened at the Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood.

1944: During World War II, Allied forces landed in southern France in Operation Dragoon.

1945: In a radio address, Japan's Emperor Hirohito announced that his country had accepted terms of surrender for ending World War II.

1947: India became independent after some 200 years of British rule.

1969: The Woodstock Music and Art Fair opened in upstate New York.

1989: F.W. de Klerk was sworn in as acting president of South Africa, one day after P.W. Botha resigned as the result of a power struggle within the National Party.

2004: Residents left homeless by Hurricane Charley dug through their ravaged homes, rescuing what they could as President George W. Bush promised rapid delivery of disaster aid. In Athens, the U.S. men's basketball team lost 92-73 to Puerto Rico, only the third Olympic defeat ever for the Americans and the first since adding pros. Vijay Singh won the PGA Championship in Haven, Wisconsin.

2009: U.S. Sen. Jim Webb, D-Va., visiting Myanmar, was able to secure the release of John Yettaw, an American imprisoned for swimming to the home of Nobel laureate Aung San Suu Kyi. A wedding tent fire in Kuwait claimed the lives of 55 women and children. Virginia Davis, 90, who'd appeared in Walt Disney's pioneering "Alice" films in the 1920s, died in Corona, California.

2013: President Barack Obama scrapped plans for joint military exercises with Egypt, where spiraling violence in and around Cairo were claiming hundreds of lives. A powerful car bomb ripped through a crowded southern Beirut stronghold of Hezbollah, killing at least 27 people. Bert Lance,

Thought for today: "Forgiveness is the key to action and freedom." — Hannah Arendt, American author and philosopher (1906-1975).

ASHEVILLE, N.C.

Today, picturesque Asheville is lauded as a bastion of the culinary arts, but in the early 20th century, its creative associations were more literary in nature. *Look Homeward, Angel* author Thomas Wolfe grew up here, and in the mid-1930s a foundering F. Scott Fitzgerald spent 11 troubled months at the city's fashionable Grove Park Inn. Explore the former's source material by touring Old Kentucky Home, the Wolfe family's boarding house (fictionalized in *Look Homeward* as Dixieland); later, head to the Grove Park for a sundowner — along with magnificent Blue Ridge views — on the Sunset Terrace, one of Fitzgerald's haunts.

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Saturday, Oct. 4, the 277th day of 2014. There are 88 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1777: Gen. George Washington's troops launched an assault on the British at Germantown, Pennsylvania, resulting in heavy American casualties.

1814: French painter Jean-Francois Millet was born in Normandy.

1822: The 19th president, Rutherford B. Hayes, was born in Delaware, Ohio.

1931: The comic strip "Dick Tracy," created by Chester Gould, made its debut.

1940: Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini conferred at Brenner Pass in the Alps.

1957: The Soviet Union launched Sputnik 1, the first artificial satellite, into orbit.

1959: The Soviet Union launched Luna 3, a space probe which transmitted images of the far side of the moon.

1960: An Eastern Air Lines Lockheed L-188A Electra crashed on takeoff from Boston's Logan International Airport, killing all but 10 of the 72 people on board.

1970: Rock singer Janis Joplin, 27, was found dead in her Hollywood hotel room.

1976: Agriculture secretary Earl Butz resigned in the wake of a controversy over a joke he'd made about blacks.

SOUTH COAST PADDLING COMPANY

Ocean Springs, Miss.

Take to the bayous of the Mississippi Gulf Coast by kayak. Located in Ocean Springs, Miss., South Coast Paddling Company leads 'yakers of all ability levels on half-day, full-day and even overnight tours of waterways including Deer Island, Old Fort Bayou, and the Pascagoula River. Book well in advance to participate in a Full Moon Paddle, a two-hour tour under the night sky offered monthly.

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Monday, September 22, the 265th day of 2014. There are 100 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1609: The king of Spain orders the deportation of the baptized former Muslims known as Moriscos.

1711: Rio de Janeiro is captured by the French.

1862: U.S. President Abraham Lincoln issues the Emancipation Proclamation, declaring all slaves in the Confederate States free as of Jan. 1, 1863.

1914: A German submarine sinks three British cruisers in

one hour off the Dutch coast; the German cruiser Emden shells Madras in India.

1927: Slavery is abolished in Sierra Leone in Africa.

1949: The Soviet Union explodes its first atomic bomb.

1955: Hurricane Janet, the most violent Caribbean hurricane of the season, causes almost 600 deaths around the islands.

1965: A cease-fire is declared in the war between India and Pakistan, but both sides subsequently violate it.

1975: Sara Jane Moore fails in an attempt to shoot U.S. President Gerald Ford outside a San Francisco hotel.

1988: The government of Canada apologizes for the World War II internment of Japanese-Canadians.

JUMBLE

Unscramble these four Jumbles, one letter to each square, to form four ordinary words.

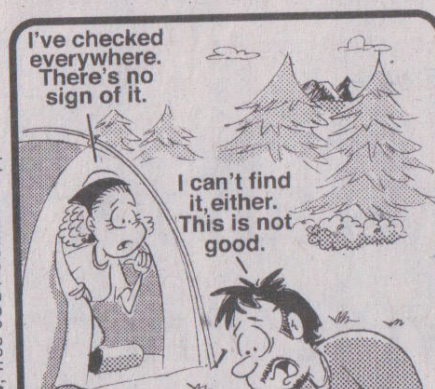
BALCE

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SUFYS

THAT SCRAMBLED WORD GAME by David L. Hoyt and Jeff Knurek



W, free JUST JUMBLE app

NOWHERE

MONEGROS, SPAIN

Europe's answer to Burning Man, Nevada's alternative annual arts festival, adheres to the same hippie vibe. "It's an instant utopia. You're not allowed to buy or sell anything once you've bought your ticket," Bonnett says. "It's a creative playbox. There's music and ceremonies and pageants and circuses." It's held every July in northern Spain. goingnowhere.org

OXFORD, MISS.

Few writers loom as large on the American literary landscape as William Faulkner — and few towns inform an author's canon as profoundly as this Nobel laure-

ate's did. Reimagined as Jefferson, Oxford provided the setting for such classics as *Light in August* and *The Sound and the Fury*. At the heart of Faulkner's Oxford is Rowan Oak, the genteel Greek Revival home where he lived and worked for three decades. Don't miss Faulkner's writing room, where he famously outlined his novel *A Fable* directly on the wall.

**Triple-digit temperatures
roast California residents**

CAJUN ENCOUNTERS

New Orleans

Board a boat for a tour of Honey Island Swamp, one of the only remaining preserved wetlands in Louisiana. It's home to alligators, owls, wild boars, turtles, bald eagles, black bears, and myriad birds. The tour includes a pass by an authentic Cajun village. Tour the swamp at night in a flat-bottomed boat, complete with folk tales told by expert guides.

WASHINGTON **Everett:** City officials are holding a public competition to find a new city logo. The creator of the winning design will be awarded \$5,000. The contest is open to anyone.

KANGBASHI, CHINA

This modern-day ghost town in Inner Mongolia developed over the past decade. Although it has a capacity for several hundred thousand residents, its current population is much smaller.

“There are huge radiating avenues and great residential blocks going off into the distance, and the whole place is almost empty,” Bonnett says. *cnto.org*

ATLANTA

It could be said that Georgia's capital city birthed two of the world's most iconic products: Coca-Cola and *Gone With the Wind*. Though native Atlantan Margaret Mitchell's 1936 novel needs no introduction, her own story may be less familiar. To learn about the writer who gave us Scarlett O'Hara, visit the Margaret Mitchell House, the home-turned-apartment-building where she lived while writing her epic.

TODAY IN HISTORY

1892: The Dalton Gang, notorious for its train robberies, is practically wiped out while attempting to rob a pair of banks in Coffeyville, Kansas.

1947: In the first televised White House address, U.S. President Harry S. Truman asks Americans to refrain from eating meat on Tuesdays and poultry on Thursdays to help stockpile grain for starving people in Europe.

1962: The Beatles' first hit, "Love Me Do," is released in Britain.

1970: Egypt's only political party names Anwar Sadat to succeed late President Gamal Abdel Nasser.

1978: U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance travels to South Africa to promote transition to black rule in Namibia.

1983: Lech Walesa, leader of Poland's Solidarity labor movement, is named winner of Nobel Peace Prize.

1986: American Eugene Hasenfus is captured by Sandinista soldiers after the weapons plane he is riding is shot down over southern Nicaragua.

1987: South Africa's President P.W. Botha says his government plans to permit some multiracial neighborhoods.

1989: The Dalai Lama wins the Nobel Peace Prize.

1991: Fighting breaks out between Iraqi soldiers and Kurdish guerrillas in northern Iraq, in the second outbreak of violence between the two sides since the withdrawal of U.S. and allied forces in July.

1998: A committee of the U.S. Congress votes to recommend an impeachment inquiry of President Bill Clinton's actions in the case involving White House intern Monica Lewinsky.

1999: Two packed commuter trains collide near London's Paddington Station during the height of the morning rush hour, killing 31 people and injuring 244.

2001: A 63-year-old Florida man dies of the inhaled form of anthrax, the first of a series of anthrax cases in Florida, New York, New Jersey and Washington.

AIRBOAT RIDES AND ALLIGATORS

Grand Chenier, La.

Hop aboard an airboat for a tour of Louisiana's Outback along the Creole Nature Trail. This marshland in the southwest part of the state is home to a variety of turtles, birds and alligators. The trail is also one of the top 10 bird-

watching destinations in the USA. During the fall, winter and spring, migrating birds can be seen by the hundreds of thousands. Plan to spend an hour for the airboat tour and the alligator encounter, where you can hold a baby gator.

IOWA Oelwein: Police have charged seven juveniles with damaging more than 70 grave-stones at a cemetery. The children ranged from 12 to 16 years of age.

SANI PASS

SOUTH AFRICA

Travelers driving from South Africa to the landlocked country of Lesotho cross a long stretch of territory between border posts. Though technically part of South Africa, the area feels like a no-man's land. "It's miles and miles of wilderness unclaimed by any nation," Bonnett says. There are plans to pave the dirt road, which is popular with 4-by-4 vehicles. "It's a very dramatic drive."

southafrica.net

MILLEDGEVILLE, GA.

On being diagnosed with lupus in 1951, the young writer Flannery O'Connor moved to Andalusia, the dairy farm run by her mother on Milledgeville's outskirts. O'Connor remained here until her untimely death in 1964, tending to her prized peafowl and producing a small but masterful body of fiction. Today, visitors to Andalusia can tour O'Connor's former home as well as the bucolic grounds, where peafowl continue to roam.

OKEFENOKEE ADVENTURES

Folkston, Ga.

Explore Okefenokee National Wildlife Refuge and the historic Suwannee Canal from the comforts of a Carolina Skiff flat-bottomed boat. Search for egrets, herons, alligators, deer and even bears. For the avid naturalist in the group, explore the depths of the swamp on an extended excursion or through a guided and outfitted overnight wilderness trip.

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

MONTANA

Along with stellar scenery, this park is known for its bighorn sheep population. "I've seen them from the road," Sano says. The park service counts 66 different types of mammals, of all sizes, including grizzlies, lynx, cougar and elk. 406-888-7800; nps.gov/glac



MORTEN BJARNHOF

The hippie enclave Christiania is technically part of Copenhagen, but it has a vibe all its own.

CAJUN MAN'S SWAMP CRUISE

Houma, La.

Cruise the cypress swamps of South Louisiana in a covered barge to the tune of Cajun music. Captain Ron "Black" Guidry — former Green Beret and Louisiana state trooper — impresses visitors with his knowledge of the swamp, oil industry and flora and fauna — not to mention his homemade accordion and guitar.

EVERGLADES NATIONAL PARK FLORIDA

Visitors will have no trouble spotting alligators at this vast southern Florida preserve. The reptiles are easily spotted from the short Anhinga Trail at the Royal Palm Visitors Center. But there's much more to see in the vast wetlands and swamps. "If you can get out in a boat and into the park, your chances of seeing a more varied array of wildlife and birdlife are far greater," Sano says. 305-242-7700; nps.gov/ever

NEW ORLEANS

Birthplace, home, or temporary refuge to writers as diverse as Capote, Faulkner, Kate Chopin, and Jonathan Kennedy Toole, New Orleans' place on the Southern literary scene is a formidable one. For many, the daddy of local letters is playwright Tennessee Williams, who based such works as *A Streetcar Named Desire* here.

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Sunday, Sept. 28, the 271st day of 2014. There are 94 days left in the year.

Highlight in history on this date:

1787, the Congress of the Confederation votes to send the just-completed Constitution of the United States to state legislatures for their approval.

1066, William the Conqueror invades England to claim the English throne.

1542, Portuguese navigator Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo arrives at present-day San Diego.

1841, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow completes his poem "Excelsior."

1850, flogging is abolished as a form of punishment in the U.S. Navy.

1914, the First Battle of the Aisne during World War I ends inconclusively.

1924, three U.S. Army planes land in Seattle, having completed the first round-the-world trip by air in 175 days.

1939, during World War II, Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union sign a treaty calling for the partitioning of Poland, which the two countries had invaded.

1958, voters in the African country of Guinea overwhelmingly favor independence from France.

1964, comedian Harpo Marx, 75, dies in Los Angeles.

1989, deposed Philippine President Ferdinand E. Marcos dies in exile in Hawaii at age 72.

1994, an Estonian ferry capsizes and sinks in the Baltic Sea with the loss of 852 lives.

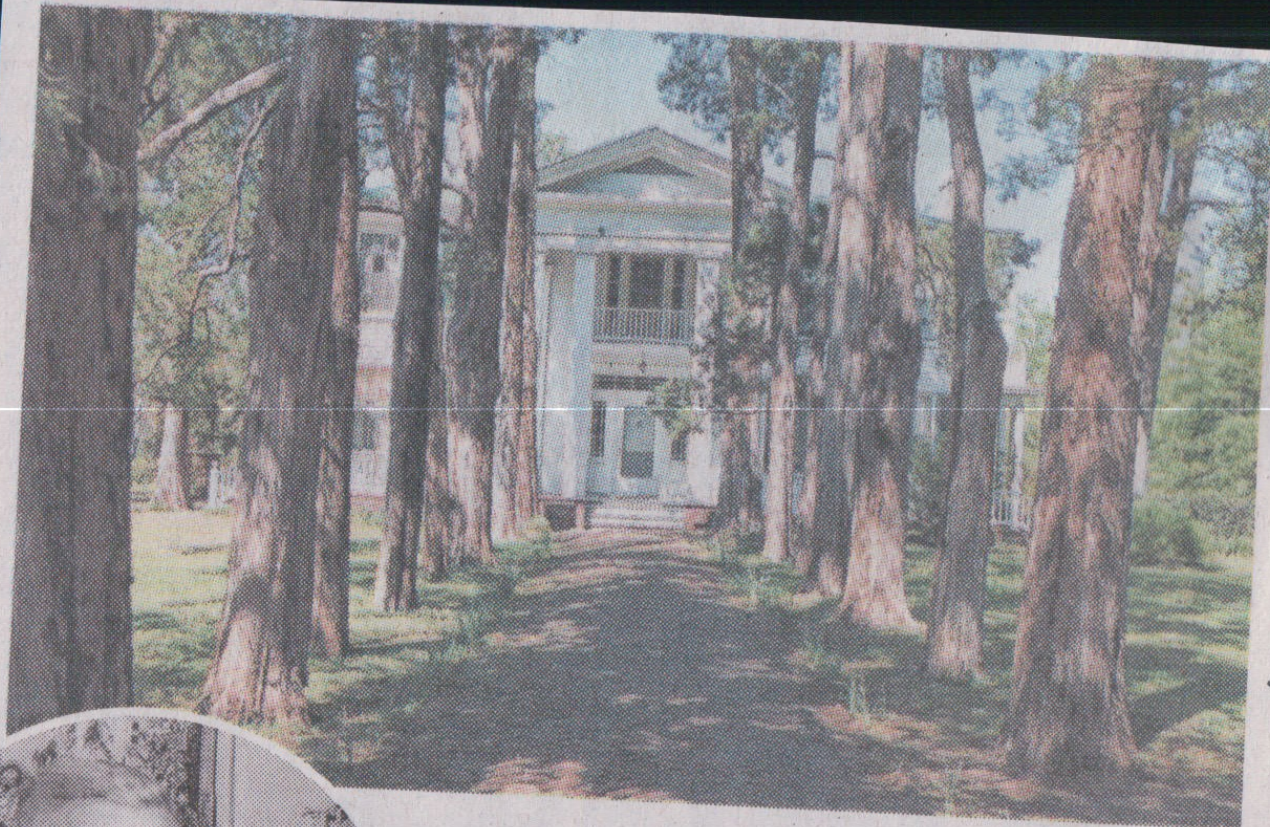
Ten years ago: An earthquake measuring magnitude 6.0 rocks central California. Kidnappers in Iraq release two female Italian aid workers, Simona Torretta and Simona Pari, and five other hostages. Award-winning fashion designer Geoffrey Beene dies in New York at age 77.

Five years ago: Iran tests its longest-range missiles and warns they could reach any place that threatened the country, including Israel, parts of Europe and U.S. military bases in the Mideast.

BLACKWATER NATIONAL WILDLIFE REFUGE

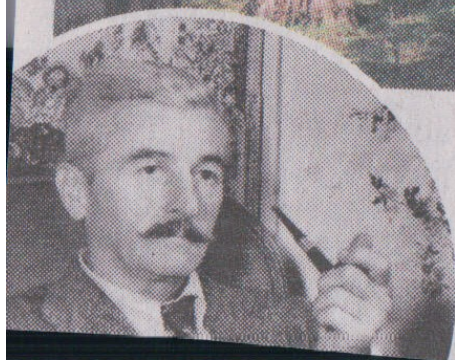
CAMBRIDGE, MD.

Bald eagles abound at this 27,000-acre preserve on Maryland's Eastern Shore, which boasts the largest breeding populations of the raptors on the East Coast north of Florida. The property is also a major wintering area for migrating birds, and as many as 50,000 geese, ducks, and tundra swans stop over during October and November. There are also white-tailed and sika deer, and the endangered Delmarva fox squirrel. 410-228-2677; fws.gov/blackwater



JOE ELLIS, AP

Stately Rowan Oak in Oxford, Miss., deep in a grove of oak and cedar trees, is where William Faulkner lived and worked for 30 years and is the setting for *The Sound and the Fury*.



TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Thursday, Sept. 25, the 268th day of 2014.
There are 97 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1513: Spanish explorer Vasco Nunez de Balboa crossed the Isthmus of Panama to see the Pacific Ocean.

1690: One of the earliest American newspapers, Publick Occurrences, published its first — and last — edition in Boston.

1775: American Revolutionary War hero Ethan Allen was captured by the British as he led an attack on Montreal. (Allen was released by the British in 1778.)

1789: The first United States Congress adopted 12 amendments to the Constitution and sent them to the states for ratification. (Ten of the amendments became the Bill of Rights.)

1904: A New York City police officer ordered a female automobile passenger on Fifth Avenue to stop smoking a cigarette. (A male companion was arrested and later fined \$2 for “abusing” the officer.)

1919: President Woodrow Wilson collapsed after a speech in Pueblo, Colorado, during a national speaking tour in support of the Treaty of Versailles.

1932: The Spanish region of Catalonia received a Charter of Autonomy (however, the Charter was revoked by Francisco Franco at the end of the Spanish Civil War).

1957: Nine black students who had been forced to withdraw from Central High School in Little Rock, Ark., because of unruly white crowds were escorted to class by members of the U.S. Army’s 101st Airborne Division.

1964: The situation comedy “Gomer Pyle, U.S.M.C.” premiered on CBS-TV.

1978: 144 people were killed when a Pacific Southwest Airlines Boeing 727 and a private plane collided over San Diego.

1981: Sandra Day O’Connor was sworn in as the first female justice on the Supreme Court.

1994: Russian President Boris Yeltsin began a five-day swing through the United States as he arrived in New York, hoping to encourage American investment in his country’s struggling economy.

2009: President Barack Obama, British Prime Minister Gordon Brown and French President Nicolas Sarkozy, in Pittsburgh for a G-20 summit, accused Iran of constructing a secret underground uranium enrichment facility and hiding its existence from international inspectors for years.

Thought for Today: “The richer your friends, the more they will cost you.” — Elisabeth Marbury, American writer (1856-1933).

FARALLON ISLANDS

CALIFORNIA

This Pacific island group about 30 miles west of San Francisco teems with sea life, including great white sharks and orcas. "We were just out there and we were surrounded by humpback whales for three hours, and they were sticking their heads out of the water just a few feet away," Sano says. 415-561-6625; farallones.org

MONROEVILLE, ALA.

Diminutive Monroeville was the staging ground for one of Southern literature's most famous childhood friendships: that of Harper Lee and Truman Capote. Lifelong resident Lee befriended Capote when the latter was sent to live with his relatives, who were Lee's neighbors; it's rumored that their youthful adven-



tures
inspired
those of
Scout and

Dill in *To Kill a Mockingbird*. Today, the courthouse where Lee watched her lawyer (and Atticus Finch model) father argue cases has been converted into the Monroe County Museum, celebrating her work as well as Capote's.

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Saturday, Sept. 27, the 270th day of 2014. There are 95 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1540: Pope Paul III issued a papal bull establishing the Society of Jesus, or Jesuits, as a religious order.

1779: John Adams was named by Congress to negotiate the Revolutionary War's peace terms with Britain.

1854: The first great disaster involving an Atlantic Ocean passenger vessel occurred when the steamship SS Arctic sank off Newfoundland; of the more than 400 people on board, only 86 survived.

1928: The United States said it was recognizing the Nationalist Chinese government.

1939: Warsaw, Poland, surrendered after weeks of resistance to invading forces from Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union during World War II.

1942: Glenn Miller and his Orchestra performed together for the last time, at the Central Theater in Passaic, New Jersey, prior to Miller's entry into the Army.

1944: Evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson, 53, died in Oakland, California.

1954: "Tonight!," hosted by Steve Allen, made its debut on NBC-TV.

1962: "Silent Spring," Rachel Carson's study on the effects of pesticides on the environment, was published in book form by Houghton Mifflin.

1964: The government publicly released the report of the Warren Commission, which concluded that Lee Harvey Oswald had acted alone in assassinating President John F. Kennedy.

1979: Congress gave its final approval to forming the U.S. Department of Education.

1989: Columbia Pictures Entertainment Inc. agreed to a \$3.4 billion cash buyout by Sony Corp.

1994: More than 350 Republican congressional candidates gathered on the steps of the U.S. Capitol to sign the "Contract with America," a 10-point platform they pledged to enact if voters sent a GOP majority to the House.

2004: NBC announced that "Tonight Show" host Jay Leno would be succeeded by "Late Night" host Conan O'Brien in 2009 (however, O'Brien's stint on "The Tonight Show" lasted just over seven months).

2009: German Chancellor Angela Merkel won a second term, along with the center-right majority that had eluded her four years earlier, nudging Europe's biggest economic power to the right.

2013: President Barack Obama and Iranian President Hassan Rouhani spoke by telephone, the first conversation between American and Iranian leaders in more than 30 years. The U.N. Security Council voted unanimously to secure and destroy Syria's chemical weapons stockpile.

QUIVIRA NATIONAL WILDLIFE REFUGE

KANSAS

Visit in mid-September to see thousands of monarch butterflies on their annual migration across the continent to Mexico. A few weeks later, the same butterflies can be seen winging their way across Texas. "It's a natural wonder, totally amazing," Sano says. Other migration paths follow the east and west coasts. During the refuge's Monarch Mania, scheduled for Sept. 20, visitors can catch, tag and release the colorful insects and see others in an enclosed pavilion. 620-486-2393; fws.gov/refuge/quivira/

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Sunday, September 14, the 257th day of 2014. There are 108 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1613: Turkey invades Hungary.

1752: Britain adopts Gregorian calendar.

1770: Freedom of the press is allowed in Denmark.

1812: Napoleon Bonaparte enters Moscow and Russians set fires throughout the city.

1814: Francis Scott Key writes America's national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner."

1829: Treaty of Adrianople ends Russo-Turkish war.

1854: Allied forces land unopposed on the Russian Crimea.

1864: Japan agrees to truce following attack by British, French and Dutch fleets in Shimonoseki Straits in reprisal for Japan's closing of ports and expelling of foreigners.

1901: U.S. President William McKinley dies in Buffalo, New York, of gunshot wounds inflicted by an assassin. Vice President Theodore Roosevelt succeeds him.

1911: Peter Stolypin, Russian premier, is fatally shot by a revolutionary.

1918: Austria-Hungary makes peace offer to Allies in World War I.

1923: Miguel Primo de Rivera assumes dictatorship in Spain.

1927: Modern dance pioneer Isadora Duncan dies in Nice, France, when her scarf becomes entangled in a wheel of the car in which she was riding.

1948: A groundbreaking ceremony takes place in New York at the site of the United Nations' world headquarters.

1959: The Soviet space probe Luna 2 becomes the first man-made object to reach the moon.

1960: Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries is founded.

1988: More than 100,000 people march through Yangon, Myanmar, also known as Rangoon, Burma, demanding that President Maung Maung's authoritarian government step aside.

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Friday, Sept. 26, the 269th day of 2014. There are 96 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1777: British troops occupied Philadelphia during the American Revolution.

1789: Thomas Jefferson was confirmed by the Senate to be the first United States secretary of state; John Jay, the first chief justice; Edmund Randolph, the first attorney general.

1892: John Philip Sousa and his newly formed band performed publicly for the first time, at the Stillman Music Hall in Plainfield, New Jersey.

1914: The Federal Trade Commission was established. Fitness guru Jack LaLanne was born in San Francisco.

1918: The Meuse-Argonne offensive, resulting in an Allied victory against the Germans, began during World War I.

1933: The James Hilton novel "Lost Horizon" was first published in London by Macmillan & Co. Ltd. and in New York by William Morrow & Co.

1937: The radio drama "The Shadow," starring Orson Welles, premiered on the Mutual Broadcasting System.

1954: The Japanese commercial ferry Toya Maru sank during a typhoon in the Tsugaru Strait, claiming more than 1,150 lives.

1960: The first-ever debate between presidential nominees took place in Chicago as Democrat John F. Kennedy and Republican Richard M. Nixon faced off before a national TV audience.

1964: The situation comedy "Gilligan's Island" premiered on CBS-TV.

1986: William H. Rehnquist was sworn in as the 16th chief justice of the United States, while Antonin Scalia joined the Supreme Court as its 103rd member.

1990: The Motion Picture Association of America announced it had created a new rating, NC-17, to replace the X rating.

1991: Four men and four women began a two-year stay inside a sealed-off structure in Oracle, Arizona, called Biosphere 2. (They emerged from Biosphere on this date in 1993.)

2004: Hurricane Jeanne struck near Stuart, Florida, with 120 mph winds, resulting in five U.S. deaths.

2009: Film director Roman Polanski was arrested by Swiss police on an international warrant as he arrived in Zurich to receive a lifetime achievement award from a film festival. (Polanski had fled the U.S. in 1978, a year after pleading guilty to unlawful sexual intercourse with a 13-year-old girl. Polanski spent two months in a Swiss jail and served seven months of house arrest before Switzerland's government decided against extraditing him to the United States.)

2013: The U.S. and its international partners emerged from a U.N. meeting with Iran declaring a "window of opportunity" had opened to peacefully settle their nuclear standoff.

Thought for today: "A child educated only at school is an uneducated child." —

KATMAI PENINSULA

ALASKA

Travelers can get remarkably close to black bears and grizzlies in this corner of southeast Alaska. "Bears are a flagship species," Sano says. But it's necessary to time your visit to the salmon runs, because the bears are drawn to streams to catch the fish. "That will stack the deck so that you'll see an iconic wildlife scene."

907-246-3305; nps.gov/katm/index.htm

MISSOURI Springfield: City officials are investigating the source of contamination in the historic Fulbright Spring. The spring, which was a water source for Springfield's first settlers, was recently rediscovered.



JUERGEN FREUND, WWF-CANON

Spinner dolphins thrive in the tropical waters around Captain Cook National Monument in Hawaii.

CAPTAIN COOK NATIONAL MONUMENT

KONA, HAWAII

Just offshore of a monument honoring famed British explorer Captain James Cook, wildlife lovers will find incredible sea life. "It's like swimming in an aquarium. There's sea kayaking in that area, and spinner dolphins," Sano says. "It is at the top of my list as a marine experience accessible to the average person."

hawaii.stateparks.org/parks/hawaii/index.cfm?park_id=46

TENNESSEE West Knoxville:

Three "robo" houses are going on the market. The Tennessee Valley Authority in 2009 fitted them with electrical and mechanical equipment to simulate someone living there, in order to test a range of energy efficiency measures.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE

MAINE

While moose are found all across Maine, the state's biggest lake is thick with the majestic mammals.

Regular moose tours and private moose safaris take visitors by van or canoe into the great north woods to see the animals in their own habitat. The creatures can weigh up to 1,500 pounds and stand nearly 7 feet tall. 888-876-2778; *mooseheadlake.org*

MAINE Harpswell: The Maine Coast Heritage Trust says its effort to raise nearly \$1 million to buy two uninhabited islands in Casco Bay and keep them open to the public has been a success.

TULE LAKE NATIONAL WILDLIFE REFUGE

CALIFORNIA

For wildlife with wings, it's hard to beat this preserve in far north-east California, a stopping point for 80% of the birds migrating along the Pacific flyway. "There can be at any time one million birds in the refuge. It's quite stunning and a place most people have never heard about," Sano says. Refuge visitors include several species of Canada geese, which spend the summer in the Arctic. fws.gov/refuge/tule_lake/

**TODAY
IN HISTORY**

Today is Sunday, August 24, the 236th day of 2014. There are 129 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1516: Turkish Ottoman army vanquishes Arab Mameluke forces north of Aleppo, sealing conquest of Syria.

1572: The slaughter of French Protestants at the hands of Catholics begins in Paris.

1654: French, under Prince of Condé, raise siege of Arras, Belgium.

1814: British forces invade Washington and set fire to the Capitol and the White House.

1821: The Spanish captain general of Mexico, Juan O'Donohue, signs the Treaty of Cordoba, giving Mexico independence.

1921: Turkish forces beat back the Greeks at the Battle of the Sakarya River, preventing them from reaching Ankara.

1932: Amelia Earhart becomes the first woman to fly nonstop across the United States, traveling from Los Angeles to Newark, New Jersey, in 19 hours.

1949: NATO goes into effect.

1954: President Getulio Vargas of Brazil kills himself with a gunshot to the heart.

1959: The exiled Dalai Lama charges more Chinese than Tibetans live in Tibet and the extermination of the Tibetan race is in progress. About 80,000 Tibetans have been killed during the Tibetan revolt.

1964: Fireworks explosion in Atlatahuca, Mexico, during religious celebration kills 45 people and injures

33

1965: United Arab Republic and Yemen sign cease-fire agreement.

1967: Mobs from China repeatedly attack British positions along Hong Kong border and are driven off with tear gas.

1968: France explodes a hydrogen bomb at South Pacific testing ground and becomes world's fifth thermonuclear power.

1976: Two Soviet cosmonauts return to Earth after 48 days in orbit in space laboratory.



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1976: Two Soviet cosmonauts return to Earth after 48 days in orbit in space laboratory.

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Monday, August 25, the 237th day of 2014. There are 128 days left in the year.

On this date in :

1883: France obtains protectorate over Annam and Tonkin in Indochina.

1921: The United States signs a peace treaty with Germany.

1944: A Free French division, racing from Normandy, liberates Paris from the Germans.

1950: U.S. President Harry Truman orders the Army to seize control of the nation's railroads to avert a strike.

1961: President Janio Quadros of Brazil, citing unidentified

"terrible forces," resigns unexpectedly after seven months in office.

1967: Hanoi announces plans for the evacuation of all nonessential civilians in the Vietnamese city in view of the increased U.S. air attacks.

1981: The U.S. spacecraft Voyager 2 comes within 63,000 miles of Saturn's cloud cover, sending back pictures and data.

1990: U.N. Security Council authorizes military action to enforce trade embargo imposed on Iraq after its invasion of Kuwait.

1998: Seven Cuban-Americans are indicted by a federal court panel in San Juan, Puerto Rico, on charges of conspiracy to murder Cuban President Fidel Castro.

Yucaipa - Pendleton Rd. -

Is haunted by a woman who died of a car accident there in the 1950`s. It is said she crawled out of the car to get out and get help , police found her 1/2 a mile away dead in the street. She is also known as the red lady of Pendleton Rd.

MONSTRO BIZARRO

Strange aquatic creatures continue to be reported all around the world. One of the more obscure beasts, known as "Pepie," recently grabbed a sliver of spotlight as it became the subject of a book by authors Chad Lewis and Noah Voss. Titled *Pepie, The Lake Monster of the Mississippi River*, it chronicles the history and modern sightings of an unidentified creature said to dwell in Lake Pepin, a 22-mile-long body of water located along the Mississippi River between Minnesota and Wisconsin. Newspaper accounts go back to 1867, when river rafters reported seeing a huge creature in the water, while later accounts from the Wabasha County Sentinel describe "a marine monster between the size of an elephant and rhinoceros."

LYLE BLACKBURN

.....
MORE MONSTRO BIZARRO AT RUE-MORGUE.COM

The City of Vancouver: Bring the Giant Satan-With-an-Erection Statue Back to East Vancouver

change.org

The City of Vancouver has long been a leader in investing in public art to beautify its legendary and illustrious landscapes. For example, its near \$100,000 expenditure on a statue of a porcelain dog on Main Street in the recent past served as a reminder that the merit of art is subjective and the value of public art can't be quantified simply in a dollar figure.

The Giant Satan-With-an-Erection statue, unlike the porcelain dog, cost the city nothing and was far more visible and likely to stir public debate than the barely visible cartoonish canine on a pole. Just as some were offended by the price tag and substance of the porcelain dog, others may have been offended at the sight of Lucifer's Plastic Love Pump, but none would be offended at its price tag.

It simply cost its creator(s?) time and energy to construct and install with no thought of monetary gain, especially from the public purse. Just like the beloved "Dude Chilling Park" sign that was clandestinely installed and later allowed due to public pressure and support, the Giant Beelzebub-With-a-Boner statue should be reinstalled as a piece of public art and serve as a reminder that art is in the eye of the beholder and nothing more.

To:

The City of Vancouver, Mayor

Bring the Giant Satan-With-an-Erection Statue Back to East Vancouver

Sincerely,

[Your name]

- Dahlya Ruyg VANCOUVER, CANADA

If we have to succumb to people standing directly outside of skytrain stations (on public property) with megaphones, screeching Bible passages at us, I think a silent Satan statue is more than fair.

BALANCE!!

- James Prothero BURNABY, CANADA

Since why don't know who created it or why, it may be a religious symbol and it's removal would constitute intolerance.

- Tess DesRochers VANCOUVER, CANADA

This is art. And religion. And to deny the city freedom of religion and art you are being selective and oppressive. If this statue is to be taken down so should the crosses on all hospitals and churches.

- Makayla Bailey VANCOUVER, CANADA

We all need some devil dick in our lives

- Don English VANCOUVER, CANADA

A Vancouver without a Satan with an erection statue is not a Vancouver I want to live in. Put a Starbuck cup in his hand, he'll fit in beautifully.

- Dea Davis CLARKSVILLE, TN

Awesome statue needs to stay up and people need to just lighten up.

- Adam Lautsch VANCOUVER, CANADA

We usually make statues of Satanic conquerors, why not the man himself?

- Chris Sandison REGINA, CANADA

Because I've got a hard on for the Big Man himself

- Kelly Turner COLORADO SPRINGS, CO

I wouldn't have thought about visiting Vancouver before but this makes me put it on a top 10 places I want to visit list if they put the statue back. With all the other religious symbols on display everywhere, why not this too. He's awesome.

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Petition wants devil statue with erect penis back up in Vancouver

torontosun.com

change.org

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Petitioning The City of Vancouver

Please give Matty Granger that
AWESOME Satan statue!

A petition has been started on Change.org to give a statue of a devil who has an erect penis to Matt Granger, a member of a comedy film group called The Granger Bros, which runs an "odditorium."

The statue of a devil with an erect penis could be back up in Vancouver if the city caves to residents who started a petition after it was removed.

Municipal crews in Vancouver took the statue away Tuesday after it mysteriously appeared near a highway, atop a pedestal that used to have a commemorative statue of Christopher Columbus.

The life-size red devil has black horns, a forked tail and an anatomically faithful -- and naked -- physique.

Officials told Global News it wasn't commissioned by the city.

But plenty of people want the "Beelzebub-With-a-Boner" statue re-erected, according to a Change.org petition which had more than 1,500 signatures as of Thursday evening.

"(It) should be reinstalled as a piece of public art and serve as a reminder that art is in the eye of the beholder and nothing more," Darryl Greer, who started the petition, wrote.

Greer points out the statue cost the city nothing, unlike a "cartoonish" porcelain dog on Main Street that cost nearly \$100,000.

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Alhambra - Phoenix Inn -

It's said that there is a female ghost that walks in and out of the kitchen, goes around the tables, watches what people order, sits there and admires what you eat.

Beverly Hills - Pickfair Mansion -

According to the previous owners, there were at least two other ghosts who haunted the place as well. In the beautiful entry way was often seen a ghost who was thought to be Douglas Fairbanks.

Monday 29 September 2014

Pig-faced women, two-headed men

Frances Wilson reviews **Mutants** by Armand Marie Leroi and **The Pigfaced Lady of Manchester Square and Other Medical Marvels** by Jan Bondeson

In the 16th and 17th centuries, according to Armand Leroi's wonderful study of genetic mutation, "monsters were everywhere". They were collected by kings, catalogued by scientists, used by theologians as evidence for the wrath of God. Even though our current reigning monarch surrounds herself with corgis rather than court dwarves, and conjoined twins are no longer sent on European tours, our fascination with the forms and varieties of the human body has continued into the 21st century.

Teratology, or the science of monstrous birth, is no longer a respected discipline, but we have our own preoccupation with physical error which is expressed in an obsession with bodily perfection; with ironed-out or botox-injected skin, thighs from which the fat has been sucked, pumped-up breasts.

Beauty, Leroi writes in the final pages of **Mutants**, is defined by what it is not rather than what it appears to be. We delight in perfection because of "the imperfections which are absent: the machine errors that arise from the vicissitudes of the womb, childhood, maturity, and old age, that are written all over our bodies".

It might seem surprising that Leroi concludes his discussions of hermaphrodites, albinos, dwarves, those with one eye, three nipples, or faces which are so hirsute that hair tumbles out of their ears in long flowing locks, with these observations on beauty. But beauty, rather than the grotesque, is the real subject of his book.

Leroi writes about the body with Pateresque delicacy; he is an aesthete for whom understanding enhances mystery, an artist who gazes with wonder at the dance of the genes as the foetus forms itself. We are all contestants in what he calls "the game of chance" - a game which we all, to a certain extent, lose (propensity to fatness, baldness, and short sight are each the effect of a genetic mutation).

An academic scientist, Leroi writes like a humanist and weaves into his accounts of the workings of DNA, references to Plato's Symposium, Greek mythology and European history. His erudition is accompanied by the modesty of knowing how little he in fact knows and how indebted he is to the giants of the past.

He sees his book as merely "an interim report" on the project undertaken by Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor to James I and the man who realised the true use of deformity to science. "Bacon recognised", Leroi writes, "that the pursuit of the causes of error is not an end in itself, but rather just a means. The monstrous, the strange, the deviant, or merely the different, he is

saying, reveal the laws of nature."

Jan Bondeson's study of teratology in British society, **The Pigfaced Lady of Manchester Square**, [Tempus, £20, 287 pp] is as different from Leroi's as the characters might be in a pair of conjoined twins. Leroi is writing about the formation of cells but Bondeson, also an academic scientist, is concerned with the influence exerted by "freaks" on their own cultures. Leroi's book is a paean to the human body, Bondeson's theme is "human interest".

Bondeson tells the tales of impoverished, appallingly deformed individuals, those with horns, giantism, hog's faces, or excessive corpulence, who were condemned to lives of exhibition, examination and display.

One of the most famous curiosities of the mid-19th century, for example, was Julia Pastrana, a tiny Mexican Indian woman with excessive facial hairiness and an overdevelopment of the jaws. Of the rumours surrounding her, the best known was that she had been raised by baboons and discovered in a cave; however, her impresario - and future husband - Theodore Lent, claimed she was "a hybrid, wherein the nature of woman predominates over the ourang-outangs".

Pastrana, who could speak three languages, presented herself with astonishing resignation during her shows, even submitting to genital inspections by those who, supposedly, wanted a guarantee of her authenticity. Following her death in 1859, Lent, who had married Pastrana as a means of ensuring that he continued to pocket her earnings, went on tour with her mummified body and that of his still-born son. His next wife, another bearded woman, he marketed as "Miss Zenora Pastrana", sister of the more famous Julia.

Both of these books are profoundly humane, but if Leroi's is a celebration of humanity, Bondeson's is a study of cruelty.

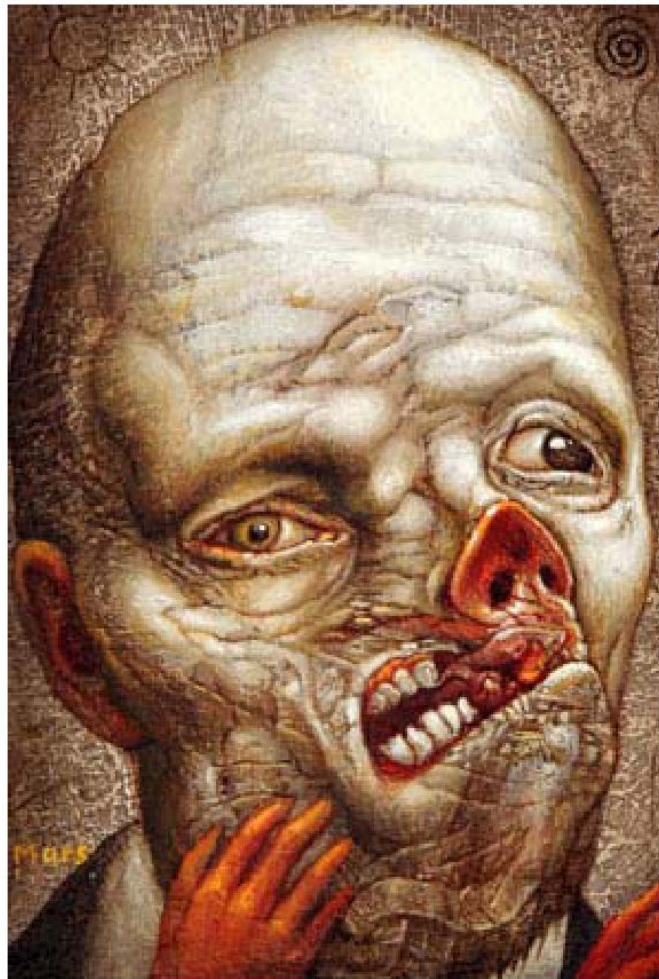
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PIGMAN

Angola's Legend

~ Compiled by ~

M. C. Hageman



He wasn't alone. Many villagers who ran to the scene of the wreck would report the smell of flesh in the air, and the screams of the dying as the car burned. "The car was all in flames," said John Martin, proprietor of a tin shop, who himself pulled five people from the inferno. "I could not see them," Martin said, "I could hear them." The *Erie Observer* reported the tragedy: "The hideous, remorseless flames crackled on; the shrieks died into moans, and moans into silence more terrible, as the pall of death drew over the scene."

The screams of the dying lingered for close to five minutes, eyewitnesses said, before silence fell over the snow.

Betts, in a forward car, had hopped off the still-moving train and ran as hard as he could back toward the creek. Bracing himself in the snow, he made his way down to the two cars, which were lying some yards apart from one another on the icy creek bed.

Betts ran to the badly smashed end car. It was lying upside down, spun around so that one end pointed toward the bridge abutment, and the other tilted upward. Betts spotted a man hanging half out of the car, his arms waving wildly; he grabbed him and began to pull with all his strength, trying to pry the man loose.

The force of the fall had splintered the wooden car into bits, and the final impact of the descent had rammed everything in it—seats, belongings, men, women and children—into a dense mass of flesh and fabric and wood. "The bank was steep, and it was with great difficulty we could work around the car," Betts would recall during the official inquest. "The lower end of the car was an indiscriminate mass of broken seats, passengers, timber."

In the brief moment in which he stared into the interior of the car, Betts recognized a face looking back at him. With a sick feeling, Betts realized it was the same man he had dined with in Brocton that afternoon. The man was looking at him piteously and crying out for rescue.

Benjamin Betts looked down at the man he held in his own arms—a stranger, who hung suspended between life and death. He began to pull. The man came free of the wreckage and was passed along, hand to hand, down a line of rescuers to safety.

And then Betts saw that the fire had begun in earnest. He turned to see if he could save his friend from the Brocton station, trapped in the mass of flesh and wood. But it was too late. The man was being consumed by the fire; then he was gone.

Young John D. Rockefeller, in the letter he penned to his wife after the wreck, acknowledged that he had narrowly escaped death. He credited a favorable Providence with his survival, underlining thickly the words in the letter he sent her. "I do (and did when I learned that the first train left) regard the thing," Rockefeller wrote, "as the *Providence of God*."

It wasn't hard to see why. Only three of the 50 or more people in the end car of the train had survived. Indeed, Rockefeller knew that he would have sat in this car, had he arrived at the Cleveland station on time.

He told Laura as much in his letter. "We certainly should have been in the burned car as it was the only one that went that we could have entered at the time we would have arrived at the station," he wrote. "I am thankful, thankful, thankful."

Stewart, the railroad president, was among the victims burned to death in the end car, along with Lobdell, the editor, and the Fullers of Spartansburg.

The honeymooning Kents died together. The wedding band that Granger had presented his bride—inscribed with her initials, still legible on the gold—survived the flames. The luggage claim tickets found on their remains identified their bodies, more than a week later.

As for the trio of friends from Erie—Towner, Martin and Metcalf—they had taken seats together, and all three were burned to the point of disfigurement. Towner was identified and claimed by his brother, brother-in-law and a doctor who came from Erie to recover his remains. Metcalf's body was returned to his family and friends in Erie on Christmas Day. "The body of C.T. [sic] Metcalf, of Erie, Penn., had been recognized among the burned carcasses by a tooth on the left side of the mouth lapping over to the right," reported *The New York Times* on December 21.

Martin, on the other hand, was so badly charred that he was placed into a wooden case at the scene, along with other remains, for sorting and identification. Some time later, at the Soldiers' Rest Home in Buffalo, Martin's friends were at last able to identify what they hoped was his body; they took it away with them.

Darkness fell quickly over the smoking scene of the wreckage, as villagers tended to the victims. Supervising this effort was Dr. Romaine J. Curtiss, Angola's talented physician and, until teams of backup doctors arrived later that night from Buffalo, the chief caretaker of the train's wounded. Curtiss, 27, who had served as a Union hospital ship surgeon during the Civil War, checked over the bodies of the burnt, dispatched the badly wounded to nearby homes and treated those suffering from shock and lesser injuries.

At the residence of Josiah Southwick, "persons were lying in beds and upon the floor, in almost every room in the house, and not only Mr. Southwick's family, but a number of the neighbors, including the shaken Derrecks'...were kindly and most patiently doing all in their power to assuage their pain and make them comfortable," noted *The New York Times* on the 21st. Indeed, the villagers of Angola received much praise in the press for their quick and determined response to the tragedy.



The bodies of the dead were carried to the Angola depot. There they were boxed, sometimes two or three to a casket, and sent by funeral train to Buffalo. The Soldiers' Rest Home, the Tiff House and the National Hotel all served as temporary morgues where relatives and authorities could view them. "A large number of people lined the walks while the bodies were being carried out of the depot, and a most respectful silence was preserved," reported *The New York Times*.

Zachariah Hubbard, a carpenter from Port Dalhousie, Ontario, was among those taken to the Soldiers' Home. A passenger in the end car, Hubbard had died two hours after he was pulled from the wreck, his upper torso intact and uninjured, the entire lower half of his body burned "to ash." Later, his ring of keys was found in the wreckage and reunited with his body.

A memorial service for all the victims took place inside Buffalo's Exchange Street depot three days before Christmas, on December 22. During the service, the choirs of the city's churches came together to sing a hymn—"I would not live always," taken from the Book of Job—that resounded mightily off the cavernous ceilings of the depot, under which 19 plain wooden boxes lay in neat rows.

Afterwards, the boxes were buried in Forest Lawn, a rolling, lushly treed cemetery on the edge of Buffalo. Railroad officials claimed 19 people lay in the boxes; passenger lists, had they been kept, would have indicated that far more unidentified and unclaimed victims presumably lay in the coffins as well. Cemetery records hedged on this point, and listed only two names for the 19 burial spaces, probably feeling less than confident about the accuracy of the identifications.



No one, in the end, knows exactly how many victims of the Angola Horror were laid to rest that day. A drive over Big Sister Creek in Angola today, and you'd never know that it had been the scene of anything important. Until very recently, no marker identifies the spot of the Angola Horror train wreck, perhaps for the need to forget, perhaps due to the cover-up provided to the Derrecks'. The same is true of Forest Lawn; a simple sign once marked the spot where the unknown victims were buried, but it fell down, or was taken down, some decades ago. It has never been replaced.

John D. Rockefeller went on to form the Standard Oil Company within three years of the Angola tragedy. By the early 1880s, Rockefeller—perhaps influenced by his brush with disaster—was selling oil products specifically designed to make rail travel safer. An 1883 advertisement for his Mineral Seal 300 Fire Test Burning Oil claimed superiority "to all other burning oils in this respect, withstanding a heat of 300 degrees before igniting, for

which reason it is especially adapted for use in Railway Coaches and Passenger Steam Boats.”

Another ambitious young American also took lessons from the Angola disaster: George Westinghouse. Shocked by train wrecks of his day, Westinghouse was determined to find a quicker and safer way of stopping rail cars in an emergency. The result was an invention that revolutionized train travel: the air brake. By 1893 the federal government made air brakes and automatic couplers mandatory on trains in the United States, a change that cut the accident rate on the nation’s rails by 60 percent.

Meanwhile, Benjamin Betts—wood dealer, wreck survivor and unlikely hero—became a well-respected engineer and architect. Betts died at 65 and was lauded after his death for his contributions to bridge design—including the first cantilever bridge over the Niagara River, a span that drew international acclaim. Having seen one bridge cause such suffering, Betts dedicated much of the rest of his life to making them safer, stronger and more beautiful. He always regretted that he had been unable to do more.

All of this, and all linked to Elisha Derrecks and his two sons Loring and Henry. It seemed much for the boys to never speak of the tragedy unless privately amongst themselves. The article published in the Buffalo News was framed and hung predominately in the Derrecks parlor, a sad reminder for the shame in the family or perhaps as a morbid prize for a horrid accomplishment- it is unknown- but had been confirmed my many guests to the home. It read as follows:

Buffalo, Dec. 19.

An awful accident occurred yesterday P.M. on the Lake Shore railroad, 21 miles from here, near a place called Angola. The train from the west, due here at 1:30 to connect with the train going east, ran off the track. One car was thrown down a bank 30 feet. The coach burnt up and some 30 persons consumed by fire. Another coach went down a ledge about 20 feet and 12 or 14 passengers killed and a number wounded.

As soon as information of the accident reached Buffalo word was conveyed to a number of our physicians, and by four o'clock a number of them had reached the depot, and in company with WM. WILLIAMS, president, and R. N. BROWN, superintendent, and other officers of the road, took a train, and at 5 o'clock the scene of the accident was reached.

The bridge crossing the Big Sister creek is about a quarter of a mile east of the village of Angola. The train to which the accident happened was two hours late, having been detained by a broken bridge on the Cleveland & Toledo railroad. It was composed of three first class coaches filled with passengers, and a smoking car and two baggage cars, and was under the conductorship of MR. FRANK SHERMAN, of this city. Silver Creek was the last station stopped at prior to the accident, and Angola was passed about 3 o'clock, the train going at the speed of about 20 miles an hour. Everything was apparently all right when the bridge

was reached, and when the train had crossed half way over a fearful jerk was experienced by those on board, and the next moment the rear coach was detached and went plunging off the bridge. The brakes were at once applied, but before the train could be stopped the coupling of the second coach had become broken and it too got off the track and rolled down the embankment, landing on its side at the bottom. So suddenly had all this happened that not one of the inmates of either of the two coaches had time to make their escape, and without a moment's warning some 40 or 50 persons hurried into the presence of their Maker.

The car which first went over the precipice took fire instantly, and before any person could get to it the flames made rapid headway, and in a few moments was all ablaze. Those persons on the spot proceeded to render all the assistance they could, but only some four or five persons were saved from the burning car. The remainder, some 40 or 50 men, women and children, were consumed. How many perished in the burning car it is impossible as yet to say, and very probably will not be known for some time. The place where the first car struck, after being precipitated off the bridge, was difficult of access, and after rescuing the half dozen or so persons before the flames had made much headway, no attempt was made last night to disturb the remains of those who perished in the burning car. They will be attended to this morning.

As the turn of the century arrived, Angola took on a new look when the trolley became a popular mode of travel. The tracks, some of which still remain under today's blacktop pavement, followed Main Street from School Street to Commercial Street following along the west side of the railroad tracks. A trolley station was built on the corner of Main and School Streets, in 1912. Passenger service between Buffalo and Erie was possible every forty minutes.

The present site of Robert Wilson's Town Press was a Power House for the trolley. Round windows on the second floor of the structure, which can be seen from Maple Avenue, once housed insulators to which power cables were attached. Abutments of the bridge that carried the trolley across Big Sister Creek remain to this day and can be seen south of the Mill Street Bridge, looking toward the Penn Central Arch Bridge.

A most important industry located in Angola in 1904 was the newly formed Emblem Bicycle Company located at the corner of South Main and York Streets. Mr. William Schack became the Company's President and Mr. William Heil, Vice-President.

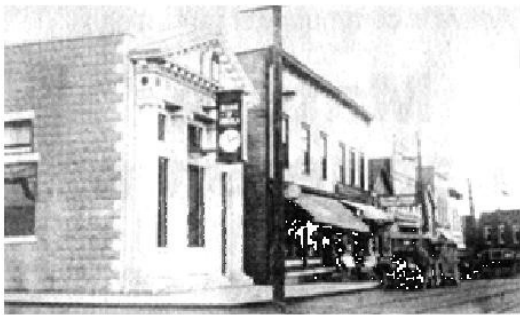


In 1908 under the direction of John Glas, a new three-story cement block building was constructed at its present location adjoining the New York Central Railroad. Two

additional stories were later added to the original structure. Their bicycles and motorcycles were noted for their excellent quality and many distinctive features. They were sold throughout the country and even to foreign countries. At one time production reached 125 to 150 bicycles a day. The company was the single largest employer of the community.

Both Loring and Henry Derrecks became employees of Emblem. Henry now married and living off south Main Street and Loring, also married, still living at the original homestead although with some major renovations. Loring married a Betsey Crabtree of Brocton. Betsy was sort of an outcast in her hometown; you see here parents were first cousins to each other. Betsy was also very young. Just 19 in April of 1913 when she gave birth to their one and only child William (Bill) Derrecks.

A disastrous fire on Commercial Street March 12, 1904, proved to be the most destructive in the history of the Village. Cash Bros. Store, barn, bakery building, Post Office, the A. Wilcox building, and two livery barns were completely burned out. The fire was very mysterious in origin. Many accused Henry of starting the fire. After these accusations and constant harassment, Henry packed all his belongings and left the area- Rumors of the time indicated he went to Texas to start anew, other say he left for Alaska to find his fortune. In any account, after his departure- the harassment soon turned to Loring and his- younger and mentally challenged bride.



Financial conditions of the time warranted the granting of a charter to the Bank of Angola in 1905. A very attractive concrete building was erected on the corner of Commercial and High Streets, opening June 1, 1906. Soon after the bank was established, the St. Paul Episcopal Mission, which had organized in 1904, purchased a lot from them on the corner of Lake and High Streets as their future building site.

Temporary services were held in the hall of Mr. Harry Weston. Loring and Betsy joined immediately, but were soon turned away by prudent townspeople who would rather not associate with the Derrecks- one reason you will not find them listed on any town records- at least any found to date.

An election in 1910 authorized the Village to establish a water system at a cost not to exceed \$55,000. In 1911 the foundation for the 100-foot tall, 18 foot diameter stand pipe was completed. Residents were pleased to learn that after the water mains had been laid a new 16-foot brick paved street would follow. Finished in 1912, it extended along Commercial Street and over Main Street toward Evans Center.

This being the advent of the gasoline age, little did people realize that autos on this improved road, and others like it all over the country, would one day spell the demise of

the trolley and to a large extent, railway travel. The popular "Gas buggy" would in fact account for vast changes in our way of life, work, and play.

About this time the old wide wooden sidewalks were replaced with cement walks. The old gas street lights were gradually replaced with electric; electric service made available to individual homes soon after 1915. The Niagara and Erie Power Company opened its office in Clow's store.

Movies came to Angola in 1910, the first "theater" being on the second floor of the Village Hall with Frank Wiatrowski as Manager. Five years later the Star Theater opened on North Main Street Ad-mission was 10 cents.

A balcony was erected on the Village Hall in the same year, which provided the Angola Fire Department the opportunity to perform weekly Saturday night band concerts.

A civic group of about fifty members known as the "Board of Trade" was organized in 1912. Their purpose was that of an Angola Boosters Association. There were number of business changes about this time. In 1912 Joseph Froehley & Sons (Philip and Charles) moved to North Main Street, purchasing store property from W. C. Russell. They continued in the furniture and undertaking business at this same location until 1957.

Two cemeteries served the community. Holy Cross Cemetery on the Angola-Brant Road was dedicated in 1904. Forest Avenue Cemetery, off Locust Street, incorporated in 1914, with the original interments going back to 1874.

World War I brought its demands on the local citizens with the drafting of young men for service and the soliciting of money in the form of Liberty Bonds. A local Red Cross unit was formed; knitting and sewing were taught. A local product, the Emblem motorcycle, was used by the military.

The area seemed to be booming while Loring and Betsy just tried to get by and become accepted members of the community. In July Loring volunteered his services in lighting the July 4th celebration fireworks in 1911 at no charge! The display to be held at the Lake Shore and Michigan Depot grounds ended in tragedy when falling sparks ignited the fireworks. A rocket pierced the arm of a young boy, for which the Village was sued for \$11,500. Many others received injuries and burned clothing. Loring Derrecks went into great despair and became a recluse rarely leaving his Holland Road home.

On the evening of April 17, 1913 Loring and Betsy became parents. A most beautiful experience turned rather shockingly sad at the deformities of the child, a body of normal looks and proportions but a swine-like split nose and clef lip. Perhaps it was the interbreeding of Betsy's existence or just God's punishment for Loring's past misgivings, we will never know. The Derrecks' family lived a quite and secluded life- Keeping William at home and out of the sight of any local- to avoid confrontation and harassment.

Mrs. McMahon, the elderly mid-wife who assisted in Williams birth and who vowed afterwards to never assist again, wrote letters to every medical professional she could find to write to in order to have William committed or locked away. Mrs. McMahon caused a lot of trouble for the Derrecks, especially young William- whom no one ever saw.

Just five years later, early on the morning of June 29, 1918, two B. & L.E. trolley freight cars from Erie to Buffalo jumped the track as they rounded from Commercial Street into Main Street. The first car struck the corner of the Village Hall and plowed into the balcony, which collapsed. The second car rammed into the Neubeck Building next door tearing out the front and wrecking two rooms on the second floor. Eighty-year-old Mrs. McMahon, who lived there, was rolled out of bed into the wreckage when the corner of the building collapsed. She suffered only shock and the crew, bruises and cuts. Shortly after, the roof of the Village Hall caved in. Failure of air brakes was given as the cause of the accident. Loring was seen on the tracks the evening before and the past was again the talk of the town. Although no direct evidence could be found, Loring and his family again became the outcasts they have become so complacent to being.

In a very ironic turn of events, a "tragedy" was averted in 1919 with the quick action of Theodore Miller, gateman for the New York Central Railroad crossing. Mr. Miller, who had but one arm, dashed in front of a fast-moving train and dragged a six-year-old boy to safety as the train rushed by. He was awarded the "Carnegie Hero Medal" and \$1,000 for his deed. Mr. Miller had attained fame prior to this as a one-arm boxer and for a time toured the country exhibiting his skill. In none of the news reports was the boy identified, nor did anyone want his identification known, for it was William Derrecks. William and Ted Miller, you see had something in common, a physical deformity.

PHOTO REMOVED AT Family Request

As William grew older he befriended a butcher on nearby Hardpan Road. The reference to "The Pigman" being a butcher may have come from this era of his life, although he was more of an assistant butcher if you will, and from interviews with a few people directly linked William wasn't all that good at cutting the various meats- but worked more in the clean-up afterwards.

To the left – Yes here is a photograph of William-

The Angola "Pigman" in his early to mid-twenties (taken sometime between 1933 and 1938). As you can see his deformities to be rather severe, and his swine-like or "Pigman look" can easily be observed.

It was also around this time that William and his old and probably only friend, Theodore Miller introduced him to show promoter working for various oddities of the world shows. He offered William a good sum of money to tour for 4 months out of the year. William jumped at the chance to travel and earn some money without the fear of constant ridicule.

William visited and toured the southern United States doing sideshow acts and life oddities shows for PT Barnum and Ripley. The stress of travel and somewhat unsanitary living conditions brought him back to Holland Road for a long overdue rest.

Upon his return, Ed Ball Sanitation has opened a garbage transfer and landfill adjacent to his property on Holland Road. William got a job as night watchman and morning gate-keeper for the business. Living adjacent to the property, William just needed to do bi-hourly walks around the area to be sure no trespasser or illegal dumpers came by. Then, every morning at 6:00 sharp open the gates for the daily trucks to arrive as well as his daytime counter-part.

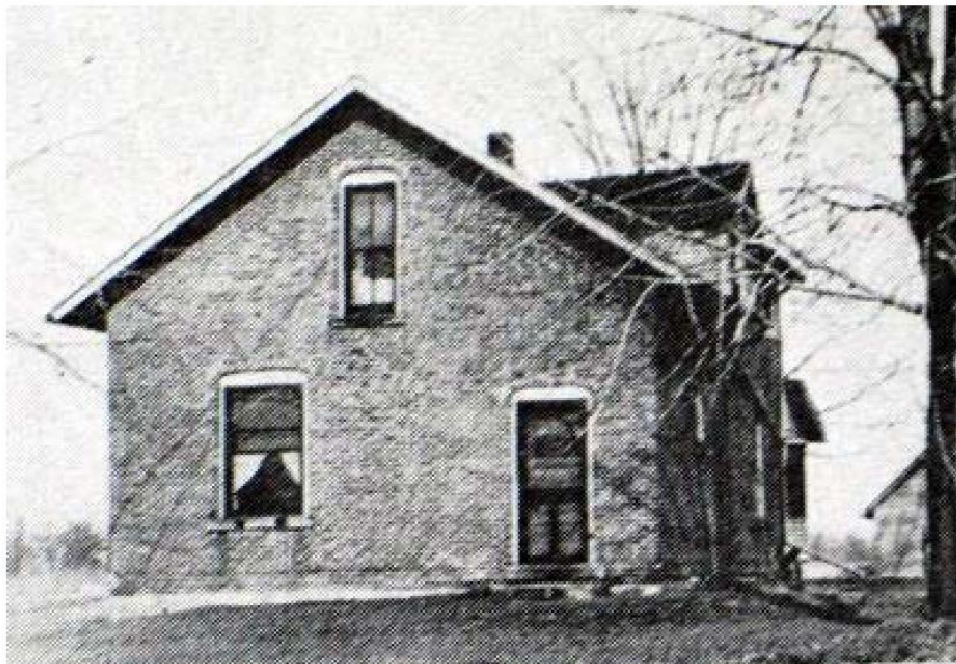
It is at this time period- the legend really begins, where history and fact begins to blur with myth, fiction and legend. Knowing the history to this point is important- so much so that at this time 1947/1948 as the record is not 100% and two conflicting dates have been found, that at the age of 34 or 35, William Derrecks marries Mildred Crabtree (Yes- his cousin).

As years go by to the 1950's the town's population grows and suburbia as well as recreational summer cottages begin popping up. William spends his time alternating between the traveling shows and his job with the Sanitation Company on Holland Road.

**Photo Removed at
Family Request**

William and Mildred begin collecting all sorts of bizarre items on their property and in their home. Along with bizarre items, William also cares for some very bizarre creatures, which he adopts from the Barnum and Ripley shows. They became what today would be considered hoarders, collecting everything and throwing nothing out. Williams' job at the dumps afforded him the ability to savage through the garbage for valuable items- or what he perceived to be valuable. This collecting disorder became

obsessive. He began to store and hide items throughout his property (many of which can still be stumbled upon today).



The house on Holland Road sometime in the late 1950's early 1960's is shown above. Only ruminants of the foundation, well, and original fireplace can be found today. Up to a few years ago, these were easily found by following the original driveway, now so overgrown, without direct knowledge, is like finding a needle in a haystack.

In order to keep people off his property and to "protect his stuff" William would do some very strange and out right weird things. One being putting pig heads on sticks along the driveway to his house- possibly yet another reason fro the name "pigman", many say not only pig heads, but goat, cow, and sheep heads were also displayed as deterrents to anyone wanting to enter. (All of which have been conveniently available from the butcher he had worked for just down the road).

The Angola Dumps- Many people of the time can remember the "man with the hood" who talked with marbles in his mouth and who would direct you to where you could dump your trash depending on what you had. Then would "rush" you away as soon as you were off loaded, for it was going to be him who had first crack at anything that may be of value in every load.

Perhaps it was his work at the dumps- sifting through the garbage looking for valuables, which gave him the name "pigman". Perhaps only the combination of all the reasons explained here together is what gave him the name and built the legend.

A WORD TO THE READER

The following is a quazi-history, a story of fact, myth, and legend surrounding the area of Holland Road or "Pigman Road" and the individual or character known as "The Pigman" who has, does, and always will have a presence here.

Many names and dates in this presentation have been altered: purposefully, to protect those families and individuals still living. Photographic evidence utilized to support the legend have been included where found being applicable and is for your entertainment and enjoyment of the actual legend.

This is being compiled in order to protect the integrity of both the fact and the original myth and legend that sprang from it. In recent years the story has been twisted and turned by "Horror Movie Producers" and "Paranormal/Ghost Hunters", which dilute the truth, the fact, the myth and indeed the actual local legend of both that area and the Pigman himself.

I hope by this writing and by you reading it- the actual legend may live-on, un-altered, so that future generations may experience what many already have.

I DO NOT suggest in any-way, any one visit the site looking for evidence of Pigman. The area is private property, and the roadway a dangerous area. A drive down the road should suffice anyone's desires for a taste of the legend.



*The Compiler- Not Author
~ M. C. Hageman*

To the right is another rare picture of William. Reportedly, this picture was taken shortly after the birth of his son William Jr. (1962). Besides a son William also has reportedly had two twin daughters, although no birth certificate has ever found to be filed for the daughters.

**Photo Removed
at Family Request**

Mildred Derrecks died November 22, 1966. She was reportedly buried illegally, in an unmarked grave, on the family plot, North East approx. 275' from the original house. Various "stone" fragments- similar to granite type cemetery stone has been found on the site. Three of which have been found with lettering, including one "Eli.." which may have belonged to Elisha. All stones found were left in the place originally found to preserve the site as much as possible and as to not disturb any paranormal activities, which may or may not be really taken place in that location.

**Photo Removed
at Family Request**

Strangely, enough after Mildred's death no record, other than "word of mouth" of the twins could be found and that was that they were sent to live with a Crabtree relative in Pennsylvania, visiting on special holidays and birthdays. William Jr. was sent to Father Bakers while William Sr. continued on; alone, becoming more of a recluse and more reserved than ever.

To the right is another picture found presumably of William from about 1969. This one is from a relative of Theodore Miller. It is unknown for what reason or special occasion may have allowed for a suit and tie for the "pigman" all we know is the event occurred in 1969 as reportedly labeled on the reverse side.

It is during the late 1960's and early 70's that locals knew the area of Holland Road as Pigman Road, and the Legend of the Pigman and his presence really came to light. The

closing of the Town Dumps (Ed Ball Sanitation) and the relative isolation of the road left the area in a state of ill repair. Pot-holes and erosion of the road surface as well as a deterioration of the railroad bridges (still blind on-way bridges) made the road nearly impassable. Few ventured the road- other than those at the very entrances off Route 5 or Hardpan Road. In the early 1970's only two residences existed. One to the west of the signal lane tunnel bridge (route 5 direction) and the Derrecks home between the bridges to the east of the tunnel bridge.

Local teens frequently used the area for various past times, such as beer blasts, it was also used as a sort of "make-out" spot. Easily accessible by car with many "pull-off's" those who ventured to the lake front taverns, bars, and clubs in the area would top the evening off by visiting Holland Road for a few hours of privacy.

The Grandview Drive Inn Theater was a "hot spot" of evening entertainment at the time and a cruise down Holland Road for some after midnight time alone was not unheard-off.

Police patrols of the area were virtually non-existent, but stories of a "monster", a "Pigman" who would walk up to unsuspecting victims, out of nowhere began to circulate. Although no direct contact with this individual has been confirmed many experiences of seeing him walking up to a unsuspected vehicle or banging on the steamed up windows were reported, and a vast many more went un-reported.



No reports of any actual damage or life threatening incidents were documented and the local authorities suspecting William of shagging the teens off the property. Police questioned him on numerous occasions but had no grounds to do anything other than ask him to contact the authorities and not take things into his own hands.

Things escalated in 1972- When two teens Jacob Nesbit and Melissa Mallory reported that they were pulled over in the area of Holland Road "lost reading a map" when suddenly smoke and flames surrounded the vehicle. They immediately started the vehicle and pulled out onto the roadway (that portion now reduced only to gravel due to the ill repair) and headed toward Route 5. Blocking the tunnel was a black Ford truck. The description of which was as follows:

We pulled out of the fire and swung the car around heading back towards the lake. When we reached the bridge, we could not pass. It was blocked by a Black Ford Pick-Up- an older model, 65 maybe- it had chrome exhaust stacks on both sides of the cab, no license plate and a home-made wooded flat-bed. The engine was revving, the headlights glared and vibrated as though loose. Flames shot from the exhaust stacks intermittently. We turned the car around and headed in the opposite direction as fast as we could. The truck followed until we passed the second bridge, which we went through without thought of any other vehicle following. When we reached the other side- the truck did not follow. We reached a crossing, turned left and sped as fast as we could and ended up here, in the village.

The village police sent two patrols to the area neither of which found the truck. Scorching of grass and gravel on the side of the road was seen, but looked like the remnant of a campfire days old. The officers went to William's home, it was found to be dark, and no one responded to knocks at the door. The incident was written off, no further follow-up was found documented.

The first missing persons report associated with the area also occurred that same year. A gentleman by the name of Harris Tompkins was doing a house-by-house survey for a utility company in the area turned up missing. A tall thin middle-aged man, he was last seen visiting the homes along Route 5 near Holland Road. Did he venture to the home of William Derrecks? This we will never know. But his investigation did lead county and state police to the area. When they went to the Derrecks residence they found a number of people and animals living in squalor. The house was packed with newspapers, feces, animals and junk.

The authorities from the county were notified, as at least one child was found living in the residence approximately 11 years of age- His identification was unknown but assumed to be William Jr. the elder William was nowhere to be found. On October 31, 1973, Halloween night, before any action to remove the child or animals from the home a fire broke out.

Smoke could be seen for miles- but by the time the call was made and local firemen could respond, the home was ablaze, nothing could be done. The Delaware creek, which ran next to the property, was the only available source of water and was flowing at a very low level. It was a complete loss, and burned to its foundation. No bodies were ever found or recovered. The cause of the fire was never determined. Strangely enough, sightings of strange happenings, including that of the "pigman" continued.

Five years to the day later, October 31, 1978 the last home- just North of the bridge was also destroyed by fire. The owner away on vacation at the time returned to find his home completely destroyed. The contents of his house have been found scattered in remote areas, in small piles throughout the area. Was it "pigman", was it William Jr.? or was it just a robbery/arson?

The time period between 73 and the last fire in 78 seemed to be a time of very strange visitors to the area. Perhaps from Derrecks family members, or perhaps friends from his days with the oddities shows- it's unknown. Reports of gypsies and vagabonds visiting and camping in the wooded areas around Holland Road persist today- but none as well known as those in the mid 70's.

Shop owners in the area recall groups of people arriving- from nowhere diverting attention and shoplifting what they can, then disappearing as fast as they arrived.

Graffiti in the area began to increase exponentially. Trees, signs, and the bridges themselves became the canvas- all seemingly paying tribute to "The Pigman". Or were some kind of macabre murderous warning of an occult nature to anyone passing by.

Fishermen and hunters came home with strange stories of being watched. Caves and makeshift huts found in the woods. Unexplained piles of "trash" mysteriously appearing along the road and in the woods then, just as amazingly disappearing from the spot they were not long afterwards. Animal carcasses- mutilated to the point of being unrecognizable hung from trees. On a few occasions- these carcasses were slung over the top of the bridges and hung – dangling over the entrance.

A few reports were made that human bodies were seen hanging in that exact location. Although no bodies were ever found, nor evidence to indicate that to be true, perhaps they were just so frightened by the experience their minds played tricks- though they swore that's what they saw.

People literally avoided the area during this time. It would be more often than not a drive down Holland Road would offer up at least one unexplained or strange experience.

In the 1980's the town's improvement projects included the repaving of Holland Road, making it again passable. Large fines were imposed for dumping. Lighting was improved. The only thing left alone was, the two one lane blind bridges. Why? We may never know. Anyone traveling the road could see the huge danger of a head-on collision in one of these passes. Not one accident or fatality has been reported here, no record of any at all- lots of close calls! But not one damage report. That's strange enough for a legend in itself!

Through out the 1980's to present day the reports and stories continue, perhaps less frequently, or just less noticeable to those passing through. Those who travel the area on a regular basis know of the strange things that can be experienced.

As the legend continues the experiences and stories also continue. Whether fact, or fiction those who have the experiences believe. Below are but a few of the more common experiences of unsuspecting travelers on the area:

- Being followed by a vehicle, which either comes from nowhere or disappears into thin air, usually occurring when entering or exiting one or both of the bridges.
- A single or dual lights shining from the woods or coming straight at them on the road, which vanishes unexpectedly.
- Cries, Screams, or Squeals coming from the woods
- Fires in the woods or on the road itself that extinguish unexpectedly.
- Shadow figures- on the bridges, along side the bridges, in the woods, on the roadway, both lying on or to the side of the road, some walking then vanishing.
- Sightings of "Pigman" himself doing various things from walking, driving a passing vehicle, picking up trash along the road, chopping trees, and in some instances, flagging down your vehicle to stop! (My Suggestion- Keep Going!)



- People- definitely "out of place" for this area. Twin girls playing, walking or riding bicycles. A tall thin man, with a hat, walking with a clipboard who seems to stop every few steps and watches you pass by. A very young boy alone, walking along the road with a stick or fishing pole. A large black dog that sits on the side of the road and watches you pass by, many who experience this dog will actually see him twice a few hundred feet further down the road. An elderly couple walking very gingerly down the road, often making you slow and swerve slightly to give them room, the women often waves, while the man never looks up.
- Trains- Really weird stuff. Although trains passing the bridges here are very common, the more uncommon things experienced is seeing a train speeding over the overpass as you enter. As soon as your back is turned to it and you exit the other side- it is completely stopped on the bridge or completely gone. People walking as well have reported this, they would see the train speeding one second- then see it standing completely still the next. The opposite of a standing train, in a flash, speeding down the tracks has also been reported. Another less common experience is seeing a person jump from an open railcar or from the top of a railcar as it passes over the bridge. The falling or jumping off the train experience was recently discovered to have actually taken place, as a Mr. M. Gibbons, of Elm St., Oil City, was fatally injured by a fall from a train, near Angola, N.Y. at the Holland Road overpass on July 23, 1889. Lastly, experiencing the passing of an

old time passenger train over the bridge full of people looking out the windows motionless.

- Animals- Often explainable- sometimes not. Various animals that just seem to dart in front of your vehicle out of nowhere for no apparent reason. Many just can't be identified- or just seemed strange, maybe because of the speed and surprise, or possibly because they just aren't quite the normal animals you'd expect to see. Birds that follow your car from one bridge to the next, either in front, behind or next to your car.



- Horn- Yes, before you enter either bridge it is a good idea to honk your horn a few times to warn any on-coming cars of your presence. The strange part is sometimes you hear a response and wait, and you wait for nothing, no other car ever comes. Sometimes the response you get is from the on-coming train overhead-, which never shows up. When in the tunnel, as the stories go, the lucky number is 13! It is said if you honk 13 times while traveling through the tunnel you are 13 times more likely to have a "pigman" experience. This needs to be done with practice and skill to get the desired experience, the vehicle must be kept in motion, the honks must start when the entire vehicle is under the tunnel bridge and you must complete the 13th honk just before exiting. Why anyone would want to try this is beyond me, but many locals say it is true.
- Winter Experiences- Perhaps these occur due to the wreck of the Dacotah or perhaps just because of the season. Footprints in the snow along the road coming and going from the woods and the railroad. Piles of coal, sometimes in bags or buckets can be found setting on the side of the road- there one minute then gone the next when you decide to stop and check. Groups of figures, appearing to be people huddled together just off the road in the ravine. Lastly, the tunnel bridge weeps water almost year around; droplets can fall on your passing car even on the warmest summer day. In the winter months this water freezes solid on the walls of the tunnel. Some of the shapes and colors that the ice forms can be really strange from blood red figures, to rainbow colored flowers.

- Smells- Yes, the legend seems to touch upon all the senses. Various odors have been reported as pertaining to a “pigman” experience. A burning odor being the most prevalent a wood or sulfurous coal type odor. Another being the strong odor of burnt flesh- described like burning hair. A rubber odor- like that from tires seems to permeate strongly then disappears suddenly. Another reported smell is of Mildew this one lasts and can linger with you often times until you are miles away from the road.
- Electronics- More recent occurrences that has been reported. Sudden loss and gain in both cell phone, radio, satellite, and GPS signals- not only under the bridges, but, in the area between the two. Reports that radio’s have actually changed stations passing through the bridges have been reported. And as strange as this may sound, many people actually receive phone calls (wrong numbers), a disproportionate amount when traveling between the bridges, usually from Pennsylvania for some odd reason.



It is my belief, by you reading this writing that we can protect the integrity of both the fact and the original myth and legend of pigman, which sprang from it.

The facts that no mass murders, child murders, or any killings had actually ever taken place here other than mysterious disappearance of Harris Tompkins, and the death of Willim Derrecks presumably in the fatal fire of October 31, 1973 needs to be known. Although dreadful as it may be the other deaths that occurred were not the cause of a deranged killer.

No occult or satanic rituals of the dead or witch covens operating in the area happened. True the gypsies and vagabonds may have come for a short period bringing strange customs – no proof occult/satanic rituals exist.

One additional fact, the slaying of an Angola Butcher- on Old lake Shore Road who was left hanging on a meat hook had no connection to the pigman legend- he never lived on Holland Road, and had no connection with the Derrecks family.

I hope by this writing and by you reading it and passing the legend on to others- the actual legend may live-on, un-altered, so that future generations may experience what many already have.

It has become a rite of passage for many in Angola, and the Town of Evans to hear the legend, along with a bit of factual history and learn from where we all came from. Then to experience a drive down "Pigman Road" on a stormy night and have a real "Pigman" experience themselves- If you haven't your not from here-YET. If you don't believe, talk to a long time resident, they will tell you....

LONG LIVE PIGMAN.....

PIGMAN- Angola's Legend

The legend of Pigman has fascinated generations here in the small town of Evans (Village of Angola), New York for years, and hopefully will still be doing so generations and years yet to come.

Holland Road, also known as Pigman Road by the locals, is the area in which this legend has been centered- but is not the only location in the town, which has ties to it. In fact, the events of other areas and the history of the town itself lend important facts to the origin of the legend. So we begin....

The earliest settlers to arrive in the vicinity were located in the Evans Center area. Various saw and gristmills along Big Sister Creek were established; and with the blacksmith shops and stores nearby, it soon became the center of most social activities.

However, in 1852 the Buffalo and State Line Railroad laid tracks and built a station about a mile south of Evans Center. The railroad proved to be a great boon to the area causing a shift of the center of activities towards "Evans Station," known today as Angola. Much of the country was covered with timber and the railroad did a thriving business transporting lumber to the growing young city of Buffalo. A wood yard and watering station was built on the farm of Chauncey Carrier.

Over the years many have searched and probed into the past to determine the origin of the name Angola. There have been several versions but the following seems to be the most authentic. In 1820 a mail route was established between Buffalo and Olean, and a post office was opened at Springville. Two years later a post office designated "Angola" was opened at Taylor Hollow near Gowanda. The name may be related to the fact that a majority of the residents in Taylor Hollow were Quakers who being missionary-minded helped to support Angola, Africa, as one of their projects.

Around 1855 John Andrus, an influential business owner in Evans Station, made application to have the "Angola" Post Office transferred here from Taylor Hollow. Because of the population increase and nearness of the railroad, it was approved; John Andrus was then appointed Postmaster. Prior to this, all the land now considered the Village of Angola was owned by three families: Harvy Barrell, P.M. Carrier, and Philip Clark. In 1854 George Wilcox settled here and opened a shoe store.

The old William Wright house, the first Town Hall, was moved from Evans Station (Center) to Angola, and a small saloon was opened, which soon became the Angola House or Hotel (now a parking lot across from the Village Hall on Commercial St.) This building had been moved from Evans Center and rebuilt in 1860 by John Andrus. Alva Montgomery then purchased it, followed by S. P. Imus in 1867. Mr. Iinus was formerly a stage driver on the old Buffalo to Erie route for the Ohio Stage Company and boasted of having taken the last passengers through the town on Feb. 22, 1852.

Angola- the Village the railroad built, and originally known as Evans Station, soon was to have more hotels. About 1873 the Union Hotel was built by George Caskey for Elijah P. Smith. No doubt it was named for the Union Cause, which Mr. Smith had so warmly embrace. Then on Commercial Street at Main Street Jacob Friend built the Farmers' Hotel in honor of the farmers who so abounded during that period of Evans' growth. The name was changed to the Central Hotel when it became just about the center of Angola's business district. A neighbor to the Angola Hotel on Commercial Street to the south was the Railroad House. It was built and so named because of its proximity to the first passenger station of the early railroad. Not to be exclusive, but the bulk of its bar business was from railroad workers. A few years later a second railroad system came to Angola, the Nickel Plate. A hotel was quickly built near the new station and appropriately named the Nickel-Plate Hotel.



Some hotels bore their owner's name; such as Cramer's Hotel and Widmer's Hotel. At Erie Road and Lake Street Charles Rogendorf built the Block Hotel, it was built out of cement blocks. It was the first of its kind, perhaps the only one of its kind, to open its doors to the public in the Town of Evans.

In 1854 Bundy and Hurd opened a general store adjacent to the Angola House. It was soon sold to Lyman Oatman changing hands many times until Jacob Friend remodeled it as the Farmers Hotel or Central Hotel; the first physician was Dr. Powers, settling in the Village in 1858.

In 1855 another gentleman, more important to our legend was Elisa Derrecks, who set up a homestead just south of the new village of Angola in an area between the newly laid railroad tracks. In later years a brick factory for the manufacture of sewer pipe, hollow brick, tile etc., to which business the firm of John Lyth & Sons succeeded, just to the north (between the village and Elisa's homestead- in the area of what is now Railroad Ave.), afforded Elisha with additional work and supplemental income for his growing family.

Winter months were sometime brutal- as apparent when "The Dacotah" a wooden steam freighter sank on 11/24/1860 in the worst autumn blizzard on Lake Erie recorded up until that time. Sources claim the vessel went down with all 24 crewmen in mid lake. The Dacotah carried a valuable cargo of copper ingots. Reports place the wreck aground and salvaged 3 miles South of Sturgeon Point, New York. A local diver reports the wreck now lays approximately one-mile South of Sturgeon Point, New York. The Dacotah was steering for shelter in a bay off Angola, New York when it struck a submerged rock tearing open its hull. The vessel immediately began breaking apart in the surf. The entire crew reached shore alive and climbed a steep bank to take shelter from the blowing snow in a nearby ravine. Several days later their frozen bodies were discovered by the Erie

County coroner named William Bennett while he was inspecting his property for storm damage. Ironically Bennett owned a fully stocked lodge and cabins just beyond the ravine! Remains of the wreck including the capstans and rudder are in place while the rest is scattered and covered with zebra mussels. A great deal of cargo such as pottery, stove parts, and other household and farm goods can still be found.

To help further supplement the family- Elisha and his two teenage sons (Loring and Henry) would walk the railroad picking up coal that would have fallen wayside during transit. This could then be burned at the homestead for heat and cooking purposes and lasted longer than and burned hotter than did wood.

One December afternoon in 1867, while collecting the coal, the boys decided to remove a few of the ties from the railroad (the heavy wooden braces that the rails are attached to) in order to use them for braces on a fence-needing repair. The out come of that decision would haunt the family for many years to come.

Local authorities covered up the true cause of what was the worst tragedy to befall this small township- The Angola Horror. One should not blame directly the family or the locals who new the real truth of the cause at the time. If it would have been made public the outcry would have turned into a which hunt, and would have brought far more negative press and attention to Angola than it needed.

John D. Rockefeller was running late on the morning of December 18, 1867. When he climbed out of bed in his modest house on Cheshire Street in Cleveland that frigid Wednesday to catch the early morning express to Buffalo, he had business on his mind. Even though it was the holiday season—just a week before Christmas—Rockefeller had decided to make a quick business trip to New York City. He wanted to check on his East Coast operations, where his brother, William, managed the New York offices of Rockefeller & Company. But he got a late start that morning, which was not like him at all.

Perhaps it had been all the packing. Rockefeller planned to squeeze in some holiday visits with friends and family in New York before returning home for Christmas, so into his suitcases he packed the gifts he intended to give to his relatives and associates there. That done, he sent his bags ahead of him to Cleveland's Union Station, and bid goodbye to Laura, his wife of three years, and Elizabeth, their 1-year-old daughter. He then headed off to catch his train.

Rockefeller was 28, a successful young businessman already widely known in Cleveland and the oil refining industry. A disciplined man, Rockefeller prided himself on hard work and a demanding schedule. He kept a sharp eye toward his own advancement, demanded a lot of others and drove himself harder than anyone. He knew that if he caught the 6:40 a.m. Lake Shore Express, due in Buffalo around 1:30 in the afternoon, he could then take the 6 p.m. New York Central Express, which would deliver him into Manhattan by 7 the next morning, in plenty of time to make full use of the business day.

Although his plans were meticulously arranged, Rockefeller pulled into Cleveland's Union Station just a few minutes too late; his bags made the train but he didn't, and it saved his life.

By missing the Lake Shore Express that morning, Rockefeller escaped one of the worst railroad accidents in 19th-century America—the “Angola Horror,” as newspapers subsequently dubbed it. At a little past 3 in the afternoon, while crossing over a high railroad bridge in the western New York village of Angola, the last two cars of the Buffalo-bound express jumped the tracks and tumbled 30 to 50 feet into the icy, treacherous gorge below. Both cars burst into flames, trapping passengers inside and immolating them into blackened heaps of indistinguishable remains. Rockefeller, as a latecomer to the Cleveland station, would have sat in the end car.

Nearly 50 people died and many more were burned and badly injured in the disaster, which—coming as it did just before Christmas—gripped the imagination of a nation still reeling from the Civil War that had ended two years earlier. Accounts of the tragedy, replete with grisly illustrations, filled the pages of newspapers and periodicals across the country for weeks—and prompted calls by the public for safer trains, tracks and rail car heating methods. “The name Angola is, and will forever be, associated with the most fearful Railway slaughter on record,” stated the *Buffalo Patriot and Journal* on January 1, 1868. The news-paper offered the hope that “human foresight and ingenuity can prevent such terrible occurrences, in the future, whatever may be the verdict as to the cause of the present calamity.”



Rockefeller came across the scene himself when the later train he had taken to Buffalo that day was forced to stop in Angola because of the wreck. He immediately telegraphed Laura from the Angola railroad station. His missive to her was received in Cleveland at 6:25 p.m. “Thank God I am unharmed,” it read, “the six forty train I missed had bad accident.”

Two days later, in a longer letter to his wife from New York, Rockefeller was more explicit in detailing his “*gratitude* that I did not *remain* in the car with the baggage.” Of that baggage, he wrote: “The Christmas presents were burned with the valice and umbrella.” But, he added, “Our friends appreciate them as though received.”

Rockefeller, of course, lived a long and productive life after the Angola Horror—and went on to change the course of American history. Many others, however, died that cold winter day, and the Derrecks’ family carried the unspoken burden.

December 18 dawned bright, clear and cold: perfect weather for traveling. In Cleveland, Erie, Dunkirk and other stops along the Lake Shore Express line—a route that skimmed the Great Lakes—people climbed out of bed and prepared for their journeys.

William W. Towner, 25, a surveyor from Erie, Pa., had decided to treat himself to a pleasure trip in advance of the holiday. He was leaving on the 10:20 express to New York with two friends, J. Alexander Martin and Edward T. Metcalf, both young professionals from Erie.

Jasper and Eunice Fuller, a young married couple, had recently opened a small general store in Spartansburg, a growing village of 400 in rural Pennsylvania, and they were taking the express to Buffalo to buy new stock for their store. With the long war over, the reunited country was busily scrambling back to its feet. People were relocating from one place to another, opening new businesses, setting up homes and generally getting established in life. The holiday season only accelerated this spirit of movement and activity.

For his part, J.M. Newton, 46, the daytime railroad agent and telegraph operator in Angola, rose early on December 18 and got ready for work. His office in the railroad station was the busiest spot in the bustling rural village, thanks to the trains passing by and the shoppers buying their dry goods, groceries, hardware, medicine and such at Lyman Oatman's general store next door. At a little before 7, Newton settled down at his desk, ready to begin his workday.

By midafternoon, the Lake Shore Express, now a couple of hours behind schedule, reached western New York, where two men waited on the platform in the small village of Brocton. Benjamin Franklin Betts, a 39-year-old wood dealer in Brocton on business, struck up a conversation with the other man—his identity since lost—and the two of them hit it off so well that they took dinner together.

At 2:20, when the express finally whistled into the village and pulled up to the station, Betts and his friend said goodbye to each other and climbed aboard the train. Betts chose to sit in a forward car. His friend boarded the train's last coach car, packed full of people.

The train once again began to move. It consisted of four passenger cars—three first-class and one second-class, each holding about 50 people—plus three or four baggage cars. It also contained several potbellied stoves to heat the coach cars, and kerosene lamps mounted on the walls to give light.

Stephen W. Stewart was easily the most prominent figure on the express that day; president of the Oil Creek Railroad, he had founded a bank in Corry, Pa. Also on board were Charles Lobdell of La Crosse, Wis., an editor at the *Daily Republican*; Eliakim B. Forbush of Buffalo, an attorney returning from a case he had won in Cincinnati; and Isadore Mayer, a New York theatrical agent.

At least one honeymooning couple rode the express: 21-year-old Granger D. Kent of Grand Island, N.Y., and his new wife were on their way home. Also onboard were two engaged men headed toward their betrothed and their weddings.

The hours of the early afternoon slipped past uneventfully on the train. Betts, sitting in his seat in the forward car, sank into a reflective state as the train chugged through the winter landscape. He would later describe his mood as daydream-like, lulled by the muted scenery passing outside the window.

At Dunkirk, N.Y., the express stopped for 10 minutes, and a few passengers boarded, the last to do so. At the small village of Silver Creek, the train stopped again, briefly, only to take on wood and water.

At 2:49, Silver Creek telegraph operator George P. Gaston noted the departure of the Lake Shore Express from his station. He messaged ahead to Newton, the agent in Angola: The express was on its way.

Ahead of the train lay the Derrecks' homestead, the area of missing railroad ties, Angola, with its small wooden depot, and just beyond that a bridge—a plain wood-and-concrete truss span—over Big Sister Creek. Only 21½ years earlier, this bridge had borne the funeral train of Abraham Lincoln as it traveled a stunned, war-weary nation on its way toward the slain president's burial place in Illinois.

On his routine rounds, Conductor Frank Sherman worked his way through the end car of the express. Sherman, a Buffalo resident, would later recall seeing Stewart, the railroad president, sitting in his usual spot in the last seat of the train.

At 3:11 p.m., Sherman opened the door of the end car, stepped through it and began making his way forward through the second-to-last car. At the same time, Dr. Frederick F. Hoyer, a country physician, walked from the second-to-last car into the one in front of it, a move that most likely saved his life.

Also at 3:11, Benjamin Betts felt the first sensations of something amiss—a “trembling motion,” then “a relief, as if a connection had been broken.” There was a terrific jarring sensation, prompting Betts to bolt from his seat. As he did, a shrill whistle rang out as Sherman gave the signal for “down brakes.”

But it was too late. The last two cars of the Lake Shore Express had begun to derail. It hung on passing through the village itself. With brakes applied, the train began to screech, then, reaching the bridge, topple, helplessly, from the railroad tracks.

The “official” cause of the Angola Horror was simple, and deadly. As the express chugged toward the bridge, it ran over a “frog” in the track. One of the wheels on the end car, possibly a wheel with a flaw or defect, hit the frog—the crossing point of two rails, a normal part of a switch in the tracks—in such a way that it jarred the wheel loose, causing it to vibrate back and forth. This friction, rail officials later noted, damaged a span of track—Angola and the Derrecks family were spared embarrassment and more importantly legal prosecution.

Once the end car derailed, it began to rock back and forth, slowly and then more quickly—a wobbly, lurching movement that sent the passengers into a panic. They tried to run toward the front of the train, but the rocking motion made it difficult. People were thrown around like rag dolls; some were trampled, others smothered.

The end car also began to pull heavily on the train. As the Lake Shore Express steamed over the Big Sister Bridge, the end car uncoupled from the train. It felt like something popping loose, passengers remembered, after the jarring of the derailment. Once free of the train, the car plummeted down into the creek, flipping over several times before coming to a shuddering stop on the icy gorge floor.



Meanwhile, the second-to-last car, pulled off balance, continued to hold the track for a few more moments. It managed to shakily cross the 160-foot-long railroad bridge; then it began—just barely—to climb the opposite embankment.

But the motion of the end car's uncoupling proved to be too much. The second-to-last car came off the tracks and

tipped over, and then rolled and tumbled back down the embankment, into the gorge. Passengers were thrown about like twigs, and most were injured—many severely. Robert M. Russell, a Civil War veteran from Tennessee, who had served in the Confederate army under General Nathan Bedford Forrest, was battered so badly that it wasn't clear whether he would live or die; he survived.

Not so, the passengers in the end car. Those who lived through its tumble into the gorge had, by this time, begun to burn.

The potbellied stoves had come loose during the plunge, shaking fire and red-hot coals all over the inside of the car. Kerosene from the gas lamps fed the flames, which consumed the car's plush upholstery and dry wood like kindling. "I saw the coals of fire from the stove scattered all over the car," recalled Angolan Josiah Southwick, a farmer and justice of the peace who witnessed the disaster from his home on a rise above the creek. He ran to help, but was stopped by the intense heat. "Inhaling the flames," Southwick later said, "I was obliged to go back."

Whittier - Pioneer High School -

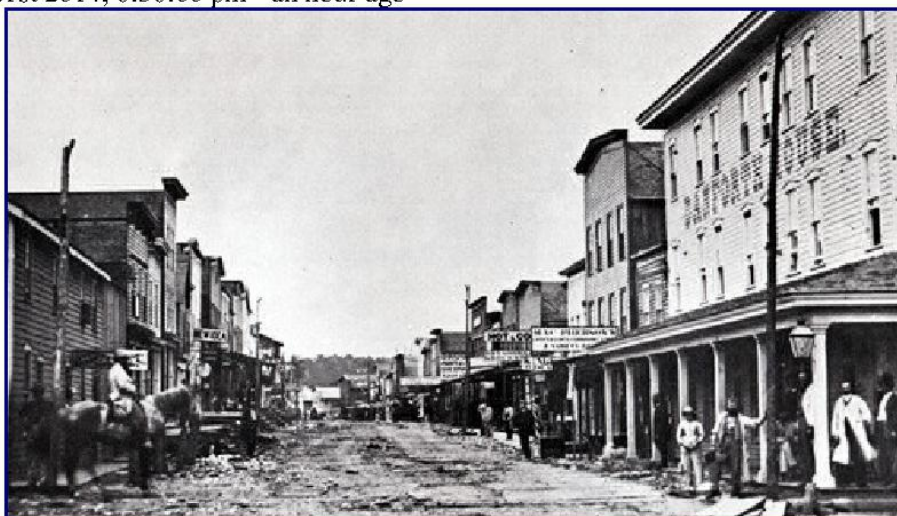
In the middle of the Stadium there have been reports of a man or teen running laps, when people go to confront him he disappears right in front of them.

Bakersfield - Pioneer Village -

Reportedly, someone witnessed a ghostly birthday party in the Weill house. Others have seen children in front of the 1882 Norris School Building.

[peashooter85](#)

September 21st 2014, 6:36:00 pm · an hour ago





Pithole Come and Gone — The Great Pennsylvania Oil Rush,

As someone born and raised in Northwestern Pennsylvania I was always fed the legend in school that in 1859 Col. Edwin Drake drilled the first artificial oil well. While I know now that is not true, there are many who drilled wells in the 19th century, not to mention the Chinese who drilled for oil as far back as ancient times, it was Drake's accomplishment that would create the birth of the modern oil industry. As a result of Drake's discovery, hundreds of thousands of prospectors from around the world flocked to Northwestern Pennsylvania seeking opportunity and riches. Most settled in the area of Venango and Crawford County, founding towns that exist today such as Oil City, Franklin, and Titusville.

The cities and towns that were created as a result of the Pennsylvania Oil Rush were much like the gold and silver boom towns of the old west. Populations exploded rapidly, but when the riches ran out, all that was left was a series of empty ghost towns. One of the most famous of the PA oil region was Pithole. Located in between Venango and Forest Counties, Pithole was a boomtown that was often compared to Dodge City in the West. In January of 1864 Pithole was founded when an oil prospector named Isiah Frazier struck black gold. By July 2,000 people settled in Pithole, by November that number had exploded to 15,000 people. By Christmas day of 1864, Pithole was home to around 25,000 immigrants.

A bustling boomtown, Pithole was home to 54 hotels, 3 churches, a number of stores, and numerous saloons, gambling dens, and brothels. In addition, the landscape would have been littered with scores, if not hundreds of oil wells. Most residents of Pithole were oil prospectors who were there on a temporary basis, moving in to drill a claim, and going home when they either busted out or struck a fortune. Along with oilers were a number of other people such as merchants, lawyers, land speculators, doctors, craftsmen, and skilled people necessary for a healthy town. The boom also brought a number of less desirable people such as gamblers, prostitutes, outlaws, gangsters, thieves, and con artists.

The fall of Pithole began when in early 1866, a mere two years after its founding, oil wells in the town hit peak production. By spring of the same year financiers began to flee Pithole in search for greener pastures. When the financiers left, so did the oilers, and when the oilers left, so did everyone else. By December of 1866, the population of Pithole dropped to only 2,000. By 1870 only 237 lived in Pithole,

and by 1880, it was an abandoned ghost town. Unlike western ghost towns, where the town is preserved by dry conditions, Pithole was quickly overrun by forest and foliage. Today all that remains of Pithole are the foundations of streets and buildings, protected by the state as a part of Oil Creek State Park. Pithole was not unique among PA Oil Rush boomtowns, as dozens of other boomtowns suffered similar fates and were quickly wiped off the map. In 1891 Pennsylvania oil production peaked at 31 million barrels. Soon afterward, other oil regions such as Ohio, California, Wyoming, Oklahoma, Texas, the Gulf Coast, and Alaska would draw oil booms of their own. By 1901, the PA Oil Rush had moved on, leaving dozens of empty boom towns like Pithole with it.

by

Robert A. Goerman

<http://robertgoerman.tripod.com>

This is the **official** website for the **original** 1976 cold case investigation into the Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania mystery of a USAF B-25 bomber, serial number 44-29125, that was forced to make an emergency landing on the Monongahela River on January 31, 1956.

It began with a *whoosh!*

Afternoon rush-hour traffic on the Homestead High Level Bridge was shocked to a standstill as that winged behemoth swooped from the sky.

It was 4:09 p.m. on January 31, 1956. Although some would maintain that the TB-25N twin-engine bomber, serial number 44-29125, missed them by inches, cooler heads would prevail and estimate that the aircraft, longer than a streetcar with a 67-foot wingspan, missed clipping the bridge by a good 30 feet. Folks rushed to the railing in time to observe the plane, out of fuel, both engines silent, ditch in the icy waters of the Monongahela (locally known as the Mon) River below.

The bomber made a flawless belly landing. Suffering damage to its radio compass antenna housing, but otherwise completely intact, the rugged warbird raced downstream, serving as an impromptu lifeboat for the survivors before finally sinking about one mile and 17 minutes later near the Jones and Laughlin steel plant.

Things in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania got hectic. Emergency ropes were lowered from bridges and every craft on the water rushed to the aid of the downed airmen.

Officially rescued safely were Maj. William L. Dotson, the pilot; Capt. John F. Jamieson, the co-pilot; MSgt. Alfred J. Alleman and Airman Charles L. Smith, passengers. The bodies of Capt. Jean P. Ingraham, passenger, and SSgt. Walter E. Soocey, Crew Chief, were recovered on April 8 and May 28, 1956.

Dragging operations to locate the bomber began the following morning and Patrolman Harry Ebaling of the River Patrol snagged what he believed to be the aircraft in the approximate location where witnesses said the aircraft sank. The Coast Guard Cutter *Forsythia* marked the location with a lighted buoy.

On Thursday, February 2, the *Forsythia* commenced dragging operations using a 350-pound anchor attached to a manila towrope two inches in diameter. An object was snagged at 6:00 p.m. and brought to the surface. It appeared to be a wing of the aircraft. The anchor slipped off the object and it sank back into the river. Another attempt snapped the towline, losing the

anchor. A smaller anchor with a steel cable was rigged up and it was lost as well.

Searchers suspended all search and dragging operations pending the manufacture of a special "grappling hook" that was being produced by the Coraopolis Tool and Machine Company. The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers arranged to have the dredging barge *Monello II* moved in for dragging operations.

River Patrol officers sent out a hurried call to the Coast Guard on Friday, February 3. Sgt. Pete Settnek said the buoy marking the sunken B-25 had drifted about half a mile downstream from its original position.

The *Monello II* arrived at 2:30 p.m. on February 4. The area where the airplane was briefly brought to the surface was swept thoroughly but nothing was found. In the meantime, the *Forsythia* arrived and proceeded to drag the main channel with the special grappling hook. All search operations were suspended at 7:30 p.m. when fog settled over the area and it became too dangerous to continue.

At least one report alleges that a gadget to detect radioactivity was aboard an Air Force H21 helicopter brought from Olmstead Air Force Base, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, that made several low passes up and down the Monongahela River on February 8. The reason given: some of the plane's dials were radium-coated to enable reading in the dark.

All official search operations were abandoned by Valentine's Day. The Air Force put the B-25 up for sale on November 9, 1956, via sealed invitation bid. The only bidder was John Evans, of Pleasant Hills, a Pittsburgh-area seaplane pilot, who paid \$10 for salvage rights to the \$200,000 aircraft and spent years searching without luck.

Curious divers have since scoured every inch of river bottom. All they ever got was wet. Everything from crude grappling hooks to modern detection devices have been employed over the years. The public has been told that no trace of this aircraft was ever found.

It was as if it never existed.

In Memory of Robert H. Johns

November 20, 1934 - December 22, 1991

I can remember when every Friday night was "Bob" night.

My marriage was just beginning. The marriage of my best friend and colleague, Robert H. Johns, had ended in bitter divorce.

I am an author and investigative researcher of transient anomalies and matters unknown and unexplained. Bob Johns was my good right arm. He had formerly served as a Navy Crew Chief on a P2V-3 Patrol Bomber, held a commercial pilot's license, and worked as a project technologist in the laboratories of the Allegheny-Ludlum Steel Corporation.

During one Friday get-together in January of 1976, Bob described how his emotional turmoil led to another sleepless night listening to talk radio. He recounted that a trucker had anonymously called the Perry Marshall show on KDKA and confessed that, twenty years ago, agents of the Central Intelligence Agency had hired him and two other truckers to secretly haul the cut up wreckage of a certain B-25 aircraft over to the secure Nike Missile site in Oakdale, Pennsylvania, during the dead of night. He also claimed that soldiers in military jeeps escorted their impromptu convoy.

"It was his tone," Bob explained to me why this caller had made such an impression on him. "There was a slight but unmistakable trace of fear in his voice."

This story intrigued me so much that I telephoned the producer of the Perry Marshall show and offered our investigative services. With Bob Johns at my side as an "Aviation Consultant," our efforts to unravel this mystery began in earnest.

During our initial Friday, January 23, 1976 radio appearance, a man called in to tell us that he personally witnessed three flatbed trucks carrying sections of a large airplane a few days after the crash. These trucks crossed Route 30, just west of Pittsburgh. He added that Military Police stopped traffic until the trucks passed. A woman caller knew a retired Air Force officer who claimed that he had seen the wreckage of that B-25 at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Dayton, Ohio, within a week of the crash. The nurse on duty at Montefiore Hospital recounted being warned into silence.

Our second KDKA broadcast celebrated the 20th anniversary of the ill-fated flight and featured Master Sergeant Alfred J. Alleman (one of the survivors) as our guest. We crossed the Rubicon that night and the rest was history.

The enduring mystery of Pittsburgh's *Ghost Bomber* literally saved my friend's life. It consumed him and became his obsession. Bob remarried in 1980 and died at the age of 57. His manuscript documenting our historic investigation, "***The Incident That Could Have Killed Pittsburgh***," was not published. Now, many years after Bob's death, his words have found their way into print. My deepest gratitude goes to Robert and Marietta Closson at Closson Press.

I started this.

Maybe we can finish it.

Greetings Visitor:

Hope this finds you and yours well.

The search for the truth about the fate of TB-25N serial number 44-29125 on January 31, 1956 has become as much a part of Pittsburgh history and lore as the incredible disappearance of the aircraft itself. There are troubling inconsistencies about the details and final minutes of the flight, as well as the actual number and identities of the personnel aboard. These conflicts appear in official military and government records, in newspaper reportage, in statements made by the survivors, and in accounts given by both rescuers and eyewitnesses.

This website serves as the primary outlet for the public dissemination of our ongoing pursuit of facts.

It is a work in progress.

Clicking on the links to the left will take you to various bits and pieces of the investigation. Please check back often for new clues.

Thank you for visiting the fastest growing and most comprehensive website about Pittsburgh's own unsolved mystery. We welcome your comments and contributions. Do you have another piece of this puzzle? Please contact me. Discretion is guaranteed.

Yours in research,

Robert A. Goerman

robert_a_goerman@yahoo.com

615 Earl Avenue

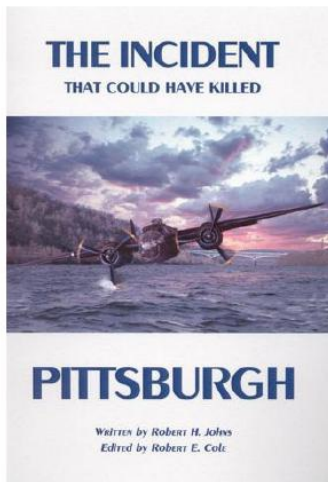
New Kensington, PA

15068-4801

724-335-0197

"Do what you can, with what you have, where you are."

-- Theodore Roosevelt



incident.jpg

Suggested reading

Goerman, Robert A., ***Thirty Seconds over Pittsburgh***, FATE magazine, May-June 2009 www.fatemag.com

Johns, Robert H., ***The Incident That Could Have Killed Pittsburgh***, Closson Press, September 2008
www.clossonpress.com

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Woodland Hills - Pizza Cookery -

uneasy feelings in the ladies bathroom. also witnesses feel cold spots in there.

Point Happy a sweet spot

By Denise Goolsby
The Desert Sun

The area just east of the Santa Rosa Mountains, where its foothills jut out into the desert near the intersection of Highway 111 and Washington Street in La Quinta, used to be home to the Cahuilla Indians. Later, it was a watering hole along a stagecoach route and, for many years, a working ranch.

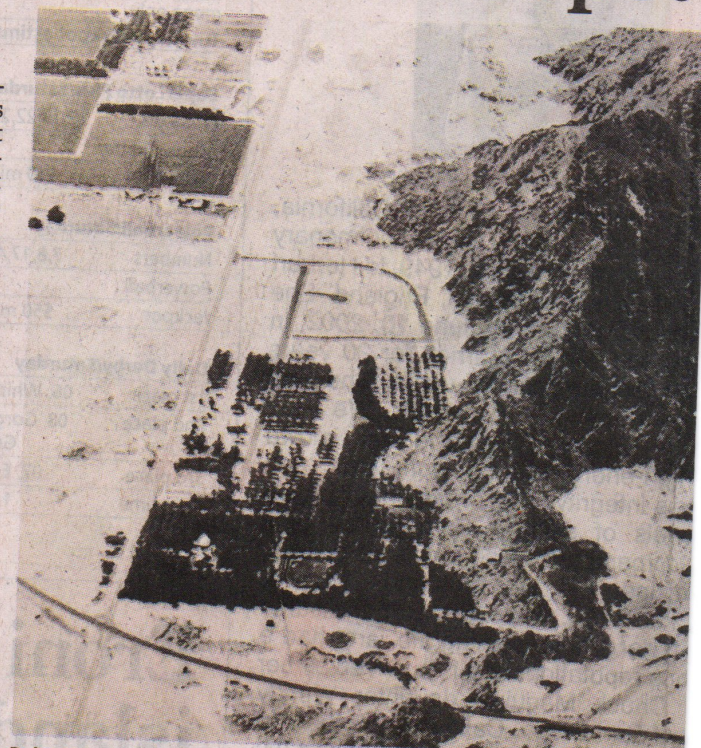
The sprawling land where the ranch once stood is now occupied by Plaza La Quinta, a bustling shopping center anchored by a Vons grocery store and the Estates at Point Happy, an enclave of luxury homes.

The Cahuilla Indians found the area — which became known as Point Happy at the turn of the 20th century — a hospitable spot, as the Santa Rosas provided protection from fierce desert sandstorms and flash flooding.

Along the wash, the Cahuillas dug gently sloping pathways down to the springs below. The hand-dug "Indian Well" was located less than 300 yards from Point Happy. It was destroyed in the 100-year flood in 1916.

When gold was discovered in La Paz and Ehrenburg, Ariz. in 1862, Major William Bradshaw established the first trail through the Coachella Valley and across the Colorado Desert to California's neighboring state. Point Happy soon became a landmark for stagecoaches traveling the Bradshaw Trail. During this period, the stop began its tradition as a hospitable "watering hole" for desert travelers.

The area, tucked under the shadow of the Santa Rosas, was named after Norman "Happy" Lundbeck, an early desert settler who began homesteading the area in the early 1900s. Lundbeck established a stable and small store and sold wares to those traveling across the



Point Happy Date Gardens at the intersection of Highway 111 and Washington Street. Now the site of Vons shopping center. PHOTO COURTESY OF LA QUINTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

hot, dusty desert. A one-room elementary school was built on the property in 1916.

The Point Happy property and 135 adjoining acres were bought in 1922 by philanthropist Chauncey D. Clarke, who named it Point Happy Date Gardens. Clarke, who thought climactic conditions were similar to those in the Middle East, raised Arabian horses on the ranch for four years until his death in 1926.

J. Win Wilson, in a Los Angeles Times article dated March 8, 1925, said Clarke, "is a very enthusiastic booster for the dates and horses of the old world desert lands. The desert climate and condition, he believes, offer the finest training ground for making the horses both sure-footed and strong in shoulders

and joints. In other words, he believes that conditions in the Coachella Valley are so similar to those in Arabia, where the Arab horses have been developed to perfection, as to afford ideal environment for the raising of this notable breed of equine."

The Times article described the agreeable conditions at the ranch, where at the time, Clarke had 11 horses — five stallions and six mares.

"His stud is provided with all modern conveniences: solid box walls, corrals, tank house and modern living quarters for his trainer. A quarter-mile track is also a feature, for regular exercising of his horses figures prominently in Mr. Clarke's plans."

Louise Rodarte Neeley, his-

for early arrivals



ington Street in the 1960s. This is
SOCIETY, LA QUINTA MUSEUM

torian and a member of one of the city's pioneering families, recalls happy days at the ranch, where her father, Teofilo Rodarte was a foreman and her mother, Juanita, was the Clarke's housekeeper.

She said the ranch was filled with date palms and avocado, orange, fig, pecan, apricot, mulberry and grapefruit trees, row crops and sugar cane.

"We swam. We hiked. We had the mountain to the back of us," she said. "Growing up was happy. It was wonderful. Mother had chickens and a cow. We had the run of the place."

Her father was hired in 1923 and continued until his death in 1943. Her brother, Jess Rodarte was hired to tend the date trees.

Neeley said Mrs. Clarke's full-time gardener, Mr. Aka-

hoshi, planted a large vegetable garden for home use and maintained an extensive rose garden and many varieties of annual flowers for the pleasure of their guests.

Knowing he was ill, Clarke sold his horses to the Kellogg Ranch in Pomona. Clarke died on Aug. 22, 1926. It is said that those horses became the breeding stock of the purebred Arabians in California.

His wife, Marie Clarke, a founder of the Hollywood Bowl, was instrumental in setting up and financially underwriting the Indio Women's Club. She continued to live on the ranch after her husband's death. She died on Oct. 30, 1948, leaving the property to Claremont College, which in turn, sold off parts of the property.

Point Happy Date Gardens was sold to William DuPont Jr., CEO of DuPont Chemical Corp., in the 1950s. He built a home in the Santa Rosa Mountains overlooking the ranch. To the southwest of the palm grove, he built a Spanish home with a pool and tennis court for friend Alice Marble, the top-ranked American woman tennis player in 1939.

Marble, a longtime Palm Desert resident, won 18 Grand Slam championships.

She died at Desert Regional Medical Center in Palm Springs in 1990.

The house was finished on Dec. 16, 1965. DuPont Jr. died three days later. Portions of the ranch were sold off to subdividers.

The last owners of the ranch were Dr. Earl R. Kiernan and his wife Florence. By 2004, the final page was turned in the ranch's storied history with the construction of the Estates at Point Happy.

Sources: La Quinta Historical Society, La Quinta Museum, City of La Quinta Historic Context Statement, 1996.



Pope Francis is criticised for frequently mentioning the Devil in his homilies

A senior bishop in Vatican City has criticised the Pope for mentioning the devil too many times during his homilies.

The cleric, who spoke on condition of anonymity, told the Washington Post that Pope Francis "never stops" speaking about Satan.

"It's constant," the bishop said. "Had Pope Benedict done this, the media would have clobbered him."

His criticism found an echo. According to journalist Sara Lin Wilde, "Francis loves to bring up Satan".

"It seems like the Church is heading to a very conservative historical moment with Pope Francis at the helm," Wilde wrote on patheos.com.

Journalist Anthoni Faiola said: "After little more than a year atop the throne of St Peter, Francis's teachings on Satan are already regarded as the most old school of any pope since at least Paul VI."

"He is opening the door to superstition," said Vito Mancuso, a Catholic theologian and writer.

By focusing on old-school interpretations of the Devil, some progressive theologians said the Pope was undermining his reputation of a modern leader.

Francis, who took the papacy in March 2013 and spoke about the Devil in his very first homily, defended himself by saying that people should always be aware of the Devil's presence in the modern world.

"Look out because the Devil is present," he said during a Mass at the Vatican's chapel in St Martha's House in April. "When we prefer to gossip, gossip about others, criticise others - these are everyday things that happen to everyone, including me - these are the temptations of the evil one who does not want the Spirit to come to us and bring about peace and meekness in the Christian community."

Vatican officials said had witnessed an increase in mystical rites in the Church, including exorcism.

During the ninth convention on exorcism, almost 200 delegates - mainly priests and nuns from all over the world - said satanic cults were spreading on the internet.

The new pope, exorcists said, had become their champion in the face of modern sceptics, many of them within the Catholic faith.

2014 International Business Times

West Los Angeles - Quicksilver TOW-O.P.G. -

Many fatal accidents reported in this area. Reports of eerie feelings, cold spots, sightings of children and handprints on cars, accompanied by the inside lights of the vehicle turning on.

Antioch - Empire Mine Road - Rail Road Mine - Fair warning - no trespassing you will get fined or arrested. Possibly torn down -

At the end of Empire mine road, there is an old railroad track tunnel that is pretty spooky inside. There are bats inside it and you can hear voices at the end of the tunnel.

Alhambra - Ramona Convent Secondary School -

Students have reported seeing a "white nun" roaming the library. Many girls have claimed to have heard the piano in one of the school buildings being played, while no one was in the building. After a student drowned in the school, pool stories surfaced of the victim tugging at the swimmers legs.

Rare albino lobsters caught off coast of Maine

CBS News September 5, 2014, 8:01 PM

cbsnews.com



Two fishermen in Maine may want to consider buying lottery tickets. They just defied the odds and caught not one but two extremely rare albino lobsters -- each one considered one in 100 million.

The Portland Press Herald reports that the lobsters were caught on two separate expeditions near Owls Head

and the Rockland breakwater this week.

These two special lobsters don't need to worry about becoming anyone's dinner. One of the colorless crustaceans will reside in the Maine State Aquarium in Boothbay Harbor, while the other will go to Brooks Trap Mill in Thomaston, Maine.



lobster2-1.jpg

CBS News

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Where Are the Vampire Linguists?

If this is a question that's never crossed your mind, don't feel alone. It did come up, however, in a recently published *Speculative Grammarian*, "the premier scholarly journal featuring research in the neglected field [?] of satirical linguistics." The current issue, for example, has articles on "Linguimericks, Etc.," "Profuse Things You Didn't Know You Didn't Know" (this will go on my reading list obviously), and "It Was a Dark and Stormy Noun."



Ha! You Vill Never Split an Infinitive Again!
(*The Vampire*, Philip Burne-Jones, 1897, US-PD)

But I digress. The article in question, written by F. Ang Bangah (oh the pun of it!), presents musings such as this one:

What languages thought dead live on in the minds and tongues of the living dead? Are there vampires of African or Native American origin who can give first hand accounts of the history and cultural practices of societies of which we have few or no written records? Even vampires only two hundred years old can give valuable insight into dialect shifts and cultural changes that have happened over the course of their lives and deaths.

Well, yes, of course they can. Then Mr. (Dr.?) Bangah makes a radical proposal:

Finally, though some may find the ethics of such propositions questionable, it is not impossible to imagine staving off language death, which so often coincides with the physical death of its speakers, by "turning" the willing among the last few speakers of a language to immortal vampires, giving them time and energy to teach the language to linguists and interested new generations of speakers.

There's a concept. This idea also opens up a world of possibilities for the positive use of vampires. Now that *True Blood* has ended, we need something to keep them alive, so to

speak. Think of the cooking lessons they could offer. I can imagine episodes of *The Undead Chef* offering advice on how to roast a haunch of woolly mammoth over a slow fire. Or perhaps we could see exciting competitions with boulders on *Neanderthal Ninjas* or tense drama following in *Dark Shadows*' footsteps on shows like *As the Human Turns* or *The Guiding Maker*.

I need guidance myself, though, on how to get the all-things-vampire ball rolling. I think I will write F. Ang at the Vampiric Linguistics Advancement Department (V.L.A.D.) at the University of Ultrasylvania at Erdő-elve for advice on this. After all, he did say "interested parties, including scholars, speakers of endangered languages, and vampiric informants, are welcome to contact me there." As I do that, I will inquire as to whether he's answered one of his own questions: "Does the brain structure and linguistic organization of long-term hyper-polyglots who learn and perhaps use languages serially over lifetime-scale time spans differ from those who have had to learn their languages in a matter of mere decades?" I'm dying to know.

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Raw Head and Bloody Bones: From Scary stories at Americanfolklore.net

S. E. Schlosser

Way back in the deep woods there lived a scrawny old woman who had a reputation for being the best conjuring woman in the Ozarks. With her bedraggled black-and-gray hair, funny eyes - one yellow and one green - and her crooked nose, Old Betty was not a pretty picture, but she was the best there was at fixing what ailed a man, and that was all that counted.

Old Betty's house was full of herbs and roots and bottles filled with conjuring medicine. The walls were lined with strange books brimming with magical spells. Old Betty was the only one living in the Hollow who knew how to read; her granny, who was also a conjurer, had taught her the skill as part of her magical training.

Just about the only friend Old Betty had was a tough, mean, ugly old razorback hog that ran wild around her place. It rooted so much in her kitchen garbage that all the leftover spells started affecting it. Some folks swore up and down that the old razorback hog sometimes walked upright like man. One fellow claimed he'd seen the pig sitting in the rocker on Old Betty's porch, chattering away to her while she stewed up some potions in the kitchen, but everyone discounted that story on account of the fellow who told it was a little too fond of moonshine.

"Raw Head" was the name Old Betty gave the razorback, referring maybe to the way the ugly creature looked a bit like some of the dead pigs come butchering time down in Hog-Scald Hollow. The razorback didn't mind the funny name. Raw Head kept following Old Betty around her little cabin and rooting up the kitchen leftovers. He'd even walk to town with her when she came to the local mercantile to sell her home remedies.

Well, folks in town got so used to seeing Raw Head and Old Betty around the town that it looked mighty strange one day around hog-driving time when Old Betty came to the mercantile without him.

"Where's Raw Head?" the owner asked as he accepted her basket full of home-remedy potions. The liquid in the bottles swished in an agitate manner as Old Betty said: "I ain't seen him around today, and I'm mighty worried. You seen him here in town?"

"Nobody's seen him around today. They would've told me if they did," the mercantile owner said. "We'll keep a lookout fer you."

"That's mighty kind of you. If you see him, tell him to come home straightaway," Old Betty said. The mercantile owner nodded agreement as he handed over her weekly pay.

Old Betty fussed to herself all the way home. It wasn't like Raw Head to disappear, especially not the day they went to town. The man at the mercantile always saved the best scraps for the mean old razorback, and Raw Head never missed a visit. When the old conjuring woman got home, she mixed up a potion and poured it onto a flat plate.

"Where's that old hog got to?" she asked the liquid. It clouded over and then a series of pictures formed. First, Old Betty saw the good-for-nothing hunter that lived on the next ridge sneaking around the forest, rounding up razorback hogs that didn't belong to him. One of the hogs was Raw Head. Then she saw him taking the hogs down to Hog-Scald Hollow, where folks from the next town were slaughtering their razorbacks. Then she saw her hog, Raw Head, slaughtered with the rest of the pigs and hung up for gutting. The final picture in the liquid was the pile of bloody bones that had once been her hog, and his scraped-clean head lying with the other hogsheds in a pile.

Old Betty was infuriated by the death of her only friend. It was murder to her, plain and simple. Everyone in three counties knew that Raw Head was her friend, and that lazy, hog-stealing, good-for-nothing hunter on the ridge was going to pay for slaughtering him.

Now Old Betty tried to practice white conjuring most of the time, but she knew the dark secrets too. She pulled out an old, secret book her granny had given her and turned to the very last page. She lit several candles and put them around the plate containing the liquid picture of Raw Head and his bloody bones. Then she began to chant: "Raw Head and Bloody Bones. Raw Head and Bloody Bones."

The light from the windows disappeared as if the sun had been snuffed out like a candle. Dark clouds billowed into the clearing where Old Betty's cabin stood, and the howl of dark spirits could be heard in the wind that pummeled the treetops.

"Raw Head and Bloody Bones. Raw Head and Bloody Bones."

Betty continued the chant until a bolt of silver lightning left the plate and streaked out threw the window, heading in the direction of Hog-Scald Hollow.

When the silver light struck Raw Head's severed head, which was piled on the hunter's wagon with the other hog heads, it tumbled to the ground and rolled until it was touching the bloody bones that had once inhabited its body. As the hunter's wagon rumbled away toward the ridge where he lived, the enchanted Raw Head called out: "Bloody bones, get up and dance!"

Immediately, the bloody bones reassembled themselves into the skeleton of a razorback hog walking upright, as Raw Head had often done when he was alone with Old Betty. The head hopped on top of his skeleton and Raw Head went searching through the woods for weapons to use against the hunter. He borrowed the sharp teeth of a dying panther, the claws of a long-dead bear, and the tail from a rotting raccoon and put them over his skinned head and bloody bones.

Then Raw Head headed up the track toward the ridge, looking for the hunter who had slaughtered him. Raw Head slipped passed the thief on the road and slid into the barn where the hunter kept his horse and wagon. Raw Head climbed up into the loft and waited for the hunter to come home.

It was dusk when the hunter drove into the barn and unhitched his horse. The horse snorted

in fear, sensing the presence of Raw Head in the loft. Wondering what was disturbing his usually-calm horse, the hunter looked around and saw a large pair of eyes staring down at him from the darkness in the loft.

The hunter frowned, thinking it was one of the local kids fooling around in his barn.

"Land o' Goshen, what have you got those big eyes fer?" he snapped, thinking the kids were trying to scare him with some crazy mask.

"To see your grave," Raw Head rumbled very softly. The hunter snorted irritably and put his horse into the stall.

"Very funny. Ha,ha," The hunter said. When he came out of the stall, he saw Raw Head had crept forward a bit further. Now his luminous yellow eyes and his bears claws could clearly be seen.

"Land o' Goshen, what have you got those big claws fer?" he snapped. "You look ridiculous."

"To dig your grave..." Raw Head intoned softly, his voice a deep rumble that raised the hairs on the back of the hunter's neck. He stirred uneasily, not sure how the crazy kid in his loft could have made such a scary sound. If it really was a crazy kid.

Feeling a little spooked, he hurried to the door and let himself out of the barn. Raw Head slipped out of the loft and climbed down the side of the barn behind him. With nary a rustle to reveal his presence, Raw Head raced through the trees and up the path to a large, moonlight rock. He hid in the shadow of the huge stone so that the only things showing were his gleaming yellow eyes, his bear claws, and his raccoon tail.

When the hunter came level with the rock on the side of the path, he gave a startled yelp. Staring at Raw Head, he gasped: "You nearly knocked the heart right out of me, you crazy kid! Land o' Goshen, what have you got that crazy tail fer?"

"To sweep your grave..." Raw Head boomed, his enchanted voice echoing through the woods, getting louder and louder with each echo. The hunter took to his heels and ran for his cabin. He raced passed the old well-house, passed the wood pile, over the rotting fence and into his yard. But Raw Head was faster. When the hunter reached his porch, Raw Head leapt from the shadows and loomed above him. The hunter stared in terror up at Raw Head's gleaming yellow eyes in the ugly razorback hogshead, his bloody bone skeleton with its long bear claws, sweeping raccoon's tail and his gleaming sharp panther teeth.

"Land o' Goshen, what have you got those big teeth fer?" he gasped desperately, stumbling backwards from the terrible figure before him.

"To eat you up, like you wanted to eat me!" Raw Head roared, descending upon the good-for-nothing hunter. The murdering thief gave one long scream in the moonlight. Then there was silence, and the sound of crunching.

Nothing more was ever seen or heard of the lazy hunter who lived on the ridge. His horse

also disappeared that night. But sometimes folks would see Raw Head roaming through the forest in the company of his friend Old Betty. And once a month, on the night of the full moon, Raw Head would ride the hunter's horse through town, wearing the old man's blue overalls over his bloody bones with a hole cut-out for his raccoon tail. In his bloody, bear-clawed hands, he carried his raw, razorback hogshead, lifting it high against the full moon for everyone to see.

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READER SUBMITTED: The New England Vampire Folk Belief: The Archeological Evidence

2014-08-28

courant.com



Dr. Nicholas Bellantoni sifting for clues. (CSMNH/UConn)

The Webb-Deane-Stevens Museum will add to October's chill with a timely discussion of a real "skull-and-crossbones" scenario and an historical belief in vampires, right here in Connecticut. On Oct. 16 state archaeologist Dr. Nicholas Bellantoni will present "The New England

Vampire Folk Belief: The Archeological Evidence" at 6:30 p.m. in the Webb Barn at the Webb-Deane-Stevens Museum, 211 Main St., Wethersfield. The free presentation will be preceded by a wine reception (by donation) at 6 p.m.

Bellantoni will discuss some new cases of suspected vampirism in the 1800s, and give updates on familiar examples, including the Jewett City Vampires, the Mercy Brown case in Rhode Island, and "Burial Number 4," in Griswold.

In 1990, two Griswold boys playing in a freshly dug gravel pit unearthed two human skulls, leading to a police investigation and a call to the Connecticut Office of State Archaeology. Bellantoni conducted rescue excavations and noted that all the skeletal remains were in proper anatomical position in their graves except for one adult male, who had been beheaded and whose bones were arranged in a "skull and crossbones" manner. Results of the forensic and historical evidence suggested that the individual was believed to be "undead" and capable of leaving the grave and "feeding" on living family members. Vampire feeding was considered by some to be the cause of the tuberculosis, the leading cause of mortality in the Northeast in the 1800s. The re-arrangement of bones, and sometimes the burning of the heart, was considered necessary in order to put the "vampire" to final rest.

Bellantoni's lecture precedes the 2014 Webb-Deane-Stevens Museum Witches and Tombstones Tours, slated for Oct. 18, 19, 25 and 26, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. For details visit: <http://webb-deane-stevens.org/witches-and-tombstones-tours-oct-18-19-25-26/>.

Bellantoni serves as the state archaeologist with the Connecticut State Museum of Natural History and Archaeology Center in the College of Liberal Arts & Sciences at the University of Connecticut (UConn). He received his doctorate in anthropology from UConn in 1987 and was shortly thereafter appointed state archaeologist. His duties are many, but primarily include the preservation of archaeological sites in the state. He serves as an adjunct associate research professor in the Department of Anthropology at UConn, as well as a state

commissioner for the Commission on Culture and Tourism and sits on the State Historic Preservation Council. He is a former president of the National Association of State Archeologists. His research background includes the analysis of skeletal remains from eastern North America. He has been excavating in Connecticut for over 30 years.

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Anaheim - Red Cross House -

It is said that it is haunted by the original caretaker. When you get to the room where the children lived you feel a strange presence. In the first room at the entrance if you look at the picture while your going up the stairs you see the eyeballs on the picture of the caretaker you see them watching you. Also when you go up to the second story people

mostly females get pushed at a male if they seem to be a perfect couple.

Wattsonville - Redman House -

This house is located in the middle of a strawberry field right off of the freeway. It is fully boarded up, but there are very noticeable hot spots on the roof of the house that shine blue, as well as many orbs that surround the house. From what the people that own us say, many people were murdered in this house, and it is extremely haunted. Doors slam and open on their own, people hear things happen in that house from far away. Screams of a little boy are heard as well as adults yelling for help. Strange spot.

In 1972, the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, better known in contemporary circles as the Mephistopheles of Poontang, took over the franchise on the Unity of the Sciences movement. The latter, a cult operation as evil as Moon's, but more intellectually damaging, was founded in the mid-1930s under leadership of John Dewey, Bertrand Russell, and Otto Neurath of the Vienna Circle of logical positivists. In the 1950s, it merged with Robert M. Hutchins's University of Chicago publishing operations to become the International Encyclopedia of Unified Science. Thomas S. Kuhn's *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions* was one of its more successful ventures.

It would be wrong to suppose that the many Nobel Prize-winners and other leading scientists, who have graced the dais at the annual Reverend Moon-sponsored International Conferences on the Unity of the Sciences, were merely taking advantage of a nice honorarium and a chance to sound off in public.

Some, like physicist Eugene Wigner, for example, or the neurophysiologist, Lord Edgar Douglas Adrian, were perfectly witting in what they were about. Much more so, than the psychologically damaged Korean preacher, who calls his religious vision in a North Korean torture cell "my brainwashing," and never misses a chance to remind his audiences that the highest truth is that the male and female sex organs fit together—"unity." (Yes, he would be a joke, were it not for the fact that he owns, or is right now buying up, a good chunk of the U.S. Congress, the President of the United States, and a spectrum of religious figures from Jerry Falwell to Louis Farrakhan—paid for by the flow of dirty money from the drugs and arms trade that has financed the rise to prominence of the Moon cult.)

It is only possible to make sense of the curious marriage of the Reverend Moon with the leadership of world science, by taking a step back in history to examine some developments which will strike the typically miseducated college graduate as rather strange. We will be publishing the full case in the near future. We have only the space here for the short version. Every word we write is carefully researched and documented. So pay attention, and keep an open mind. If you should discover that your college education was largely a consumer fraud, there will be plenty of time later to bring the lawsuit.

The Moon cult and the Unity of the Sciences Movement are two operations spun out of a London thinktank in the early part of the 20th century, known variously as the Coefficients Club, the Roundtable, and Milner's Kindergarten. Leading strategists included Lord Robert Cecil, Lord Alfred Milner, Leo Amery, Halford Mackinder, H.G. Wells, and Lord Bertrand Russell. The problem facing them was how to maintain the power of a maritime-based,

financier oligarchy, in a world threatened by the growing industrial strength of the United States, Germany, France, and, Japan. World War I was their first big project; the failed League of Nations the second.

The Program

In 1928, their propagandist Wells, issued the program of the grouping in a book titled *The Open Conspiracy*. The plan, openly discussed, was to create a "new world religion" that would channel the power of self-sacrifice, characteristic of religious zeal, into implementing the goals of the conspiracy. These were, as summarized by Wells:

"Firstly, the entirely provisional nature of all existing governments, and the entirely provisional nature, therefore, of all loyalties associated therewith:

Secondly, the supreme importance of population control in human biology and the possibility it affords us of a release from the pressure of the struggle for existence on ourselves; and

Thirdly, the urgent necessity of protective resistance against the present traditional drift towards war."



Rev. Moon

The Reverend Sun Myung Moon, known to some as the Mephistopheles of Poontang.

The first action of the "Open Conspiracy" was to be the cultivation of a mass-based peace movement. It began at Oxford University, and spread among student populations in Europe and the U.S.A. in the 1930s, in the form of a solemn, signed pledge never to participate in any war, and to refuse service if drafted.

Order the full article from the Winter 2002-2003 issue, "Moonification of the Sciences: The Russell-Wells 'No-Soul' Gang Behind the Moonie Freak Show,"

The organizer of the movement, which later became known as Moral Re-Armament, was an American preacher turned British intelligence agent, named Frank Buchman. He was an ardent admirer of Hitler, and included Gestapo chief Himmler and Rudolf Hess in his membership lists. But Buchman was also supported by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and counted Edward VIII, when he was Prince of Wales, as a member. In the U.S.A., his pre-war supporters included movie mogul Louis Mayer, *Los Angeles Times* publisher Harry Chandler, and David Dubinsky of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union.

Read an excerpt from "Moonification of the Sciences: The

After World War II, Buchman's Moral Re-Armament emerged as a major cold war vehicle, particularly in Western Europe and the Far East. His 1949 conference in Switzerland was attended by European parliamentarians and a bipartisan delegation of the U.S. Congress, flown in by military aircraft.

Moon's Korean ministry got plugged into Moral Re-Armament at the time of the Korean War, or before. After the war, the small Moon operation was picked up by military intelligence circles connected with the notorious MK-ultra program for psychedelic drug experimentation, and Tavistock-originated

Russell-Wells group dynamics programs for social manipulation. He was set up in the 'No-Soul' Gang United States, under highest level intelligence cover, in the early to middle Behind the 1960s. Moonie Freak Show,"

The Cult of Science

Apart from the mass peace movement, the other side of the Open Conspiracy involved science in two ways:

First, to build a weapon of mass destruction so terrible it could be used to force nations to forego their sovereignty. Wells's Hungarian disciple, physicist Leo Szilard, played the leading role in this. Szilard was the real-life model for Dr. Strangelove in Stanley Kubrick's famous film of that name, and also the lifelong friend and political adviser to Eugene Wigner.¹

Second, to turn biology from the science of life into a branch of inorganic physics.²

To accomplish this, it was necessary to first degrade the scientist's conception of himself. Another member of the Coefficients Club, Lord Bertrand Russell, played the key role in this. Russell was a product of the Cambridge Aristotelian Society. His early career was built on an absurdly incompetent attack on philosopher Gottfried Leibniz³ and Carl Friedrich Gauss's greatest student, Bernhard Riemann. The essence of it all was to prove that universal genius was impossible, human creativity did not exist, and the mind is only a collection of logical elements (which artificial intelligence would later attempt to replicate out of electronic spare parts).

Russell's dilettantish excursions into philosophy were consistent with the program of the Machian-influenced logical positivism of the Vienna Circle, and John Dewey's pragmatism. The denial of the synthetic *a priori*, i.e. creativity, and consequent reduction of all knowledge to mere logical formalism, is the common feature of both systems.

In 1935, refugee members of the logical positivist Vienna Circle joined with a collection of American Trotskyists grouped around John Dewey in the first meetings of the Unity of Sciences movement in New York. At a 1938 meeting at the University of Pennsylvania, with Russell in attendance, the Unity of Sciences movement was launched in earnest.

This was the operation that the Reverend Moon's Unification Church incorporated under its wing in 1972.

Dr. Strangelove, meet the Reverend Moon.

Notes

1. Wells had already foreseen the use of an atomic weapon in a 1913 work of fiction, based on physical chemist Frederick Soddy's 1908 *The Interpretation*

of Radium. Its realization was made possible by the collaboration of Szilard and Eugene Wigner in winning Einstein's backing for a letter urging President Roosevelt to begin research on an atomic bomb, arguing with no basis in fact, that Hitler was about to develop one. Very few of the scientists working on the Manhattan Project as a patriotic duty knew that some people actually intended to find a way to use the bomb before the war was over.

2. Niels Bohr's colleague Max Delbruck and physicist Szilard, who reinvented himself in the postwar period as a molecular biologist, were crucial players. The Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory, founded by Harriman family funding in the 1920s to promote the "perfection of the race" through eugenics, was the center of this effort in its early days.

3. Russell claimed to have comprehended all of Leibniz's philosophy under five logical premises, which he (Russell) had discovered. Finding that almost none of Leibniz's published work was consistent with the five premises, Russell decided that Leibniz was lying about what he really believed.

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Riding The 'Silver Dragon,' Surfers Tame China's 10-Foot River Waves

September 12, 2014

npr.org



Courtesy of Wabsono *hide caption i toggle caption i toggle caption* *Courtesy of Wabsono* During a surfing competition this week on a river in Hangzhou, China, surfers rode a 10-foot wave. The unusual wave draws international competitors every fall. *Courtesy of Wabsono*

During a surfing competition this week on a river in Hangzhou, China, surfers rode a 10-foot wave. The unusual wave draws international competitors every fall.

The hottest surfing in China this week wasn't along some palm-fringed beach in the south, but on a muddy, sometimes trash-strewn river in the eastern city of Hangzhou.

Surfers came from as far away as Southern California to ride the Qiantang Tidal Bore — a big river wave that forms during China's Mid-Autumn Festival, when the moon is full, and barrels upstream for miles.

"The wave is so cool, because it's so unpredictable," says Jamie O'Brien, a professional surfer from Hawaii's North Shore, who won this week's 2014 Red Bull Qiantang Shoot Out along with a fellow teammate. The unconventional contest brought together eight surfers to ride a natural phenomenon that's been around for at least several thousand years.

O'Brien said riding the "Silver Dragon," as it is sometimes called, is really different from riding an ocean wave, especially in a crowded environment like Hangzhou, where the buildings rise to 50 stories and there are more people than in New York City.

"It's definitely an obstacle course, because you've got boats. You've got piers. You've got cement pilings," says O'Brien. "I was in the white water trying to come out of this turn and this branch comes right by me!"

Surfers race in front of the Qiantang Tidal Bore. The wave travels upriver and forms during China's Mid-Autumn Festival, when the moon is full.

The surfers used Jet Skis to tow or drop each other into the wave. O'Brien says the event was really tiring because the wave just keeps going and going.

"We rode two hours up the river before the contest even started and then we surfed all the way down," says O'Brien, 31, who estimates he spent a total of 20 minutes on his board.

On ocean waves, by contrast, rides are measured in seconds.



Courtesy of Wabsono hide caption i toggle caption i toggle caption Courtesy of Wabsono Surfers race in front of the Qiantang Tidal Bore. The wave travels upriver and forms during China's Mid-Autumn Festival, when the moon is full. Courtesy of Wabsono

Hubert Chanson, a professor of hydraulic engineering at the University of Queensland in Australia, has documented 190 tidal bores around the world. He says the two biggest are the Qiantang and the Pororoca on the Amazon.

Chanson says bores form on rivers with big tidal swings from, say, 13 to nearly 20 feet. When the gravitational pull of a full or new moon raises the water level at the

river's mouth especially high, it triggers a wave that rolls upstream.

One reason the Qiantang bore is so big is that the triangular-shaped Hangzhou Bay acts like a funnel, amplifying the wave as it moves inland. The bore takes various shapes. Sometimes, it has a sloping face a surfer can cut across. At others, it can break into a surging, foamy, nearly two-story wall of water.

The bore has so much power, it can crash over sea walls, wiping out crowds. In 1993, nearly 60 people were killed while watching. Chanson says the first person on record to surf a tidal bore was a British soldier who rode the U.K.'s Severn River in the 1950s.

"Historically, in China, in fact, I read a story suggesting that back in the 18th century, there were some very brave Chinese swimmers who were bodysurfing the tidal bore of the Qiantang River," says Chanson.



Courtesy of Wabsono hide caption i toggle caption i toggle caption Courtesy of Wabsono A team from Honolulu, which included Jamie O'Brien of Hawaii's North Shore, won this week's surfing competition, held on one of the world's two biggest tidal bores, located in Hangzhou, China. The other is in the Amazon. Courtesy of

A team from Honolulu, which included Jamie O'Brien of Hawaii's North Shore, won this week's surfing competition, held on one of the world's two biggest tidal bores, located in Hangzhou, China. The other is in the Amazon.

Wabsono International, a Chinese apparel manufacturer, sponsored and organized this week's surfing competition.

It was designed to promote surfing as well as surf and sports clothing. Surfing, though, is not popular in China, where water sports are uncommon and most people can't swim.

Glenn Brumage, the CEO of Performance Sk8 and a board member of Wabsono, says having surfers take on the Qiantang Tidal Bore is a great opportunity for exposure, because tens of thousands of people line the riverbanks and millions watch on TV.

"The hope ... is just to bring the actual act of riding a wave to the general populace," says Brumage. "That will help the lifestyle aspects of the brands we're involved with."

Most who came to the river had no clue they were going see surfers. Many were delighted by what they saw.

"I feel they are pretty skillful," said Liu Tao, who's studying tourism management at a local university. "Sometimes they were about to collide and then they would change their course in a split of second."

But Liu, 20, doubts surfing will catch on anytime soon, especially in a culture where parents are especially protective of children.

"Many parents and adults think surfing is dangerous," says Liu. "Generally, only people with extreme sports backgrounds and training can surf. My parents, they won't let me do this."

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GEORGIA Atlanta: Joshua Reese, 25, faces drunken driving charges in a wreck that killed that a homeless man known as "Freeway Johnny," who greeted drivers for years near the Downtown Connector.

Bay Point - Riverview Middle School -

A jogger reported a hanging kid after running a few laps. He told officers that a kid was hanging from the basketball hoop. He said he saw it from the top right corner on the bleachers. Officers say that the kids name was Ryan that hung himself in 1978 when the school was once a high school(Pacifica high).more reports of the hanging kid from other students who walk home late at night.

SHAMBLING BEAST TERRORIZES TOWN

Hairy Animal Reported In South Carolina Village

ROCK HILL, S.C., Feb. 7.—

Reports of a huge, hairy beast called the "African udilacus" continued to spread terror among negro residents of this South Carolina town Sunday.

Constable Carl Hovis reported he saw the shambling beast in a dark back alley and shot at it twice but failed to bring it down.

Sam Watts, negro, said he was chased through a wooded area by the "varmint," which made "grunting noises."

Police reported the mysterious monster has a particular aversion to dogs. Two were found dead, apparently from strangulation, and a dozen were reported bitten, beaten and scratched in the Willow Branch section of town.

Ventura - Victorian rose bed & breakfast -

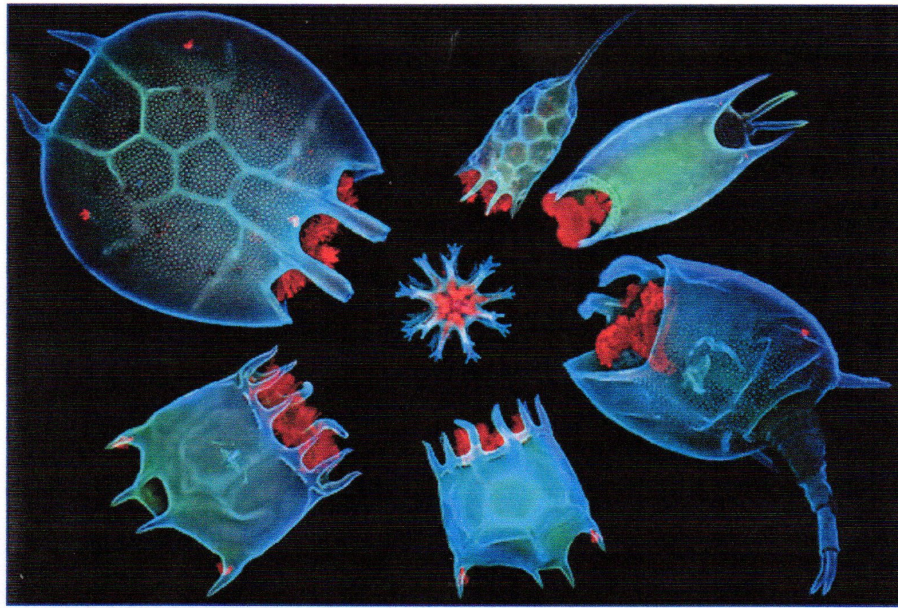
Used to be a church on Main St. in Ventura. Emperor's bedroom is the most haunted room. It used to be a choir loft. Many years ago, a lady in the choir fell from the loft and unfortunately didn't survive. Occasionally, guests in the room have heard her singing. Other non-paying guests include a minister that sometimes tuck guests into bed in the timeless treasures room. In the Fleur-De-Lis room, guests have sometimes enjoyed foot massages, only to realize that their partner is asleep. In the large central lobby area, footsteps have been heard, even though no one else was in the room at the time.

Whittier - Rose Hill Cemetery -

Haunted by children that died in a school bus accident.

Arroyo Garnde - Rose Victorian Inn - The Tower Room -

Although it is no longer a hotel, but a wedding/special events business, the building is still the same. The tower room of this three-story pink mansion is thought to be inhabited by the ghost of a 9-year-old girl named Alice. She has been spotted on more than one occasion and guests of the inn have heard the girl laughing, according to *Ghosts of the Haunted Coast*, by Richard L. Senate. In his book, Senate said that a psychic was taken to the inn, not knowing of the rumored ghost, and spotted her as she walked up the staircase. She said the girl had pigtails and was wearing a long dress with a small apron. Apparently the ghost likes cats.. The owners told the psychic later that they had discovered a number of cats sleeping near the window in the tower.



biocanvas:

Rotifers

Rotifers are tiny multicellular organisms found commonly in freshwater environments around the world. They are largely considered to be the smallest animals on Earth, composed of over 1,000 cells complete with a full digestive system and jaws but only reaching the size of a microscopic amoeba. They can be found in the most extreme environments, including the Mojave Desert where they enter dormancy when their habitats dry up. Scientists in Antarctica have recently discovered single cell organisms existing deep below ice sheets, but they're looking even harder to see if more complex creatures like rotifers have been able to survive without sunlight in sub-zero temperatures for nearly a million years.

Image by Dr. Igor Siwanowicz, HHMI Janelia Farm Research Campus.

Captured cobra had intact venom glands

By Robert Jablon
Associated Press

A monocled cobra that roamed a California neighborhood for days could have given a potentially deadly bite, a snake expert said Friday.

"There's no indication that it's had its venom glands removed," said Ian Recchio, curator of reptiles and amphibians at the Los Angeles Zoo.

The snake, about 3 feet long, was captured on Thursday in a neighborhood in Thousand Oaks, where it had been slithering around since at least Monday.

Reports that it had bitten a dog that evening raised concerns, and authorities warned people to watch their children and keep their pets indoors.

A veterinarian later said it appeared the dog was simply injured while trying to get away from the snake.

Still, authorities were wary because the bite of a monocled cobra can kill a person within hours if untreated.

The snake was taken to the Los Angeles Zoo Thursday evening and will be transferred to the San Diego Zoo, which has a supply of antivenom for Asian cobras, Recchio said.

A monocled cobra gets its name from the ring-like mark on the back of its hood, but the cobra found in California lacked the mark because it is nearly pure white.

The blue-eyed snake lacks pigment, a condition known as leucism, Recchio said.

The snake probably was raised in captivity because its color would make it an easy dinner for predators in the wild, Recchio said.

The snake is an adult and could be anywhere from 5 years to 20 years old, Recchio estimated. Monocled



This image taken from video provided by the Los Angeles Zoo shows a deadly cobra being put into quarantine. The cobra mysteriously appeared in a suburban neighborhood and was taken to the zoo after being captured in a backyard woodpile. AP

cobras can grow to 5 or 6 feet and live two decades, he added.

Recchio said the snake appears to be healthy and probably chowed down on rats and mice while it was loose.

"It looks pretty fat," he said.

The zoo didn't try to determine its sex.

"We don't have the antivenom here so putting your hands on it wouldn't be in the cards," he explained.

Cobras are illegal in California without a permit to keep one for scientific or educational purposes. Authorities are searching for the owner.

There is a thriving black-market trade around the world in exotic and dangerous wildlife but Recchio said he couldn't understand the motivation of the owner.

"I can't get into the person's head who would put their neighbors and their family at risk," he said.

Snakes aren't aggressive but will bite if they are cornered, so it's a good thing that the cobra will have a new home at the San Diego Zoo, Recchio said.

"I'm looking at an animal that's over-the-top, nervous, just wants to get away from you and settle down," he said. "So I'm happy it's going to be in a place ... where it'll be safe."

'Run with Los Muertos' promotes fitness

Free race also features series of training sessions to get you ready

By Tatiana Sanchez
The Desert Sun

The night race that brought nearly 600 runners and 3,000 visitors to downtown Coachella last year will return this November.

But this time, the "Run with Los Muertos" organizers have added a six-week fitness program leading up to the race in hope of promoting lasting health benefits within the community.

"The origin of the run was to bring a health and wellness event to the eastern Coachella Valley... clearly we want to build on that," said race director Tizoc DeAztlan.

The "Run with Los Muertos" is a 5k nighttime race that debuted last year. It takes runners through the city's downtown district amidst a setting of lights, live entertainment and cultural art installations.

The event falls on "Día de los Muertos" or "Day of the Dead," a valued tradition with Mexican roots in which family and friends honor loved ones who have passed with a variety of



JAY CALDERON/THE DESERT SUN

Organizers are adding in a fitness program to generate interest in this year's Run With Los Muertos event. In this file photo, people check out a display at the 2013 event in downtown Coachella.

sentimental offerings.

Last year's event drew people from all over the United States — some visiting Coachella for the first time, DeAztlan said.

"What we saw last year was a lot of people running for the

first time, who really took to heart the whole scene and the culture of the holiday," he said.

Officials hope the fitness program, known as the "Por Vida" or "For Life" campaign, proves to be a game-changer for residents of the eastern Coa-

chella Valley, an area that has long struggled with severe health disparities and limited access to health care.

"That's why we chose to name it 'Por Vida' — at its core, you're running and it's for your own health," DeAztlan said.

IF YOU GO

2nd annual "Run with los Muertos"

When: 7 p.m., Nov. 1

Where: Downtown Coachella, 1515 6th Street

Cost: \$30

Registration: RunwithlosMuertos.com

Information: Tizoc DeAztlan, 310-699-3201

The program, which kicked off last week, is free to registered runners. It begins with a series of tests, including measuring the participant's body mass index and blood pressure.

Dr. Brian Myers and Dr. Nicole Ortiz, both with the Live Well clinic in La Quinta, are helping participants set personalized goals for the six-week period.

Organizers have set a training site for participants each week.

"I think programs like this are paramount in helping people get out and motivated," Myers said earlier this month when the program was introduced to the Coachella City Council.

City officials also say the race is a significant event that could attract new visitors to the city of Coachella.

"When I talk about cultural tourism, this is what I'm talking about," said Mayor Pro Tem Steven Hernandez.

Superstition

Russia's Biggest Bank Is Lending Cats

By Carol Matlack August 28, 2014

Sberbank, Russia's largest bank, is offering to lend cats to customers who take out home mortgages. Yes, cats.

According to Russian superstition, letting a cat walk through your new home before you move in brings good luck. "Order a cat for your housewarming, and bring happiness and luck to your home," the state-controlled bank says on a special Cat Delivery Service website it set up to promote the campaign. Customers can choose among 10 breeds, including tabbies, Siamese, and an exotic hairless cat resembling a sphinx.

A video on the site shows new homeowners beaming with delight as Sberbank deliverymen release cats into their apartments. The cats mostly look bewildered.

The cats are owned by individuals, including Sberbank employees, "who agreed to let their pets participate in special projects," Anastasia Vakhlamova, a bank spokeswoman, told *Bloomberg Businessweek*. The bank started receiving requests for loaner cats "immediately after the launch of the special project" in mid-August, she says.

Sberbank may not need cats to attract prospective borrowers. As the ruble plummets, many Russians are scrambling to put their savings into real estate. The government's Agency for Housing Mortgage Lending predicts that new home loans this year could reach a record \$41 billion to \$50 billion. SberbankSBER:RMreported today that its second-quarter profit rose 13 percent, as consumer lending rose 11 percent, to \$87 billion.

Borrowing is getting more expensive, though. Russia's central bank has been raising interest rates, and last month Sberbank increased the rate on most mortgage loans to a minimum 12.5 percent. The bank, which is more than 50 percent government-owned, also faces pressure because it has been placed on U.S. and European Union sanction lists that limit its ability to raise funds in those jurisdictions.

Some conditions are attached to the cat-delivery offer, spelled out in eight pages of fine print available on its website. The service will be offered to only the first 30 customers who take out home loans of a minimum \$116,000 during the period of the promotion, from mid-August to mid-December. Fifteen of the customers will be in the Moscow area and the remaining 15 in other parts of the country, spokeswoman Vakhlamova says. They'll get to keep the cats in their homes for only two hours.

All in all, it might be easier to borrow the neighbor's cat—and wait for the day when Russian banks start offering smartphones, gift certificates, or even toasters to new clients.

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Patriarchia.ru Patriarch Kirill addressing the workers on the importance of protecting Russia.

Correction appended:

Patriarch Kirill, the head of the Russian Orthodox Church, has been presented with an unlikely gift for a religious leader as he toured a factory in Russia's Far-East — a toy SU-35 fighter jet.

Kirill was presented with the jet after giving workers at the civilian and military aircraft plant icons blessed by himself, the church said Tuesday in a statement on its official website.

The patriarch, with whom President Vladimir Putin has fostered increasingly close ties in recent years, addressed the workers on the importance of protecting Russia.

"Russia cannot be a vassal. Because Russia is not only a country, it is a whole civilization, it is a thousand-year story, a cultural melting-pot, of enormous power," state-run RIA Novosti quoted him as saying.

"In order for us to be able to live a sovereign life, we must, if necessary, be able to defend our homeland."

Kirill's church is aligned with Putin's drive to reunite the former Soviet sphere of countries, with the Russian Orthodox Church exerting considerable influence through its 165 million members in Russia and other former Soviet republics.

Critics of the Russian Orthodox Church have said it is acting as a de-facto government ministry for Putin, including in foreign affairs, and have warned that such political engagements could backfire.

That also goes for Ukraine, where Kirill's Moscow Patriarchate is at odds with the Ukrainian Orthodox Church of the Kiev Patriarchate that seceded from Moscow after Ukraine gained independence in 1991.

The Moscow Patriarchate dominates in the Russian-speaking East, where Ukrainian forces have been battling a pro-Russian separatist insurgency since April.

Correction: An earlier version of this article incorrectly said Patriarch Kirill was given a SU-35

fighter jet by factory workers. In fact, Patriarch Kirill was given a toy model of the SU-35 fighter jet.

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Russian care workers have rescued a seven-year-old "bird-boy" who can communicate only by "chirping" after his mother raised him in a virtual aviary, it has been reported.

Authorities say the neglected child was found living in a tiny two-room apartment surrounded by cages containing dozens of birds, bird feed and droppings.

The so-called "bird-boy" does not understand any human language and communicates instead by chirping and flapping his arms, Russian newspaper Pravda has reported.

Social worker Galina Volskaya, who was involved in rescuing the child from his home in Kirovsky, Volgograd, said he was treated like another pet by his 31-year-old mother who never spoke to him.

Miss Volskaya said: "When you start talking to him, he chirps."

Russian authorities say the child was not physically harmed but is suffering from "Mowgli syndrome", named after the Jungle Book character raised by wild animals, and cannot engage in any normal human communication.

Pravda reported: "(his mother) had her own domestic birds and fed wild ones. (She) neither beat him nor left him without food. She just never talked to him. It was all the birds that communicated with the boy and taught him birds' language.

"He just chirps and when realising that he is not understood, and starts to wave hands in the way birds winnow wings."

The boy's mother signed an abdication form to release the child into care after he was discovered last week.

He is temporarily living in an asylum, but soon will be transferred to the centre of psychological care, according to reports.

It is not the first case of a Russian child being "raised" by animals.

In February 2006 a four-year-old "wolf-boy" was discovered living on the streets with a pack of stray dogs and cats in the Stavropol region of southern Russia.

Social workers took three weeks to catch Arthur Zverev, who barks and runs on all fours.

And in January 2007 a Cambodian woman named Rochom P'ngieng was found wandering naked in the jungle, unable to speak after living among animals since she disappeared from home aged eight.



Aftermath of the Black Tom explosion on July 30, 1916. Photo: Wikimedia Commons

All was dark and quiet on Black Tom Island in New York Harbor, not far from the Statue of Liberty, when small fires began to burn on the night of July 30, 1916. Some guards on the island sent for the Jersey City Fire Department, but others fled as quickly as they could, and for good reason: Black Tom was a major munitions depot, with several large “powder piers.” That night, Johnson Barge No. 17 was packed with 50 tons of TNT, and 69 railroad freight cars were storing more than a thousand tons of ammunition, all awaiting shipment to Britain and France. Despite America’s

claim of neutrality in World War I, it was no secret that the United States was selling massive quantities of munitions to the British.

The guards who fled had the right idea. Just after 2:00 a.m., an explosion lit the skies—the equivalent of an earthquake measuring up to 5.5 on the Richter scale, according to a recent study. A series of blasts were heard and felt some 90 miles in every direction, even as far as Philadelphia. Nearly everyone in Manhattan and Jersey City was jolted awake, and many were thrown from their beds. Even the heaviest plate-glass windows in Lower Manhattan and Brooklyn shattered, and falling shards of glass preceded a mist of ash from the fire that followed the explosion. Immigrants on nearby Ellis Island had to be evacuated.

Peter Raceta, the captain of a flatbottom barge in the harbor, was in the cabin watching the fire on Black Tom with two other men. “When the explosion came, it seemed as if it was from above—zumpf!—like a Zeppelin bomb,” he told a reporter from the *New York Times*. “There were five or six other lighters alongside mine at the dock, and a tug was just coming up to drag us away.... I don’t know what became of the tug or the other lighters. It looked as if they all went up in the air.” Of the two men he was with, she said, “I didn’t see where they went, but I think they must be dead.”

Watchmen in the Woolworth building in Lower Manhattan saw the blast, and “thinking their time had come, got down on their knees and prayed,” one newspaper reported. The Statue of Liberty took more than \$100,000 worth of damage; Lady Liberty’s torch, which was then open to visitors who could climb an interior ladder for a spectacular view, has been closed ever since. Onlookers in Manhattan watched as munition shells rocketed across the water and exploded a mile from the fires on Black Tom Island.

Flying bullets and shrapnel rendered firefighters powerless. Doctors and nurses arrived on the scene and tended to dozens of injured. The loss of life, however, was not great: Counts vary, but

fewer than ten people perished in the explosions. However, the damage was estimated at more than \$20 million, (nearly half a billion dollars today), and investigations eventually determined that the Black Tom explosions resulted from an enemy attack—what some historians regard as the first major terrorist attack on the United States by a foreign power.



Firefighters were unable to fight the fires until the bullets and shrapnel stopped flying. Photo: Wikimedia Commons

In the days after the blasts, confusion reigned. Police arrested three railroad-company officials on charges of manslaughter, on the assumption that the fires began in two freight cars. Then guards at the pier were taken in for questioning; on the night of the explosions, they had lit smudge pots to keep mosquitoes away, and their carelessness with the pots was believed to have started the fires. But federal authorities could not trace the fire to the pots, and reports ultimately concluded that the blasts must have been accidental—even though several suspicious factory

explosions in the United States, mostly around New York, pointed toward German spies and saboteurs. As Chad Millman points out in his book, *The Detonators*, there was a certain naivete at the time—President Woodrow Wilson could not bring himself to believe that Germans might be responsible for such destruction. Educated, industrious and neatly dressed, German-Americans' perceived patriotism and commitment to life in America allowed them to integrate into society with less initial friction than other ethnic groups.

One of those newcomers to America was Count Johann Von Bernstorff, the German ambassador to Washington. He arrived in 1914 with a staff not of diplomats, but of intelligence operatives, and with millions of dollars earmarked to aid German war efforts by any means necessary. Von Bernstorff not only helped obtain forged passports for Germans who wanted to elude the Allied blockade, he also funded gun-running efforts, the sinking of American ships bringing supplies to Britain, and choking off supplies of phenol, used in the manufacture of explosives, in a conspiracy known as the Great Phenol Plot.

One of his master spies was Franz Von Rintelen, who had a "pencil bomb" designed for his use. Pencil bombs were cigar-sized charges filled with acids placed in copper chambers; the acids would ultimately eat their way through the copper and mingle, creating intense, silent flames. If designed and placed properly, a pencil bomb could be timed to detonate days later, while ships and their cargo were at sea. Von Rintelen is believed to have attacked 36 ships, destroying millions of dollars worth of cargo. With generous cash bribes, Von Rintelen had little problem gaining access to piers—which is how Michael Kristoff, a Slovak immigrant living in Bayonne, New Jersey, is believed to have gotten to the Black Tom munitions depot in July of 1916.

Investigators later learned from Kristoff's landlord that he kept odd hours and sometimes came home at night with filthy hands and clothing, smelling of fuel. Along with two German saboteurs,



German Master Spy Franz Von Rintelen and his "pencil bomb" were responsible for acts of sabotage in the United States during World War I. Photo: Wikipedia

Lothar Witzke and Kurt Jahnke, Kristoff is believed to have set the incendiary devices that caused the mayhem on Black Tom.

But it took years for investigators to piece together the evidence against the Germans in the bombing. The Mixed Claims Commission, set up after World War I to handle damage claims by companies and governments affected by German sabotage, awarded \$50 million to plaintiffs in the Black Tom explosion—the largest damage claim of any in the war. Decades would pass, however, before Germany settled it. In the meantime, landfill projects eventually incorporated Black Tom Island into Liberty State Park. Now nothing remains of the munitions depot save a plaque marking the explosion that rocked the nation.

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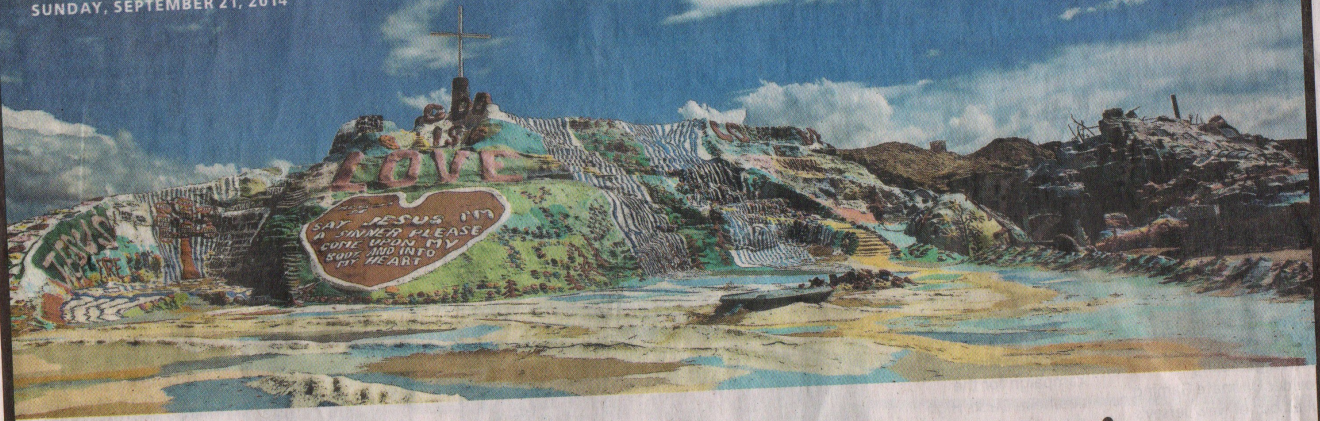
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The Desert Sun

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 2014

SERVING THE COACHELLA VALLEY SINCE 1927



Salvation Mountain's saviors

True believers work to save Leonard Knight's monument to his ministry

There's something haunting about Salvation Mountain.

The technicolor art installation near Niland on the outskirts of the Salton Sea attracts folk art enthusiasts and free spirits alike. But a closer look at the monument made of adobe, straw and thousands of gallons of paint reveals the unfinished work of a man who continues to inspire.

On Feb. 10, creator Leonard Knight died at age 82 at the Eldorado Care Center in El Cajon. He built the monument as a tribute to God — it was his home, his passion and his life's work.

Today, Knight's vision has been preserved by Salvation Mountain Inc., a group formed by supporters and friends in 2011. The nonprofit organization was set up as an official means to support and protect Knight's work. After his death, it assumed all caretaking duties. But now it faces logistical challenges Knight never foresaw, from maintenance to toxic substances to acquiring legal ownership.

'God is love'

"A lot of people in the valley just love me," Knight says in the 2007 Sean Penn-directed film, "Into the Wild." "Everybody now, I think, in the whole world is just loving me, and I just want to have the wisdom to love them back."

That philosophy was the foundation and inspira-



CRYSTAL CHATHAM
Bill Ammon stands inside a domed area where he helped Salvation Mountain founder Leonard Knight put structural beams and tree limbs into place in the late 1990s or early 2000s.

CRYSTAL CHATHAM/THE DESERT SUN
AT TOP: A nonprofit corporation, Salvation Mountain, Inc., has been formed to help save artist Leonard Knight's Christian tribute mountain made of mud, straw, and house paint, near Niland. Photographed on Sept. 16. Parts of the mountain are not sealed, board member Bill Ammon said, and the mountain gets damaged during storms. Knight died in early 2014.

tion for Salvation Mountain, which Knight began construction on in 1986.

"He wanted to testify really loud so that everyone could hear him," says "Builder" Bill Ammon, director of logistics and site-supervisor of Salvation Mountain Inc. "I'm not a religious man, but Leonard's faith and his picture of the world is so pure that you just have to catch in the feeling of it, even if you don't believe in the technicality of it."

Knight arrived in Southern California in the

MORE ONLINE

See photos and video of Salvation Mountain now and from Leonard Knight's time at www.desertsun.com

early 1980s. He was in his early 50s. According to Ammon, Knight wanted to pay tribute to God and had been working on a hot air balloon. But the balloon never took off, so Knight decided to build something.

"That's what brought him here to his place," Ammon says. "It was a place he could do this crazy thing and nobody could bother him. He wanted to do something that would catch people's eyes with his message ... Somewhere he got the idea of making the mountain."

Modest at first, the mountain grew extensively to become the towering structure it is today. To help build and maintain it, Knight hired Ammon.

"I was poor. I had nothing, no income," Ammon recalls. He heard about Slab City, a makeshift town adjacent to the mountain populated with free spirits and drifters, a place where everyone was welcomed. At first Salvation Mountain was just a job to Ammon, but over time Knight became a friend. That was 15 years ago.

"The power of Leonard's personality and vision is what has people involved in this," Ammon says. In 2008, Knight made another important friend. At the time, Knight was the sole resident at the mountain, constantly working on it and giving tours to visitors.

"Here was a guy that was really making what I thought was an extraordinary contribution," says Dan Westfall, president of Salvation Mountain Inc. "I started to witness how he operated and how he

Please see SALVATION, A10

DESERT VIBES
NILE



Leonard Knight, the creator of Salvation Mountain, a montage of paint and found discarded objects from the desert, sits in his residence in this December 2006 photo.

DESERT SUN FILE PHOTO

"I watched him accept things and let things roll off his back and forgive people in ways that I couldn't understand."

DAN WESTFALL, president of Salvation Mountain Inc., on Salvation Mountain creator Leonard Knight

Salvation

Continued from A1

approached his work as far as spreading his message. I saw that it was really almost egoless, which is very rare. After a certain time, I started realizing that I was witnessing the purest ministry that I had ever seen."

Westfall, from San Diego, visited Salvation Mountain for the first time over Thanksgiving. He was so inspired that he returned twice the following year.

"I saw (Knight) periodically go over to a cooler," Westfall says. "He didn't have a refrigerator, he had an ice chest. He would go over and dig something out of that and munch on it. While he was giving a tour, I went over out of curiosity and looked in it. I saw various foods in various stages of decomposition, floating in water and covered with ants. I just couldn't stand it."

Westfall took time off from work and away from his wife to spend a couple weeks in the desert with Knight, acting as a sort of caretaker and promoter, inspiring others to extend their helping hands. Later that year, the late Kevin Eubanks arrived.

Eubanks would become Knight's right-hand man and protector. Westfall remembers a time when visitors were stealing from Knight, who had stashed donated money around the mountain. When he and Eubanks protested, disgusted by what people were doing, Knight brushed it off.

Leonard's mouth."

The 90-minute interview features Knight talking about how he would like to see the mountain handled after his death. For the most part, Knight wanted to see the mountain completed. A back portion remains unfinished and vulnerable to the elements. While the organization would like to fulfill Knight's wish, according to Ammon, the job is dangerous and, with the rest of the mountain in need of repairs, not a priority.

Instead the group seeks to preserve the mountain as Knight had built it.

Utilizing historical photographs, the group organizes volunteer events to repair fallen areas. The mountain is made of a combination of clay and hay, forming an adobe. Knight sometimes added in logs, tires and other found objects, but he always covered the entire structure with a coat of paint. According to Ammon, it's the paint that protects it from water erosion, but intense sun exposure makes it a constant project.

"We took on efforts to bring it back to life the way he had originally painted it," says Westfall.

'We'll go from there'

With the establishment of the nonprofit, Salvation Mountain has received enormous help outside of volunteer work. In 2013, the Los Angeles-based Annenberg Foundation awarded Salvation Mountain Inc. a grant of \$32,000 to purchase equipment and materials for site enhancements that will improve security and strengthen opera-



CRYSTAL CHATHAM/THE DESERT SUN
Bill Ammon looks up Tuesday at some of structural beams and tree limbs he helped Salvation Mountain founder Leonard Knight put into place in the late 1990s or early 2000s.

SALVATION MOUNTAIN CLOSE-UPS

Leonard Knight and Salvation Mountain have made several appearances on the big and small screen. Here are just a few:

"Tennis, Anyone...?" (2005): A comedy about two Hollywood losers trying to make it big by way of celebrity tennis tournaments. The mountain is featured throughout the movie and Knight makes an appearance.

"Into the Wild" (2007): The real-life story of seeker Christopher McCandless, who arrived in Slab City in 1991, when he met Knight. Knight makes an appearance in the film showing actors Emile Hirsch, who plays McCandless, and Kristen Stewart, who plays Tracy Tatro, around Salvation Mountain.

"The Love Story of Leonard Knight" (2013): An indie short film dedicated to Salvation Mountain and Knight. The documentary features Knight and a number of his friends, including longtime caretaker Kevin Eubanks, talking about Knight's message: "God is love." The film has screened at a number of festivals, winning the documentary section at the Gideon Film Festival.



CRYSTAL CHATHAM/THE DESERT SUN
A crack in the painted overcoat exposes a beam and interior straw inside a domed area of Salvation Mountain on Tuesday.

carekeeper and promoter, inspiring others to extend their helping hands. Later that year, the late Kevin Eubanks arrived.

Eubanks would become Knight's right-hand man and protector. Westfall remembers a time when visitors were stealing from Knight, who had stashed donated money around the mountain. When he and Eubanks protested, disgusted by what people were doing, Knight brushed it off.

"He said, 'Sure they come around, but they haven't kept me from doing what I want to do, so quit worrying about it,'" Westfall says. "I watched him accept things and let things roll off his back and forgive people in ways that I couldn't understand."

Eubanks suffered a fatal heart attack in December 2011. But before he died he helped establish Salvation Mountain Inc.

Led by nine volunteer board members (currently eight with one vacant seat), Salvation Mountain Inc. was founded on Feb. 7, 2011. The nonprofit was set forth to preserve Knight's legacy. It created a caretaker program, where a volunteer lives on site for a period of time acting as security, maintenance and tour guide. The group also works to maintain Knight's philosophy. But the biggest challenge so far is the physical preservation of the mountain.

"We have a video that a filmmaker made with him and it's actually what we constitute as (Knight's) will, how he wanted things to be," says Ammon. "Sometimes it's contradictory, but we at least take it from

'We'll go from there'

With the establishment of the nonprofit, Salvation Mountain has received enormous help outside of volunteer work. In 2013, the Los Angeles-based Anenberg Foundation awarded Salvation Mountain Inc. a grant of \$32,000 to purchase equipment and materials for site enhancements that will improve security and strengthen operations. And according to Westfall, Frazee Paint in San Diego has also donated paint.

To further extend the life of Salvation Mountain, the organization is in negotiations to purchase the land on which the monument sits — 160 acres on what formerly was Camp Dunlap, a Marine Corps training facility established in 1942 to support World War II efforts. Once the war ended, the land was to be reverted back to state ownership. And in the early-1960s — two decades before Knight's arrival — that's exactly what happened. It remains unclear whether Knight realized he was building his mountain on state-owned land.

Salvation Mountain Inc.'s attempt to purchase the land, "is giving us a chance to determine our future," Westfall says.

The land purchase application was submitted earlier this year and is currently being processed, according to Jim Porter, public lands management specialist at California Lands Commission. One of the processing procedures is the

Please see **SALVATION, A11**



"into the Wild" (2007): The real-life story of seeker Christopher McCandless, who arrived in Slab City in 1991, when he met Knight. Knight makes an appearance in the film showing actors Emile Hirsch, who plays McCandless, and Kristen Stewart, who plays Tracy Tatro, around Salvation Mountain.

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CRYSTAL CHATHAM/THE DESERT SUN
A crack in the painted overcoat exposes a beam and interior straw inside a domed area of Salvation Mountain on Tuesday.



CRYSTAL CHATHAM/THE DESERT SUN
Bill Ammon talks about some of structural beams and tree limbs he helped Salvation Mountain founder Leonard Knight put into place in the late 1990s or early 2000s. "It's made of mud and straw," Ammon said about maintaining the site during a visit Tuesday, "talk about taking on an incredible job."

"At this point, we're waiting for a report from the Department of Toxic Substance Control to give us a better understanding of what we're looking at and we'll go from there."

JIM PORTER,

public lands management specialist at California Lands Commission

Salvation

Continued from A10

clearing of toxic substances on site in coordination with the California Department of Toxic Substances Control.

"We just recently entered into a contract with the Department Of Substance Control to do a preliminary, kind of desktop review of existing issues, known conditions that the department can discover through basic file reviews," Porter said. "And they're going to put together a report for us. When we get that report and review it, then we'll have a better idea of what we're dealing with."

Porter says the concern about toxic substances stems from paint cans on site.

"In talking with the agent, it's my understanding that the issue is not so much the paint contamination, because they use more latex paint rather than lead-based anyway, but they're more concerned about the empty paint cans," Porter says. "My understanding is those cans have been removed. Although, I don't know that for a fact. The folks down there said they would take care of that issue."

"At this point, we're waiting for a report from the Department of Toxic Substance Control to give us a better understanding of what we're looking at and we'll go from there."

According to Russ Edmondson, media information officer at DTSC and the California Environmental Protection Agency, his departments have conducted the two studies.

The Certified Unified Program Agency responsible for implementing a unified hazardous materials and hazardous

waste management regulatory program, tested paint chips that had broken away from "the painted mound that is Salvation Mountain" on March 28. "The results of the analysis do not show hazardous waste," Edmondson wrote in an email correspondence.

The CUPA also met with the nonprofit organization on June 24 to observe the conditions of the paint maintenance as a product and as a waste. "The inspection showed no violations for what was observed in the Conex box, where the product paint is stored," Edmondson wrote.

Edmondson also wrote that his department is currently waiting for agreements to be signed by the State Lands Commission to perform further tests.

"DTSC will perform a Phase 1 and 2 site assessment once the State Lands Commission returns a signed agreement," he wrote.

When asked about the agreement, Sheri Pemberton, chief external affairs/legislative liaison of the California Lands Commission, wrote, "My understanding is that we have not contracted for a phase one and two with DTSC. We have only contracted for a preliminary desk file review of the potential contamination issues on the site there. We expect to order some additional reports further down the line, but at this point that is all we can contract for, primarily due to budget contracts."

So, for now, the status of the land purchase application remains "processing."

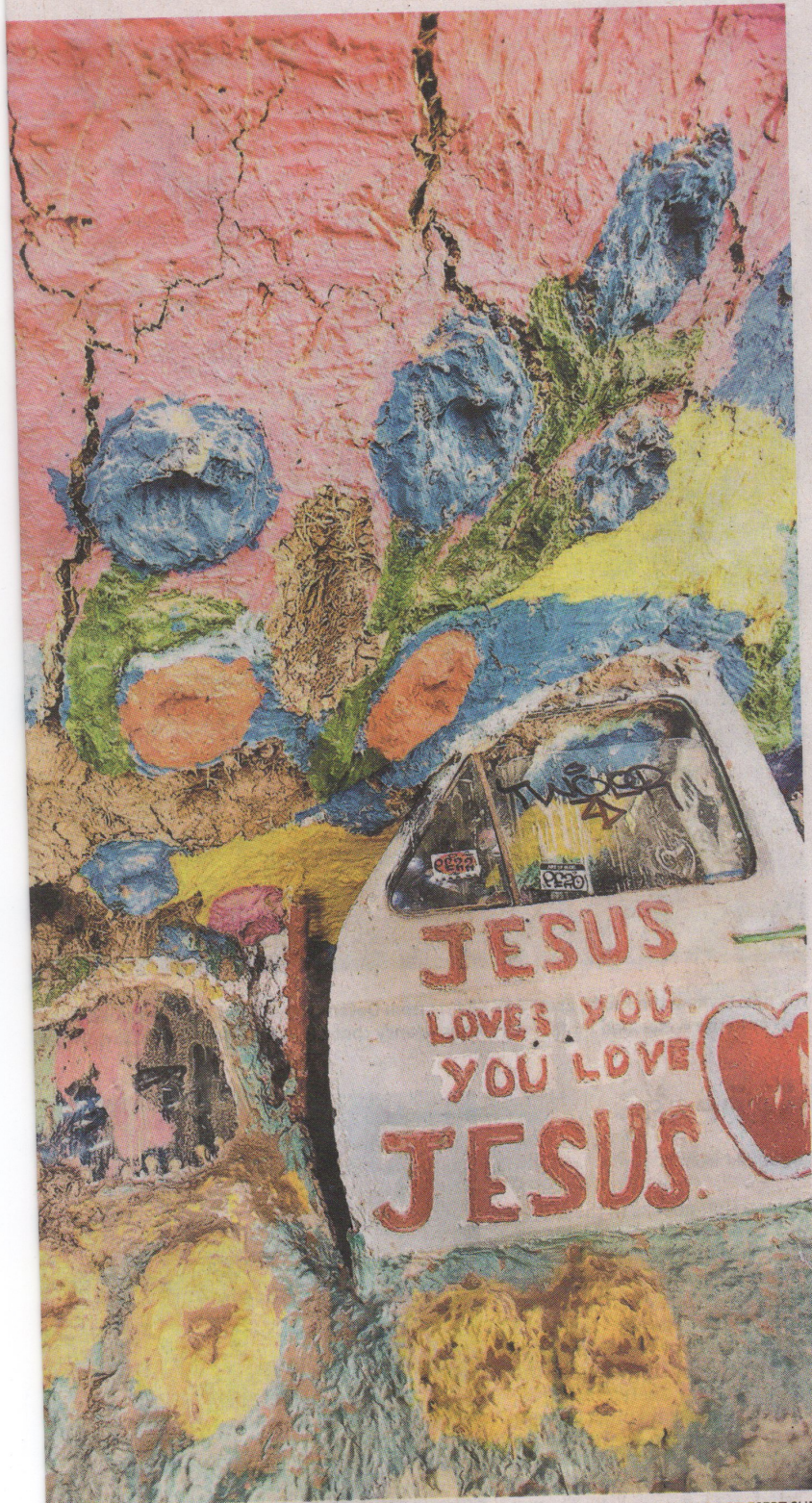
"It's a very complex issue and there are many aspects of it that we still have to investigate," Porter says.

And, for now, Salvation Mountain waits.



Cracks in the paint exposed Founder Leonard Knight during every rain storm.

after the U.S. Forest Service air-



CRYSTAL CHATHAM/THE DESERT SUN

se interior straw inside a domed area of Salvation Mountain near Niland on Tuesday.
t died in early 2014 and volunteers are trying to maintain the site, though it incurs damage
Salvation Mountain, Inc. board of directors member Bill Ammon said.

Arcadia - Santa Anita Mall (Westfield Shopping Mall) -

The KB toy store inside the Santa Anita Mall is said by employees to be haunted by a little boy in early 1930s clothing. An employee was closing the store at night when they spotted a little boy in knickers in one of the aisles playing with one of the toys. The employee was shocked and thought he was left behind by a parent and when she approached the little boy to ask him where his parents were he appeared to be transparent and disappeared the closer she got. Another sighting of the little boy was again after hours when two male employees of the mall were inside Macy's and happened to spot a little boy standing with his back to them by the escalator to go down as though in awe of the escalator. When they started to walk up to him to tap him on the back the little boy ran down the escalator without actually having touched the steps and vanished on ce at the bottom.

Ventura county - Oxnard - Santa Clara Cemetery -

strange things can be seen behind the tombstones as if a man was trying to hide but then vanishes some times it feels as if he were holding you back and a chill is in the air. Some times a mist covers the area.

Ventura - The Santa Clara House -

This restaurant, once a private Victorian home, is residence to a ghost of a young girl who killed herself after she had an affair with a salesman and got pregnant. Now it is said that you can see her apparition looking out the window waiting for her lover to return for her.

Satanist turns communion wafer over to Oklahoma City's archbishop

by [William Crum](#) Published: August 21, 2014

The Catholic Church on Thursday retrieved a communion wafer that a satanist planned to use in a "black Mass" next month at Civic Center Music Hall.

The wafer was turned over a day after Oklahoma City Archbishop Paul S. Coakley filed a lawsuit seeking its protection and restoration to the Church.

"I am relieved that we have been able to secure the return of the sacred Host, and that we have prevented its desecration as part of a planned satanic ritual," Coakley said in a statement issued by the Archdiocese of Oklahoma City.

Catholics believe the wafer, when consecrated by a priest, is transformed into the body of Christ. Satanists defile the consecrated host, a bit of unleavened bread a little bigger around than a quarter, in a ritual sacrifice to the devil known as a black Mass.

The leader of an Oklahoma City satanist group, Adam Daniels, plans to stage a black Mass on Sept. 21 in a small basement theater at the Civic Center.

The event is to include live music and the "exorcism" of Christ's spirit from an individual.

Daniels had said he possessed a consecrated wafer, prompting the archbishop to ask an Oklahoma County judge to issue orders to prevent its use in the ceremony.

Daniels said he turned the wafer over to an attorney in Norman, and the archdiocese said a priest picked it up Thursday afternoon.

Daniels also promised in writing not to use consecrated communion bread in his event. In exchange, the archdiocese agreed to drop the lawsuit.

"We couldn't be happier," said Mike Caspino, the lead attorney for the Catholic Church. "This is a victory for decency, a victory for all people of faith."

Caspino, of Irvine, Calif., said he was "really grateful for the leadership and courage of Archbishop Coakley. He did a great thing for the Church."

Black Mass to proceed

Paperwork to dismiss the lawsuit was to be filed Friday morning in Oklahoma County District Court, Caspino said.

Daniels displayed the wafer, in a plastic case, outside his house Thursday morning before leaving to take it to his attorney.

A box of communion wafers sat on the trunk of his car.

Daniels said he buys unconsecrated wafers at the LifeWay Christian Store on Northwest Expressway for use in weekly rituals in a chapel at his house.

Daniels issued a statement Thursday evening saying he would go ahead with the black Mass using coarse black bread, "the original host that has been used since 1666."

“I refuse to waste thousands of dollars fighting over a nasty cookie that some man said a prayer over,” Daniels said in the statement. “We will still move forward with worshiping the Devil and blaspheming Gawd in the public square.”

Coakley has called for city leaders to block Daniels from using the theater in the Civic Center, which is supported by tax dollars.

City officials have said they cannot pick and choose which events to allow, as long as organizers pay their rent, adhere to the rules and follow the law.

Daniels said restrictions have been placed on his event — for instance, candles on his altar must be electric because open flames are forbidden.

Church plans prayer service

City officials have said Daniels is being charged \$420 for the five-hour Sunday evening rental.

City Manager Jim Couch has promised Coakley that police will attend the black Mass and stop it if organizers break the law.

Diane Clay, a spokeswoman for the archdiocese, did not respond to questions about what the church would do with the returned communion wafer.

Directions posted on the Internet for parishioners who assist with communion at St. John’s Catholic Church in Darwin, Minn., say consecrated wafers that are unfit for consumption must be dissolved in water and poured into the sacrarium, a sink that drains directly to the earth beneath the church.

Daniels said he got the consecrated wafer in the last four or five weeks. He said it was sent to him by a woman who served as the “flesh altar” for a Catholic priest in Turkey who secretly worshiped Satan and who recently was killed by Muslims because of his satanic beliefs.

Coakley has called for a campaign of prayer to oppose the black Mass. He plans to lead a prayer service and outdoor procession at St. Francis of Assisi Church, 1901 NW 18, on the afternoon of Sept. 21, a few hours before the black Mass is to commence.

Victorian Strangeness: The tragic coffin prank

By Magazine Monitor A collection of cultural artefacts 25 July 2014 Last updated at 20:30 ET
<http://www.bbc.com/news/blogs-magazine-monitor-28484148>

Author Jeremy Clay tells the singular story of the girl who was frightened to death by a coffin.

At first it was just a shadow. An indistinct shape on the footpath by a chapel on a lonely Lancashire lane at dusk. But as the girls walking home from the factory got nearer, it began to form into something more tangible. Something more creepy.

A coffin, just lying there. It was a sight strange enough to stop them in their tracks. Unnerved, but intrigued, they took a few tentative steps closer. And that's when it happened. A low hollow sound from somewhere nearby broke their jittery hush. And then the coffin shuddered and began to move.

Springing back in alarm, the girls turned and dashed headlong down the road, shrieking and screaming as they ran.

Fifty yards on, they bumped into a lad walking along the lane, who persuaded them to show him what they'd seen. Fortified by back-up, Martha Spencer and Bridget Riley gathered the courage to return to the casket. And there they saw local lummoxes Richard Forshaw and Robert Mawdsley, guffawing as they lifted the coffin to their shoulders and carried it away.

These days, no doubt, this pair of fat-heads would have filmed their prank, uploaded it, and waited expectantly for it to go viral. Back in lo-fi 1858, they had to go down to the pub and brag.

They'd done it for a lark, Forshaw told drinkers at the Rose and Crown in Much Hoole that night. They'd tied a length of string to one of the handles on the coffin. Mawdsley hid behind a hedge until the girls approached, then tugged at the string. Forshaw watched from a ditch, desperately struggling to suppress his rib-rattling sniggers. "You're a bonny fellow to frighten children so," one of the regulars admonished him as he finished the tale. And the castigation was about to get far, far worse.

As Forshaw showboated in the inn, Martha was still shaken. The following day, the 13-year-old was back at work, as usual. But then she complained she felt sick. Her condition deteriorated rapidly and a few hours later, she breathed her last. Let's not trouble ourselves with the grisly details, but the inquest found she had been frightened to death.

The press called the episode shameful, heartless and stupid. The jury called it manslaughter and Forshaw and Mawdsley were arrested and committed for trial.

Now it was their turn for dread, and after sweating on their future for a few months, they appeared at Lancaster Assizes the following February.

But if Forshaw was an ass, and Mawdsley too, the law wasn't - well, on this occasion, at least.

"His Lordship said the youths had been guilty of a very thoughtless act in frightening a girl to death," reported the Preston Guardian and Lancashire Advertiser, "and he hoped they would not on any occasion repeat the offence. It would not be right any longer to have them branded as felons."

The jury found them not guilty, and the prisoners were free to go and live their lives. If only the same could be said for poor, timid Martha.

Camarillo - Scary Dairy -

Scary Dairy is located near California State University of Channel Islands, which was formally Camarillo State Hospital, a mental institution. Scary Dairy is tagged by gangsters, and it is rumored to have had murders taken place in the area. We are unsure if the Scary Dairy was a slaughterhouse or a dairy, but there are a lot of rooms in the building. Most of the walls are fallen down, and there seems to be lot of dumping in the area. Scary Dairy gives of a very bad vibe, and you can almost feel the ghostly activity. Scary Dairy is a cool place to check in the day, but when night falls it is probably the scariest place to be, considering the amount of rooms and gang activity

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The Pittsburgh Press - Aug 12, 1965

ICC Protest Brings Big Fat Laugh

Railroads Fall Into Trucker's Yawp

WASHINGTON, Aug. 12. (UPI)—Case M-19432 at the Interstate Commerce Commission (ICC) may well be remembered as the great yak fat hoax of 1965.

The case resulted from a popular opinion among truckers that railroads stand ready to protest anything truckers propose, no matter what it is.

To prove the point, trucker Leroy Hilt of Lincoln, Neb., submitted plans to the ICC for shipping massive quantities of yak fat from Omaha to Chicago for 45 cents per 100 pounds.

The proposal was facetious: Yaks are huge oxen which wander around Central Asia but not the United States, except maybe in zoos.

But, sure enough, the railroads were quick to protest. The Western Trunk Line

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12. to protest anything truckers the propose, no matter what it is. To prove the point, trucker Leroy Hilt of Lincoln, Neb., submitted plans to the ICC for shipping massive quantities of yak fat from Omaha to Chicago for 45 cents per 100 pounds.

The proposal was face-flous: Yaks are huge oxen which wander around Central Asia but not the United States, except maybe in zoos.

But, sure enough, the railroads were quick to protest. The Western Trunk Line Committee, representing some of the biggest railroads in the Midwest, filed an exception which labeled Mr. Hilt's yak fat rates unrealistic and "non-compensatory."

The ICC board of examiners—which is forever considering rates for a hauling bub-



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Yak Trap

Committee, representing some of the biggest railroads in the Midwest, filed an exception which labeled Mr. Hilt's yak fat rates unrealistic and "non-compensatory."

The ICC board of examiners—which is forever considering rates for a hauling business

The Pittsburgh Press, Thursday, August 12, 1965

ble gum, bird seed and thousands of other assorted items saw nothing unusual about the case.

To the board, the railroad complaint sounded justified. It suspended the rate April 9, calling it apparently "unjust and unreasonable" and gave Mr. Hilt a month to come up with evidence to the contrary.

A railroad committee was formed to fight the proposal.

Is comprised representatives of the Illinois Central, Burlington, Great Western, Rock Island, Chicago and North Western and Milwaukee Railroads.

But, when Mr Hilt failed to meet the deadline for additional evidence, the ICC rejected his proposal and closed the books on the yak fat case.

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Alhambra - Scripps Kensington -

This is a retirement home with its own church, cemetery and about 200 residents. A former employee who used to work in the kitchen as one of three supervisors. Reports in the three years that they worked their they saw all types of unexplainable things. At one point seven of many of the staff saw what looked like a hazy white long sleeve shirt, with no head or legs, wondering around in the library as if looking for a book. When they turned the lights on it just disappeared and a few minutes after the lights were turned off it came back. But the scariest encounter they had was when they saw a 10 lb frying pan come off its hook and get thrown towards them, with no one anywhere near. Many there have stories with ghosts or things that they just couldn't explain.

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Monday, September 1, the 244th day of 2014. There 121 days left in the year.

Highlights on this date:

1494: France's King Charles

VIII invades Italy to claim throne of Naples.

1706: British successfully defend Charleston, South Carolina, against French and Spanish.

1879: Britain signs peace treaty with Zulus in South Africa.

1905: The provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta enter into the confederation of Canada.

1923: The Great Kanto Earthquake shakes the Tokyo metropolitan area, killing more than 142,000 people.

1939: Germany invades Poland, starting World War II.

1942: A federal judge in Sacramento upholds the wartime detention of Japanese-Americans and nationals.

1945: Japan surrenders aboard U.S. battleship Missouri at end of World War II.

1968: Relief officials in Iran say more than 8,000 people are known to have perished in series of earthquakes.

1979: U.S. space probe Pioneer 11 becomes the first man-made object to reach Saturn, passing through the ring plane within 21,000 kilometers (13,000 miles) of Saturn's atmosphere.

1990: Two Germanys sign a

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TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Tuesday, Sept. 2, the 245th day of 2014. There are 120 days left in the year.
On this date in:

1666: The Great Fire of London broke out.

1789: The United States Treasury Department was established.

1864: During the Civil War,

Union Gen. William T. Sherman's forces occupied Atlanta.

1901: Vice President Theodore Roosevelt offered the advice, "Speak softly and carry a big stick" in a speech at the Minnesota State Fair.

1935: A Labor Day hurricane slammed into the Florida

Keys, claiming more than 400 lives.

1945: Japan formally surrendered in ceremonies aboard the USS Missouri in Tokyo Bay, ending World War II. Ho Chi Minh declared Vietnam an independent republic. (Ho died on this date in 1969.)

1964: One of America's most decorated military heroes of World War I, Medal of Honor recipient Alvin C. York, died in Nashville at age 76.

2013: France released an intelligence report alleging chemical weapons use by Syria that dovetailed with similar U.S. claims, as President Bashar Assad warned that any military strike against his country would spark an uncontrollable regional war.

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Unscramble these four Jumbles, one letter to each square, to form four ordinary words.

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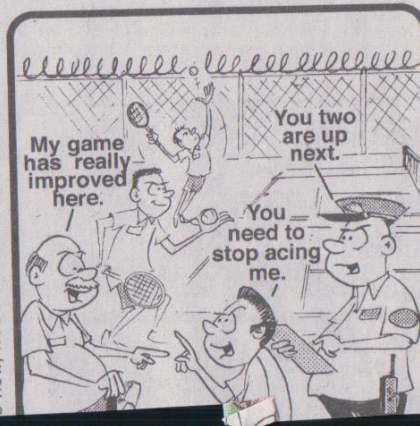
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THAT SCRAMBLED WORD GAME by David L. Hoyt and Jeff Knurek



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TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Wednesday, Sept. 3, the 246th day of 2014. There are 119 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1189: England's King Richard I (the Lion-Hearted) was crowned in Westminster Abbey.

1658: Oliver Cromwell, the Lord Protector of England, died in London; he was succeeded by his son, Richard.

1783: Representatives of the United States and Britain signed the Treaty of Paris, which officially ended the Revolutionary War.

1868: The Japanese city of Edo was renamed Tokyo.

1914: Cardinal Giacomo Della Chiesa became pope; he took the name Benedict XV.

1923: The United States and Mexico resumed diplomatic relations.

1939: Britain, France, Australia and New Zealand declared war on Germany, two days after the Nazi invasion of Poland; in a radio address, Britain's King George VI said, "With God's help, we shall prevail." The same day, a

German U-boat torpedoed and sank the British liner SS Athenia some 250 miles off the Irish coast, killing more than 100 out of the 1,400 or so people on board.

1944: British forces liberated Brussels during World War II.

1967: The original version of the TV game show "What's My Line?," hosted by John Charles Daly, broadcast its final episode after more than 17 years on CBS.

1976: America's Viking 2 lander touched down on Mars to take the first close-up, color photographs of the planet's surface.

1989: A Cubana de Aviacion jetliner crashed after takeoff in Havana, killing all 126 aboard and 45 people on the ground.

1994: China and Russia proclaimed an end to any lingering hostilities, pledging they would no longer target nuclear missiles or use force against each other.

2004: A three-day hostage siege at a school in Beslan, Russia, ended in bloody chaos after Chechen militants set off bombs as Russian commandos stormed the building; more than 330 people, over half of them children, were killed. Former President Bill Clinton was hospitalized in New York with chest pains and shortness of breath; he ended up undergoing heart bypass surgery.

2009: Vice President Joe Biden told a Brookings Institution gathering that the Obama administration was fiercely determined to get a health care overhaul, although he conceded it likely wouldn't happen without "an awful lot of screaming and hollering."

2013: Ariel Castro, who'd held three women captive in his Cleveland home for nearly a decade before one escaped and alerted authorities, was found hanged in his prison cell, a suicide.

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TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Thursday, Sept. 4, the 247th day of 2014. There are 118 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1781: Los Angeles was founded by Spanish settlers under the leadership of Governor Felipe de Neve.

1886: A group of Apache Indians led by Geronimo (also known as Goyathlay, "One Who Yawns") surrendered to Gen. Nelson Miles at Skeleton Canyon in Arizona.

1917: The American Expeditionary Forces in France suffered their first fatalities during World War I when a German plane attacked a British-run base hospital.

1948: Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands abdicated after nearly six decades of rule for health reasons.

1951: President Harry S. Truman addressed the nation from the Japanese peace treaty conference in San Francisco in the first live, coast-to-coast television broadcast.

1957: Arkansas Gov. Orval Faubus used Arkansas National Guardsmen to prevent nine black students from entering all-white Central High School in Little Rock. Ford Motor Co. began selling its ill-fated Edsel.

1963: A Swissair Caravelle III carrying 80 people crashed shortly after takeoff from Zurich, killing all on board.

1971: An Alaska Airlines jet crashed near Juneau, killing all 111 people on board.

1972: U.S. swimmer Mark Spitz won a seventh gold medal at the Munich Olympics, in the 400-meter medley relay.

1974: The United States established diplomatic relations with East Germany.

1984: Canada's Progressive Conservatives, led by Brian Mulroney won a landslide victory in general elections over the Liberal Party of Prime Minister John N. Turner and the New Democrats headed by Ed Broadbent.

1999: Israeli Prime Minister Ehud Barak and Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat signed a breakthrough land-for-security agreement during a ceremony in Sharm El-Sheikh, Egypt. Martin Frankel, a Connecticut money manager accused of cheating insurance companies in five states out of more than \$200 million, was arrested in Germany. (Frankel was later sentenced to nearly 17 years in a federal prison.)

Thought for today:

"This moment contains all moments." — C.S. Lewis, British author (1898-1963).

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Friday, Sept. 5, the 248th day of 2014. There are 117 days left in the year.

Highlights in history on this date:

1774: The first Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia.

1793: The Reign of Terror began during the French Revolution as the National Convention instituted harsh measures to repress counter-revolutionary activities.

1836: Sam Houston was elected president of the Republic of Texas.

1864: Voters in Louisiana approved a new state constitution abolishing slavery.

1913: Fire devastated Hot Springs, Arkansas, destroying some 60 blocks.

1914: The First Battle of the Marne, resulting in a French-British victory over Germany, began during World War I.

1939: Four days after war had broken out in Europe, President Franklin D. Roosevelt issued a proclamation declaring U.S. neutrality in the conflict.

1957: The novel "On the Road," by Jack Kerouac, was first published by Viking Press.

1961: President John F. Kennedy signed legislation making aircraft hijackings a federal crime.

1972: The Palestinian group Black September attacked the Israeli Olympic delegation at the Munich Games; 11 Israelis, five guerrillas and a police officer were killed in the resulting siege.

1975: President Gerald R. Ford escaped an attempt on his life by Lynette "Squeaky" Fromme, a disciple of Charles Manson, in Sacramento, California.

1984: The space shuttle Discovery ended its inaugural flight as it landed at Edwards Air Force Base in California.

1997: Breaking the royal reticence over the death of Princess Diana, Britain's Queen Elizabeth II delivered a televised address in which she called her former daughter-in-law "a remarkable person." Mother Teresa died in Calcutta, India, at age 87; conductor Sir Georg Solti died in France at age 84.

2004: Hurricane Frances struck Florida's central-eastern coast with heavy rain, submerging entire roadways and tearing off rooftops before entering the Gulf of Mexico. Grief-stricken Russians began burying victims of a terror attack on a school in Beslan that left more than 330 people dead.

2009: Top finance officials from rich and developing countries agreed during a meeting in London to curb hefty bankers' bonuses and maintain stimulus measures such as extra government spending and low interest rates to boost the global economy.

2013: President Barack Obama, in St. Petersburg for a G-20 summit, pressed fellow world leaders to support a U.S. strike on Syria; however, he encountered opposition from Russia, China and even the European Union.

TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Saturday, Sept. 6, the 249th day of 2014. There are 116 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1861: Union forces led by Gen. Ulysses S. Grant occupied Paducah, Kentucky, during the Civil War.

1901: President William McKinley was shot and mortally wounded by anarchist Leon Czolgosz at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, New York. (McKinley died eight days later; Czolgosz was executed on October 29.)

1939: The Union of South Africa declared war on Germany.

1943: 79 people were killed when a New York-bound Pennsylvania Railroad train derailed and crashed in Philadelphia.

1954: Groundbreaking took place for the Shippingport Atomic Power Station in western Pennsylvania.

1966: South African Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd was stabbed to death by an apparently deranged page during a parliamentary session in Cape Town.

1984: Country music's "Texas Troubadour," Ernest Tubbs, died in Nashville at age 70.

1991: The Soviet Union recognized the independence of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia. Russian lawmakers upheld a decision by residents of Leningrad to restore the city's pre-revolutionary name, St. Petersburg.

1997: A public funeral was held for Princess Diana at Westminster Abbey in London, six

days after her death in a car crash in Paris.

2004: Former President Bill Clinton underwent successful heart bypass surgery during a four-hour procedure at New York Presbyterian Hospital/Columbia. In Iraq, seven members of the First Marine Division from Camp Pendleton, California, and three U.S.-trained Iraqi soldiers were killed by a car bomb near Fallujah. Former hurricane Frances pounded the Florida Panhandle as a tropical storm.

2009: The White House announced the resignation of President Barack Obama's environmental adviser Van Jones, who'd become embroiled in a controversy over past inflammatory statements; Jones cited what he called a "vicious smear campaign" against him.

2013: Debra Milke, who'd spent more than two decades on Arizona's death row, was released on bond after a judge ruled there was no direct evidence linking her to the death of her 4-year-old son Christopher, other than a purported confession to a detective whose credibility has been called into question. (Milke faces a retrial in 2015.) NASA's newest robotic lunar explorer, LADEE, rocketed into space in an unprecedented moonshot from Virginia that dazzled sky watchers along the East Coast.

Thought for today: "The happiness of most people we know is not ruined by great catastrophes or fatal errors, but by the repetition of slowly destructive little things."
— Ernest Dimnet, French priest, lecturer and author (1866-1954).



TODAY IN HISTORY

Today is Sunday, Sept. 7, the 250th day of 2014. There are 115 days left in the year.

On this date in:

1533: England's Queen Elizabeth I was born in Greenwich.

1812: The Battle of Borodino took place as French troops clashed with Russian forces outside Moscow. (The battle, ultimately won by Russia, was commemorated by composer Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky's "1812 Overture.")

1825: The Marquis de Lafayette, the French hero of the American Revolution, bade farewell to President John Quincy Adams at the White House.

1907: The British liner RMS Lusitania set out from Liverpool, England, on its maiden voyage, arriving six days later in New York.

1927: American television pioneer Philo T. Farnsworth, 21, succeeded in transmitting the image of a line through purely electronic means with a device called an "image dissector."

1957: The original animated version of the NBC-TV peacock logo, used to denote programs "brought to you in living color," made its debut at the beginning of "Your Hit Parade."

1963: The National Professional Football Hall of Fame was dedicated in Canton, Ohio.

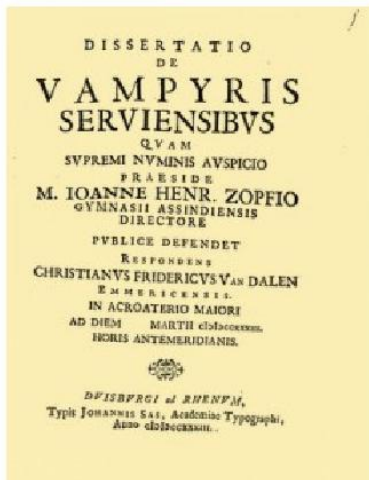
1964: The controversial "Daisy" commercial for President Lyndon Johnson's election campaign aired on NBC-TV. (The ad, featuring a little girl plucking flower petals followed by footage of a nuclear explosion, was perceived as an attack on Republican nominee Barry Goldwater, who is never shown or mentioned.)

1968: Feminists protested outside the Miss America pageant in Atlantic City, New Jersey. (The pageant crown went to Miss Illinois Judith Ford.)

1977: The Panama Canal treaties, calling for the U.S. to eventually turn over control of the waterway to Panama, were signed in Washington by President Jimmy Carter and Panamanian leader Omar Torrijos.

Serbian 18th century vampires - a fuel for the European vampire craze - Meet the Slavs

meettheslavs.com



Vampyris Serviensibvs

While the neighboring Romania rightfully enjoys the world's recognition as the "vampire capital", Serbia is endowed with some of the earliest legal cases of vampirism. In the first half of the 18th century, when many Serbian areas were subsequently passing from Ottoman to Austro-Hungarian hands, stories about Petar Blagojevic (Plogojowitz) and Arnaut Pavle (Arnold Paole) flooded Western European press. The first died in 1725 and the second a year later in 1726. Both were believed to escape their graves by night and murder fellow villagers by strangulation and blood sucking. Their exhumation was followed by Austrian authorities who governed the region at that time. Official records of the investigations reached the newspapers of Vienna, whence it spread to Germany, France and England. Thus the Serbian vampires shaped many beliefs about vampirism which gradually

inspired a horror genre of its own.

Petar Blagojevic was a peasant from Kisileva who died aged 62. Two months after, he appeared to his wife, asking for shoes. Villagers of various age started dying abruptly, reporting that Blagojevic visited them by night and throttled them. They would live up to a day after the incident, after which they perished. With nine such cases during only eight days, inhabitants of Kisileva realized they have no time to wait. They requested the permission from local Austrian authorities to perform the necessary vampire killing upon Blagojevic's grave. A medical officer of the Austrian army surnamed Frombald was in charge of the area. He protested, but terrified villagers would not listen to him. When he saw that they will open the grave at any cost, he came in person, along with the local priest, to witness the event and make a record of it for the Austrian government. He wrote that the body of Blagojevic was not decomposed; on the contrary, he had fresh hair and nails, his mouth were full of blood and more of it rushed from ears and nose when the stake was struck through his heart. After the transfixion, the corpse was burned at the stake and Frombald learned that the locals have a peculiar name for this kind of creatures – vampyri. Although some scholars find it disputable, Austrian 19th century linguist Franz von Miklosich claimed that the word "vampire" was indeed of Slavic origin. The case of Blagojevic (Plogojowitz) was published in widely read Viennese newspaper Wienerisches Diarium, but the next vampire we're about to meet achieved even greater popularity.

Arnaut Pavle

Arnaut Pavle was a Serbian mercenary ("arnaut") in the Ottoman army whose profession was erroneously recorded as his first name by the Austrian authorities. According to the legend, his encounter

with the vampire in Greece made him leave the army career and return to his native village by

the river Morava. There he married and told the terrifying story to his wife – Greek vampire was haunting him until Pavle succeeded locating his grave, exhuming the body and burning it. He took some other precautions, namely eating the soil from the grave and spreading the vampire's blood over his own skin to protect from further attacks. However, it seems that these measures did not save Pavle from becoming the vampire himself. A month after the accident in which he died, four people started complaining that he visits them by night, and all of the victims suffered mysterious deaths soon afterwards. The villagers followed the usual procedure of exhumation, upon which they found the "proofs" of vampirism, similar to Blagojevic's case. They transfixed and burned the bodies of Pavle and all of his four victims, to prevent them from awakening as vampires, since they were surely infected. However, this time it did not help; five years later, in 1731, the same village went through another vampire epidemics. Seventeen women, men, children and newborns died in a matter of days. The circumstances were suspicious as some of the dying reported being attacked by the vampire. Austrian authorities were alarmed. They sent the official investigation team, consisting of three military surgeons and two soldiers. Upon the exhumation of seventeen bodies, five were found decayed while twelve appeared fresh, with new hair and nails, and swollen with blood. One of the surgeons, Johann Flückinger, wrote the famous report "Visum et Repertum" – "Seen and Discovered" where he described the event in detail. He says the team was followed by the villagers as well as local Gypsies who had to do the dirty work of opening the graves and severing heads from the suspicious bodies. One immediately recalls the presence of Gypsies in Bram Stoker's Dracula and movies it inspired! Flückinger reports about the dissections and doesn't hide his surprise over the condition of the alleged vampires. He wonders about "regular fragrant fresh bleeding" as well as "plumpness and perfect body" found in some victims who had been known to be skinny and worn out during their life. "Visum et Repertum" was published for a wide audience in 1732 and became immensely popular in the West, influencing "scientific" and fictional works on vampirism.

Sep 6, 2014

Sep 10, 2014

West Hills - Shadow Ranch Park -

The recreation center used to be an old ranch house that has the oldest eucalyptus trees in the state. In a riding accident a young boy was killed and almost decapitated. At night you can see the body looking down at you from the second story window.



In spring 1987, amid the far northeastern Kamchatka peninsula region of what was then the Soviet Union but is now Russia, hunter Rodion Sivolobov obtained the skin of a giant white bear. To most eyes, it might simply look like the pelt of an oversized polar bear, but according to Sivolobov, and the area's local reindeer breeders, it is something very different - and very special. They believe it to be from a huge and extremely distinctive species of bear still awaiting official scientific discovery - a formidable, highly ferocious creature known as the irkuiem (aka irquiem).

For 10 years, Sivolobov had been collecting reports of this creature, much rarer and twice as big as Kamchatka's notably large brown bears, with a height at the withers of 4.5 ft and weighing as much as 1.5 tons. According to local testimony, the irkuiem has a relatively small head, short back legs, and a highly unusual running gait - throwing down its forepaws and heaving the back ones up to meet them, almost like a caterpillar! As for its luxuriant, snow-white fur, when Sivolobov succeeded in obtaining a skin of one of these bizarre-sounding 'caterpillar bears' he promptly sent samples from it, together with a photograph of the entire pelt, to a number of zoologists in Moscow and St Petersburg for their opinions. Inevitably, however, the general consensus was that dental and cranial samples would also be needed in order to attempt a conclusive identification of its species, so Sivolobov hopes to set forth and successfully procure these necessary specimens one day - but surely the very considerable advancements in DNA analyses that have taken place since then would yield some significant results now too?

In the meantime, he has good reason for remaining optimistic that the irkuiem's eventual discovery will prove to be a major cryptozoological triumph - for according to no less august an authority than internationally-esteemed Russian zoologist Prof. Nikolai K. Vereshchagin (d. 2008), this elusive creature could well prove to be a surviving representative of one of the Pleistocene's most impressive mammalian carnivores, the short-faced bear *Arctodus simus*.

Comparison of size between *Arctodus simus* and *Homo sapiens* (© Dantheman9758-Wikipedia GFDL)

Up to 6 ft high at the shoulder, up to 12 ft tall when standing erect on its hind legs, boasting a 14-ft vertical arm reach, and weighing as much as 2 tons, this monstrously huge bear, one of the largest of all mammalian land carnivores, was distributed from Alaska down as far as California (where it was particularly common) on the North American continent. (A second, less-famous, smaller species, *A. pristinus*, was confined to the southern US states - especially Florida - and also Mexico.)

Also termed the bulldog bear, *Arctodus* was characterised not only by its squat-looking face (actually an optical illusion engendered by its short nasal regions and deep snout), but also



by its relatively short body and very long legs. The result was an uncommonly gracile bear wholly unlike any species known today – so much so, in fact, that the true nature of its hunting mode remains a subject for much debate.

Its gracility argues against *Arctodus* being able to use sheer physical strength to overcome its prey, and yet its great bulk

equally argues against it being able to use its lengthy limbs to chase after prey in a fleet-footed, flexible, cheetah-like manner. Consequently, a popular theory is that this giant bear was a kleptoparasite – i.e. using its formidable size and undoubted aggression to frighten away smaller carnivores from their kill and then steal it from them.



Skull of *Arctodus simus* (© Dr Karl Shuker)

Yet regardless of which modus operandi it employed in obtaining prey, *Arctodus* was undoubtedly successful at doing so for some considerable time, having originated around 800,000 years ago during the mid-Pleistocene epoch and persisting throughout the remainder of this geological time period. Nevertheless, the eventual extinction of the American mammoths, mastodons, camels, horses, and other herbivorous megafauna upon which it preyed, changing climatic conditions, and encroaching

competition from the smaller but highly resourceful brown bear *Ursus arctos* all played a part in its own gradual demise, so that by the end of the Pleistocene, the short-faced bear had supposedly died out - but had it?

During the latter part of the Pleistocene until around 15,500 BP, Alaska was joined via the Bering land-bridge to Siberia. In 1988, Calgary University zoologist Valerius Geist suggested that the brutal belligerence of *Arctodus* might actually have impeded primitive man's passage from the Old World into the New World via the land-bridge. However, that self-same continental connection might also have featured prominently in this bear's own movements. Could *Arctodus* have migrated across it from northern North America into eastern Asia, subsequently dying out in its original New World homeland, but persisting undetected by science amid Kamchatka's remote, harsh terrain?

If so, continued evolution may even have modified its limbs, reducing their length to yield a

body shape more comparable to its chief competitor, the brown bear, but retaining its greater body size as a further means of combating the brown bear's ecological rivalry - thus yielding the irkuiem described by the Kamchatkan reindeer breeders. Having said that, the 'caterpillar bear' locomotory aspect of the irkuiem remains an enigma, to say the least, but we shall see – or not, as the case may be – should supplementary information be forthcoming one say.



Skeleton of *Arctodus simus* from California's famous La Brea tar pits (© Riku64/Wikipedia)

Interestingly, certain findings show that even in North America the short-faced bear survived to a more recent date than traditionally believed. In March 1992, Utah palaeontologists Drs David D. Gillette and David B. Madsen documented their excavation four years earlier at central Utah's Huntington Reservoir of a partial cranium and

isolated rib belonging to a short-faced bear that dated less than 11,400 BP (Before Present day) - i.e. over a thousand years more recent than the previous record for the youngest remains of this species. Moreover, they speculate that relict populations may have persisted until 10,000 years BP, or even later - beyond the Pleistocene, into historic times.

Whereas cryptozoological sceptics condemn attempts to reconcile the irkuiem with *Arctodus simus*, or a modified version of it, as little more than wishful thinking, Prof. Vereshchagin remained convinced that the prospect holds promise:

"I personally do not in any way exclude the possibility that there is an eighth species of bear in the world today. The theory that it could be a close relative of an extinct Ice Age bear does not seem so far-fetched either."

Perhaps a future expedition by Sivolobov or some other intrepid investigator will vindicate the late Prof. Vereshchagin's opinion?

Life-sized model of *Arctodus simus* (© Dr Karl Shuker)

Incidentally, 'irkuiem' is not the only name that has been applied to this particular cryptid. It has been referred to as the god bear too, which is somewhat confusing, however, because this moniker has also been used in relation to a second type of huge (yet very different) ursine mystery beast of Kamchatka, one that is instantly distinguished from the irkuiem by virtue of its jet-black fur.

Long before the irkuiem became news, the forested peninsula of Kamchatka was already noted for very large bears, though these were long-haired brown bears, which in 1851 were



dubbed *Ursus arctos beringianus*, the Kamchatka brown bear - the largest Eurasian subspecies of brown bear. Officially, the mighty Kodiak bear *U. a. middendorffi* of southwestern Alaska's Kodiak Archipelago, sporting an average total length of 8 ft and shoulder height of 4.33 ft in the male, is the largest subspecies of brown bear alive today anywhere. However, in 1936, Swedish scientist Dr Sten Bergman noted in a *Journal of Mammalogy* paper that Kamchatka may house a gigantic, short-furred, jet-black bear form that exceeds in size all other bears.



Kodiak bear catching salmon in the wild (public domain)

Dr Bergman had been shown the pelt of one of these mysterious out-sized beasts in autumn 1920 during a 1920-22 Swedish expedition there, and he also recorded an

equally colossal skull allegedly from one such bear, plus an enormous bear paw print measuring just under 15 in long and 10 in wide. Both the skull and the paw print had been observed (and, in the case of the paw print, photographed) by fellow Swedish scientist René Malaise, during his nine-year inhabitation of Kamchatka.

The existence of such a bear form in this region has been supported to some extent by Russian sources, according to David Day, who noted in his book *The Doomsday Book of Animals* (1981) that weights of 2296 lb, 2227 lb, and 2311 lb have been recorded by Russian hunters from specimens here. But as the most recent records concerning such huge bears date back to the early 1920s, it must be assumed that they have since disappeared. (Incidentally, some researchers have erroneously assigned the taxonomic name *U. a. piscator* specifically to these ursine giants, but in reality this name had already been coined long before such creatures had become known to scientists, having originally been applied, albeit synonymously, to the Kamchatka brown bear. In 1855)

Kamchatkabrown bear (public domain)

Having said that, rumours persist that some specimens do still exist in certain remote Siberian localities closed off by the Soviet military during the Cold War, so who knows? Perhaps it may be premature to write off Bergman's black-furred mega-bear just yet. Nevertheless, the morphological variability of *Ursus arctos* is notoriously, infamously immense - inciting the description and naming at one time or another of no less than 96



different taxa of brown bear in North America alone, plus another 271 in the Old World!

All of which means that even if it does still survive, Kamchatka's giant short-furred mystery black bear is more likely to represent a mere (if spectacular) non-taxonomic variant than a discrete taxonomic form in its own right. But until, if ever, some physical evidence can be made available for DNA analysis, its true zoological identity

seems destined forever to bemuse and mystify in best cryptozoological fashion.



How (not!) to grin and bear it, at Niagara, Canada, in 2000 (© Dr Karl Shuker)

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Could a mummy's curse be causing earthquakes and floods in Siberia?

mnn.com

The 2,500-year-old remains of a Siberian woman may have to be reburied because locals insist the mummy's anger must be appeased.



Locals believe that removing the Siberian Ice Princess from her final resting place may have opened a door to the kingdom of the dead. (Photo: Wikimedia Commons)

After the mummified remains of a beautifully adorned, 5th-century BC woman were discovered in Siberia's Altai Mountains in 1993, the find was heralded as "one of the most significant archeological discoveries at the close of the 20th century." But recent earthquakes and floods in the region have locals believing that removing the ice princess from her pallid slumber may have angered her, as well as opened some kind of ghastly

gate to the underworld, reports the Daily Mail.

The superstition has garnered so much momentum that the Council of Elders in Altai, a group representing native Siberians in the region, has passed a vote to rebury the mummy's remains, a decision apparently accepted by local governor Alexander Berdnikov. A ban has already been imposed on further archeological digs in other burial mounds in the area.

The irrational fervor comes at the heels of recent flooding — the worst seen in over 50 years — and earthquakes that have imperiled the region. According to the local Altai peoples, who are not genetically related to the mummy (also known as Ooch-Bala), the purpose of the elaborately decorated corpse in her burial chamber was "to bar the entrance to the kingdom of the dead." Now that she has been removed, an entrance to the underworld has been left open.

"Naked and defenseless, Ooch-Bala is freezing from inexplicable shame," claimed campaigners. "Who puts the naked corpse of their mother on public display? She knocks into our heart, seeking compassion. She is cold from evil indifference."

Aside from objecting to the mummy's original exhumation, the native people in Altai also objected to plans to display her in a glass sarcophagus in a museum within the city of Gorno-Altai.

The mummy, also known as Princess Ukok or the Siberian Ice Maiden, is particularly significant because of the highly artistic tattoos that adorn her body, which reveals much about her ancient culture.

"Compared to all tattoos found by archeologists around the world, those on the mummies of the Pazyryk people are the most complicated, and the most beautiful," said Natalia Polosmak, the researcher who originally excavated the mummy. "More ancient tattoos have been found, like the Ice Man found in the Alps — but he only had lines, not the perfect and highly artistic images one can see on the bodies of the Pazyryks."

Princess Ukok's tattoos include fantastical mythological animals like a deer with a griffon's beak, a Capricorn's antlers that are decorated with the heads of griffons, and a spotted panther with a long tail and the legs of a sheep. She was also buried with six horses, saddled and bridled — possibly representing her spiritual escorts to the next world. The elaborate burial is likely a symbol of her high status, possibly as a folk tale narrator, a healer or a holy woman.

The museum is reluctant to give in to the superstition that these remains are infected with a mummy's curse, but it seems likely that this beautiful mummy will eventually be reburied, left to decay in the permafrost.

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Mummy of a woman with a tattoo on her hand who died approximately 2500 years ago. (RIA Novosti / Yuriy Zaritovskiy)

A council of elders in Russia's Altay Region voted to bury the mummy of a woman who lived in the region in the 5th century BC. Altay locals believe that her excavation from her tomb back in 1993 angered her spirit and causes natural disasters.

The mummy, dubbed the Siberian Ice Maiden in English-language sources and the Princess of Ukok, the Altay Princess or Ochi-Bala

domestically, was unearthed from a subterranean tomb at the Ukok Plateau, close to borders with Kazakhstan, China and Mongolia. The remains have spent most of the time thereafter at a research facility in Novosibirsk, as scientists conducted facial reconstruction, DNA tests and other research projects on the Maiden.



The staff of the Museum of Archeology and Ethnography of the Russian Academy of Sciences Siberian Branch pack the mummy of Princess Ukoka for delivery to the National A.Anokhin Museum in the Republic of Altai. (RIA Novosti / Alexandr Kryazhev)

But in 2012, the unique specimen was returned to the Altay Region to be placed at a special mausoleum at a local national museum. Many people in Altay believe that the remains to belong to a legendary ancestor and a powerful princess.

Some even say that her tomb was placed to keep a gate to the underworld closed and that the absence of the guardian has led to natural disasters in Altay, including the 2003 earthquake and this year's record floods.

The council of elders, which includes elders of major Altay clans and spiritual leaders, voted Monday to have the Ice Maiden buried again. The decision comes after years of campaigning by activists, who believe that the relic's proper place is in its original tomb.

"The council of elders has taken its decision, so the mummy of the revered woman will finally be buried," said councilman Akay Kine.

The planned burial however may not prove to be simple. For starters, local legislation would have



A bust re-creating the lifetime appearance of a woman died 2,500 years ago. (RIA Novosti / Yuriy Zaritovskiy)

to be changed to allow the archeological find to be treated as simple human remains. Regional authorities reportedly are not going to oppose this.

The scientists may not be thrilled to lose the remains, considering that new research techniques may allow them get new scientific data in the future. Latest checks on the mummy in 2011 showed that it is well preserved and shows no sign of deterioration.

And proponents of the burial are yet to agree on a ceremony which would satisfy their mystically-minded supporters.

Ironically, DNA tests on the Ice Maiden, and other remains of people who belonged to the nomadic Pazyryk culture that inhabited the Ukok Plateau, proved that she cannot be an ancestor of the people living in the Altay Region now. The Pazyryk are genetically closest to Siberian Ket and Selkup peoples, but are further from the Altay people than from, for example, Germans, Basques or Russians.

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Sidehill Gougers

http://www.museumofhoaxes.com/hoax/animals/comments/sidehill_gouger

Sidehill gougers are herbivores highly adapted to living on steep hillsides. The legs on one side of their body are longer than the legs on the other, allowing them to stand comfortably on sloped terrain. These creatures come in two varieties: left-handed and right-handed (also known as counter-clockwise and clockwise gougers). The legs of a left-handed gouger are shorter on the left. As a result, it can only travel around a hill counter-clockwise. Right-handed gougers are just the opposite, with legs shorter on the right. They always move clockwise. This business of always moving in the same direction is the source of the gouger's name, because they gouge a path in the side of a hill as they endlessly circle it. If gougers do try to reverse direction, they inevitably topple over.

Right-handed and left-handed gougers, it should be noted, are simply different forms of the same species and can breed together. However, their offspring often end up with mismatched legs (a long leg on their front left and a second long leg on their back right, for instance) making it almost impossible for them to move. Such hybrids usually don't survive long.

Beyond the unusual length of the gouger's legs, little is known about the appearance of this creature. Some say it's badger-like. Some say it's goat-like. One observer, a Harry S. Knight of Camp Wood, Arizona, has been quoted as saying: "A Sidehill Gouger is jest a burrowin' buffalo, sized down and growed crooked."

There have been reports of a Gouger sub-species found in the Appalachians that has fur only on the downward-sloping side of its body. The fur on its other side has been worn away by constant rubbing against the side of the hill. The skin of these creatures, being so highly polished and smooth, is sought after by handbag makers.

References to sidehill-type creatures can be found in records dating back hundreds of years. Sir Thomas Browne, writing in the 17th century, recorded a popular belief that British badgers (popularly referred to back then as "brocks") had legs of different lengths: *"That a Brock or Badger hath the legs on one side shorter then of the other [which] though an opinion perhaps not very ancient, is yet very general; received not only by Theorists and unexperienced believers, but assented unto by most who have the opportunity to behold and hunt them daily."* (*Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, 1646, Book III, Chapter 5, 'Of the Badger').

In colonial America sidehill-type creatures were referred to as "procks". Evidently a derivative of "brocks". Since then a wide variety of names have been given to these creatures, including: sidehill badger, sidehill winder, sidehill dodger, sidehill wowser, godaphro, and gyascutus. However, sidehill gouger is, by far, the most common name. Other sidehill creatures include the **Rackabore**, and the

French Dahut. There have also been reports from Scotland of a Sidehill [Haggis](#).

A sidehill Gouger
walks round a hill, don't turn round!
too late it fell off

Posted by J on Tue Oct 03, 2006 at 11:09 AM

The clockwise vs counter-clockwise nature of the sidehill gouger is frequently misunderstood. Different regions generally have a population of nearly 95% one or the other, and the poor 5% who face the opposite way have a very difficult time finding a mate who they can procreate with, as the majority of gougers they may encounter are facing the wrong way! It takes a very determined sidehill gouger to create "crossbred" offspring! The poor creatures in the minority are known to chase after anything they see in the trail that is facing the "right way."

Posted by John on Wed Jan 24, 2007 at 04:12 PM

That would lead to a situation similar to the Wampahoofus. The two genders faced different ways and they became extinct because they couldn't mate. In this case I think the 5 percent that you talked about would eventually become extinct. The two types are in fact different, but closely related sub-species.

Posted by Thisisnotadrillalienshaveinvadadedtheplanetearth on Mon Apr 02, 2007 at 07:04 AM

'Round the hill he goes
Day in, day out, all he knows
More greens 'round the bend

Posted by hazey in MA on Mon Jun 23, 2008 at 06:37 PM

OHMYGOSH, people have reached a different level of craziness. are you joking?

Posted by paula in CA on Sat Jul 05, 2008 at 08:25 PM

I must say that this is very refreshing. You see as a child my family owned a cottage on Charlotte Lake in Northern Ontario, Canada. My Grandfather was a Police officer with a twisted sense of humor and no idea how to act around children. When it was nap time he would come in our little room and lay down with us to tell stories. His favourite story was of the Sidehill Gouger he tried to convince us that one of these creatures lived in the forest all around the lake and terrorized the inhabitants. He told us that it was a squat pig shaped thing with a cabbage like face, sort of green and rough with bulging red eyes, and of course his favourite meal was misbehaving children. How ridiculous it all seems now. However at the time my brother, sister and I were afraid to go to the outhouse alone. His other favourite story was of the Flying Spokeshave. I'm looking that up next. =)

Posted by Madonna Charlotte in Ontario Canada on Sat Sep 13, 2008 at 11:53 AM

i saw the side hill gouger. it was terrifying. the legs and arms wre different lenghts, the teath were different leanghts one looked like a knife, when it ran it ran in circuls slowly geting bigger because of the different lenghts of the the legs and arms. The ears are huge like floppy bunny ears the fur is dark gray.

Posted by VO in USA on Sun Nov 02, 2008 at 04:19 PM

I read in "The Journal Of Irreproducible Results" some years ago about a study done on these creatures. Turns out the different "directions" (I'd say "handed" but they don't have hands, do they?) of Gougiers do tend to live in colonies but where the colonies overlap, there is some interbreeding. Apparently it involves some Kama-Sutra-like positioning above and between boulders. Ah, the power of love! The study revealed that neither "direction" is dominant genetically, and therefore a variety of mixed offspring result from this interbreeding. The researchers referred to "Clockwise" and "Counterclockwise" Gougiers (indicating which way they could circle a conical peak). Offspring with diagonally opposed legs were termed "Rockers". As noted above, they don't usually survive long, the exception being that they are very good at clambering over rockfalls, and can do quite well there. Other variants observed had both long legs on the rear, or both on the front. These were termed "Uphill" and "Downhill" respectively, as that is the way they faced to stay level. The "Downhill" ones typically die of drowning (they keep going downhill until they end up in a creek or pond). The "Uphill" ones keep climbing until they either fall to their death from a sheer-faced peak or starve to death at the summit of a less-craggy mountaintop. They don't die too quickly, so you can hear their moaning carried by the winds at night in the mountains.

Posted by Marko in Portland, Oregon on Thu Feb 12, 2009 at 10:01 PM

Sightings of left- and right-handed Sidehill Gougers migrating arm in arm across a plain have been reported, possibly explaining their large range of habitat.

Nothing is more tragic than the look of a mother Sidehill Gouger whose child is of the opposite orientation. They can only meet twice per circuit around the mountain.

Posted by Walter Bender in Newton, MA on Thu May 28, 2009 at 08:56 PM

have never seen anything of the kind, just have read a lot on the topic in different books (download mainly from <http://www.picktorrent.com> Thanks so much for the depth and understanding at which you covered the topic. it's a useful piece of information not only for me but for many others. I wish I could get to know more about all the unbelievable creatures the nature has in store!

Posted by helen on Tue Jul 28, 2009 at 09:49 AM

Otto Fife, the famous sheriff of Iron County, Utah, reported sightings in southern Utah up to the mid-twentieth century

Posted by David Andersen in Berlin, Germany on Wed Sep 30, 2009 at 02:10 PM

I must say that this is a truly fascinating article. I have been studying the hufawumpas for many, many years. I'm 40 so that's a lot of years. My dad was part hoofawoompas, so I felt it necessary to learn about my heritage. Interestingly enough, ancestry.com doesn't have my dad listed. My dad's name is Joe.

Posted by Wowzer I'm part Sidehill Gouger ! in Second star to the right on Wed Apr 07, 2010 at 02:26 PM

There are many genetic variations of the Gouger, both adaptive and nonadaptive. One such is a rare

subspecies known as The Slither. The anomaly here is all 4 legs are too short. They are in fact so short that they don't reach the ground. They spend their thankfully short lives in the exact spot that they were born, except for a few attempts at flying.

Posted by Ugottebenuts in Whatzthe diff. Europe on Fri Jun 29, 2012 at 11:42 AM

When we were very young in Nova Scotia in the 1950s our Great Aunt told us of the sidehill gougers. She said they were easily hunted by scaring them so they turned around to run away and tumbled sideways downhill to be caught at the bottom. I have always thought she made up the story herself and I didn't realize what a vital part of folklore they were until the subject came up and my wife said "I wonder what you would get if you searched sidehill gouger on the internet. I did, and sure enough, after all these years it appears she didn't just make it up.

I'm glad to see many people have enjoyed this comical creature over the centuries and look forward to hearing an evolutionist explain its existence someday. They have come up with so many imaginative stories such as life from dead matter that I'm sure they can invent one for this creature!

Posted by Sandy Johnson in Ontario on Sun Feb 24, 2013 at 06:54 PM

a little known subspecies is known as a Slither. They are exclusively male and in addition the legs on both sides are so small that even in adulthood that cannot reach the ground. They wriggle around on the ground (hence the name) in futile attempts to fly.

Posted by boberic in noneofyourbusinessastan on Wed Mar 27, 2013 at 10:32 AM

After reflecting on all the scientific research of the evolution of left or right legs shorter or longer I have come to the conclusion that all the research is wrong. Their conclusions have ignored Occums Razor. The answer is so obvious. The left sided Gouggers are Progressive-Liberals, and the right sided Gouggers are Conservatives. thats the reason that opposite sided Gouggers don't get along.

Posted by Sir Doofus in Somewhat Disturbed on Thu Mar 28, 2013 at 07:08 AM

This reminded me of a story I heard long ago about a little bird that used to live on a mountain in East

Tennessee called a "Side Hill Climber."

These were small, non-flying, quail-size birds that lived in nests on the ground.

Over the centuries they so adapted to the steep hillside that they had developed one leg shorter than the other so that they could stand upright on the mountainside.

Their eggs were pyramid-shaped, giving them low center of gravity and preventing their rolling out of the nests.

The version I heard says that the mother hens got turned around in a severe thunderstorm and laid all their eggs facing the wrong direction. When the chicks hatched they had their short legs on the downhill side and rolled out of the nests to their deaths.

So, Side Hill Climbers are extinct and that is why they are not seen around East Tennessee any more.

Posted by Steve Bartlett in Cape Cod on Tue Nov 12, 2013 at 04:04 PM

My grandfather used this term for farmers who lived and or cultivated land on a (sidehill)as he would say.He has been dead since 1967. He lived and farmed almost all his working life.At no time was he being detrimental or making a joke at these peoples expense.

Posted by bryan clarke in new brunswick canada on Fri May 16, 2014 at 02:10 PM

Our story begins in the 1960s, when the Stockholm Metro acquired an eight-car aluminum model C5 subway train. At the time, local subway trains were green. However, the C5 was a test unit, and for reasons that have been lost to time, it was never fully integrated into the schedule – serving primarily as a backup train.

Since the C5 never went into fulltime use, Stockholm Metro didn't bother to paint it or decorate the interior with the sorts of advertisements subway riders around the world have come to expect. Instead, the outside remained silver, while the inside was a faded green, with patches of partially scrubbed out graffiti. Suffice it to say, it looked a little weird and soon became known as Silverpilen, or the Silver Arrow.

If you've been on many ghost tours, you know that weird-looking places pick up ghost stories like khaki pants pick up dog hair. As a result, it's not hard to imagine Stockholm-ites telling tales of boarding an odd silver train in the middle of the night and finding that everything about their journey seemed a little off. But the stories don't end there.

Over the years, Silverpilen developed a reputation for picking up passengers late at night and depositing them at their destination weeks or even years later. Still others recounted putting a friend on a strange silver Metro train, never to see that person again. Riders who escaped the train unscathed sometimes reported sharing the car with apparitions – perhaps the ghosts of those who boarded the train and were lost to this world.

So where have the missing passengers gone? One theory has it that they are taken to Kymlinge Station, a Stockholm Metro stop that was abandoned before it ever went into service. The defunct station has a sinister reputation of its own. It is said that only the dead can disembark there, and stories have circulated of a young woman who rode the Silverpilen to Kymlinge, only to be found dead in the woods nearby.

Silverpilen was decommissioned in the 1970s, around the same time the Kymlinge Station project was abandoned. Naturally, the two events have been linked by many, and stories of a fatal train accident that was somehow hushed up have been circulated.

Silverpilen's current whereabouts are unknown, although the train made an appearance in a Swedish film in 1993. Maybe it is sitting in some forgotten rail yard somewhere. Or perhaps it still travels the Stockholm Metro lines late at night, ready to pick up unsuspecting riders and spirit them away to Kymlinge.

One thing is for certain: If you find yourself waiting for the Stockholm Metro alone, and a silver train pulls into the station, wait for a more colorful (and earthly) ride to come along.

2 Comments

1. Rayne Storme January 22, 2014

I'm from the south of Sweden and I didn't hear about the train until maybe the late 90's,

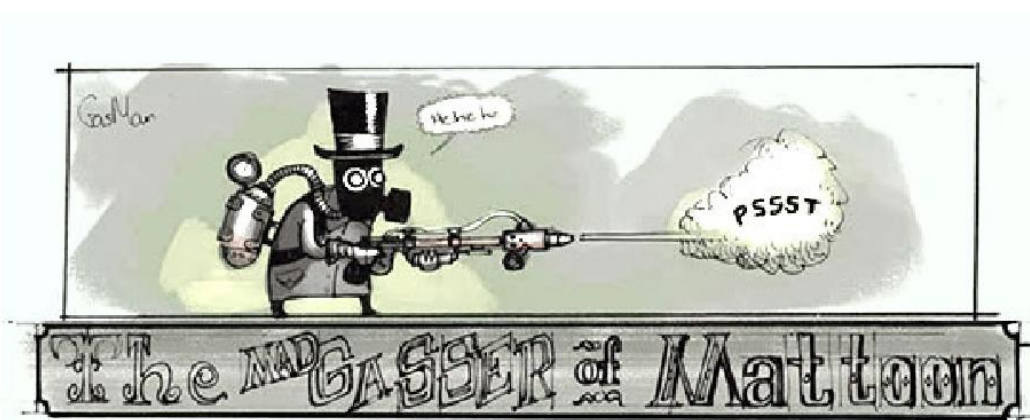
mostly thanks to a tv-show at the time who dramatized various ghost stories from around Scandinavia. There was one man, I don't remember if that was from the show or something I saw or read about later. I'm not sure if it happened on the Kymlinge Station although it is possible. Whether it happened on Kymlinge or any other station, he had been homeless at the time. But he mentioned something about a strange mist and electricity in the air slightly before the train arrived at the station. He said his friend boarded the train and he never saw him again. Another part of the legend says that if you board the train, never take a seat if you want to get out alive. If you sit down you're doomed to ride the Silver Train forever. Close to Kymlinge station is also Skogskyrkogården (the forest cemetery) where Greta Garbo has been laid to rest among others. Maybe having a cemetery nearby adds to the creepiness factor as well? It's a bit of a shame Stockholm is a bit too far away for me. Otherwise I would have been keeping an eye out for the train. If I would dare to ride it is a wholly different question. But I can't deny it would be tempting nonetheless, should I get the chance.

- mbbrophy January 25, 2014

Thanks for sharing a local perspective, Rayne! Having lived outside Edinburgh for a number of years, I can definitely attest to the way that places that seem "creepy" can attract ghost stories. What I find most interesting though is that I run across so few stories of haunted trains. Ghost trains that can't be boarded are fairly common, but an actual physical train that's thought to be haunted is rarer than I expected.

Reply

/ Copyright 2014 Evemote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -90px !important; width: 180px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; }.en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*



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Was the Famous Mass Hysteria Really a Mass Hoax?

by Willy Smith

The main claim to fame of Mattoon, a central Illinois town of about 16,000, is the

alleged activity 50 years ago of a “gasser” never apprehended or identified. During a short period at the end of the summer of 1944, more precisely from August 31 to September 12, this individual, and perhaps some copycats, terrified young women by releasing some kind of gas in their rooms — gas that was never identified — and in the process he acquired the name of the “Phantom Gasser of Mattoon.”

It is truly remarkable how the episode of the so-called Phantom Gasser (sometimes referred to as the “Phantom Anesthetist”) of Mattoon has become a stanchion of contemporary popular literature, quoted in support of diversified and often unrelated hypotheses. In a recent issue of *Skeptic* (V. 2, #3), for example, Michael Shermer characterized it as a “splendid example of mass hysteria” (p. 56), comparing it with the witch crazes of the 17th century and the repressed-memory accusations of today, without providing many details of what actually took place in Mattoon. In the June, 1993, issue of *Magonia*, Roger Sandell associated it with the anti-Satanism furor:

Hysterical contagious illness leading to claims of mystery poisoners such as the Phantom Gasser of Mattoon panic in 1944, are a well established tradition, and their appearance here [quoting from A. Corburn in the *New Statesman*] emphasizes the similarity of the antiSatanist panic to other forms of mass irrationality (p. 13).

Le temps use l’erreur et polit la vérité. (Time wears away error and polishes truth.) —Gaston-Pierre-Marc, Duc de Levis (1764–1830)

In the UFOlogical literature Mattoon has been used to support opposite contentions. Olmos Ballester (1977), for example, emphasizes the differences between the onset of UFO waves and the start of mass hysteria flaps, concluding that the former has an abundance of physical stimuli which are lacking in the latter, hence indirectly establishing the reality of UFO phenomena. J.R. Stewart (1977), on the other hand, quotes it to support the thesis that cattle mutilations have a naturalistic interpretation — namely, the hysteria of the farmers, rather than a bizarre explanation

due to UFOs or other preposterous circumstances, thus denying the objective existence of UFOs.

Finally, in a lengthy and scholarly paper appearing in several 1984 issues of the MUFON *UFO Journal*, Dr. Michael D. Swords explores the psychiatric literature on the nature of “hysteria,” and ran into several surprises:

The psychiatric profession hasn’t quite made up its mind as to whether “hysteria” even exists. Some books define it as a “name once used for a variety of neuroses.” The word “hysteria” even disappeared entirely from the psychiatrist’s “Bible,” the **DIAGNOSTIC AND STATISTICAL MANUAL FOR MENTAL DISORDERS**, in 1952. It reappeared in the 1968 edition under several headings ... The modern term Chronological Details of Mattoon Gassing Incidents Provided by Johnson for mass hysteria is “*mass psychogenic illness*” or MPI.

Chronological Details of Mattoon Gassing Incidents Provided by Johnson

DATE	NAME	COMMENTS
Aug. 31, Thursday	Mr. and Mrs. B	Not reported to the police until Sept. 3; not published in newspapers until Sept. 5.
Aug. 31, Thursday	Mrs. C & daughter	Not reported until later; not made public until Sept. 5.
Sept. 1, Friday	Mrs. A and daughter	About midnight asked a friend to call the police. Husband, 2 hours later, saw a man run from a window and called police again.
Sept. 2, Saturday	Mrs. A. & daughters	Incident appeared in newspaper.
Sept. 3, Sunday		No Paper Appeared.
Sept. 4, Monday		Labor Day—No Paper Appeared.
Sept. 5, Tuesday	Mrs. D and Mrs. E	The cases of Mr. B and Mrs. C appeared in newspaper.
Sept. 6, Wednesday		Three more cases.
Sept. 7, Thursday		No cases reported.
Sept. 8, Friday		Four cases reported.
Sept. 9, Saturday		Five cases reported.
Sept. 10, Sunday		Seven cases reported.
Sept. 11, Monday		No cases.
Sept. 12, Tuesday		Final case reported.

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The Number of Mattoon Incidents as Reported

DATE	DAY	INCIDENTS	SQ IN	COMMENTS	FRONT PAGE HEADLINE
Aug. 31	Thur.	2			
Sept. 1	Fri.	1			
Sept. 2	Sat.		47	Sept. 1 case printed.*	ANESTHETIC PROWLER ON LOOSE
Sept. 3	Sun.			No paper appeared.	
Sept. 4	Mon.			Labor Day: no paper.	
Sept. 5	Tues.	2	26	Aug. 31 cases printed: on page 6.	
Sept. 6	Wed.	3	40	Front page headline.	Not quoted by Johnson.
Sept. 7	Thurs.	0	29		MAD ANESTHETIST STRIKES AGAIN
Sept. 8	Fri.	4	28		No headline.
Sept. 9	Sat.	5	51		3/4 inch headline.
Sept. 10	Sun.	7			No paper appeared.
Sept. 11	Mon.	0	62		Headline..."FEW REAL"...
Sept. 12	Tues.	1	28	Last case reported.	No headline.
Sept. 13	Wed.		59	Comical twist.	
Sept. 14	Thurs.		19		
Sept. 15	Fri.,		14	Story dropped to Page 6.	
Totals:		25	403	*Column heading: "Mrs. (A) and daughter first victims.	

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regardless of the evidence. For example, his spin on the events begins rather inaccurately: “The story of the ‘phantom anesthetist’ begins on September 1 when a woman reported to the police that someone had opened her bedroom window and sprayed her with a sickish sweet-smelling gas which partially paralyzed her legs and made her ill” (p. 175).

Swords then presents four alleged cases of MPI, including the Mattoon incident, and concludes: “It is not at all clear to this author that the MPI contributes any cases of UFO reports.”

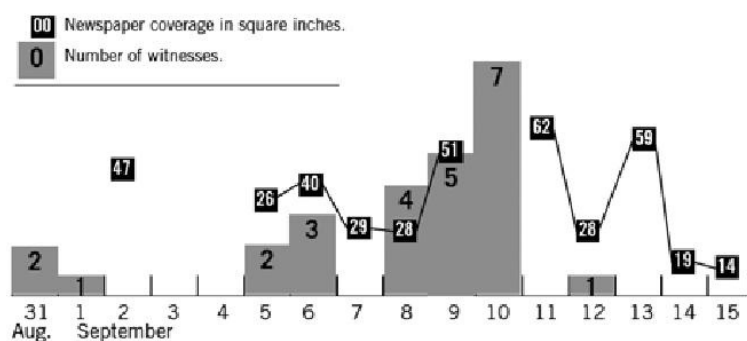
At one point I began to wonder how many of those who referenced the Mattoon incident in order to affirm one point or another had

really gone to the original literature to inform themselves. In my investigation I discovered there is one and only one scholarly paper written on the subject, by Donald M. Johnson. It is my impression from examining all the data that Johnson, who at the time of writing was an undergraduate student at the University of Illinois, seems to have had the intention to “prove” a case of mass hysteria,

Well, not exactly. The story did not start on September 1 and the woman did not report it to the police, but to a friend and to her husband, who then called the police. This can be inferred from Johnson's own data. He states that "on...Sunday the third, Mr. B reported to the police that he and his wife had had a similar occurrence. In the middle of the night of August 31 — the night before Mrs. A's attack — he woke up sick, and retched, and asked his wife if the gas had been left on" (p. 176). Johnson continues, revealing there was even a second incident that preceded the claimed first event of Mrs. A: "About the same time [as Mr. B] Mr. C, who works nights, told the press that his wife and daughter had like- wise been attacked" (p. 176). In other words, Johnson has labeled the events A, B, and C, but in actuality, by his own account it goes B, C, and A. The chronology of the events in question is presented in Table 1.

From the chronology we can see that there were a grand total of 25 cases in 13 days. The weight of all these cases, however, is not the same. The case of Mr. and Mrs. B, for instance, occurring before the key case of Mrs. A (that supposedly triggered the mass hysteria), cannot be suspected, as Mr. B was the one to feel sick and smell the gas. (The mass hysteria was said to be primarily a female phenomenon.) For Mrs. C and her daughter, since the case was not reported until later, and not made public until September 5, mass hysteria is not a viable causal explanation. It seems more rational to believe that this was also a real incident. Therefore, for Mr. and Mrs. B, and Mrs. C and her daughter, it is more likely to assume the events, whatever they were, had some basis in reality, not mental delusion. Johnson offers private conversations and gossip as two modes of information exchange into the system to trigger the mass hysteria, but the proximity in time of the first two events (B and C), and the fact that they happened in the middle of the night, makes it very unlikely that word of the incidents could have spread so quickly. As they were not reported in the newspaper until two days later, they simply had to be real events.

THE MATTOON DATA FROM TABLE 2 IN GRAPH FORM
When the data from Table 2 is presented in graphic form it supports the conclusion that there was a journalistic hoax involved in the Mattoon gasings. See text for further explanation.



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Consider now Johnson's key case: Mrs. A and her daughter. Around midnight of September 1, Mrs. A reported to a friend that she and her daughter had been gassed. Mr. A, coming home around 2:00 a.m. on September 2, reported to the police that he saw a man run from the window. We do not know if Mr. A knew about Mrs. A's attack, or if either of them knew about the incidents the night before with B and C.

Without evidence that Mrs. A knew about B's and C's attacks, or that Mr. A knew about Mrs. A's attack, mass hysteria cannot be proffered as an explanation. A better thesis is that a prowler was prowling (or a prankster was pranking), and scared Mrs. A and her daughter around midnight. Either he gassed them, and/or there was a gas leak in the home. Perhaps they returned to the scene two hours later when Mr. A arrived, or Mr. A saw a shadow and misinterpreted it as a prowler. Thus, the sequence of occurrences after September 2 (when this incident was

reported), if it was a case of Mass Psychogenic Illness, it was most likely triggered by a real incident of some sort — prowlers or pranksters.

No judgment can be advanced for the other cases, as there are no more details. But we have made progress, as we have easily disposed of the initial incidents as natural in origin. Perhaps the others were triggered by the sensationalist handling by the media, particularly the local paper. The Mattoon *Daily Journal-Gazette*, the only paper with a large circulation in the city, was, according to Johnson, read at the time by 97% of the Mattoon families. There is, in fact, a curious detail here, glossed over by Johnson. The first story appeared on the front page on September 2, with the bold headline ANESTHETIC PROWLER ON LOOSE. But above one of the columns was headed MRS. A AND DAUGHTER FIRST VICTIMS. If the reporter knew about B and C, then he must have known that A was not the first. If he did not know about B and C but only about A (there were no other incidents yet), then why the “first” modifier? Johnson dismisses this as an error, but such a contention does not necessarily follow. Too many people see the headlines of a newspaper before it goes to press. This is a curious anomaly. If a prankster was involved, perhaps the newspaper was behind it for whatever reason.

Johnson provides us with detailed statistics of the coverage of the events, in square inches of newspaper space, that offers a different interpretation. The press coverage started on September 2, when Mrs. A’s incident was reported, and continued unabated in almost every issue until September 15 when the story was dropped. The number of reported cases reached a maximum on September 10, which was the peak of police activity in their efforts to catch the culprit red handed. Only one other incident took place (September 12), and that was the end of it. Since the *Journal-Gazette* was still carrying the story, it is possible that if there were a prankster (or he had copycats) he was suddenly discouraged by the police attention.

Therefore, contrary to Johnson’s assertion that there were two hypotheses (real gasser v. mass hysteria) to explain the facts, there are really three: (1) MPI, or mass hysteria, triggered by the real actions of a prowler/prankster and/or a gas leak; (2) a prankster acting alone or organized by the newspaper as a prank or for more serious unknown reasons; (3) a real anesthetist.

Before discussing these possibilities in some depth, let’s take a moment to examine, as Johnson does, the nature of the reported gas used by the attacker. He says that it did not affect others in the room. This is not true when we consider B’s case (August 31), where the husband was the first to feel sick. Johnson also informs us that one of the effects reported — vomiting — was independently verified, but dismisses this as a symptom of hysteria, as he does the excited condition observed in the victims. In fact, Johnson presents the following description of a mild hysterical attack from the 19th century to support his case (p. 178):

I choose, for an example, what happens to a woman somewhat impressionable who experiences a quick and lively emotion. She instantly feels a constriction of the epigastrium; experiences oppression, her heart palpitates, something rises in her throat and chokes her... (Janet, 1901).

What Johnson apparently did not realize is that this opinion requires the *a priori* existence of a stimulus, and the fact is that the appearance of the symptoms as reported is *prima facie* evidence of the reality of the incidents. Had the victims remained calm and collected after going

through such an experience, the investigator would have been correct in suspecting foul play. Since the vomiting was a fact, as well as the independent testimony of husbands that they had really smelled gas, it follows that at least the three initial incidents (August 31 and September 1), and perhaps some of the others, had a basis in reality.

From a perspective 50 years later, it is hard to make a guess as to the real nature of the gas, but from the details reported by Johnson, it is conceivable that the “gasser” simply used natural gas that he either carried or that he had just released from sources existing at the homes he visited.



illustration by Jean Paul Buquet-Banzali

Johnson's experience in sociology was probably no more than an introductory course (The official records at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign show that Donald Max Johnson graduated on June 15, 1952, with a Master's degree in Education. In 1944, he was most likely a freshman, with marginal qualifications for making such a serious sociological interpretation of mass hysteria. He was, perhaps, guided along in his interpretation of the data by his instructor, Dr. R. P. Hinshaw, who sponsored the article in the *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*.) In Johnson's study of the Mattoon incident, he considers the victims as a group, and marvels that there are few children in his sample (after he rejects some because of parental influence.) Table 3 provides some demographic

information.

Johnson shows that the majority of the victims were women of poor education and modest economic level, their ages peaking for the 20-29 group. No attacks were reported in the two high-income areas of Mattoon, and all the cases seem to have occurred within a uniform socio-economic group. As shown in *Table 3*, the demographic factors are quite at variance with those corresponding to the population of Mattoon at large, as indicated in the last column.

The unavoidable conclusion is that the characteristics of the victims was not random. What does this mean? One, selectivity by the perpetrator; or two, susceptibility of this age/socio-economic group, either toward psychogenic illness, or, more likely, greater credulity and thus a greater tendency to misinterpret the sights and sounds of the environment.

Let us go back now to the three possible hypotheses and attempt to arrive at a reasonable solution.

1. The Mass Hysteria Hypothesis

Johnson concludes that “the hypothesis of hysteria fits all of the evidence, without remainder” (p. 178). Johnson's facts, however, can be read in a different light. Although instances of MPI are rare, a pattern has emerged for the cases of hysterical contagion (another name used in the literature), defined by Kerchkoff and Bach (1968, p. 25) as follows:

A case of hysterical contagion is one in which a set of experiences or behaviors

which are heavily laden with the emotion of fear of a mysterious force is disseminated through a collectivity. The type of behavior which forms the manifest content of the case may vary widely from one example to the next, but all are indicative of fear, and all are inexplicable in terms of the usual standards of mechanical, chemical or physiological causality.

The Economic status of "Anesthetic Victims"
Compared to the General Population of Mattoon

	% Victims	% General population
Sex-Women:	93	52
Age Group:		
below 10	0	14
10-19	0	18
20-29	37	17
30-39	16	15
40-49	21	13
50-59	16	10
60-69	10	7
70 & over	0	6
Education:		
Grade school only	71	58
Some high school	29	32
Some college	0	10
Indices of economic level—		
Home has:		
Electricity	80	95
Radio	80	91
Refrigerator	28	46
Telephone	33	60

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Although the Mattoon incidents seem to satisfy this definition, one must emphasize that the best documented cases of MPI have occurred in enclosed spaces, such as workplaces or schools. The contagious behavior usually stems from a single case, or *trigger event*, and is characterized by a specific item, such as a bug bite or an odor. Some physical symptoms are considered typical, such as nausea, nervousness, weakness, and numbness. The number of incidents rapidly increases, reaches a maximum, and then tails off, the cycle terminating in a couple of weeks.

For the Mattoon case there was no event that could have triggered a mass hysteria. The three initial incidents — August 31 and September 1 — were real but had no immediate influence, as they were not publicized until September 2. Even

then, and in spite of the sensationalist headlines and the extensive newspaper coverage, they failed to generate new cases until September 5. The word "*first*" in the column heading of the September 2 issue of the *Mattoon Daily Journal-Gazette* remains cryptic, and in fact, opens new possibilities.

The independently witnessed symptoms like vomiting and a great degree of excitement were unexplained, but how could they have happened if there were NO gasser to provide the stimulus? In addition, according to Johnson, only four of the victims were examined by physicians and diagnosed as suffering hysteria, hardly a significant percentage of total victims. The lack of cases on September 7 and 11 represents an anomaly, compounded by the fact that the graph shown in Johnson's paper apparently peaks precisely on September 7, perhaps because he refers to telephone calls listed in the police blotter and not to verified incidents. As shown in *Graph 1*, the actual number of incidents peaked on September 10, and in spite of coverage by the newspaper until September 15, only one more case was reported (September 12).

The hysteria hypothesis not only fails to satisfy the evidence, but does not explain how people who did not know each other, apparently belonging to the same socio-economic and occupational level, and perhaps living in the same neighborhood, could come up with similar descriptions (as, for instance, in the cases prior to September 5).

All of this suggests the activity of unknown parties localized in a given area. Moreover, the victims were young females, all but one married, corroborating selectivity by the perpetrator very unlikely to occur with an imaginary gasser.

Of course, it may well be that initially, as supported by the evidence provided by the first cases, one or more unknown parties (the copycat is always a possibility), started to terrorize young

women perhaps as a prank, but became scared when the community overreacted and the state police intervened.

The later cases were very likely caused by the media influence and no more than episodes prompted by the perceived presence of prowlers, which during the period were reported at the rate of 8–10 a week. (Thinking you saw a prowler when you are in a state of high anxiety or awareness that crimes have recently occurred in your neighborhood is not mass hysteria.) Johnson, however, vehemently insists on the psychogenic nature of the events: “The hypothesis of hysteria accounts for the rapid recovery of all victims and lack of after-effects... The objections to the hypothesis of hysteria come from the victims themselves” (pp. 177–178). Of course the victims recovered rapidly, as they had been only scared and and/or, at most, had inhaled some cooking gas. And naturally, they insisted on denying any hysteria suggestion as it was tantamount to calling them liars.

2. The Journalistic Scheme Hypothesis

The second hypothesis is daring but tenable. That word “first” in the September 2 issue cannot be lightly dismissed, and we must keep in mind that the press controlled the publicity given to the affair. It is quite possible that the original cases (which could have had a simple explanation, such as a gas leak) inspired a young reporter to make a name for himself with dramatic headlines and a front page report. The story was picked up by out-of-town newspapers, among others the *Chicago Herald-American* which according to Johnson, handled the story most thoroughly and most sensationally, and soon it was out of control. Perhaps after a while the editor of the paper became skeptical, but what could he really do, but backpedal and write “few real” in the September 11 headline, then change the tone toward the jocular on September 13, move the story to page six on September 15 and finally drop it altogether?

There is another factor in favor of this hypothesis: the lack of motivation. Nothing was stolen, the circumstances offered but limited gratification to a peeper, and even the victims did not have a reason to come forward with false claims. Yet our postulated ambitious newspaperman had everything to gain and nothing to lose. Could it have been the reporter, or a prankster set up by the newspaper? Short of a confession (and even confessions are problematic), we will probably never know for certain.

3. A Real Gasser

As we have already indicated, the first three cases (August 31 and September 1) definitely were real incidents, each one with two witnesses. Since they were not publicized until later, they could not have triggered the incidents that followed. Johnson argues for the suggestibility of young females of low education and social status. I am a physicist, not a psychologist. But even I can deduce that items not printed in the local newspaper certainly could not have influenced anyone.

The arguments advanced by Johnson on the nature of the gas are specious, to say the least, as are attempts to prove that since the characteristics of the alleged gas are impossible, so is the reality of the anesthetist. However, when the complaints of the victims and their symptoms are considered in some detail, it becomes very likely that the gas could have been regular cooking gas, accidentally or otherwise released in the rooms.

There are several indications of the presence of a real flesh and blood perpetrator, the most important being the statements of the initial witnesses. When Mr. B woke up sick in the middle of the night (August 31), he asked his wife if the gas had been left on. When Mr. A returned home about two hours after the alleged attack on Mrs. A, he says he saw a man run from the window. In the case of Mrs. C and her daughter (August 31), the daughter woke up coughing and when Mrs. C. got up to take care of her, she could hardly walk, a typical symptom of gas inhalation.

As previously discussed, the victims were not distributed randomly but belonged to a well-defined social group. This selectivity not only asserts the reality of the perpetrator, but, contrary to what Johnson tell us, provides a motive for his activities: gratification in scaring young females .

Johnson's cavalier dismissal of the data supporting the real gasser explanation is a little surprising (p. 177):

The fact that vomiting did occur was authenticated in a few cases by outside testimony but, since vomiting could be produced by gas or hysteria or dietary indiscretions, *this fact is not crucial*. There is plenty of evidence from the police and other observers that the victims were emotionally upset by their experiences *but this is not a crucial point*. [Emphasis added.]

Not crucial? The fact that people reported seeing a prowler who might have been the anesthetist is also dismissed without further ado by Johnson, since prowlers were frequently reported in Mattoon. I agree, but how could anyone distinguish on sight between a regular prowler and a gasser? The plot of police calls presented by Johnson shows almost equal numbers for both events.

Conclusion: Applying Occam's Razor

Johnson's conclusion that the Mattoon affair was entirely psychogenic is unwarranted and not supported by the evidence. The idea of a journalistic scheme is attractive and has possibilities that should not be ruled out. It would be interesting to go back to Mattoon and dig through the archives of the *Journal-Gazette* to obtain further information about the reporter(s) covering the case. As for the third possibility — the existence of a real perpetrator — it follows from the details of the first three incidents, and perhaps could be corroborated by further study of the records. It is also clear that some of the later cases could have been prompted by the influence of the media, but I doubt that a true hysteria epidemic could have been turned off so suddenly. Such an abrupt termination, however, would be expected if we had a gasser who felt cornered by the police and decided it was safer to quit.

In a direct application of Occam's Razor, I favor a combination of hypotheses 2 and 3: a flesh and blood gasser who was most likely a prankster whose motivations we will never know. Subsequently, the people of Mattoon were in a heightened state of awareness, seeing, hearing, and perhaps even smelling things that were not really there. This anxiety was driven by the media input, and subsequently killed by the media blank out.

Whatever the right causal combination is, the series of events in Mattoon, Illinois in the first two weeks of September, 1944, was most likely not a sequence of imaginary events triggered by

another imaginary event, or even by a real one (made public only after some of the crucial cases had already occurred). If mass hysteria means what I think it means, and if there is such a phenomenon, the case of Mattoon is not a good example.

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West Covina - South Hill Elementary -

Apparitions of three ladies killed by Car accident have been seen in front of the school.



desertsun.com

The
Desert
Sun

THANKS FOR THE MEN

Southern Pacific Railroad

By Denise Goolsby

The Desert Sun

The transcontinental railroad opened the doors to America, especially those lightly traveled areas where Herculean efforts were required to cross hundreds of miles of remote wilderness, steep mountains and endless desert.

Discovery of gold in 1848 focused world attention on California and the Pacific Coast region. At the time, early settlers had few options in cross-country travel: An arduous overland journey across the plains by oxen or mules, or long ocean voyages via Panama or around Cape Horn.

A growing sentiment in the west and east favored a railroad that would bind the nation closer together.

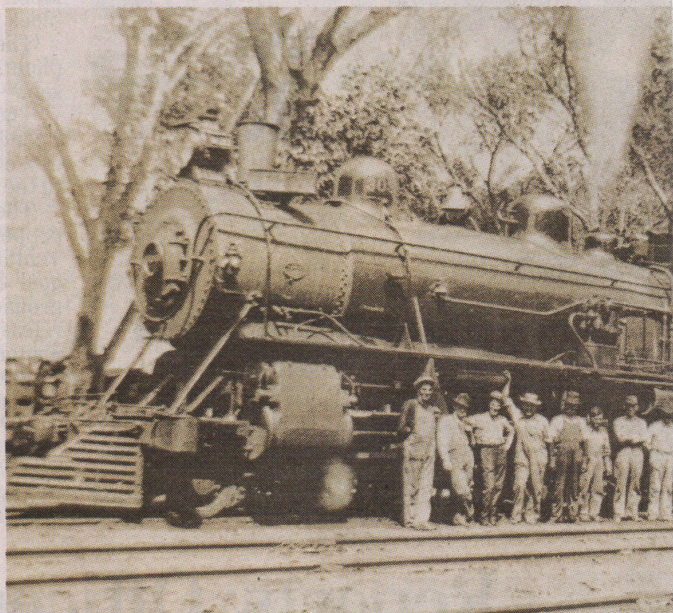
The roots of Southern Pacific Railroad's path through the Coachella Valley can be traced to the country's pre-Civil War days and the creation of the Central Pacific Railroad Company of California, incorporated June 28, 1861.

The brainchild of Collis P. Huntington, Leland Stanford, Mark Hopkins and Charles Crocker, the corporation was formed to build the western portion of the Pacific Railroad — a transcontinental link from Sacramento, east over the Sierra Nevada mountains.

Construction began in Sacramento in 1863 followed by authorization of Congress in 1863. The line traversed 690 miles over the mountains and across Nevada to meet the Union Pacific at Promontory, Utah, where the last spike was driven on May 10, 1869.

In 1865, the Southern Pacific Railroad was organized to build lines from San Francisco to San Diego and eastward to rails being proposed to reach westward from New Orleans.

The surveyors for the Southern Pacific route reached the



Otho Moore's 1912 photo of Fast Passenger Engine 3033 in the Indio Southern Pacific Water District; PHOTO COURTESY SALTON SEA HISTORY MUSEUM

MORE ONLINE

View a photo gallery with this story online at DesertSun.com

site of Indio, known as Indian Wells at the time, on March 25, 1872. They reported that this point was halfway between Los Angeles and Yuma, Ariz. A perfect spot for a train depot.

Southern Pacific acquired a 22-mile railroad from Los Angeles to Wilmington, opened in October 1869 and construction began during 1873 on lines north and east out of the city.

Trains were operated to Colton on July 16, 1895 and to Indio on May 29, 1876.

After the railroad's arrival in 1876, Indio really started to grow. The first permanent building was the craftsman-style Southern Pacific Depot station and hotel. Southern Pacific tried to make life as comfortable as it could for its workers in order to keep them from leaving such a difficult area to

live in at the time. It was the center of all social life in the desert with a fancy dining room. Dances were hosted on Friday nights.

While Indio started as a railroad town, it developed into an agricultural area shortly thereafter. Onions, cotton, grapes, citrus and dates thrived in the arid climate due to the ingenuity of farmers finding various means of attaining water — first through artesian wells.

The arrival of the Southern Pacific Railroad would leave an indelible mark on the Palm Springs-based Agua Caliente Band of Cahuilla Indians and shaped the future of the tribe. In the 1860s, the federal government granted the railroad 10 miles of odd-numbered sections of land on each side of the railroad right-of-way.

In 1876, when President Ulysses S. Grant established the present Agua Caliente Indian Reservation by executive order, only the even-numbered

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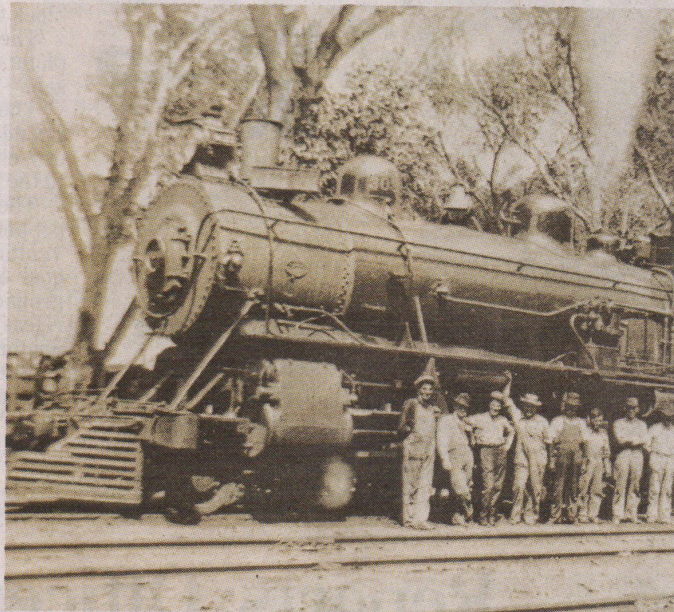
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MORIES

l sets up in Indio



Southern Pacific yards. COACHELLA VALLEY

sections were still available. This created the reservation's "checkerboard" pattern.

In 1875, the Cahuilla Indians began working on the construction of the railroad. The tracks ran about 6 miles north of the Palm Springs Way Station, which served as a stagecoach stop from 1865 until the rail line was completed in 1887.

The Southern Pacific built a Spanish-style railroad station in the 1930s, located in North Palm Springs on Tipton Road off Highway 111.

A 1914 brochure touting the Southern Pacific Sunset Route as the "Best Route to the California 1915 Expositions" — the Panama-Pacific Exposition was being held in San Francisco and the Panama-California Exposition was taking place in San Diego — provided colorful descriptions of the stops along the route, which originated in New Orleans. This is how the railroad's literature depicted the desert 100 years ago:

"Yuma, the Colorado River and California is reached 1,754 miles west from New Orleans... the route is through a region that is peculiar and interesting. At Imperial Junction, a branch line of the Southern Pacific runs south to the celebrated Imperial Valley, which has sprung into a wonderful existence in a night, almost, because of its splendid fertility, its varied, almost tropical products, freedom from frosts, great volume of water for irrigation, taken from the Colorado, and its rapid development and adaptability for all forms of agriculture, yet in the heart of the desert."

That year, 1914, the valley shipped more than 4,000 cars of cantaloupes alone, to all sections of the United States. From a waste only a few years ago, the Imperial Valley now has a population of 25,000 with fine towns, street cars, clubs, newspapers, excellent hotels and a high class civilization.

The journey is then through the Salton Valley and along the northern shores of the Salton Sea made by an overflow of the Colorado Rivers some years ago. Here the train runs for miles below the sea level, at Salton reaching the bottom of a great depression at a depth of 253 feet. This condition is peculiar and unequaled and is not even approximated by any other railroad in the world. The route through the California desert passes through Thermal, Coachella and Indio, all below sea level, and climbs the divide, reaching the apex at Beaumont, California."

Next week: Southern Pacific Railroad History in the Coachella Valley, Part II.

Sources: City of Palm Springs, Agua Caliente Cultural Museum, Agua Caliente Band of Cahuilla Indians, Historian Pat Laflin, Coachella Valley Water District, Central Pacific Railroad website, Michael L. Grace (Palm Springs Rail Heritage blog)

TOURS

nd Tran with the help s from Gov. Jerry and Economic Development city dropped its nuisance lawsuit.

grant from Vietnam reduces several chili e flavors of his native stalled stronger ventiw as confident would

t received any commander John Davidson

ered tours Friday and ie them every Saturday Day weekend, unson ends in November. 45 truckloads of chili m farms in Kern and with a harvest season ns. The peppers are l with vinegar and salt, scent that made some cough.

residents Monica L-Romero weren't both doesn't even bother us, ocks away," said Lopez, en coughed once since "

Ignored Problems

ort stated.

psed to his knees while t of the patrol car after South Los Angeles police ing.

old him that he needed to and walk," according to neral's report.

led him inside, with his and laid him on the floor ce of a sergeant who was on supervisor. Azucena ded as saying he couldn't ing to the reports.

as left face-down on the g cell, where he was later breathing. Nearly 40 e was taken into custody, rived and tried to revive ken to a hospital and reports continued for several e was declared dead.

revealed that Azucena etamine in his system, geles County coroner's rel that he probably died a attack. The death was a accident.

ers and sergeants remain investi

Spanish Gravedigger Suspended for Taking Selfie with Decomposing Corpse

ibtimes.co.uk

A gravedigger who took a picture of a mummified man who died 23 years ago has been suspended from his job.

Celestino Reyna was pictured grinning with the dead body of a man he had just dug up. The deceased man's nephew also appeared in the photo.

The body was exhumed to be reburied in the same grave as the deceased's wife at the cemetery in Guardamar del Segura, near Alicante on Costa Blanca, Spain.

As the dead man's niece and her husband watched the gravedigger recovering the body, they saw that the corpse had been mummified.

Thinking this would be an interesting photo opportunity, the niece of the dead man then shared the picture with work colleagues on Whatsapp, and soon the picture went viral.

The man's niece defended her actions by saying she didn't mean to offend anyone but merely wanted to show the effects of mummification to the dead man's sister, according to a report in the *Mirror*.

"We never thought this could have such serious consequences, and I did not want to show any lack of respect for my uncle."

Mummified corpse goes viral

The 55-year-old gravedigger was suspended from his position and moved to another role at the council while an investigation is carried out.

Local councillor Felipe Aldeguer defended Reyna, believing he did not act in "bad faith" and in all probability would keep a council job.

"At the end of the day the man's family were there and it seems they were the ones that instigated this," Aldeguer said.

"He just foolishly agreed to what they wanted. It appears to be a one-off error of judgement rather than a systematic form of behaviour. It's a silly mistake and although there's no justification for it and there will be consequences, we do not need to go overboard."

Natural mummification occurs when a combination of acidic water, cold temperatures and lack of oxygen are enough to preserve the tissue, essentially pickling the body.

The cold, dry conditions desiccate the body and in some cases even the contents of the stomach.

Spooky Sunday: Rawhead and Bloody Bones - odetteroulette - Open Salon

posted by: hyblaeen- Julie

salon.com

So, here's the second Sunday with a nice ghost tale or two in it. I warn you ... these ghost stories aren't that scary. heh heh No seriously ...

Today, I thought I'd handle the old fashioned ghost tales that I grew up hearing and that my family grew up hearing. This one will be a tale of bits and pieces. I hope no one minds.

The South is one of those places that just begs for the telling of a good ghost story. It isn't just the craziness, the incestuousness (sometimes literally) of the small Southern town, the drinking and the tragedies that ensue, the terrible history of racism, the War of Northern Aggression (as my grandmother and great-aunts and uncles called it), the ... hmm ... you know, on second thought, of course, it's all of these things. Good grief. Now that I think about it, it would be shocking if there weren't some disincarnate relatives walking around in a frenzied state of some sort.

Southerners do like their ghost stories. So, I thought I'd throw in a few shorter things to think about and end with a nice good one.

My family has a terrific family cemetery. Gravestones from the earliest days of the settlement of the area dot a tiny hillside near my father's childhood home. My parents built a house there in recent years, and so, as I visit them, I can drive by everyday and see the old stones, many of them crumbling as they age. I've asked my father if there was any way to preserve them, and we've discussed methods occasionally, but my guess is that they will simply wear away and be forgotten. Such is life, I suppose. The old makes way for the new.

Many of the gravestones aren't ones I can even read anymore, although a few tell tragic tales. The pitiful, little ones with Baby b.Dec. 1855--d. Jan. 1856, for example.

There are a lot of those.

There's the gravestone of the relative who actually died in a spectacular drunken state a few years after losing the family farm in a poker game. There's the grave of the pistol-whipping sheriff (my great-great-great grandfather), shot by the man whose wife he was sleeping with and next to him, his own wife, dead many years later.

We've never been able to take many successful pictures of these stones. When it wasn't digital, the film wouldn't come out. Always dark or messed up or full of weird shadows that obscured everything. I know that sounds strange and foolish but there it is. It's just hard to take pictures there. Perhaps even the dead deserve their privacy.

I jokingly call it The Cemetery of No Photographs. Which is not very original, but accurate.

When my parents were little, their families had various ghost stories that they told the children, and these stories were passed on to me in some form. I'll probably tell a few of them

to the Kid someday. My mother said that her father used to tell the kids about a headless woman who, late at night, let herself into the lane outside their house and walked, step by step, up to the house to come get the little children who had misbehaved. These stories scared the holy beJesus out of my mother as a child, especially because they had an outhouse ... OUTSIDE. Imagine hearing that story and then having to pee later on that night!

I asked her if the headless woman ever made it to the front door, and she said, no, that, because the children had been good that day, the headless woman never appeared on the other side of the thicket of trees past the gate. I replied, well, you know, she's headless. Maybe she just kept bumping into stuff and never made it up the hill.

My father's aunt used to tell him stories about Rawhead and Bloody Bones, some kind of supernatural creature who drowned children who misbehaved. (Are you detecting a theme in these ghost stories here?) (Oh, and !!!!! What???? Who tells these stories to children!?) This one is a pretty common tale involving an old witch woman whose hog was stolen by a hunter and eaten. The witch woman brings the hog back as some sort of spectral hog (I swear, a spectral hog, only in the South) and the hog kills and eats the hunter, or rips him into bits and pieces, (yes, I went there) and then rides the dead hunter's horse through the countryside, grabbing bad little children and carrying them off. I believe the original story is from Ireland. It has an oddly 'green' sort of theme, doesn't it? Preservation of wild life and property. Hunters get theirs. Interesting.

You can find a good telling of the story here:

RAWHEAD AND BLOODY BONES

Unfortunately, I never got to meet that great-aunt or great-grandfather or one little cousin. A drunk driver hit their car one morning as they drove to visit a relative in the hospital. Only my great-grandmother survived the crash.

That entire area, so lost in the country, cemetery and all, can be a scary place at night, or at least, a dark and mysterious one. When I was a kid, we stayed at my grandparents' house a lot, in the country. At night, it was so dark, I would curl up in bed in some terror, as I couldn't see my hand in front of my face. Really. I would wave my hand back and forth and be glad I wasn't blind in the daytime and look forward to the morning.

One of my favorite relatives at that time was one of my great-grandmothers (not the one that survived the crash--although that one was a pip and an entire post should be devoted to her). She always smelled like lilac powder and had soft, cool hands. The night after she died, we stayed at my grandparents'. After waving my hands in front of my face for a bit, I fell asleep. Later that night, I woke to hear the rocking chair next to the bed moving. I froze as someone approached the bed. This moment tells you what my reaction is in an emergency. I do nothing. As I laid there, frozen and frightened, the room suddenly filled with the smell of lilacs, and someone smoothed back the hair on my head. Then, whoever was doing that was gone. It just stopped. I sat up and put my back against the headboard until grey morning light filtered in through the curtains. And I never told anyone until just now.

I mean, it was probably a dream. Right?

My parents moved back down there recently. They love the area, even though it is a million miles from a grocery store or many other people. They built their house on top of this old hill where a cabin of some relative used to stand. And they have a ghost. Or so they say. My parents' dog, now a ghost herself perhaps, used to watch an invisible person in the room. And doors would be locked and unlocked mysteriously. Stuff still gets moved around inexplicably. Everyone always swears innocence when these things happen, although, of course, they would, wouldn't they?

And, late at night, when I'm home, and I'm awake and everyone else is asleep, which happens a lot, I can almost always hear someone walking around downstairs.

But, when I go look, no one is there.

That's one I'm going to tell to my child.

But only when the lights are on.

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Antioch - St. James Presbyterian Church -

This old church, located on Leland Avenue in San Francisco has a history of hauntings. Late at night, footsteps can be heard walking up the stairs, doors shut, etc. Also, on more than one occasion, late at night, doors that normally open easily will be impossible to open, as if a ton of bricks is on the other side of the door. Later, the doors will be found wide open.

Bellflower - St. John Bosco High School - A boy named Tyler was a student in the 1960's, and he was kicked out of Bosco for personal reasons. He later then died of a drug overdose. It is said that he roams the campus (mainly the senior square) searching for a senior whom he can borrow a lighter from. -

June 2008 Correction - St John Bosco is not haunted as well there were many boys kicked out of Bosco in the 60's but none that haunt the senior square again they are stories to scare the incoming freshman during welcome week.

Visalia - St. Johns River -

Supposedly... people jogging on the river trail would sometimes see an Indian man in on the side of the trail walking with a horse.

Whittier - St. Paul High School -

The restroom in the 100 building is haunted. When you are in the restroom alone, sometimes either one faucet will turn on or all of them will turn on when there is nobody else in the restroom. And other times the doors to the stalls will open and close.

Bakersfield - Standard Middle School -

a man has been seen hanging from the top of the auditorium... ghost was caught in one of the 8th grade graduation photos through a window..















Street Light Interference Syndrome

When 38-year-old Debbie Wolf is stressed out or thinking deeply about something that troubles her, electrical devices around her often stop working. "Experts" call this "Street Light Interference Syndrome" (SLI). Those who suffer from this problem are SLIders. At least, that's the term paranormal-author Hilary Evans coined. The Daily Mail reports:

"It has never been full on whammy all day, but it happens frequently, such as when I'm excited." Miss Wolf says she once blew a series of street lamps while riding by on a motorbike. And she uses a wind-up alarm clock because her reaction on waking up in the morning "scrambles" digital ones.

The Daily Mail tested her powers by sitting her alongside a flashlight, mobile phone, and a radio, and asking her to make them stop working. Predictably, her presence had no effect on the devices.

Debbie Wolf explained that "she has to be in the right mood for her powers to work." I figured she would say that. It's the amazing power of cognitive dissonance at work.

Categories: Paranormal

Posted by The Curator on *Tue Feb 05, 2008*

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via Feedburner

I have to admit... I think I'm a SLIder... And once they go out, if I'm sitting at stop-lights I sit there and try to make them come back on - 9 times out of 10, they flicker back on...

Posted by Puck on *Tue Feb 05, 2008 at 04:54 PM*

That is so stupid. It's kind of funny what people believe these days.

Posted by Katsu in Pennsylvania on *Tue Feb 05, 2008 at 04:55 PM*

All sodium streetlights turn off and back on by themselves. People only remember the few times they turn off in their presence, not the thousands of times they don't.

Posted by Tommy on *Tue Feb 05, 2008 at 05:13 PM*

I think I have "Sun Interference Syndrome" (SIS). When I get in a certain kind of mood, the sun disappears and it gets dark outside. Then, after I calm down (usually several hours later), the sun reappears in another part of the sky.

Posted by Big Gary in Stephenville, Texas on *Tue Feb 05, 2008 at 10:50 PM*

 I mean, "Sun Interference Syndrome." My SIS must also interfere with my keyboard.

red face Posted by Big Gary in Stephenville, Texas on *Tue Feb 05, 2008 at 10:52 PM*

red face Sounds like an ability mastered by Chuck Norris. I hear he can make dead butterflies come to life too.

Posted by Hairy Houdini on *Wed Feb 06, 2008 at 01:07 AM*

The Daily Mail experiment is stupid (what a shocker - stupidity from the Daily Mail). She tells them the lights go out when she's stressed or excited, so they ask her to sit still and calm and try to do it - and it doesn't work! It's like asking a conductor to conduct an orchestra whilst sitting

down, with no baton, and wearing earmuffs. I'm not saying she's lying or telling the truth, I'm just saying that trying to measure an emotional response, like this or telepathy under strictly controlled laboratory conditions is pointless. You can't provoke an extreme emotional response in a lab.

Still, at least the Daily Mail didn't blame immigrants or single mothers this time.

Posted by Nona on Wed Feb 06, 2008 at 08:10 AM

You can't provoke an extreme emotional response in a lab.

Wanna bet?

Posted by outeast on Wed Feb 06, 2008 at 08:25 AM

I think it's more confirmation bias than cognitive dissonance. After all, dissonance causes a rise in the levels of emotional stress, making her ability *more* likely to manifest.

 Posted by David B. on Wed Feb 06, 2008 at 01:02 PM

smi

Many years ago (funny how often I say that) I did a lot of driving. There was one intersection where the traffic light turned red upon my approach regardless of what time I approached it, nor what direction I approached from. I started keeping track after noticing the frequency that it happened. After sixty times in a row, I think it was, where it happened I quit keeping track and gave up. I can't prove it since I threw the notebook away in disgust, but for what it's worth, there is my tale of woe.

Somewhat related, if you think about it, I'm sure you can remember someone who has trouble with technological items or is real good with them. A friend of mine has trouble with can openers. I have known people, when I was working as an electronics technician, who had equipment start working when near them. Not many, but it does happen. There may be something to this story.

Posted by Christopher Cole in Tucson, AZ on Wed Feb 06, 2008 at 01:31 PM

David B is right.

Selective memory and confirmation bias are more accurate explanations than cognitive dissonance.

Posted by JoeDaJuggler in St. Louis, MO on Wed Feb 06, 2008 at 10:23 PM

My Dad, who was an appliance repairman for Westinghouse, used to say that machines will refuse to work for people who don't like them.

He wasn't entirely serious, just so you know.

Posted by Cranky Media Guy on Thu Feb 07, 2008 at 03:58 AM

CMG, that's just what machine-lovers claim. We all know that the truth is that even though machines pretend they'll only work for you if you're nice to them, they really respond best to a firm hand. That's why percussive engineering works.

Posted by outeast on Thu Feb 07, 2008 at 04:01 AM

I used to have this problem intermittently with computers (I started getting a reputation; even my lab mate blamed me when his computer was on the fritz) but the strangest thing was my watch. Like clockwork, less than a year after I had gotten a watch it would stop working; putting in a new battery wouldn't work. One watch repairman asked me what I was doing with the watch accusingly, saying that it was all corroded.

This hasn't happened since I've been put on antiseizure meds though.

Posted by Teppi in North Cackylaky on Thu Feb 07, 2008 at 07:51 PM

You had a problem with your watch that occurred like clockwork? The problem would have been solved with a digital watch -- no clockwork involved, there.

Posted by D. Esker on Fri Feb 08, 2008 at 11:19 AM

I disagree with that, both I and my parents are SLlders. I have done it a million times. I do agree that a lot of current accaounts of SLI are hoaxes. my proof is I did it but 30 mins. ago, by will.

Posted by LEE in Anywhere there is a street lamp. on Tue Feb 08, 2011 at 01:25 AM

Commenting is not available in this channel entry.

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Posted 26 July 2009 - 11:00 PM

"Have you ever noticed that whenever a certain person is near electronic devices, that they seem to go out or malfunction? Or perhaps you have this problem with electronics yourself. Even streetlights seem to go out whenever a certain person is around them, especially when they're giving off a lot of psychic energy. Why?

This phenomenon is called street light interference — SLI. Street lights, televisions, computers, cell phones, watches, etc. seem to have problems whenever a SLider is near. Allegedly, this is some type of electromagnetic disturbance that their subconscious gives off. Those who have this ability seem to be unable to control it. They're not like Carrie White, who can telepathically destroy everything in her path. No, street light interference and electro-interference appear to be triggered subconsciously by certain individuals."

Source and full article

Any members here have SLiders or know anyone else that does?

Unexplained Mysteries Unsolved Mysteries



Posted 27 July 2009 - 12:19 AM

Street lights are designed to turn themselves off for brief intervals if the bulb becomes too warm.



Posted 27 July 2009 - 01:32 AM

I think this makes more sense when you find out how the light in most street lights work. An electromagnetic lever and light sensitive material. Then that over time the street lights may become worn, or more sensitive to interference.





★★★★★ Posted 28 July 2009 - 08:33 AM

This is the first time I hear about this. Mind you, I myself am a person that gives off static electricity quite easily. I keep zapping on anything that's metal, sometimes even laptops. I know this is due to us having carpet in our office and my long hair is most likely not helping either. Methinks static discharges could be the culprit here.

It is only the ignorant who despise education.
Publilius Syrus.

So god made me an atheist. Who are you to question his wisdom?!



★★★★★

Posted 28 July 2009 - 01:35 PM

My mother has always told me that she has had this effect on street lights from childhood. When she would walk underneath them in times of high emotion/stress, the lights would blink out as she passed below them. Ive never been able to witness this effect first-hand however.

Edited by DrunkDwarf, 28 July 2009 - 01:35 PM.

"The only way of finding the limits of the possible is by going beyond them into the impossible." - Arthur C. Clarke

"The trouble with having an open mind, of course, is that people will insist on coming along and trying to put things in it." - Terry Pratchett

Visit my blog at <http://www.brianmcgillivray.com/>



★

Posted 28 July 2009 - 01:38 PM

This happens to me alot, i'm so use to it i barely pay attention to it anymore.



•
•

Posted 29 July 2009 - 12:51 PM



★ ★ I have a friend who has real bad luck with electronic equipment, we joke about it when playing games over my LAN, but I am not so sure it really is him that is the problem. So many people in cities have wireless devices, modems, phones, walkie talkies even baby monitors it doesnt surprise me that equipment malfunctions from time to time.

The atmosphere is so flooded with multi spectral activity, this phenomenon is much more likely to be a coincidental effect, with the frequency of coincidences increasing tenfold as more and more things go wireless.

"Light thinks it travels faster than anything but it is wrong. No matter how fast light travels it finds the darkness has always got there first, and is waiting for it."

Terry Pratchett.



• Location: The Starry Sky

No matter what anyone say's, you can make a difference... you probably already have.

Posted 29 July 2009 - 02:16 PM

Grey Area, on Jul 29 2009, 05:51 AM, said:

I have a friend who has real bad luck with electronic equipment, we joke about it when playing games over my LAN, but I am not so sure it really is him that is the problem. So many people in cities have wireless devices, modems, phones, walkie talkies even baby monitors it doesnt surprise me that equipment malfunctions from time to time.

The atmosphere is so flooded with multi spectral activity, this phenomenon is much more likely to be a coincidental effect, with the frequency of coincidences increasing tenfold as more and more things go wireless.

This is true but one to many impecable timing scenarios kind of makes you think? Especially driving down the highway and 3 or 4 of them turn off all in a row as your car passes. Kind of freaks you out. And those lights are designed to "cool down" every other light. Not more than one in a row.

The secret of life is'nt trying to figure out the secret, its about living it.



• Location: NE OK USA



•
"Friday, Friday, gotta get down on
Friday."

Posted 30 July 2009 - 01:48 AM

I do not accept "this phenomenon" as legitimate, as at the very least, it is simply taking a chunk of one of a larger phenomenon's symptoms, and making it its own subject. If anything at all, if people really interfere with electromagnetic fields... then... doesn't it make sense it would be "EM Interference - EMI"? I believe this is the equivalent of calling a typical epileptic episode "Continuous Spontaneous Left Index Finger Movement Syndrome - CSLIFMS" - this interpretation is equally as valid as this internet fed SLI abomination.

However, at least internet-wise, I am outvoted, as depending on how you arrange the words "street", "light" and "interference" result in either **358,000**, **134,000**, **432**, **269,000** or even Street Light Interference Syndrome, which has **13,200** hits in Google.

Edited by Paranormalcy, 30 July 2009 - 01:58 AM.

UM Rules | Ouija/Ideomotor | Sleep Paralysis/Hypnagogia | Ouija: 252hrs/4y+, View: Ideomotor



•
Posted 30 July 2009 - 02:59 AM

Paranormalcy, on Jul 29 2009, 09:48 PM, said:

However, at least internet-wise, I am outvoted, as depending on how you arrange the words "street", "light" and "interference" result in either **358,000**, **134,000**, **432**, **269,000** or even Street Light Interference Syndrome, which has **13,200** hits in Google.

I think more people call it "Street Lamp Interference". it makes sense that more people would notice a light going out, rather than it staying on.

Unexplained Mysteries Unsolved Mysteries



•
Posted 30 July 2009 - 01:06 PM

Paranormalcy, on Jul 30 2009, 02:48 AM, said:

I do not accept "this phenomenon" as legitimate, as at the very least, it is simply taking a chunk of one of a larger phenomenon's symptoms, and making it its own subject. If anything at all, if people really interfere with electromagnetic fields... then... doesn't it make sense it would be "EM Interference - EMI"? I believe this is the equivalent of calling a typical epileptic episode "Continuous Spontaneous Left Index Finger Movement Syndrome - CSLIFMS" - this interpretation is equally as valid as this internet fed SLI abomination.

However, at least internet-wise, I am outvoted, as depending on how you arrange the words "street", "light" and "interference" result in either **358,000**, **134,000**, **432**, **269,000** or even Street Light Interference Syndrome, which has **13,200** hits in Google.

My mother told me about her interference with street lights specifically well before she ever visited the internet.

I think it is a specific subset of phenomena as people seem to notice the street light interference more easily, quite often without causing any strange effects with other electronic components.

It could be that Street Lights are just more sensitive in general, either to very slight "psychic" or "electromagnetic" ability, or more likely to vibration through the ground due to heavier stomping when in a highly emotional state.

Edited by DrunkDwarf, 30 July 2009 - 01:08 PM.

"The only way of finding the limits of the possible is by going beyond them into the impossible." - Arthur C. Clarke

"The trouble with having an open mind, of course, is that people will insist on coming along and trying to put things in it." - Terry Pratchett

Visit my blog at <http://www.brianmcgillivray.com/>



Posted 31 July 2009 - 07:57 AM

I am highly skeptical of this. I've known a few people who claimed that streetlights would act erratically when they got near them, turning off, flickering, etc., but not one has ever been able to affect a streetlight while I was watching. It's also difficult to gauge this sort of thing because street lights tend to flicker and turn on and off anyway.

I watched one of those cheesy TV shows not that long ago that present a few baffling cases and

then you're meant to decide if they were real or not, and there was one on this phenomena. That guy could not make it happen for the cameras either.

I honestly believe that people who think that they can interfere with street lights are really only taking notice of the coincidental flickering/turning off of a street light when they are near it and not the other times when nothing happens.



Posted 31 July 2009 - 11:53 AM

There are cases of people getting ill from electromagnetic radiation so some people are more sensitive than others. As for the other way round I'm not sure... A friend of mine once demonstrated he could make a street light blink while walking under it. Funny it only worked on one street light



Posted 31 July 2009 - 12:19 PM

A friend of mine jokes and says that when I'm in her car the lights tend to go out a lot more. Though, I partially think she's being serious- because they did tend to go out frequently. For a few months I had serious static shock, and would have to touch my car's roof when getting out to pump gas because I would generate a shock while sitting in my car.

I'd also somehow generate one while in my room that has wood flooring and no carpet. I hadn't really thought about it until now, but strange nonetheless.

I don't believe there's really a phenomenon though. They tested a man for the EMFs and what not on one of those old SciFi channel shows- and found that he was no different than anyone else. I believe they also showed that not all the lights went out when he walked under or near them.



Posted 11 August 2009 - 11:12 PM

This is a perfect example of a thinking trap IMO.

Now, I'm sitting next to a window, and from it I can see around 8 streetlights, one of these doesn't work. Infact, when walking at night, it's rare not to come across atleast one broken streetlight.

So it stands to reason that street lights brake often.

I can also say with certainty, that people often walk underneath said streetlights.

So the chances of these happening together are more likely than they appear. I mean, it's happened to me several times and at the time, it seems miraculous. But when actually put into perspective. It not all that unlikely that the thing just happened to brake whilst you were near to it.



:hm

It's like the elders told me, no one person can do everything, but everyone can do something.~ Immortal technique & Akir.

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File photo of 2013 SNOW HILL IN WINNIPEG, MANITOBA Credits: Kevin King/Winnipeg Sun/QMI Agency

Winnipeg has a problem that just won't go away.

A giant, 60-foot snow pile that refuses to melt.

Every winter, Winnipeg's street maintenance team goes out and collects excessive build ups of snow from parking lots across the city. Usually, the mountains deplete in time for the following winter season, but this year, there's a chance it might not.

People in Winnipeg have noticed the mountain, tweeting out their disbelief -and possible pride - for the giant eyesore that has taken up residency.

If the mountain doesn't melt in time for winter, Winnipeg's city officials may have to go in and start manually melting it themselves.

That's...kind of the perfect job.

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Beaumont - Sunnyslope Cemetery - There are various types of encounters. Some are cold spots, noises, and eerie feelings, also sometimes you can feel a hand touch you.

The cemetery is not visited heavily and sometimes when alone you can see a groundskeeper walking around. However when you try to approach him, he walks into one of the sheds and disappears. When you approach the shed, the door is open and you can knock or call out and you get no response. On one occasion 2 witnesses to this stepped inside to find nobody there. Also, if going at night be sure to go in groups, the residents see to be more forward then. The cemetery is located at the south end of Pennsylvania street, past the railroad tracks. -

As we always state, please have respect for the cemeteries, and the families that visit them, check with local authorities for permission before investigating.

The tale of the women who turned vigilante

11 July 2014 Last updated at 18:30 ET By Magazine Monitor A collection of cultural artefacts
<http://www.bbc.com/news/blogs-magazine-monitor-28262808>

Author Jeremy Clay tells the tale of the Victorian women who dealt with a violent man.

Let's begin at the end, and go straight to the moral - don't mess with the women of the Forest of Dean.

Cowering by a village pond, braced to be ducked by an angry mob, the wretch at the heart of this story learned that lesson the hard way.

It was a summer's day in 1878 when life went awry for the Gloucestershire miller. He'd been summoned to appear before the magistrates in Coleford for neglecting to send his child to school.

By the time he got home, he was seething with rage, and took out his fury on his wife, vowing to do the same to his kid.

As the ugly commotion grew, a neighbour set off to alert the police, but help was closer at hand. News of the brutality had spread fast, and a makeshift army of women soon gathered at the wife-beater's door.

When he spotted them, 40 strong and in no mood to knock, he bolted straight upstairs to hide. That might have been a better plan if he had a) a larger house or b) more in the way of furniture to lurk behind.

As it was, the villagers surged in and instantly found their quarry, ripping away half his clothes and dragging him outside.

"Then," said the Gloucester Citizen, "in a manner unmentionable to ears polite, these Amazonian women administered the punishment so familiar to English boys, and in no respect less severe or mortifying in its character."

A rabble's thirst for DIY justice is rarely so readily quenched, though. Once they'd finished flogging him with whatever stopgap weapons were to hand, they frogmarched him to the millpond, with the collective urge to turn an old convention on its head. This time round, a crowd of women would duck a man.

At the water's edge, the trembling miller fell to his knees and begged for mercy. He got it, too, after promising solemnly that he'd never raise a fist to his wife or child again.

But just to be on the safe side, he was drenched with a few buckets of water before being let free, shuffling off, in the words of the Cheltenham Chronicle, "a wetter and wiser man".

*Jeremy Clay is the author of *The Burglar Caught by a Skeleton and Other Singular Tales from the Victorian Press*.*

Discover more about [what life was like in Victorian times](#) and [10 truly bizarre Victorian deaths](#)

Bell Gardens - Suva Elementary School -

People have reported there names being called in one of the bathrooms, also they say you can see a little girl riding on one swing always the same one once a person got thrown off the swing and crashed in the fence behind him.

Bell Gardens - Suva Intermediate -

A janitor committed suicide on the third floor of the big building he has been see roaming the school and mostly the top floor.

Arcadia - Taco Lita -

(on second and Duarte) Men's restroom said to be haunted by an elderly man wearing a yellow sweater says a few witnesses on web. Many have seen him walk in the bathroom but haven't actually seen him in there.

Woodland Hills - Taft High School -

In 1969,a young couple in their senior year of high school was brutally tortured and killed to death in the football field bleachers.Ghost sightings have been seen during football games.Two girls by the names of Elizabeth and Evelyn had once felt their legs being pulled while sitting in the bleachers. Once they looked down into the bleachers,they saw two faded shadows simply disappear at a glance.Numerous incidents have been reported all of which cannot be explained.

Taiwan Restaurant Apologizes for Pasta Dish Called ‘Long Live the Nazis’



An exterior view of Rockmill Italian restaurant in Banciao, New Taipei City.

European Pressphoto Agency

7:55 pm HKT Aug 19, 2014 <http://blogs.wsj.com/chinarealtime/2014/08/19/taiwan-restaurant-apologizes-for-pasta-dish-called-long-live-the-nazis/?mod=WSJBlog#>

From brown curry served in a toilet-shaped bowl to phallic-shaped popsicles, Taiwan has no shortage of wacky eats. But an Italian restaurant in New Taipei City has crossed the line from creative to outright offensive, and has come under fire for naming a dish “Long Live the Nazis.”

“When we were deciding on a name for this pasta dish, it never occurred to us that the word Nazi would stir up such controversy,” said Chao Ya-hsin, the 24-year-old manager of the Rockmill restaurant, who offered a sorrowful apology over the restaurant’s lack of sensitivity.



Chao Ya-hsin, owner of Rock Mill Italian restaurant, shows the dish in question.

European Pressphoto Agency

Ms. Chao said the purpose of the original name “was simply to help customers” make the German connection to the pasta dish, in which German sausage is the primary ingredient. There was also a pizza that went by the same name. Ms. Chao said in the year that the restaurant has been selling the dish, it hasn’t received any complaints.

“In fact, it is considered one of our most popular dishes,” she said.

But after a local TV station aired the story about Rockmill’s controversial dish name last weekend, the restaurant faced so many complaints from the public that it decided to change the name of the dishes.

Both the Israeli and German representative offices in Taiwan expressed shock and regret at the dish, saying it shows a lack of understanding about history and the Nazis’ slaughter of Jews, according to the European Pressphoto Agency. Neither of the representative offices could be immediately reached by China Real Time for comment.

The Nazi swastika and other icons related to the white supremacist political ideal aren’t uncommon on this island. Last year, a man was photographed by local media dressed in full SS soldier uniform while attending an anti-homosexuality parade. When asked about his choice of attire, the man [was quoted by local media](#) as saying “I am against homosexuality and so were the Nazis.”

The embarrassment reached a national scale in 2011, when the Ministry of National Defense [posted a photo](#) of three students in Nazi uniforms at the ministry’s summer camp. The defense minister later [apologized](#) to the Israel representative office in Taiwan.

As for Rockmill, the restaurant has since changed the name of its dishes to “Long Live Purity.”

“We hope from now on, customers who eat this dish will enjoy it in sheer joy,” said Ms. Chao.

—Jenny W. Hsu

Texas Preacher Declares 'Vampire Knight' Manga A Satanic Work

comicsalliance.com

Censorship is a serious issue. It's one of the reasons that we here at ComicsAlliance always show our support to organizations like the Comic Book Legal Defense Fund and rally behind creators who have been subjected to governmental restrictions on their work.

Occasionally, though, there are incidents of people pushing to get books banned that slide right past concerning and directly into the world of hilarious ineptitude.



Vampire Knight and Dried Roses, products of the Devil

Such is the case with Reverend Phillip Missick of Texas's amazingly named King of Saints Tabernacle Church, who pushed for the Cleveland, TX public library to remove manga like Matsuri Hino's *Vampire Knight* from its shelves, owing, of course, to it being a demonic product of Satan that would drag otherwise saintly children directly into the gaping maw of Hell itself. That, of course, is nothing new. What makes it amazing is that he didn't stop there, going so far as to declare pretty much everything around the

manga to be the product of Satan, including a few *Harry Potter* toys, a bouquet of dried roses, and *the actual room itself*, declaring them to be "occultic and demonic."

According to Missick's address to the City Council, given on August 12, he saw it as his duty to "watch" and "warn" against Satanic assaults against the hearts and minds of our children," and demanded the closure of the Young Adult room of the Austin Memorial Library, specifically requesting that the "occultic and demonic room be shut down, and these books be purged from the shelves, and that public funds would no longer be used to purchase such material, or at least require parents to check them out for their children."

Again, that's pretty standard when the actual villain from the movie *Footloose* discovers that children are reading about vampires, but Missick also requested the removal of *Harry Potter* paraphernalia (a Sorting Hat and a Dobby the House Elf doll, which as we all know is basically a blood covered altar topped by a pentagram made of the ashes of an American Flag) due to their "occultic" origins. Where it goes off the rails of the standard crusading complaints, though, is when he also took aim at an occultic and demonic bouquet of dried roses.

Librarian Mary Merrell Cohn was called on to respond to Missick's allegations of demonic — or possibly even *daemoniac* — activity, and did so with a 123-page statement clarifying that

many, if not all of the library's books are not actually bound in human flesh and inked in blood, and very few contain forbidden names of long-forgotten Old Ones, particularly the ones in question which are mostly drawings of imaginary and incredibly dramatic vampires. As for the roses — or as I have taken to calling them, *Satan's Fingernails* — Cohn maintains that they are not used as part of ritual sacrifices and were in fact sent by her husband on their anniversary, and that drying them is a way to preserve the flower and make a room look nicer.

A likely story.

Personally, I'm hoping that Missick continues his investigation into the soul-sizzling Satanic assault on America's children through the menace of libraries, identifying other works of the Arch-Fiend that are commonly found in unsuspecting Young Adult rooms, such as *hellish* bookshelves, *sacrificial* bean-bag chairs, and posters with kittens on them encouraging children to read, which of course promote the idea that animals have souls and are capable of caring about the literacy of children, and are thus suitable for use as familiars when practicing witchcraft.

[via Robot 6]

Category: CBLDF, Humor, Manga, News, Opinion

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Untitled

What can and can't you put on headstones?
Magazine Monitor who, what, why The Magazine answers the questions behind the news
11:00 UK time, Wednesday, 13 August 2014
Graveyard

A priest has allegedly asked a grieving family to remove a headstone from a churchyard because of an "inappropriate" inscription. But what is and isn't allowed, asks Chris Stokel-Walker.

The headstone commemorating warehouseman Mike Howsley's grave at St Mary's Church in Bamber Bridge, Lancashire, had an inscription featuring the names of his wife and daughter and ending "Sleep tight Dad", all adorned with an "x" to represent kisses. But his family say the local parish priest asked for it to be removed.

"It's a major can of worms," says Darryl Jones, a member of the National Federation of Funeral Directors. "There is no actual hard and fast set rule," Jones explains, which creates disputes. "Some vicars make up their own rules," he adds, noting that this is not the first case of which he has heard. Last year the family of a maths-loving grandfather was asked by their local parish council to alter engravings on a headstone which depicted a half-filled Sudoku square. The answer

Churches leave issues to discretion of priest
Rules unclear for municipal graveyards

"There's a bit of snobbery around this," continues Jones. "Vicars don't want kisses - they seem to think it can make the yard look distasteful. But vicars have no right to deny people the right to say what they want."

There is no central Catholic church policy on what can and can't be put on headstones, a spokesperson for the church in England and Wales says. The issue hasn't arisen before, with the small number of Catholic cemeteries making disputes such as this one rare.

Though the Church of England doesn't have centralised rules on what can be put on a headstone, its 42 dioceses each has their own set of churchyard regulations, which include guidance on the type of text permitted. The Diocese of Oxford, for example, says that "inscriptions must be simple, reverent and theologically acceptable; they may include appropriate quotations from the scriptures or literary sources." Nicknames or pet names are allowed, but in inverted commas.

For municipal burial grounds, the Department for Constitutional Affairs has outline guidance for cemetery managers, which covers "informal memorialisation" (such as soft toys placed on graves) but not what can be inscribed on a headstone. And the Local Authorities' Cemeteries Order of 1977 allows Church of England bishops the right to object to an inscription on memorials, but doesn't say on what grounds. The order does not cover non-Church of England cemeteries.

More generally, it seems likely that headstones would come under Public Order Act of 1986, which prohibits hate speech - those which feature racial or ethnic slurs are likely to be removed.

But beyond that the rules remain hazy.

Altadena - Loma Alta Street - Gravity Hill -

On this hill, if you are facing downhill in your car, stop, and place the car in neutral, you will go backwards up the hill. Fingerprints are reported to be found as well. According to legend, a girl took her parents' car for a wild ride with friends and lost control on this hill. The car spun out of control and killed herself and her three friends. Now they try to push you back up the hill.

Arcadia - The Arcadia Poltergeist -

In May 1976 on a memorial night Rocks of all sizes started lifting off the ground and hitting places, people, and breaking windows to cars and houses. No-one was able to explain it. It was happening off and on for three months. It happened in Arcadia, California and was investigated by Duke University and was written up in the LA Times,

(apparently a six week series) there is not much info on this event. There was no explanation given to the people who were attacked by this strange occurrence. It was merely Covered up and forgotten.

The Bad Behaviour of Friars and Women in Medieval Catalan *fabliaux* and Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*¹

Jerónimo Méndez

University of Valencia

The anti-fraternal tradition in medieval English literature and in Chaucer's works in particular, has been widely studied by scholars over the last fifty years or so.² Nonetheless, it is a subject that is still worth pursuing from a comparative perspective, considering Chaucer's writings on friars, monks and priests (especially in the 'General Prologue', the 'Miller's Tale', both the 'Wife of Bath's Tale' and its 'Prologue', and the 'Shipman's Tale') in relation to works belonging to other European literatures. This provides a fascinating literary experience which may reveal new Romance analogues of Chaucer or else offer some keys for reading and interpreting medieval anti-clerical satire.

In various medieval Catalan narrative works we find examples of genuine bad behaviour exhibited by priests and especially by friars from mendicant orders (mainly Franciscans and Dominicans). As protagonists of these funny and smutty stories they perpetrate various financial and sexual deceptions, and appear as malicious mischief-makers. Together with these characters, women appear sometimes as deceived victims, sometimes as lustful liars trying to conceal their adulterous affairs from their husbands.

The *Disputa de l'ase* [The Argument of the Ass] by Anselm Turmeda (which includes anti-fraternal stories influenced by Boccaccio's *Decameron*), the *Llibre de fra Bernat* [Book of Friar Bernard] by Francesc de la Via (which contains stories similar in style to those of the *fabliaux* tradition), and the anonymous *Col·loqui de dames* [Symposium of Women] (which is notably misogynist in tone) are all fifteenth-century texts which contain grotesque scenes. Through studying these we can consider some interesting aspects of humour in medieval literature. However, it is also important to bear in mind the true significance of these literary works: in all these examples of transgressive behaviour, there is no indication that the perpetrators of such extremely bad deeds will suffer any kind of punishment in the future; by

¹ This article was first presented as a paper at the Colloquium on *Bad Behaviour in Medieval and Early Modern Europe* organised by the Centre of Medieval and Early Modern Studies at the University of Kent at Canterbury, 3rd December 2009.

² The classic works of Arnold Williams (1953), James A. S. McPeck (1951), John Fleming (1966), Jill Mann (1973) and Penn Szitty (1986) are still useful in this connection. More recently, the studies of Patricia Anne Odber de Baubeta (1992) and Daron Burrows (2005) offer interesting possibilities for comparative studies about anti-clerical satire and the stereotype of the medieval friar. See the bibliography.

condition (lines 27-28) in the same words as Friar Bernat uses in de la Via's work, both of them parodying *Genesis* I, 28: 'God bad us for to wexe and multiplie'. Sexual relations between women and friars as well as with priests appear in the 'Wife of Bath's Tale' (lines 865-81), the 'Pardoner's Prologue' (lines 370-71) and the 'Shipman's Tale', too, where the combination of a handsome and impudent monk ('a fair man and a bold' *Canterbury Tales*, Shipman's Tale, 2005: 25) and a beautiful woman (not so innocent as Turmeda's Madonna Tecla but finally deceived) also presents bad behaviour and adulterous affairs, mixed with financial business in this case.

All these moral and social transgressions receive a final indirect punishment in the 'Parson's Tale', which stands as a form of redemption at the end of the *Canterbury Tales*. In the section dedicated to lechery, we can find an implicit condemnation of all sins related to the sexual bad behaviour previously exhibited by the characters: 'Soothly, the vengeance of avowtrye is awarded to the peines of helle, but if so be that it be destourbed by penitence [Truly, adultery deserves the punishment of hell unless this can be avoided by penitence]' (*Canterbury Tales*, Parson's Tale, 2005: 890). The Catalan works, in general, offer neither rebuke nor any convincing explanation concerning the shameless audacity of either lustful, gluttonous and avaricious friars or lascivious, adulterous women.²⁰ These works were written in the fifteenth century, some decades after Chaucer's tales, and the use of anti-clerical and anti-fraternal satire was more automatic and mechanical by then. However, the main literary aim seems to be similar: to amuse while rendering ambiguous the final moral message of the works. Therefore the authors use the literary device known as *prodesse et delectare* [to instruct and amuse], as a way of legitimising their smutty stories before a medieval reader who does not necessarily share their sense of humour (in this case, an ecclesiastical or female reader).²¹

In all these stories, female sexuality is related to adultery with clerics and therefore antifeminism is mixed with anti-clerical satire. Chaucer is more analytic, meticulous, explicit, presenting more extensive portraits in which the features of every character are depicted. His *modus operandi* is closer to a novelist's narrative art. On the other hand, the Catalan narrations are synthetic, with attention focused on action over description. We do not find any

²⁰ In only one of these Catalan narrations can we find an actual punishment, but it is a physical punishment: in the *Llibre de fra Bernat* the protagonist is brutally beaten by nuns at the end of the story.

²¹ The medieval anti-clerical, and specifically anti-fraternal satire is based on literary subjects which, according to Szittyá(1986), are ideas and charges against the friars that appeared previously in the writings of William of St. Amour, FitzRalph and their followers and originally came from biblical attacks against the Pharisees.

lengthy portraits of characters, only general satirical features which depict the characters as obvious stereotypes (if a friar is handsome, he will also be lustful; if a woman is beautiful she will also be foolish). This narrative practice is poor in the description of characters (based on stereotypes) but it is rich in something that Chaucer is seemingly not interested in: brevity. The Catalan *fabliau* or short narrative form is close to a good short story-writer's literary *modus operandi* in this sense.²²

5. Conclusion

The comparison of these Catalan narratives with the work of Chaucer results in a confirmation of shared themes and similar characters but, broadly speaking, different literary ways or *modus operandi*. It can be thought as a fruitful comparative practice which crosses literary boundaries, showing that the bad behaviour of friars and women was a common topic in medieval European literature generally, from an anti-fraternal as well as anti-feminine perspective, demonstrating the continuity of the anti-fraternal tradition in the comic culture of the Late Middle Ages.²³

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²² Turmeda is perhaps closest to Chaucer in his literary art because of his use of irony.

²³ This article is part of the research project 'La cultura literaria medieval y moderna en la tradición manuscrita e impresa IV' (FFI2009-14206), financed by the Ministry of Science and Innovation (MICINN) of Spain.

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negating the consequences of such deeds, these literary texts satirise the norms of moral behaviour.

This article will examine these works in order to consider how bad behaviour is shown in representative examples of the Romance narrative of the Late Middle Ages. It will also relate some of the themes and characters to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* with the aim of establishing points of contact between the two narrative traditions and revealing new possibilities for comparative research in sexual and comic culture in medieval literature.

1. 'Les malvades obres i fets dels religiosos' in Turmeda's satire: the confession of Friar Juliot

Anselm Turmeda, the renegade of medieval Catalan literature, was the author of a very pious and widely read work, the *Llibre dels bons amonestaments* [Book of Good Advice].³ However, he also wrote the *Disputa de l'ase* (1418), into which he inserted brief stories which are framed in terms of the most humorously ironic anti-clerical satire. In this *disputatio* the character Turmeda debates with a wise and loquacious ass in the court of animals about the superiority of men over beasts. The ass – Turmeda's literary *alter ego* – refutes all of Turmeda's arguments; when Turmeda defends the superiority of mankind because it organises itself into social classes, reflected in the hierarchy of religious and monastic orders, the ass enjoys contradicting this argument by narrating six tales which tell of the evil deeds of friars, priests, bishops, popes and, especially, mendicant orders such as Franciscans and Dominicans.⁴

The first anti-fraternal tale in the *Disputa de l'ase* is dedicated to the sin of lust, and tells of the wicked ruse of Friar Juliot, a Dominican, to fool a young married woman. Madonna Tecla goes to Juliot to make her confession, following the advice of her unworldly husband (who thinks Friar Juliot is a very virtuous confessor, because of his good reputation in Tarragona, where the story takes place). Madonna Tecla is a very beautiful but not particularly bright woman. Friar Juliot does not want to lose the possibility of taking advantage of this situation, so he devises an unusual mode of confession. The lustful friar

³ Turmeda was born in Mallorca and became a Franciscan friar, before converting to Islam. He subsequently lived in Tunis, where he worked as a customs officer.

⁴ Although the main source of the *Disputa* is an Arabic apologue included in an encyclopedia edited by the association of Arabian philosophers known as the Brothers of Purity, Turmeda's work differs from the apologue in having a satirical tone which is influenced by other European sources.

asks Tecla how many times she has made love with her husband. The woman obviously does not know and Friar Juliot says to her:⁵

Quelle chrestienne estes-vous, qui ne tenez compte des fois que vostre mary le vous a faict, combien que par droit en ayez à donner le disme au confesseur à qui vous vous confessez? (Turmeda 1984: 95).

[What kind of Christian are you not to have taken account of the times when your husband did it to you, when by law you have to give the tithe to the priest who confesses you?]

This tithe on coitus also appears in Poggio Bracciolini's *Facetiarum Liber* [Book of Witty Sayings] and in *nouvelle* thirty-two of *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles* (A Hundred Novel Tales). However, in Turmeda's version, the combination of a lustful confessor and a foolish woman results in an obscene episode in which Friar Juliot enjoys Madonna Tecla eighteen times on the floor of the monastery on the basis of his right of tithe. (According to Friar Juliot's impromptu calculations, he is entitled to the tenth part of 180 coituses between the woman and her husband). Friar Juliot will remain unpunished for this example of bad behaviour, in contrast to the stories of the *Facetiarum Liber* and *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. Moreover, Madonna Tecla appears even more stupid and unwittingly sacrilegious when she says:

et je vous prometz en verité que d'icy en avant je y prendray bien garde et conteray combien de foyz mon mary le me fera, et les marqueray avec mes patinostres, afin que je ne les oublie, et chacune foyz qu'il me le fera, je y feray un noud. (Turmeda 1984: 95).

[and I truly promise that I will take good care and carefully count the number of times my husband does it to me, and I will mark them with my rosary so as not to forget, and every time I'll tie a knot.]⁶

The rest of Turmeda's tales are similarly anti-fraternal and cover all the vices which are conventionally assigned to mendicant orders: pride, avarice, gluttony, lechery, envy and even laziness, hypocrisy and simony. However, the funniest and most polished tale is that of Friar Juliot, who reminds us of Friar Alberto, the protagonist of the second novella of the Fourth Day in Boccaccio's *Decameron*. Friar Alberto hears the confession of a foolish married woman named Madonna Lisetta and convinces her he is the angel Gabriel; thereafter she willingly becomes the object of his sexual desires.

⁵ Turmeda's work is preserved in a French translation first edited in Lyon in March, 1544. Armand Llinarès is the author of the critical edition of the French version of the *Disputa* from which the quotations in this article are drawn.

⁶ All translations of original texts are by the author.

2. *Col·loqui de dames: a fierce anti-clerical satire from unfeminine women*

The *Col·loqui de dames* was written circa 1485, in very expressive Catalan poetry.⁷ In the work, an old man relates how a Married Lady, a Widow, and a Devout Woman talk together about sexual subjects in a manner unsuitable for the place and occasion in which they find themselves, which is the cathedral of Valencia on Good Friday.⁸ As in the *Introduzione alla prima giornata* (Introduction to the First Day) of Boccaccio's *Decameron*, these women '*lasciato satre il dire dei paternostri, seco della qualità del tempo molte e varie cose cominciarono a ragionare* [stopped saying the Paternoster and began to talk about the weather and a lot of other matters]'.⁹

The main features of this anonymous text include the use of social reality as raw material, burlesque and sexual themes, a high level of obscenity, a fierce anti-fraternal and anti-clerical satire, and a highly provocative and metaphoric use of language (employing set phrases about sexual organs).⁹

While we cannot take the *Col·loqui* as a 'mirror-text' because it is not a faithful reflection of the social context in fifteenth-century Valencia, it is a good example of a satirical, or even burlesque, representation of some attitudes and situations relating to the bad behaviour of priests, including friars, as well as to female sexuality as understood from a male perspective in the Middle Ages, all addressed in a humorous manner.

For that reason, we find in this work that characters are reduced to mere stereotypes. The Devout Woman is drawn as an authentic *vetula*,¹⁰ an old procuress, a lustful witch; the Lady is married to an old and impotent man and has no qualms in talking proudly about her adultery with knights and friars; the Widow is a gossiping busybody and deceitful woman who

⁷ The *Col·loqui de dames* has been preserved in manuscript 151 of the University of Barcelona Library, under the title *Jardinet de orats* [The Little Garden of Fools], a strange and unusual song book. This song book was copied by Narcís Gual, a notary of Barcelona in 1486. Therefore the *Colloqui* (as an integral text of the *Jardinet*) is presumed to have been written at some point in 1485.

⁸ The church as meeting place is not a novelty since during the greater part of the Middle Ages it was one of the few meeting spaces permitted to women (Martínez 2003: 120). Nor is the day on which the women's discussion takes place any surprise: Petrarch fell in love with Laura on a Good Friday, while Ausias March also fell in love at this time in his poem LXVI (March 2000: 218, mentioned by Martínez 2003: 120).

⁹ It is said that on the day that the scholar Manuel Milà i Fontanals dared to read it, he afterwards went to confess to a priest.

¹⁰ In fact, the old woman was the really sexually experienced woman in the Middle Ages, because she was both conscious of her own erotic desire and had the necessary knowledge to satisfy it. As Martínez (2003: 121) observes, the old woman also may be a counterargument to the Petrarchists. Bailbé (1964: 118) said: '*On comprend que la vieille femme, par sa laideur, par ses vices, par le contraste qu'elle forme avec la jeune beauté, si brillamment exaltée chez les Pétrarquistes, ait retenu particulièrement l'attention de la poésie satirique du XVIe et du début du XVIIe siècle* [one realises that the old woman, because her ugliness, her vices, the contrast between her and the young beauty, who was exalted with such brilliance by the Petrarchists, might have especially caught the attention of satiric poetry in the 16th and early 17th centuries]'.⁹

has been made pregnant by priests. Adultery, procurement, abortion, even sexual affairs with clerics are debated in this work from a point of view that is grotesque and satirical, even seemingly untypical of a woman.¹¹ Therefore we can say, following Pitarch and Gimeno (1982: 18), that this discussion between women takes sexuality as its main topic.

The theme of marriage with an old man without sexual capabilities appears first in the indignant words of the Married Lady:¹²

*Mes trista visch, ab companyia
que no-m contenta!*

[...]

*Fér me sembla ab home vell
qui no té forsa:
com deu navegar a l'orsa,
lavors sossega,*

[...]

*Bé fonch leig peccat e vici
semblar vellesa
en lo camp de gentilesa
e joventut! (Col·loqui 2006: 154–177)*

[I am sad, living in company which does not please me. It pains me to be with an old man, who has lost his power; he ought to be like a ship under full sail not one that lies becalmed; what a wicked thing it is to sow old age in the field where grace and youth flourish.]

After these words, the Married Lady immediately implies her adultery. In the following lines, she comments on the death of a lover of hers who had been equipped with a good *matràs*, a word that literally means a tool comprising either a wooden stick with a metal head or, simply, a wooden mallet used in farming work; this is one of the many uses of violent imagery as a metaphor for the male sexual organ which the work contains:

*ara és mort hu que m'o feya,
y com bé, trista!
No-m lexava una rista
en tot lo mas:
tal tenia lo matràs
per spadar [...] (Col·loqui 2006: 545–50)*

[Alas, now he is dead, the one who did it to me, and so well! He left my farm without a single stalk: such a tool he had for threshing [...]]

¹¹ See Pitarch and Gimeno (1982) and Martínez (2003: 116).

¹² According to Llàcia Martín's transcription (2006):

http://www.cervantesvirtual.com/servlet/SirveObras/02587285480292995209079/p00000001.htm#I_0_.

[accessed 2 June 2010] Pitarch and Gimeno's edition (1982) is still useful in order to appreciate the metaphorical and linguistic value of this text.

In the *Col·loqui*, we can see that the author takes delight in anti-clerical sentiments because he attributes sexual activity to almost all kinds of ecclesiastics. He even makes a friar collude with some doctors in the illegal practice of suppressing the Married Lady's menstrual flow, which is very useful to the woman in her adulterous relationships, as she declares:¹³

*...que cade mes era deserta
de ma salut!
A mi venie hun frare hagut
ab altres metges,
e bevien-me los fetges
e quant he;
mes quant hagui tirat lo fre,
jamés lo viu* (Col·loqui 2006: 655–62)

[...] each month, my health failed me. An astute friar came with some doctors and they drained the very last drop from my innards; when I got rid of this curb, I never saw it again.]

Next, the Widow affirms without any hint of shame:

*No ha molt que he parit
d'un capellà,
e ja so prenys d'un scolà* (Col·loqui 2006: 692–94)

[Not long ago, I gave birth to a child fathered by a priest and already I'm pregnant again, this time by a sacristan.]

In an earlier passage, the Devout Woman talks about the gluttony and lust of canons and bishops (Col·loqui 2006: 296–307). She even claims that the deacon of the parish has been chasing her for three years. He has tried to buy sexual favours from this pious woman and, as she tells, he apparently has a '*bon feix* [good bundle]', a good '*punyal de Vich* [dagger from the city of Vic]'; and she says, using clear sexual metaphors, he would hit '*a cada tret* [every shot]' right in her navel; 308–325).¹⁴ She also talks about the priest's two daughters (Col·loqui 2006:352–373): the older one 'shows her arse to the stars and the sun' while the younger one '*[d]e vergonya no·n té micha [...]* *tan chasta vida/ té ab ella / lo qui entra·n la capella/ de Sant Hyeronim* [she has not an ounce of shame [...] she has a life as chaste as his who goes with her into Saint Jerome's chapel]' (Col·loqui 2006: 364–71).

Later, the Married Lady describes her parish priest who:

*be li escombra les arenes
hun ypocrit e falsari
robador:
de sanctadat dóna color,*

¹³ About contraception, marriage and love relationships in the Christian Western world see Flandrin (1981: 109).

¹⁴ For the navel as a erotic zone in the Middle Ages, see Jacquart and Thomasset (1989: 7).

*y, confessant,
los engonals los va cercant
com hun furó. (Col·loqui 2006: 409–17)*

[is having it away with one of the women in the parish, an hypocrite and a false thief; he assumes an air of sanctity but during confession, he's like a ferret, groping your privates.]

In addition, the Devout Woman seems to have a recipe for some form of contraceptive or abortifacient, when she says:

*E yo, senyora, tinch scrit
ab què s'afollen
les que may consebre volen (Col·loqui 2006: 232–34)*

[And I, lady, have got written down the means whereby women who have no wish to fall pregnant ever again get rid of it.]

Later on, she asserts defiantly:

*Mirau-me amb ull, que'l gran diable
ab mi's confessa (Col·loqui 2006: 244–45)*

[Pay attention to me, to whom the devil himself confesses]

Elsewhere, this 'pious' woman declares very clearly her views on sexual pleasure and her own erotic desires:

*y per ço tot hom impotent
és desamable;
y volriem hun diable
que'ns ho fes. (Col·loqui 2006: 525–28)*

[And because of this, we cease to love any man who becomes impotent and would rather a devil to do it to us.]

3. ***Llibre de fra Bernat*: sexual behaviour between friars and nuns**

In the *Llibre de fra Bernat*, written in the second half of the fifteenth century, the main character is a perverse and lustful friar. Friar Bernat has an evident predilection for married women and even inhabitants of the convent, amongst whom he seeks fruitlessly for the favours of a young and beautiful nun. When he witnesses both a canon and a knight receiving, in exchange for money and clothes, courtesies and witticisms from the nun, who then demands a gift from him, the friar becomes very angry with her. The narrator irreverently gives us the friar's reaction:

*Ladoncs mès mans a la braga,
mostrà-li son rava. (Llibre 1997: 1526–27)*

[Then he put his hands in his drawers and showed his 'radish' to her.]

The shameless nun is not embarrassed by this example of exhibitionism,¹⁵ and the narrator describes in detail the ‘gift’ that the well-hung friar gives her. As in the case of the Married Woman’s lover, it is a good *matràs*:

*La monja's mostrà fort brava
a fra Bernat,
quan viu son matràs ben format
e stech drets,
car n'ach un gran palm e tres dets,
ab gran squena,
sí que'l clarejava la vena [...]* (Llibre 1997: 1528–34)

[Friar Bernat found the nun was very game when she saw his well-formed ‘mallet’, his upright ‘cudgel’, for it was a good hand’s span and three fingers in length with skin so taut the veins beneath showed through.]

4. From Friar Huberd to Friar Juliot and Friar Bernat and from the Wife of Bath to the women of the *Col·loqui de dames*: the common threads that link Chaucer to fifteenth-century Catalan *fabliaux*

Obviously, Chaucer's sources and analogues are different from the sources of these Catalan *fabliaux* of the fifteenth century but they share a number of ideas and stereotypes which may be suitable for a comparative study.¹⁶ These ideas are related to the anti-fraternal tradition and to portrayals of female sexuality and present conventional *topoi* and well-known commonplaces. Comparing fragments like the ones quoted above with lines from the *Canterbury Tales*, especially the portraits of the Monk, the Friar, the Wife of Bath and the Pardoner in the General Prologue brings interesting results. The estates satire¹⁷ in Chaucer’s portraits of various characters surfaces in the lines describing their gluttony, lechery, avarice and moral corruption: the Monk (‘a lord ful fat and in good point [a fine, plump man]’ *Canterbury Tales*, General Prologue, 2005: 200); the Friar (‘he hadde maad ful many a mariage / of yonge wommen at his owene cost [he had arranged many marriages for young women at his own expense]’ *Canterbury Tales*, General Prologue, 2005: 212–13); the Wife of Bath (‘gat-tothed was she [her teeth were set wide apart]’ *Canterbury Tales*, General Prologue, 2005: 468) and the Pardoner (‘he moste preche and wel affile his tonge/ to winne silver, as he ful wel koude [he had to preach, softening his speech in order to earn money, as

¹⁵ In the *Sermó del bisbetó* [The Sermon of the Little Bishop], we read about the promiscuous habits of some nuns: ‘*van més per vila cavalcant / ab los fadrins* [they go riding with the lads through the village as well]’ (Pacheco 1997: 190).

¹⁶ See Correale and Hamel (2002–2005) *Sources and Analogues of The Canterbury Tales*.

¹⁷ See Jill Mann, *Chaucer and Medieval Estates Satire. The Literature of Social Classes and the General Prologue to the Canterbury Tales* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1973)

he knew full well how to do]' *Canterbury Tales*, General Prologue, 2005: 712-13).¹⁸ In this sense, what Friar Huberd has in common with Friar Juliot and Friar Bernat and the similarities between the Wife of Bath and the three women of the *Col·loqui de dames* may provide a point of departure for a comparative study of satire and misogamy in medieval English and Catalan literature and offer new possibilities for discovering literary connections in medieval Europe.¹⁹

The theme of marriage and love affairs with old men in the 'Miller's Tale' connects it to the discussion of sexual matters in the *Col·loqui de dames*.

*Jalous he was, and heeld hire narwe in cage,
For she was wylde and yong, and he was old
And demed himself been lik a cokewold.
He knew not Catoun – for his wit was rude –
That bad man sholde wedde his similitude.
Men sholde wedden after hire estaat,
For youthe and elde is often at debaat.*

(*Canterbury Tales*, Miller's Tale, 2005: 3224-30)

[Jealous he was, and held her close confined
For she was young and wild, and he was old
And feared he would become a cuckold.
He had not read his Cato, for he was not learned,
And did not know he should have married someone of his own kind.
Men should marry according to their age and rank,
For youth and age often disagree.]

The *senectutis molestiae* [inconveniences of old age] and the sexual *impotentia* of old men is discussed in a range of works, from Juvenal to the Romance poetry of the Late Middle Ages, passing through literary, scholastic and medical works such as Bartholomaeus Anglicus' *De Proprietatibus Rerum* (On the Properties of Things), Bernard de Gordon's *Lilium Medicinae* [The Lily of Medicine] and Boncompagno da Signa's *De malo senectutis et senii* [On the Evils of Old Age and Decline]. It is an important theme in the 'Merchant's Tale' and in some Catalan works of the fifteenth century, such as the poems, *Lo procès de les olives* [Processing the Olives] and *Lo somni de Joan Joan* [The Dream of Johan-Johan]. The Wife of Bath in her 'Prologue' seems to be an expert in the matter of marriage to an old man. She introduces herself in a way similar to that of the Married Lady of the *Col·loqui*, while her knowledge of sexuality is similar to that of the Widow and the Devout Woman (suggesting that both Chaucer and the anonymous author of the *Col·loqui de dames* employ similar misogynist themes). Moreover, the Wife of Bath expresses her opinion of the human sexual

¹⁸ All the quotations from the *Canterbury Tales* are from Jill Mann's edition (2005).

¹⁹ See the article of Hodges (2000) about Friar Huberd, the character of the *Canterbury Tales*.

Banta (Tracy) - The Banta Inn -

Haunted by the former owner who died of a heart attack behind the bar in 1967. He likes to knock things off walls, stack the coins inside the cash register, open and close doors.

INTRODUCTION

'How come you do not finish your food the bogeyman! - This was a phrase that has accompanied many of the adults that we are today, but Who was this bogeyman? Was there really? ... To find out that we have dates back to 1910 and a town called Gador Almeria.

HISTORY

For a long time it has frightened children with horrible bogeyman, with the result that when we saw a man with a sack costing us our greatest fears invade.

To know the origin of this character that has caused so much fear that we move to the town of Almeria and Gador 1919 where we find a not pleasant news.

" The bogeyman were actually three men and one woman. The story began with a hypothetical magic formula to cure a tuberculous: Francisco Ortega. Leona, who was a healer, prescribed "drink the warm blood of a child and slather butter on their chest". "(1)

disima.

El crimen de Almeria.

ALMERIA 1.º—Según nuevos informes de Gador, acerca del asesinato del niño González, resulta que, además de tener triturada la cabeza, tenía el vientre horrorosamente desnecho, y le habían sido extraídas algunas entrañas.

Han sido detenidos Francisco Leona, de sesenta y cinco años, y Julio Hernández Rodríguez. .

Llegada del «Menorquin» a Valencia.—El go-

On July 2, 1910, "The Times" published: "The crime of 1st ALMERIA Almeria - According to new reports Gador, about the murder of the child González, is that besides having crushed his head, had elvientre horribly. undone, and he had been taken some guts. Leone have been arrested Francisco, sixty-five, and Julio Hernandez Rodriguez. "

On July 2, 1910, "The Times" published: "The crime of Almeria. ALMERIA 1st - According to new reports Gador, about the murder of the child González, is that besides having crushed his head, belly had horribly

destroyed, and he had been taken some guts.

Leone have been arrested Francisco, sixty-five, and Julio Hernandez Rodriguez. "

Francisco Ortega, nicknamed "Moorish" wanted at all costs a cure for his illness and went to Agustina Rodriguez who in turn commanded to Francisco Leone, "The Barber" " (...) the panic took hold of you if you crossed with you him, due in part to its sinister criminal records and acquaintances (...) "(a)

"The Moorish" together with the son of Agustina, Julio Hernandez, who was nicknamed "The Fool" agreed to look for a child, and thus the July 28, 1919, Julio González Parra Bernardo

kidnapped seven years, after which he was unconscious he put in a sack and carried him to a farmhouse that was the mother, where the ritual was performed, gave him drink the child's blood to the patient and then rubbed her body with oil from this and all the living child still, until "The Fool" hit him in the head.

After killing the child, he was reintroduced in a sack and left his body in a zone near the village.

For all this "The Barber" took three thousand pesetas, and promised to give the son of Agustina, in payment for his services, fifty pesetas, which is not fulfilled, so, "The Fool" was to expose him to the Civil Guard.

" (...) *They arrested Leone have a history, and he blamed Julio, who initially claimed to have witnessed the crime from the bushes. Eventually the two men confessed to the crime. (...)* "(2)

The healer Leona died in prison, the rest were sentenced to death unless garrote "The Fool" was acquitted insane.

Do you want to spend a little scared with the bogeyman? ... And do not miss this film!

The Bogeyman *by peritafilms*

But " *The Bogeyman* "intended to scare also occurs in other countries with the name of" *The Man with the Bag* "and describe it as" (...) *People in his 50s, of average height and old clothes dark, hunched over a burlap bag on his back color. It is used to strike fear in children (with the same purposes as the cuckoo). Its origin was based on the trace of some poor beggars(...)* "(3)

SAID THE RELEASE OF THE TIME ...

(*CLARIFICATION: The text is reproduced in full and respecting verbatim As can be seen there are words that should actually be with "G" and are written with "J" has just been formatted for easier reading..*)

The Illustrated Union, July 31, 1910:

"The inhabitants of the village of Gádor (Almería), encuéntanse dismayed, for the heinous crime committed on the person of a young child.

Our correspondent sent us some as' interesting notes and fotografías, we want them to not deprive our readers.

On the 28th of last month, disappeared Julio Hernández (a) "Tonto" alleged accomplice in the murder of his home runo 7 years Cazorla González Bernardo. Two days were submitted to the authorities quehabían conducted numerous efforts to find the missing child, a man named Julio Hernández (á) "dumb", accompanied by his brother Joseph and one Juan



The Illustrated Union details how the body was discovered missing child.

Almansa. July declaring it, who, being hunted partridge chicks, plunged into the ravine Jalbo, and going to grab one that was hiding between some boulders, discovered the body of a child crushed and cut open his head.

Immediately the authorities marched to the right place, can ascertain the veracity of the complaint. The table came into view, it was truly awful. The infernal canyon, where they murdered the poor child is escabrosísimo, tortuous, full of rushes and some figs from low-crowned, so lonely place that instills terror. In some pieces and his right side there are some cobachos with scrubs on their doors.

There, under a large stone, was the unfortunate victim of the criminals placed pebbles of different sizes and dry bushes. corpse's head was completely destroyed, leaving not a single bone without fracture from the sternum to the region puvial, you will

appreciate a large wound, made for the purpose of extracting some organs of your body, including those commonly known by the name of butters.

The motive for the crime, which makes it even more disgusting, not due to be another, inspired by the barbarism, as some believe in the efficacy of human organs, to cure diseases.

OTHER INTERESTING FACTS

- **Gádor** is a Spanish municipality in the province of Almería, Andalusia. In 2009 it had 3,244 inhabitants, who were part of the metropolitan area of Almería. Its surface area is 88 square kilometers and has a density of 35.2 inhabitants / km². Its geographical coordinates are 36 ° 57' N, 2 ° 29' W. It is situated at an altitude of 173 meters and 15 kilometers from the provincial capital, Almería. (Wikipedia)
- The **Civil Guard**, popularly called **Meritorious** is the first Corps nationwide public safety emerged in Spain. 2Armed Institute is a military nature that is part of the Forces of State Security. As the Body of State Security, the Constitution, in Article 104, it sets the primary mission to protect the free exercise of the rights and freedoms of the Spaniards and ensure public safety, under the authority of the National Government. (Wikipedia)

ARTICLE LINKS

- (1) .- Origin of Expressions
- (2) .- Weaving the World
- (3) .- Dictionary myths and legends

ARTICLE BIBLIOGRAPHY

(A) .- **Enigmas and legends of Almería**- Author: Alberto Cerezuela- Editorial: Red Circle - taken from page 119 of the sixth edition of May 2009 Fragment.

LINKS TO OTHER RELATED ARTICLE

Culture Andalucía(A very detailed explanation of events)

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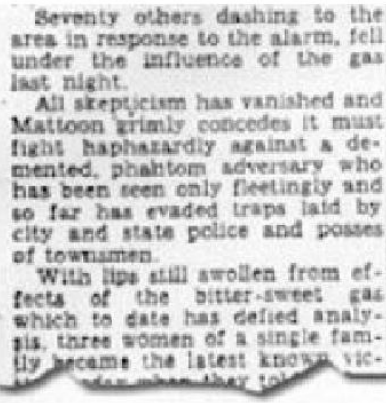
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The Case of the Mad Gasser of Mattoon

Maddening mystery finally solved, says local science teacher

Cinda Klickna



Seventy others dashing to the area in response to the alarm, fell under the influence of the gas last night.

All skepticism has vanished and Mattoon grimly concedes it must fight haphazardly against a demented, phantom adversary who has been seen only fleetingly and so far has evaded traps laid by city and state police and posses of townsmen.

With lips still swollen from effects of the bitter-sweet gas which to date has defied analysis, three women of a single family became the latest known victims when they took to the streets.

For several weeks in September 1944, people in the town of Mattoon, Illinois, showed the symptoms of exposure to poison gas--nausea, vomiting, weakness leading to near paralysis, light headedness, even spitting up blood. All of the victims reported a "sweet cheap perfume odor" permeating their homes prior to the onset of sickness.

Scott Maruna, a high school chemistry and physics teacher in Jacksonville, explains the terror in his book, *The Mad Gasser of Mattoon: Dispelling the Hysteria* (Swamp Gas Book Co., 2003).

art70

This case has long been cited in college psychology classes as a perfect example of mass hysteria. Occurring during World War II, when so many men were off fighting and so many women were left alone, the gassings have been explained away as the product of paranoia, panic, and delirium.

But Maruna dispels this idea, giving credence to many who came forward to report a smell coming through their windows at night, and in some cases seeing a shadowy figure running into the darkness.

Within 48 hours, four homes had been hit and the newspaper headlines blared, "Anesthetic Prowler on the Loose." The evenings were sultry, forcing people to leave open their windows. On subsequent nights, several more homes were "hit."

Maruna's 100-page book presents the facts surrounding the cases, the police investigations, and similar events in other cities across the United States. He then looks at the episode as a perfect example of hysteria. When police led people to believe the reports were mistaken, suddenly calls to the station dropped, possibly, Maruna suggests, from sheer "embarrassment"--and perhaps because the police chief threatened "to arrest anyone else who reported a gassing without submitting to a medical examination." This alone, Maruna says, deterred people from admitting they'd been gassed.

Maruna then examines 11 traits common to mass hysteria, providing factual details to subvert each of these characteristics. For example, most mass hysteria cases involve women, as did the Mattoon gassings. Maruna logically explains, though, that during the height of WW II Mattoon would have naturally had more women in residence; therefore, the victims would obviously include more females.

In the end, Maruna presents his solution. He dismisses the 60-year-old claim of mass hysteria and points to a real person as the culprit. Living in Mattoon was a town genius who could be found with "his nose buried in books" at his family's grocery store. Farley Llewellyn drank too much, kept a secret laboratory, and experimented with various chemicals. Once, an explosion from his lab rocked the neighborhood. Maruna says, "Farley, the obvious chemical genius behind the gas's synthesis, was the real gasser. In a fit brought on by mental instability and years of pent-up rage against a town that would not and could not accept him, Farley tinkered and toyed with various organic solvents in an attempt to create for a suitable weapon." Maruna even goes so far as to identify Farley's chemical as tetrachlorethane, a chemical with all the properties to induce the symptoms reported in the gassings.

The Mad Gasser of Mattoon is an interesting, easy read that presents compelling arguments for Farley as the "mad gasser." Hats off to Scott Maruna for an intriguing book.

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The Demoniactal

Tuesday, June 15, 2010

Raw Head And Bloody Bones, a.k.a *Rawhead*, *Tommy Rawhead*, or *Bloody Bones*, is a monster of folklore in Ireland, Britain and in the southern United States. The information below is primarily associated with the monster in the southern United States.

Appearance: A dead-but-animated, decapitated, razorback hog, whose flesh has been stripped from the bones of it's carcass. In Ireland and Britain the beast may appear as a hairy, goblin-like creature. The monster may be similar in appearance to the Cutty Black Sow.

Lore: While alive, Rawhead was the favorite pet, some say familiar, of the old witch who owned him. One day a group of hunters came and killed Rawhead. They butchered him, chopped off his head, and defleshed his bones. When the witch realized what had happened, she flew into a rage and performed a powerful spell of revenge. With her magic she raised Rawhead from the dead. His bloody bones joined back together and his head reattached. The horrible Rawhead and Blood Bones monster had been created. The monster then set out to gain revenge by killing the hunters responsible for his death.

After killing the hunters, the monster took up residence in the woods, in lakes or ponds, or else in the homes of bad boys and girls whom the creature kidnapped and ate.

*"Rawhead and Bloody Bones
Steals naughty children from their homes,
Takes them to his dirty den,
And they are never seen again."*

-British Nursery Rhyme

Rawhead And Bloody Bones has now become a bogeyman, a monster used to frighten children into behaving.

Powers: Rawhead And Bloody Bones walks upright like a human and possesses supernatural strength. Rawhead And Bloody Bones also has taken parts of other animals like cougar teeth and raccoon tails and added it to his body. In Ireland and Britain Rawhead is said to possess the ability to shape-shift.

Defense Against Rawhead And Bloody Bones: ??? -I guess children should behave and not be naughty!

Rawhead And Bloody Bones Trivia: Clive Barker's *Rawhead Rex* was based on the legends of the monster. The first written reference to a monster named Rawhead was in the Oxford English Dictionary in the year 1550.

Raw Head and Bloody Bones

Bloody Bones

· Lex said...

The Siouxsie and the Banshees song 'Rawhead and Bloodybones' (1988) is a description of the creature and its behaviour towards ill-behaved children. "Bad word, or bad deed, unpunished invites grief. Here's Rawhead and Bloodybones. Reaching from dark cupboard, crouching under stair. Lurking in chimney, pond, or well. We're down here, held here, dragged here, and drowned here by Rawhead and Bloodybones. Pop eyed, horns, bushy tailed. Long teeth and claws as well. Rawhead and Bloodybones."

December 30, 2010 at 4:08 AM

"Whoever Fights Monsters Should Look To It That He Himself Does Not Become A Monster. And When You Gaze Long Into An Abyss, The Abyss Also Gazes Into You."
Beyond Good And Evil, Friedrich Nietzsche

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Arcadia - THE DERBY - 233 E. Huntington -

George Woolf, also known as "The Iceman" bought the Derby Restaurant in 1938. The famous jockey died eight years later after suffering fatal injuries when he was thrown off a horse at the Santa Anita Raceway. Employees are convinced he is still looking over his old restaurant. Footsteps can be heard going up the stairs to his old living quarters, above the restaurant and his presence is felt throughout the building.



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The legend states that the Devil created the Elizabeth Lake and placed one of his own pets inside it. If you swim deep enough, eventually you will find a secret passage direct to the underworld which isn't entirely far fetched, as the lake lies directly over the San Andres fault line. From this lake a horrible monster came to be.

The following is a short mention of the legend in the *Los Angeles Daily News*:

It was once named La Laguna de Diablo because early settlers thought a monster lurked inside its watery depths.

But Los Angeles County's largest natural lake, Elizabeth Lake in the Antelope Valley, is now considered heaven by nature lovers, who are attracted by its inherent beauty and its scores of animal and bird species.....

The lake's modern history dates back to the early days of California's founding.

In 1780, Father Junipero Serra named it La Laguna de Diablo because those who lived near the lake formed by the San Andreas Fault believed it contained the devil's pet.

In the late 1800s, Tiburcio Vasquez and other Banditos used the lake as a hideout for their stolen cattle and horses.

It was later named Elizabeth Lake for a young girl who lived nearby and slipped in to the water. She wasn't hurt, but friends dubbed it in her honor as a joke and the name stuck.

And just in case the legend of the Elizabeth Lake monster might scare away any potential buyers, Walker said the last reports of the monster's appearance were in the late 1800s, when several men claimed they witnessed the ascension of a huge monster with bat-like wings from the lake.

"Of course, this is all legend and folklore," Walker said. "Here, we don't think about it. Most people don't even know about it. It's just an old story." – DailyNews – Los Angeles, CA

There have been no reported sightings since the 1880's, but there were a few between 1830-

1886. The creature has been described as having bat wings, the neck of a giraffe, the head of a bulldog, six legs, a length of at least fifty feet, and emit a horrible nauseating stench. Several ranchers and owners of land around Elizabeth Lake abandoned or sold their property at losses to get away from the beast. Supposedly Spanish missionaries dubbed the lake *Laguna del Diablo* and Indian legend also supports the rumors that the Devil created the lake.

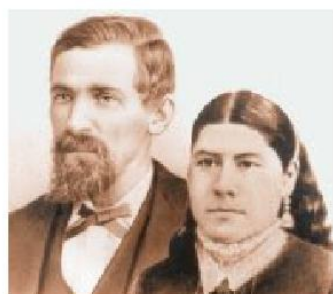
The first recorded sighting was by a Spaniard Don Pedro Carillo in the 1830's. He built a ranch on the shores of the lake, but one day a fire of unknown origin burnt every single structure down all in a single night. In the 1850's, American settlers tried to establish themselves near the lake, but screams at night, unnatural noises, visions, and other experiences that they would not relate drove them away.

A few years later Don Chico Lopez and Don Chico Vasquez established a ranch along the lake and for several months everything was fine. Then the workers reported livestock and animals disappearing. This was followed by a giant winged shadow passing over every night. Soon the residents had multiple sightings of the beast. Bullets reportedly bounced off the creature's hide. As ranch hands quit, and animals kept disappearing, the owners were forced to sell. The land was eventually sold and the ranch abandoned.

Several months after Miguel Leonis, a burly Basque immigrant, purchased the ranch on Elizabeth Lake, the creature began eating his animals as well. But Leonis would not have it. He lay in wait for the beast and then savagely attacked it when it emerged at night. As bullets bounced off its tough hide, he engaged it closer, beating it with his rifle butt across the nose and then punching it in the eye. The creature supposedly retreated back to the lake and eventually fled to Arizona.

The creature was later linked to the area around Tombstone, Arizona. A photograph was presumably taken in the early 1890s of several cowboys and ranchers holding up what appears to be a pterodactyl. The beast was apparently seen flying in the area, and was lured by some ranchers into a trap in the Huachuca Mountains, west of Tombstone, where they killed the creature. Some stories link the monster of Elizabeth Lake to the monster in the old picture of the pterodactyl, stating that they are the same creature. The picture apparently appeared in the *Tombstone Epitaph* though the original photograph disappeared.

Elizabeth Lake has mostly been quiet since the encounter with Miguel Leonis. There has been a lot of speculation if the creature ever existed at Elizabeth Lake...but there is little doubt that several Spanish dons, settlers, and western ranchers avoided the location, even though it was some of the most fertile land in the area.



NOTE: The spirits of Miguel Leonis and his wife are said to haunt their historic adobe. You can read about it at Miguel Leonis Adobe and Leonis Adobe Museum.

There is another great source on these sightings at American Dragons of the West. In my opinion, the Elizabeth Lake sightings may have been something other than a flesh and blood creature. Some of the Ancient Alien and Hollow Earth

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mysteries included encounters with large birds that seemed indestructible....bullets would bounce off the surface. Some of the large birds would spew fire and projectiles, as well as latch onto people and livestock from a fair distance above. I know it sounds similar to the film *Cowboys & Aliens*

– but then again...maybe this legend is where the story line came from. Lon

Sources:

Weird California: Your Travel Guide to California's Local Legends and Best Kept Secrets

Tales Of The Weird And Bizarre

Museum Companion to Los Angeles: A Guide to Museums, Historic Houses, Libraries, Special Collections, Botanical Gardens and Zoos in Los Angeles County

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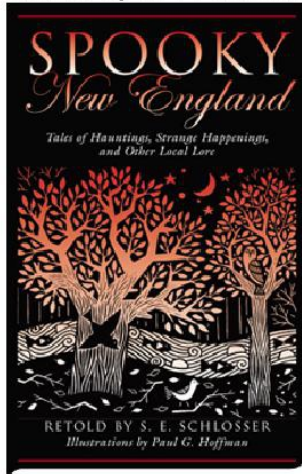
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Source: <http://naturalplane.blogspot.com/2012/11/the-elizabeth-lake-devil.html>

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Retold by S. E. Schlosser



Lawyer Elderkin stood on the porch looking up at the night sky. Clouds were rolling in, obscuring the stars, but for a few moments the moon still shone on the sleepy town of Windham. Elderkin fervently hoped that the clouds meant rain. There was

a severe drought in the county, and if it didn't rain soon, the farmers would be in trouble. He drew in a deep breath, enjoying the smell of the honeysuckle growing on the trellis.

"Mister Elderkin," called his wife from the doorway, "it is time for good folk to be in bed. It's always late you are," she added teasingly, her Irish lilt becoming stronger as she came

out onto the porch and tucked her hand into his arm. "If you're not careful, you'll be late for the last trump! Now come to bed."

Lawyer Elderkin smiled down at his still-beautiful wife. In the last gleams of moonlight, she looked as young as a girl, not like a woman expecting her first grandchild. The clouds encompassed the moon, and the light faded from the porch. "By all means, Mistress Elderkin. Let us go to bed." He raised his eyebrows at her and she giggled.

The Elderkins repaired to their room and to their well deserved slumbers. Outside, a light wind stirred the trees and knocked lightly against the windows of the town. The town quieted

down as the weary townsfolk snuggled into their beds and sank into peaceful repose while the east wind danced through the dark clouds and whistled in the meadow outside town.

It was just after midnight when the silence was broken by a terrible noise coming from the sky overhead. The screaming, screeching, roaring sound was like none ever heard by the

townsfolk. They came tumbling out of their beds in fright.

"Injuns!" shouted Mister Smith, the owner of the local shop, to his cowering wife. "It's got to be Injuns. Get the children and go down to the cellar." He grabbed his gun and ran down to the street, still in his nightclothes. He joined a growing crowd of people, most of them still in their nightclothes, a few wearing nothing but the covers from their beds. Some of the men were searching each building in town, trying to find the cause of the terrible noise that still roared overhead. A few carried guns, and these men banded together with Mister Smith to search for Indians.

"It's the Last Judgment!" a woman screamed, and her words were echoed throughout the crowd. Children were crying and shouting, women were wringing their hands, and the minister was praying loudly over a devoted knot of folk who were on their knees.

The Elderkins joined the terrified crowd, holding hands tightly so as not to be separated. Above them the terrible screeching and roaring intensified. And in it, they could hear a

name. Colonel Dyer. Colonel Dyer. Lawyer Elderkin gasped. That was the name of his rival, the only other lawyer in town. And then He heard it. His own name came through the roaring, screeching sky. Elderkin. Elderkin. Colonel Dyer. Colonel Dyer.

The people nearest the Elderkins backed away. "The Devil has Come for them," a little boy screamed and ran for his mother.

"Nonsense," shouted Colonel Dyer, shoving his way through The crowd to the Elderkins and pulling his frightened wife behind him. Mistresses Dyer and Elderkin, who usually Treated each other with a marked coolness of manner, clung to one another like sisters.

"We are God-fearing people. Even if the Devil wanted to claim us, the Lord would save us!" shouted Lawyer Elderkin.

Above the town, the roaring continued. Colonel Dyer. Elderkin. Elderkin. Colonel Dyer. And then a terrible screeching made everyone cover their ears. "It's Injuns, not the Devil," shouted Mister Smith, thrusting his way through the crowd, waving his gun. "Come on, men. Let's get 'em before they attack!" He led his band of Indian hunters toward the hills outside the town limits. Many of the townsfolk, hearing his words, ran back into their homes and barred their doors. But the Elderkins and the Dyers hurried over to the minister, more frightened than they would admit by the continuing repetition of their names from the roaring sky. The minister prayed over them, asking God to keep them safe from whatever devilry was seeking them by name. Atop the hill outside of town, the Indian hunters quickly

realized that the sounds were coming from the east rather than the sky. Seeing no Indians, the men beat a hasty retreat from the terrible roaring, not wanting to be involved in whatever devilry was taking place.

Gradually, the sound lessened. The repetition of the names Colonel Dyer and Elderkin faded away into a continuous, dull roaring. After hearing Mister Smith's report on the source of the sound, the minister walked to the eastern boundary of town and prayed for the protection of the people. This prayer, coupled with the gradual lessening of the sound, reduced the

panic, and most people went back to their own homes. The Elderkins sat on their front porch with the Dyers, waiting for the terrible sounds to fade away completely. Toward dawn all was again silent but for the wind blowing in the trees.

At dawn Colonel Dyer and Lawyer Elderkin, along with Mister Smith, the minister, and a few other bold folk, set off eastward in search of the source of the terrible disturbance. About three-quarters of a mile outside town, they came to the millpond. They stopped and looked down upon the source of the terrible roaring sound. The pond was nearly dry except for a deep ditch that ran through it. And surrounding the ditch were the bodies of thousands of bullfrogs, which had waged a terrible and prolonged battle during the night for possession of the remaining water in the pond. Even now a few stubborn frogs on the north side of the ditch were crawling

toward their enemies, croaking a battle cry that sounded remarkably like Colonel Dyer, while the ones to the south responded with a cry of Elderkin too, Elderkin too. The atmospheric conditions of the night before had magnified the sound so that it seemed to be coming from the sky above the town.

After a moment's stunned silence, the men laughed until the tears rolled down their cheeks and Colonel Dyer had to be picked up off the road. Dyer and Elderkin each claimed one of the remaining belligerent frogs to offer as proof of the source of the sound. And ever after, the lawyers delighted in producing their strange pets and telling the story of the fighting frogs of Windham.

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Throughout the final week of August 1835, a long article appeared in serial form on the front page of the *New York Sun*. It bore the headline:

**GREAT ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERIES
LATELY MADE
BY SIR JOHN HERSCHEL, L.L.D. F.R.S. &c.
At the Cape of Good Hope
[From Supplement to the Edinburgh Journal of Science]**

The article started by triumphantly listing a series of stunning astronomical breakthroughs the famous British astronomer, Sir John Herschel, had made "by means of a telescope of vast dimensions and an entirely new principle." Herschel, the article declared, had established a "new theory of cometary phenomena"; he had discovered planets in other solar systems; and he had "solved or corrected nearly every leading problem of mathematical astronomy." Then, almost as if it were an afterthought, the article revealed Herschel's final, stunning achievement. He had discovered life on the moon.

The article was an elaborate hoax. Herschel hadn't really observed life on the moon, nor had he accomplished any of the other astronomical breakthroughs credited to him in the article. In fact, Herschel wasn't even aware until much later that such discoveries had been attributed to him. However, the announcement caused enormous excitement throughout America and Europe. To this day, the moon hoax is remembered as one of the most sensational media hoaxes of all time.

Read the full text of the *Sun's* lunar narrative



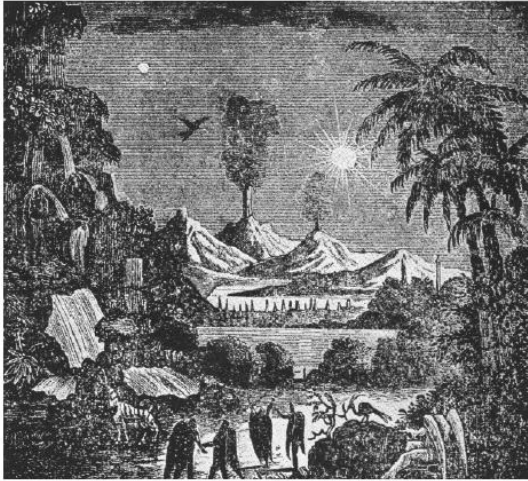
Front Page

Front page of the NY Sun: August 25, 1835

The Lunar Narrative: A Summary

The moon hoax began

on Friday, 21 August 1835, when a small, teaser notice appeared on the second page of the *Sun*. Ostensibly copied from the *Edinburgh Courant*, the announcement read, "We have just learnt from an eminent publisher in this city [Edinburgh] that Sir John Herschel, at the Cape of Good Hope, has made some astronomical discoveries of the most wonderful description, by means of an immense telescope of an entirely new principle."



Lunar scene published in the *Sun*, September 1835

How Many People Believed the Hoax?

The lunar narrative wouldn't have caused as much excitement as it did if many people hadn't been willing to consider the possibility that it might be true. But how many people actually accepted it, at face value, as factual? That is, how many people fell for it outright?

It's difficult to answer this question. But accounts of the hoax, written by people who lived through it, all agreed that the overwhelming majority of the public initially appeared to accept the reality of the lunar discoveries.

Asa Greene, editor of the *New York Transcript* (one of the *Sun's* rivals), included one of the first published recollections of the hoax in a travel-guide to New York City he published in 1837. According to Greene:

"The credulity was general. All New York rang with the wonderful discoveries of Sir John Herschell... There were, indeed, a few sceptics; but to venture to express a doubt of the genuineness of the great lunar discoveries, was considered almost as heinous a sin as to question the truth of revelation."

A year later, Dr. Meredith Reese, a respectable New York physician, wrote a work titled *Humbugs of New York: Being a Remonstrance against Popular Delusion whether in Science, Philosophy, or Religion*, in which he included similar remarks about the widespread belief in the hoax:

In relation to philosophical humbugs, an illustrious example is furnished by the celebrated moon story, ingeniously fabricated by a shrewd and intelligent practitioner on public gullibility, and the success of which proved, that he had rightly judged of the character of our population in regard to their readiness to swallow the most sublimated nonsense, when dignified by the name of science... There are very many in our city, who to the present hour, regard those revelations with more of reverence and confidence than any of the established truths in physics or morals.

Harriett Martineau, an English writer who was travelling through America at the time of the hoax, recorded her impressions of the event in 1838:

"I happened to be going the round of several Massachusetts villages when the marvellous account of Sir John Herschel's discoveries in the moon was sent abroad. The sensation it excited was wonderful. As it professed to be a republication from the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, it was some time before many persons, except professors of natural philosophy,

thought of doubting its truth. The lady of such a professor, on being questioned by a company of ladies as to her husband's emotions at the prospect of such an enlargement of the field of science, excited a strong feeling of displeasure against herself. She could not say that he believed it, and would gladly have said nothing about it; but her inquisitive companions first cross-examined her, and then were angry at her skepticism. A story is going, told by some friends of Sir John Herschel (but whether in earnest or in the spirit of the moon story I cannot tell), that the astronomer has received at the Cape a letter from a large number of Baptist clergymen of the United States, congratulating him on his discovery, informing him that it had been the occasion of much edifying preaching and of prayer-meetings for the benefit of brethren in the newly-explored regions; and beseeching him to inform his correspondents whether science affords any prospects of a method of conveying the Gospel to residents in the moon. However it may be with this story, my experience of the question with regard to the other, 'Do you not believe it?' was very extensive."

While Martineau remembered that professors saw through the deception, Edgar Allan Poe, writing in 1846, recalled the exact opposite:

Not one person in ten discredited it, and (strangest point of all!) the doubters were chiefly those who doubted without being able to say why — the ignorant, those uninformed in astronomy, people who would not believe because the thing was so novel, so entirely 'out of the usual way.' A grave professor of mathematics in a Virginian college told me seriously that he had no doubt of the truth of the whole affair!

William Griggs published the longest, near-contemporary analysis of the moon hoax in 1852, seventeen years after the event. He recalled being present in New York when the hoax was first printed and standing outside the offices of the *Sun* as crowds gathered there, clamoring to purchase copies of the lunar discoveries. According to Griggs, the public greeted the hoax with "voracious credulity". While he conceded there were some skeptics, most notably the *Sun's* main rival, the *New York Herald*, he insisted that, "the almost universal impression and expression of the multitude was that of confident wonder and insatiable credence."

Griggs added one other curious detail. According to him, not only did the public readily believe the hoax, but they were encouraged in their belief by people who came forward of their own free will to corroborate the story's details. He referred to this phenomenon as "instances of spontaneous mendacity." For instance, a Quaker gentleman apparently told the crowds gathered outside the offices of the *Sun* that while he had been in London, he had personally witnessed Herschel's telescope being loaded into a ship bound for South Africa. Still others, according to Griggs, claimed to have in their possession copies of the supplement to the *Edinburgh Journal of Science* and assured the doubtful that the *Sun* had accurately reproduced the text of the lunar discoveries.

Finally, in 1852 an anonymous contributor to the *Southern Quarterly Review* recalled the scene at Yale College when news of the lunar discoveries broke:

Yale College was alive with staunch supporters. The literati — students and professors, doctors

in divinity and law — and all the rest of the reading community, looked daily for the arrival of the New York mail with unexampled avidity and implicit faith. Have you seen the accounts of Sir John Herschel's wonderful discoveries? Have you read the *Sun*? Have you heard the news of the man in the Moon? These were the questions that met you every where. It was the absorbing topic of the day. Nobody expressed or entertained a doubt as to the truth of the story.

From an historical point of view, these recollections represent an important source of information about the hoax, but they should be taken with a grain of salt. The "voracious credulity" of the public quickly became part of the mythology of the event and strongly influenced subsequent recollections. After all, this was a period of time in American history characterized by a rambunctious spirit of popular democracy — the Jacksonian era. While this spirit of democracy was celebrated, it simultaneously sparked fears about the credulity of the democratic masses and their ability to govern. Much of the fascination of the moon hoax lay in the fact that it dramatized these tensions and concerns.

In addition, the idea that almost everyone believed the lunar discoveries provided a dramatic punchline to the story of the moon hoax that satisfied both the supporters of the *Sun* (for whom it represented the *Sun*'s ingenuity and wit) and its detractors (for whom it represented the lack of critical judgement of the general public). So as the story of the moon hoax was told and retold, there was little incentive for anyone to try to impartially assess the extent of belief in it. To the contrary, there was a strong incentive to exaggerate the extent of belief because this made the story far more sensational. And so the legend of the moon hoax grew.

The suspicion that belief in the lunar discoveries was not quite as widespread as frequently reported is supported when we look at the media response to the hoax, in which we find more skepticism and bemused sarcasm than voracious credulity.

The Media Response

On 1 September 1835, the day after printing the final extract of the lunar narrative, the *Sun* made some remarks about how other newspapers had responded to the news of the lunar discoveries. It conceded there were some skeptics, singling out the *Journal of Commerce* as one of them. But it dismissed such skepticism with the comment, "Consummate ignorance is always incredulous to the higher order of scientific discoveries, because it cannot possibly comprehend them."

The *Sun* then provided its readers with a list of eleven comments about the discoveries culled from other papers whom it deemed to be "competent judges of the great scientific questions now before the community." This list appeared to demonstrate widespread belief within the news community about the authenticity of the narrative. For instance, (according to the *Sun*) the *Daily Advertiser* wrote, "Sir John has added a stock of knowledge to the present age that will immortalize his name, and place it high on the page of science." The *Mercantile Advertiser* stated, "It [the lunar narrative] appears to carry intrinsic evidence of being an authentic document." At the end of the list, the *Sun* gleefully noted:

"These are but a handful of the innumerable certificates of credence and of complimentary

testimonials with which the universal press of the country is loading our tables. Indeed we find very few of the public papers express any other opinion."

Subsequent accounts of the moon hoax, particularly those written during the 20th Century, took these "certificates of credence" at face value as valid evidence of the media response to the moon hoax. It was only towards the end of the 20th Century that a historian, Michael Crowe (1986), questioned the validity of the list. Crowe wondered whether the quotations were genuine, or if the *Sun* had simply invented them.

An examination of archival newspaper sources reveals that the *Sun's* quotations *were* accurate. However, it also partially confirms Crowe's suspicions because many of the quotations were taken misleadingly out of context. For instance, the *Sun* quoted the *N.Y. Commercial Advertiser* as saying, "We think we can trace in it marks of transatlantic origin." It omitted the previous line where the *Commercial Advertiser* declared, "We can hardly understand how any man of common sense should read it without at once perceiving the deception."

Similarly, the *Sun* quoted the *N.Y. Evening Post* as saying, "It is quite proper that the *Sun* should be the means of shedding so much light on the Moon." It failed to mention that the *Post* also wrote (in the same paragraph), "We publish the article as we find it, and do not know that it is necessary that we should accompany it with any comments to shake the faith which credulous readers may be disposed to place in its authenticity."

An analysis of New York City's leading newspapers in 1835 produces the following breakdown of moon-hoax skeptics vs. believers, which indicates that at least half of the papers greeted the lunar discoveries with skepticism:

SKEPTICS

- **New York Herald:** (James Gordon Bennett, editor). Extremely skeptical. Discussed in greater detail below.
- **New York Transcript:** (Asa Greene, editor). Openly skeptical. Responded with satire, claiming that through sources of their own (a "Captain Tarbox") they had obtained additional details about Herschel's lunar discoveries — namely that the lunar inhabitants were infested by nits and lice "of a bright amber color, with azure eyes, and seemed to be of a smaller species than that which infests human beings on our planet."
- **New York Commercial Advertiser:** (William Leete Stone, editor). Politely skeptical. Pointed out that such a massive telescope could hardly have been built without the British press commenting on it, but nevertheless praised the ingenuity of the narrative.
- **Journal of Commerce:** Openly skeptical. Declared, "There is no doubt but the article was manufactured in this country, and that it belongs to the same school as Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver's Travels."
- **Courier and Enquirer:** (James Watson Webb, editor). This was the only major New York paper that completely ignored the lunar discoveries. Given that Webb had a history of open antagonism towards the *Sun*, this act has to be interpreted as skepticism.
- **New York Evening Post:** (William Cullen Bryant, editor). Politely skeptical, stated, "

[we] commend the article to our readers as one from which they will derive much entertainment whether they wholly believe it or not."

- **New York Sunday News:** As quoted by the *Sun*, it wrote, "Our doubts and incredulity may be a wrong to the learned astronomer, and the circumstances of this wonderful discovery may be correct. Let us do him justice, and allow him to tell his story in his own way." The admission of "doubts and incredulity" seems more skeptical than not.

BELIEVERS

- **Daily Advertiser:** This was the oldest daily newspaper in New York City. It hasn't been possible to examine the *Daily Advertiser* itself, but we know it professed belief on the basis both of the quotation attributed to it by the *Sun*, and because the *Journal of Commerce* mocked "the 'respectable Daily' and the *Mercantile Advertiser*, each of whom, besides copying so much of the article as they could get in type for yesterday's paper, have honored it with a paragraph, expressing unbounded admiration at the discoveries it announces."
- **Mercantile Advertiser:** See explanation for the *Daily Advertiser*.
- **New Yorker:** (Horace Greeley, editor). According to the *Sun*, it stated that, "The promulgation of these discoveries creates a new era in astronomy and science generally." This seems to indicate belief.
- **New York Times:** Not the same NY Times as the present-day one. The *Sun* quoted it as saying, "the account of the wonderful discoveries in the moon, &c., are all probable and plausible, and have an air of intense verisimilitude." A little ambiguous, but we'll place it in the believers category.

UNDETERMINED/AMBIGUOUS

- **Evening Star:** (Mordecai Noah, editor). Response unknown.
- **U.S. Gazette:** As quoted by the *Sun*, "The article is said to be an extract from a supplement to the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*. It sets forth difficulties encountered by Sir John, on obtaining his glass castings for his great telescope, with magnifying powers of 42,000. The account, excepting the magnifying power, has been before published."
- **New York Spirit of '76:** A minor New York paper. As quoted by the *Sun*, "Our enterprising neighbors of the *Sun*, we are pleased to learn, are likely to enjoy a rich reward from the late lunar discoveries. They deserve all they receive from the public — 'they are worthy.'"

The Media Response Outside New York City

As the hoax spread around the nation (and world), papers tended to take their cues from whatever New York City papers they received first. For instance, on August 29 the *New Haven Daily Herald* published, without editorial comment, a condensed summary of the "New Discoveries in the Moon" that it took from the *Daily Advertiser*. But by August 31, having

received more papers, it had become aware that the lunar discoveries might be false and noted, "Some of our editorial brethren, especially in N.York, treat the late wonderful discoveries, purporting to be made by the celebrated Herschel, as mere matter of moonshine, a complete hoax."

Among the believers were the *Albany Daily Advertiser*, whose support of the *Sun* was so over-the-top as to lead Ormond Seavey (1975) to suspect that the two papers were in collusion.

But nationwide, there appear to have been more skeptics than believers. The *Boston Morning Post* scolded that it seemed "strange that men of sense and knowledge can have any doubt respecting this palpable hoax, or more properly imposition." The *Vermont State Paper* suggested the lunar discoveries would "certainly afford amusing reading to those not disposed to yield it full credence." In South Carolina, the *Charleston Courier* simply reprinted the skeptical remarks of the *Journal of Commerce* under the heading, "News from the Moon — A Consummate Hoax."

By the end of September, news of the "lunar discoveries" had reached Europe. William Griggs (1852) described the reaction of European papers:

"whether they were hoaxed themselves or not, they too well knew the value of the narrative, as matter of interest to their readers, to expose its American origin, even if they were really apprised of it. As evidence of this conclusion, even the Edinburgh papers, where it must instantly have been known as a hoax, published it with all the gravity and reserve of a synod or council of sages.

From England and France these glorious and astounding discoveries sped their welcome way through Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, and Portugal, and were translated into all the languages. We have recently been assured, in the most serious manner, that in many of the interior parts of Germany, and of the Continent generally, they remain uncontradicted to the present day, and are believed like sacred and delightful truths by vast numbers of the population."

However, Griggs' account seems unlikely. The few European papers from 1835 in which discussions of the lunar narrative have been found all describe it as an American hoax. For instance, the *Liverpool Mercury* first reported about the narrative on September 25, 1835, under the headline: "Alleged Discovery of Men, Animals, Vegetables, &c., In The Moon." It compared the narrative to several famous eighteenth-century hoaxes, the Native of Formosa and the Shakespeare forgeries of William Henry Ireland.

The Lack of Criticism of the *Sun*

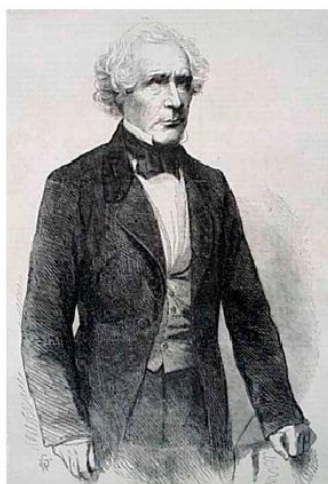
A peculiar feature of the media response, from a modern perspective, was the relative lack of anger directed at the *Sun*. Even among papers that expressed disbelief, almost none criticized the *Sun* for deceiving its readers. Many actually praised the artistry and ingenuity of the narrative.

Mario Castagnaro (2009) notes, "Because readers did not yet have fixed expectations about

what news was as a commodity or assumptions that it needed to be reported objectively, the fact that these stories were hoaxes did not outrage the public. Most publishers were curiously neutral, leaving it up to their readers to decide on the story's authenticity."

Castagnaro also offers this elaboration: "The early nineteenth-century was a culture of curiosity, one in which readers did not have clear-cut expectations about truth and fiction and the two usually blended together on newspaper pages; credibility was not the chief reason people picked up newspapers."

The one significant exception to the lack of outrage was the *Sun's* main rival, the *New York Herald*, edited by James Gordon Bennett. As noted above, the *Herald's* printing press had been destroyed by fire in mid-August. But by the end of the month, Bennett had managed to find a new printer, and he returned to print on August 31, immediately calling out the *Sun* in a column titled, "The Astronomical Hoax Explained."



James Gordon Bennett

James Gordon Bennett

When the *Sun* failed to confess the hoax, Bennett's anger grew, and he began to hurl invective at the *Sun*, in hyperbolic terms:

"We mean now to show up the *Sun* — the impudent *Sun* — the unprincipled *Sun* — the mercenary *Sun* — the low bred *Sun* — the *Sun* that hoaxes the public — that tells untruths for money — that makes fools of the wine [sic] — that cheats the whole city and country. The revulsion of public sentiment, is fast accumulating. Its astronomical hoax will touch the *Sun* yet to the quick." (N.Y. Herald, Sep. 3, 1835: 2)

The next day Bennett declared the *Sun's* hoax to be, "highly improper, wicked, and in fact a species of impudent swindling." Bennett only calmed his attack when he sensed that his righteous indignation was being met by public indifference.

It's unlikely that the real source of Bennett's anger was offense at the *Sun's* deception. Rather, he was probably annoyed that he hadn't thought up the hoax himself. His paper (which in Sep 1835 had only been in print for three months) later became notorious for its sensationalism. He had no problem twisting the truth when it served his purpose.

Penny Papers vs. Six-Cent Papers

The media response to the moon hoax has to be understood within the context of the newspaper business in the 1830s — specifically that there were two kinds of newspapers, penny papers and six-cent papers.

At the start of the 1830s, only six-cent papers existed, so-called because they cost six-cents an issue or ten dollars a year. They catered to a relatively narrow audience, and they had small

circulations, typically lower than 2000. There were, in turn, two main kinds of six-cent papers: political papers funded by political parties, and financial papers that catered to the business community.

But as the 1830s progressed, a new kind of newspaper emerged: the penny paper. In fact, the *Sun* was the very first successful penny paper in the world, started in 1833 by Benjamin Day, when he was only 23-years-old.



Benjamin Day

As the name suggests, penny papers cost a penny, which made them affordable to far more people. Two factors allowed for the creation of the penny press: urbanization (that created large potential markets for newspapers in cities), and the steam-powered printing press (that made it possible to print large quantities of papers very cheaply).

Unlike the six-cent papers, which got their money from subscriptions or through political funding, penny papers relied on high circulations and advertising for income. They boasted that this made them more politically independent.

To attract readers, the penny papers published content that was considered far more sensational and low-brow than what the six-cent papers were willing to run — content such as crime reports and local gossip. They also used newsboys to sell copies directly on the street. This focus on catering to the reading tastes of the average person attracted the scorn of the six-cent papers. James Watson Webb, editor of the six-cent *Courier and Enquirer*, referred to the penny papers as "penny trash".

The penny papers also introduced a new policy towards advertising. The editors of the six-cent papers felt an obligation to stand behind the claims of any advertisement that appeared in their pages, but the editors of the penny press felt no such sense of obligation. They adopted a laissez-faire attitude towards advertising. They printed the ads of anyone who had the money to pay, and they left it up to their readers to decide whether an advertised claim was true or false.

What this meant, in practice, was that all variety of bizarre products soon appeared for sale in the columns of the penny press: leeches, real Indian hair restoratives, balsam of liver wort (promised to cure tightness of the chest), infallible remedies for the piles, Compound syrup of iceland moss for the cure of whooping cough, and Genuine Hygeian Vegetable Universal Medicine (whose virtues, according to its promoter, were "too well known" to require explanation). Even personal ads, placed by men attempting to meet wives, first made their appearance in the penny press.

The "penny system" (as it came to be called) eventually prevailed over the six-cent system and grew into the modern newspaper industry. But in late 1835 — by which time New York City had two other penny papers in addition to the *Sun*: Bennett's *New York Herald* and the *New York Transcript* — the success of the penny system seemed far from guaranteed. All three penny

papers were doing well, with circulations of around 15,000 to 20,000 each — far higher than their six-cent rivals. But most New York papers were still six-cent papers. This was the context in which the moon hoax appeared.

Dan Schiller (1981) has argued that Day printed the moon hoax in order to embarrass the six-cent papers, hoping they might try to steal his scoop by reprinting the story without crediting him. As it turned out, none of the six-cent papers took this bait. Although they did reprint the story, they all credited the *Sun*. Nevertheless, the hoax did dramatize the difference between the conservative six-cent papers and the more rambunctious penny papers, casting the penny papers as more sharp-witted (and entertaining) than their rivals. And for this reason, the hoax proved to be a smart business move on Day's part.

Even Bennett, when he wasn't raging at the *Sun* for deceiving the public, paused to note that the moon hoax reflected favorably on the penny papers as a whole:

"The Difference. — The sixpenny papers think and talk as if they were philosophers, critics, learned, intelligent men. Now mark the test. Not one of the penny papers ever believed the moon hoax — one half the sixpenny were hoaxed. The Herald at the jump was the only paper that explained the whole humbug." (N.Y. Herald, Oct. 27, 1835: 2)

The moon hoax holds a special place in the history of journalism, because its success has been widely credited with ensuring the success of the *Sun* itself, and therefore, by extension, the success of the penny system and modern journalism. This may be going a bit far. The penny system would certainly have eventually overshadowed the six-cent system anyway, and it's debatable how much the hoax really helped the *Sun's* circulation (see above). Nevertheless, the hoax definitely did make a name for the *Sun*, and since the public responded favorably to the hoax, viewing it as a clever joke rather than a malicious deception, it served as an excellent advertisement for the paper, and for the laissez-faire values of the penny system.



Vespertilio-Homo, from an Italian edition of the moon hoax

Why People Believed the Hoax

Although the lunar narrative may not have been met with credulity as widespread as most accounts of the hoax suggest, it certainly wasn't dismissed as a fraud out of hand. It was plausible enough to give most people pause.

This may seem strange to modern readers, since today the narrative reads like rather far-fetched science fiction. (The moon hoax is considered to be one of the first science fiction stories ever published.) So what was it about the narrative that gave it the appearance of (possible) truth? It wasn't anyone one thing, but rather a variety of factors.

The Scientific Context: The Lunar-Life Debate

The central claim of the moon hoax was that life had been discovered on the moon. Today such a claim sounds absurd — especially life of the kind described in the narrative, biped beavers and man-bats — but in 1835 there was still genuine debate about the possibility of lunar life. The scientific community was beginning to lean towards the conclusion that the moon couldn't support life, but there was no consensus on the matter yet. So on the issue of lunar life, science didn't provide the public with any clear guidance by which to judge the lunar narrative.

Throughout the eighteenth century, prominent scientists such as Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz, Edmond Halley, and William Herschel (father of John) had strongly supported the idea that extraterrestrial life existed, even on the moon (as well as inside the hollow earth according to Halley, and on the sun according to Herschel Sr.). But by the 1830s, many astronomers had grown far more skeptical about the possibility of lunar life.

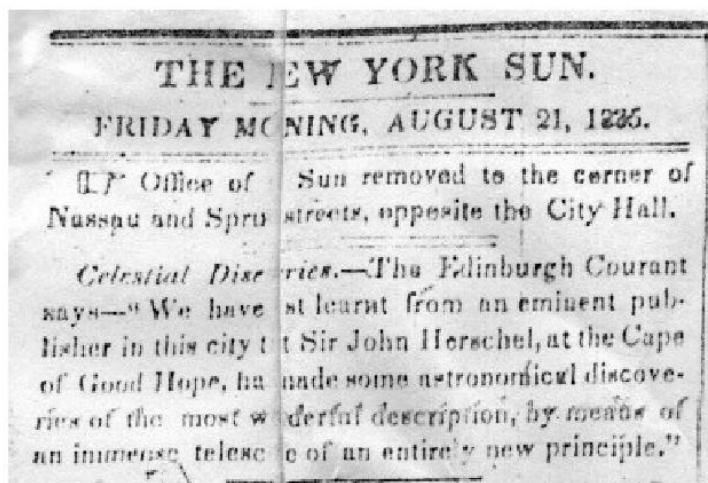
The primary reason for their skepticism was the observation that the moon sharply occulted stars. That is, when the moon passed in front of stars, the image of the stars didn't appear fuzzy as they neared the edge of the moon. Such sharp occultation indicated that the moon lacked an atmosphere, and therefore lacked air to sustain life. As the German astronomer Friedrich Wilhelm Bessel put it in an 1834 lecture, "The moon has no air; thus also no water, because without the pressure of air, water at least in the liquid state would evaporate; thus also no fire, for without air nothing can burn."

However, the apparent lack of a lunar atmosphere hadn't convinced all scientists that the moon didn't support life. After all, what if unseen areas of the moon, such as caves, held an atmosphere? Or what if the lunar inhabitants didn't require an atmosphere to survive? For these reasons, some astronomers continued to insist that only direct telescopic observation of the moon would settle the question of lunar life, and they had been diligently scanning the surface of the moon to find any signs of life. They even believed they had met with some success.

In 1824, Franz von Paula Gruithuisen, professor of Astronomy at Munich University, had published a paper titled "Discovery of Many Distinct Traces of Lunar Inhabitants, Especially of One of Their Colossal Buildings." In this paper, he noted the existence not only of different shades of color on the lunar surface, which he correlated with climate and vegetation zones, but also lines and geometrical shapes, which he felt indicated the existence of roads, walls, fortifications, and cities.

Other prominent German astronomers during the 1820s and 30s shared Gruithuisen's belief in the existence of lunar life. Carl Friedrich Gauss (director of the Göttingen Observatory), Johann Joseph von Littrow (director of the Vienna Observatory), and Wilhelm Olbers (a Bremen astronomer) all seriously discussed ways of communicating with the inhabitants of the moon, such as the construction of gigantic geometrical symbols on the surface of the Earth that would be visible from the moon. These discussions were described in the October 1826 issue of the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*.

Sir John Herschel himself, to whom the moon hoax credited the supposed lunar discoveries, hadn't ruled out the possibility of lunar life. In his *Treatise on Astronomy*, published in America in 1834 (one year before the moon hoax), Herschel had reviewed the arguments for and against the possibility of lunar life, but took no side in the debate. After concluding his review, he simply



first notice

This initial notice elicited no comments from rival papers. It merely served as a setup for the more elaborate series of articles (the lunar narrative) that appeared the next week, published over the course of six days as a series of extracts purportedly reprinted from a supplement to the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*.

The entire lunar narrative, all six parts of it, ran to approximately 17,000 words in length. It consisted primarily of a long,

rambling, and fanciful telescopic tour across the surface of the moon. It didn't have a plot or directional storyline, as such. Instead, it maintained the reader's attention by unveiling one miraculous discovery after another, constantly promising that revelations even more stupendous than those already made would soon be disclosed. It relied heavily on the premise that it was a true narrative for its sensational effect.

Day One (Tuesday): Herschel's Telescope

The *Sun* printed the first extract on Tuesday, August 25. The text of the extract occupied three-quarters of the front page. The paper's editor wrote a short note on the second page explaining to his readers what he was presenting them with:

We this morning commence the publication of a series of extracts from the new Supplement to the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, which have been very politely furnished us by a medical gentleman immediately from Scotland, in consequence of a paragraph which appeared on Friday last from the *Edinburgh Courant*. The portion which we publish to day is introductory to celestial discoveries of higher and more universal interest than any, in any science yet known to the human race.

This first extract only briefly mentioned that Herschel had discovered any form of life on the moon. Instead, it was principally devoted to establishing the premise upon which the entire hoax depended: that Herschel had created an immense new telescope so powerful that it could be used to view astronomical objects with great clarity at previously unheard-of magnifications — or as the text said, it could be used to study "even the entomology of the moon, in case she contained insects upon her surface."

Such a telescope would, of course, have to be massive, and according to the text, it was. It measured 24 feet in diameter. By contrast, the modern telescope at California's Mt. Palomar observatory measures only 17 feet in diameter. However, its true power lay in the fact that it contained a special, second lens, the "hydro-oxygen microscope," that further magnified, illuminated, and projected the telescopic image onto a canvas screen. It was this second lens that gave the instrument its power. It did so by solving the problem of distant objects losing their

remarked, "Telescopes... must yet be greatly improved, before we could expect to see signs of inhabitants, as manifested by edifices or by changes on the surface of the soil."



Moon hoax scene, created by artist Don Davis for *Sky and Telescope* magazine (1981).

The Technological Context: Herschel's Telescope

The first installment of the lunar narrative described the "immense telescope of an entirely new principle" that Sir John Herschel had supposedly invented and constructed. The telescope consisted of a 24-foot diameter lens, whose power was

amplified by a second lens, the "hydro-oxygen microscope". It was the extraordinary power of this telescope that allowed Herschel a clear view of the lunar inhabitants. (Perhaps the author of the moon hoax had read the passage in Herschel's book, quoted above, about improving telescopes to spy on lunar inhabitants.) This was a specific technological claim, whose plausibility readers could judge independent of the claims about lunar life.

For some readers (the more technologically astute ones) the improbability of such a telescope immediately undermined the plausibility of the entire narrative. William Leete Stone, editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, pointed out that if such a massive piece of equipment had been built, the British press would certainly have written about it before. And Michael Floy, the young New York businessman who wrote about the hoax in his diary, noted that such a telescope was impossibly far beyond the limits of optical technology:

The author of these wonders says that an enormous lens of 30 feet diameter was constructed. He thought that would be a big enough lie in all conscience, but he should have said a lens of 100 feet diameter, as it is shown by writers on optics that such a diameter would be required to ascertain if any inhabitants in the Moon. Why not make a good lie at once? But it is utterly impossible to construct a lens of half that diameter, and therefore we may despair of ever ascertaining whether the moon be inhabited.

Ironically, two years before the moon hoax, Day had run an article in the *Sun* about lunar science, in which he too had pointed out that a telescope couldn't be built powerful enough to see life on the moon:

"Some of the German astronomers gave out a few years since that they had discovered cities and regular fortifications in the moon. This we may doubt without fear of being sceptical, but is recorded in works of credit that a lunar volcano was seen at midday with the naked eye in the streets of London. It is now ascertained that no telescope can be made, in the present state of science or art, which will enable us in the way of further discoveries to 'Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon.'" (N.Y. *Sun*, Sep. 11, 1933: 1.)

However, no one remembered Day's earlier article. And few people were sufficiently well versed in optics to know that a telescope of the kind described was impossible. And moreover, such skeptical considerations tended to be swept aside by the enormous faith that Americans placed in the promise of technological advance.

The first decades of the nineteenth century had produced numerous technological wonders such as steamboats, canals, railroads, the cotton gin, and improved printing presses. Soon to appear were the telegraph and the daguerrotype. It was an age when people were prepared to believe that any invention, no matter how remarkable, was possible. This technological optimism was particularly strong in New York state, home of the recently completed Erie Canal, a marvel of engineering in its own right. And people were particularly willing to accept that Sir John Herschel might have been able to construct such a telescope, since he and his father were famous throughout the world for the remarkable telescopes they built, and their astronomical discoveries.

So while for some readers the technological claims posed by the lunar narrative immediately marked it out as a hoax, to others the claims were simply more evidence of the wonder of the age in which they lived.

The Religious Context: Natural Theology

For many readers of the lunar narrative, scientific and technological considerations were inseparable from religious ones. In particular, there was widespread acceptance of the arguments of Natural Theology, whose proponents had been arguing for decades in favor of the existence of extraterrestrial (and lunar) life. This was an important part of the frame of reference by which readers judged the narrative.

Natural Theology was a religious philosophy which taught that the study of nature provided not only direct evidence of the existence of God, but also insight into his divine plan. This philosophy had been articulated in works such as William Paley's *Natural Theology* (1801) and the *Bridgewater Treatises* of the 1830s. Natural Theology was extremely popular, both among scientists and the general public, and actually served as the dominant framework for the study of nature during the first half of the nineteenth century.

The divine plan that seemed evident to most Natural Theologians, as they dug deeper into the secrets of Nature, was that God intended, through his creation, to promote life. This conclusion was strengthened as scientists realized that the more they searched, the more they found life crammed into every obscure corner of the globe. Microscopes, for instance, revealed small, life-filled worlds even inside drops of water.

Natural theologians concluded that God was clearly bountiful and plentiful in his Creation. He had evidently created a universe full of life. This made it seem illogical that the Creator would have surrounded the Earth with a universe full of dead planets. After all, if God's purpose was to support life, what role could lifeless planets serve in this plan? It was this logic that convinced many that the moon must indeed be inhabited, despite its apparent lack of an atmosphere.

The astronomical implications of natural theology reached a wide audience through the writings of Thomas Dick. Dick, also known as the 'Christian Philosopher' after the title of his first book, was a Scottish astronomer whose works were suffused with the concepts of Natural Theology. Like an early, Christian version of Carl Sagan, he campaigned tirelessly as both a writer and a lecturer to popularize astronomy and the concept of a "plurality of worlds."



Thomas Dick, the 'Christian Philosopher'

One of Dick's more notorious achievements was his estimate of the population of the solar system. According to his calculations, the solar system contained 21,894,974,404,480 inhabitants. In fact, the moon alone, by his count, contained 4,200,000,000 inhabitants (Source: Crowe, 1997). His writings were enormously popular in the United States, with his fans including intellectual luminaries such as Ralph Waldo Emerson.



Timothy Dwight

Rev. Timothy Dwight

America also had its own, homegrown proponents of Natural Theology. The most influential of these was Rev. Timothy Dwight, who served as president of Yale from 1795 until his death in 1817. He tirelessly promoted the tenets of Natural Theology. In his sermons, Dwight frequently referred to

the concept of a plurality of worlds, using the idea as a means to illustrate the omnipotence of the Creator. He talked about an infinity of worlds, all governed by divinely ordained laws. He even referred in one sermon to the 'Herschellian Telescope' (meaning Sir William Herschel, not his son Sir John Herschel), and the grandeur of the inhabited universe that it revealed. Though deceased by the time of the moon hoax, Dwight's influence lived on through the students whose scientific training he had encouraged and supported. These students included Benjamin Silliman, editor of the *American Journal of Science and Arts*, and Josiah Holbrook, founder of the American Lyceum movement.

Because of the popularity and influence of men such as Dwight and Dick, the Natural Theology movement laid the groundwork that made the moon hoax plausible to many people.

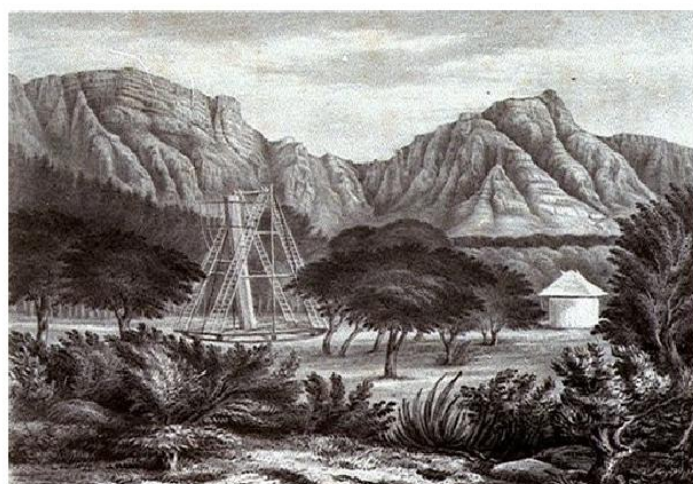
The Question of Authorship

Perhaps the most compelling aspect of the lunar narrative had nothing to do with optics or the ongoing debate about extraterrestrial life. It was that the narrative came wrapped in the authority of European science, which Americans were very much in awe of. The discoveries were said to have been made by the renowned Sir John Herschel and had been published in the prestigious

Edinburgh Journal of Science. If this was true, then Americans were willing to consider that the narrative might be true, no matter how ridiculous it sounded. After all, who were they to question the great Herschel?

The question was, was any of this true? Had Herschel really claimed to make such discoveries? Had the narrative really been published in the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*? Or was the narrative of American origin (in which case it would be obviously false)? In 1835, these questions weren't that easy to answer. It wasn't possible to pick up a telephone and call Herschel. Instead, people tried to look for clues in the narrative itself to determine its authenticity, but often these clues were misleading.

First, the narrative did pass the simplest level of fact-checking, in that people knew there really was an *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, and that Herschel definitely was in South Africa, where he was charting the stars of the Southern Hemisphere. His departure from London to South Africa had been widely reported in 1833.



Herschel's twenty-foot reflector in Feldhausen, South Africa. Lithograph by G.H. Ford.

Second, people assessed the language and style of the story, to determine whether it sounded like something a genuine scientist would write — and here again the internal evidence proved misleading.

The narrative displayed an ornate style that included numerous scientific allusions extremely obscure to the lay reader. It did sound convincing, and it was generally doubted that any American possessed the intellectual background to have composed such a piece. In reality, quite a few Americans possessed the breadth of education and scientific experience necessary to have written it, but the general perception among Americans was that their countrymen intellectually lagged far behind the Europeans. This sense of cultural inferiority helped to convince readers that the narrative had to be of European origin, which lent credibility to the hoax.

Ironically, the fact that the narrative first appeared in the *Sun* also lent weight to the belief that it was of European origin, because many people doubted that a lowbrow penny paper could have produced such an erudite text.

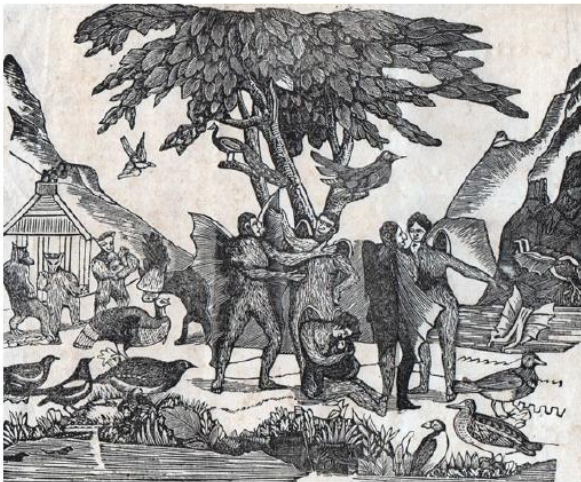
Third, the *Sun's* explanation of how it had obtained the lunar narrative, and why they had the sole American copy, was plausible. The *Sun* explained that it had obtained the journal from a "medical gentleman immediately from Scotland." European science journals were notoriously difficult to obtain copies of in America. American scientists were always struggling to get the latest journals. Because newspapers cultivated connections with dock employees in order to obtain the first news from Europe, it wasn't considered odd that the *Sun* possessed the only

copy of the journal in America.

Finally, there was no transatlantic cable linking America and Europe in 1835. People had to wait weeks for the mail to be shipped back and forth across the ocean. This provided the *Sun* with a long window of time in which it simply wasn't possible for anyone in America to confirm whether such an article had appeared in the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*. They had to take the *Sun's* word for it.

The *Sun* took full advantage of this window of doubt. As public suspicion grew concerning the authenticity of the discoveries, it adopted a stance of wounded innocence, claiming that it had merely published what it had received from Europe and that therefore, if there was a hoax, it was a European one. It insisted that, to settle the matter, it had to wait for the mail from Europe like everyone else:

"Certain correspondents have been urging us to come out and confess the whole to be a hoax; but this we can by no means do, until we have the testimony of the English or Scotch papers to corroborate such a declaration." (NY *Sun*, Sep. 16, 1835)



Lunar scene, from a Welsh edition of the moon hoax

A Deputation from Yale

The *Sun* insisted it had to wait for the mail from Europe to arrive in order to determine whether the lunar narrative was a hoax. However, it supposedly had a copy of the relevant issue of the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*. Why didn't it share this journal with others — show it around — in order to quell

suspensions that there was no such journal? This question did occur to people at the time, and there was a report of an attempt to examine the *Sun's* copy of the journal.

During the first two weeks of September 1835, a rumor spread among New York City's editors alleging that a small party of scientific gentlemen from Yale College had shown up unannounced at the *Sun's* office on Nassau Street. Day asked how he could help them, and they explained that they wanted to see the *Sun's* copy of the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*. They said they were considering reprinting portions of the lunar narrative in a scientific publication of their own, but before they did so, they wished to verify its authenticity. Day explained that he couldn't show it to them:

"They were informed that we could not then show them the original, as it was partly divided among a number of compositors, and the remainder of it was in the hands of the lithographic artist. Dissatisfied with this answer, one of the gentlemen went, as we believe, to the office of the Journal of Commerce, and advised the editors not to insert the article [i.e. the lunar narrative] without denying or at least questioning its authenticity." (NY *Sun*, Sep 22, 1835: 2)

In 1852, William Griggs retold the story of the visitors from Yale, but he included new details that added a touch of comedic farce to it. According to him, after being rebuffed at the *Sun*, the men headed to the printer on Spruce Street to obtain the journal there. But Day sent a messenger boy ahead of them to tell the printer to shut his office, so that the men's search for the journal was "rendered fruitless".

By the twentieth century, the story had been embellished further. Not only were the gentlemen said to be from Yale, but the deputation supposedly included the two most esteemed astronomers in America, Yale professors Denison Olmsted and Elias Loomis.



Denison Olmsted (left) and Elias Loomis (right)

It would be amusing if America's top astronomers were taken in by the lunar narrative to the extent that they traveled from New Haven to New York City to verify its authenticity. But there are reasons to doubt the story.

On September 20, the *Evening Star* published a letter it had received from a correspondent identifying himself as "Yalensis". This correspondent insisted that no professors from Yale had visited the *Sun*. The *Sun* responded to this letter with equivocation, saying it wasn't sure the men were from Yale, only that they were from New Haven.

Perhaps the *Sun* did receive a group of visitors from New Haven. However, it's just as likely the *Sun* invented the story of the visit as a boast that had populist appeal — i.e., look how the lowbrow *Sun* fooled the fancy professors from Yale!

It's also unlikely that Olmsted and Loomis would have been taken in by the lunar narrative. If anyone could have recognized its implausibility, it would have been them. Moreover, at the time of the moon hoax they were engaged in an important project of their own, preparing to observe the return of Halley's Comet.

In early September, Olmsted and Loomis sent a short letter to the *New Haven Daily Herald*

announcing that they had finally observed the comet:

"Yesterday morning, August 31st, we had the satisfaction of first observing this interesting body, in the field of Clark's great telescope. The possibility of confounding it with a nebula, induced us to wait for another observation, in order to ascertain whether it changed its place among the stars, in which case no doubt would remain of its being a comet. The approach of the twilight prevented our ascertaining this point yesterday; but observations repeated this morning, plainly indicated a proper motion; and being very near the place assigned to Halley's comet, we recognized it as the long expected visitant." (*New Haven Daily Herald*, Sep. 3, 1835: 2)

It's highly improbable that the two astronomers would have taken an entire day away from their observations at such a time to travel to New York City in an attempt to verify the reality of lunar biped beavers and man-bats.

The Hoax Exposed, and Its Author Identified

The *Journal of Commerce* is widely credited with being the first newspaper to suggest the lunar discoveries were a hoax. But it did so in a very general way, merely stating, "There is no doubt but the article was manufactured in this country, and that it belongs to the same school as Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver's Travels." It probably published this statement on Friday, August 28, 1835. (It hasn't been possible to find archived copies of the *Journal of Commerce* from before September 1835, but its remarks were subsequently reprinted by other papers such as the *Charleston Courier*.)

The hoax was much more thoroughly debunked by James Gordon Bennett when he resumed publication of the *New York Herald* on August 31, 1835. In an article titled, "The Astronomical Hoax Explained," Bennett offered clear evidence that the lunar narrative had to be a hoax, and he also identified its author.

Bennett noted, "the town has been agape two or three days at the very ingenious astronomical hoax." Then he revealed a glaring mistake that revealed the whole to be a hoax. The narrative had supposedly been published in the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*. But Bennett pointed out that there was, "no work of that kind being now published. A few years ago there was such a work, but it merged into another journal published in London."

Bennett was correct. The *Edinburgh Journal of Science* had ceased publication in 1833. Therefore, it was impossible that it could have published the lunar narrative in 1835. Bennett's revelation should have ended the debate about whether the narrative was a hoax, but instead his disclosure was ignored by the rest of the media community.

But as for the author of the hoax, Bennett pointed the finger at a well-educated British writer, recently arrived in America, whom Benjamin Day had hired two months before to serve as the new editor of the *Sun* — a man named Richard Adams Locke. This disclosure wasn't ignored.

Richard Adams Locke



During the Summer of 1835, a small-time religious leader named 'Matthias the Prophet' had been put on trial for the murder of one of his followers. It was a sensational trial, full of scandalous revelations, and the penny papers had given it extensive coverage. Bennett recalled meeting Locke during this trial, who was there to cover it for the *Sun*. Bennett claimed that he had struck up a casual conversation with Locke during which Locke "told me he was engaged on some scientific studies. He mentioned optics, and I think astronomy, as the particular branches." Bennett offered this remembered conversation as proof that Locke had to be the author of the moon hoax.

Bennett also shared a bit of scandal from Locke's past, revealing that the man had originally considered dedicating his life to the Church, "but in consequence of some youthful love affair, getting a chambermaid in some awkward plight, abandoned religion for astronomy."

Bennett's evidence implicating Locke as the author of the lunar narrative was a bit flimsy. But on the other hand, Locke was the natural suspect. There were only two people working at the *Sun*: Benjamin Day and Locke. Of the two, Locke was far more highly educated. He claimed to have graduated from Cambridge, and to be a direct descendant of the famous 17th-century philosopher John Locke. So, if one assumed that the lunar narrative was a hoax, it wasn't hard to guess which of the two men at the *Sun* must have written it.

Locke didn't reply to Bennett's accusations in the *Sun*. Instead, he sent a letter to the *Evening Star* in which he declared, "I beg to state, as unequivocally as the words can express it, that I did not make those discoveries." He also complained that the story about him and a chambermaid was "as untrue as it is impertinent."

Bennett responded by pointing out, correctly, that he never claimed Locke had made the discoveries: "We only said he did the writing part." Bennett added:

"He need not be ashamed of it, neither need he squint so awfully at us about the chamber-maid. We can return the look with seven per cent interest. We still persist in our belief." (*NY Herald*, Sep.1, 1835)

Over the next few weeks, a battle of words raged between the *Sun* and the *Herald*. Locke and Day refused to admit that the lunar narrative was a hoax. Even by late September, when the mails from Europe had confirmed that the narrative was pure fiction, the two men maintained their innocence. This infuriated Bennett, who took every opportunity he could find to goad and ridicule Locke, in an attempt to get him to lose his composure and confess.

For instance, in late September Bennett declared that, "Mr. R.A. Locke, the ingenious author of the 'Moon Hoax,' is preparing a series of lectures on Astronomy, to be delivered at as early a day as possible, in the lecture-room of the Clinton Hall." Of course, Locke wasn't preparing any such lectures, but Bennett kept up the joke for weeks, constantly asking when Locke would be ready

with his astronomy lectures.

In mid-November, Bennett claimed he had received a confession from Locke, in the form of a letter signed, "Richard Adams Locke, Author of the Lunar Discoveries." Locke responded that the letter was "an outrageous and felonious forgery." To which, Bennett retorted:

"Master Richard Adams and his associates of the *Sun*, bawl out 'an outrageous and felonious forgery'—'most malicious and libelous.' Oh! oh! oh! Why did you not think of morals when you forged the name of Herschell? Come forward good people all ye that believed in the Lunar Hoax—won't you sympathise with the *Sun* and Sir Richard Adams Locke in this new calamity? Will no one move? no one budge? No indeed, every one seems most inclined to laugh." (*NY Herald*, Nov.17, 1835).

Even in December, almost four months after the hoax, Bennett was still inserting snide comments about Locke and the moon hoax into his columns. When New York City was in the grip of a fierce ice storm, Bennett joked:

"Sir Richard Adams Locke is preparing a magnificent burning glass of one hundreds tons for the purpose of melting the ice in the North River and canals, and permitting the embargoed flour to reach the city.—A benefactor of the human race!" (*NY Herald*, Dec.10, 1835)

And still Locke and Day refused to confess.

Richard Adams Locke: His Life and Career Before the Moon Hoax

Locke was born on September 22, 1800 in the county of Somerset, England to a well-to-do family. His grandfather, Richard Locke, had acquired a sizeable fortune through farming, by buying poor land and using scientific techniques to improve it. Locke would later claim that he was a direct descendant of the philosopher John Locke, but this wasn't true. He was a collateral descendant. His great-great-great-grandfather was John Locke's uncle.

As a young gentleman, it was expected that Locke should attend either Oxford or Cambridge (his father went to Oxford) and then take on the responsibility of managing the family estate. But at a young age Locke adopted radical Republican political views, and he decided not to follow the career his family had planned for him, for which reason his father disowned him.

Instead, Locke chose to be a writer. He first wrote for a radical newspaper, the *Republican*, and several literary journals. Then he briefly served as editor of a small Somerset paper, the *Bridgwater and Somersetshire Herald*, but was fired because of his politics.

Locke struggled along working as a freelance writer, but his responsibilities increased when he married in 1826 and in 1830 his wife gave birth to a daughter. Still finding it difficult to find work because of his political views, in 1831 Locke decided to move his family to America, where his politics would be a non-issue. He arrived in New York City with his wife and daughter on January 13, 1832.

In New York, Locke initially found occasional work as a legal reporter and stenographer. He also began telling people he had graduated from Cambridge, in an apparent effort to make himself appear more distinguished, and thus employable. Matthew Goodman (2008) has determined that Locke never attended Cambridge. However, because he had an extremely intellectual demeanor and was highly knowledgeable about a range of subjects, historical and scientific,

everyone in America accepted his claim about his education. A description of Locke written by Edgar Allan Poe demonstrates how he was viewed by his American colleagues:

He is about five feet seven inches in height, symmetrically formed; there is an air of distinction about his whole person — the air noble of genius. His face is strongly pitted by the small-pox, and, perhaps from the same cause, there is a marked obliquity in the eyes; a certain calm, clear luminousness, however, about these latter, amply compensates for the defect, and the forehead is truly beautiful in its intellectuality. I am acquainted with no person possessing so fine a forehead as Mr. Locke.

In 1834, Locke landed his first regular job in New York City as the metropolitan reporter for the *Courier and Enquirer*. He also authored a small pamphlet, *The History of the Polish Revolution*.

During the following summer, 1835, Locke was covering the trial of Matthias the Prophet, and it was here that he first met Benjamin Day, who was looking for someone to cover the trial for the *Sun*. Locke agreed to provide him with a series of articles, provided his name didn't appear on them as the author, since he was still working for the *Courier and Enquirer*. Day agreed.

Locke's Matthias articles proved so popular with the *Sun's* readers that Day issued them as a sixteen-page pamphlet, which sold 10,000 copies. This proved to be an eye-opening experience for Day, who realized that a great deal of money could be made by reissuing material from his paper in pamphlet form — though it had to be the right kind of material. He told Locke that he would pay him for any other long articles he might write, and Locke set to work thinking of other topics he could write about in serial form. He came up with the idea of an astronomical satire detailing the discovery of life on the moon.

At the end of June, Day's co-editor on the *Sun*, George Wisner, quit, and Day hired Locke as his replacement. Two months later, the *Sun* published Locke's lunar narrative.

Locke's Career After the Moon Hoax, His Confession, and Motive

When Bennett exposed Locke as the author of the lunar narrative, Locke responded by publicly denying the charge. But according to a story first told by Frank O'Brien (1928) in his history of the *Sun* newspaper, Locke admitted to a fellow reporter in private that he had written it.

According to O'Brien, Locke was having a drink in the taproom of the Washington Hotel with a fellow reporter named Finn, who worked at the *Journal of Commerce*. Finn mentioned that the *Journal* was planning to reprint the lunar narrative. Locke said, "Don't print it right away. I wrote it myself."

light and becoming dimmer when magnified — a problem that had long plagued astronomers. By adding illumination to the telescopic image, the hydro-oxygen microscope supposedly allowed the magnification of even the most distant objects with absolute clarity.

Finally, the first extract introduced the supposed author of the narrative, a man identified as Dr. Andrew Grant, a former pupil of Sir William Herschel (Sir John Herschel's famous father, discoverer of the planet Uranus) and now the travelling companion and amanuensis of the younger Herschel. Dr. Grant, it was claimed, had written this popular account of Herschel's discoveries for the *Edinburgh Journal of Science* to complement a more scholarly account that Herschel himself had transmitted to the Royal Society.

Day Two (Wednesday): Plant and Animal Life

The lunar tour began in earnest in the second extract. The narrative described the moment when, on January 10, 1835, Herschel first trained his telescope upon the moon. What appeared before his eyes was "a beautifully distinct, and even vivid representation of basaltic rock... their articulations similar to those of the basaltic formation at Staffa." Shifting the view a little bit, Herschel then perceived that the rock was "profusely covered with a dark red flower."

Having thus established that the moon contained plant life, the central question remaining was whether the moon also supported animal life. That day's narrative soon answered this question when it reported that the scientists saw herds of brown quadrupeds similar to bison, a goat "of a bluish lead color," and "a strange amphibious creature, of a spherical form, which rolled with great velocity across the pebbly beach.



Lunar crystals, bison, and plants. From an illustrated children's book version of the moon hoax (1973). Illustrations by Richard E. Brown.

Day Three (Thursday): The Biped Beaver

The third extract began with a description of more geological formations (oval-shaped mountains and extinct volcanoes). Dr. Grant offered a list of the variety of lunar flora and fauna seen by the astronomers up to that point: 38 species of trees, twice this number of plants, nine species of mammalia, and five of ovipara. However, the highlight of this extract was the discovery of the first sign of intelligent, though primitive, lunar life — the biped beaver. These extraordinary beavers

The story, though anecdotal, is plausible because Locke had a reputation as a heavy drinker, and it might be the reason why the *Journal of Commerce* was among the first papers to identify the lunar narrative as a hoax.

However, this wasn't the only time Locke confessed.

Locke left the *Sun* in the Fall of 1836 to work at the *New Era*, a new penny paper. In an article (about poetry) that he wrote soon after arriving at the *New Era*, he added the title "Author of the Moon Hoax" to his byline. This was the first time he publicly acknowledged being the author of the hoax.

While at the *New Era*, in the winter of 1838, Locke also attempted to perpetrate another hoax. He claimed to have discovered the lost diary of Mungo Park, the Scottish explorer who had disappeared in Africa in 1806. However, this hoax fell entirely flat. No other papers bothered to mention it. As Edgar Allan Poe later noted, "Mr. Locke's columns were a suspected district."

Locke left the *New Era* in October 1839 and returned to freelancing. While looking for work, he responded to an invitation offered by Park Benjamin, editor of the *New World*, to tell his side of the moon hoax. He did so in a long letter that appeared on the front page of the *New World* on May 16, 1840. This was his fullest and most public confession.

Locke explained that he had intended the lunar narrative to be a satire, not a hoax at all, and that the object of his satire was the unchecked influence of religion upon science. This influence led, he believed, to an "imaginative school of philosophy" that substituted airy fancies, pleasing to religion, for hard fact. For Locke, such "theological and devotional encroachments upon the legitimate province of science" were particularly evident in the works of Thomas Dick, the 'Christian Philosopher' who had calculated the population of the solar system, as well as those German astronomers such as Gruithuisen who had claimed to see signs of life on the moon.

Locke's direct inspiration appears to have been the October 1826 issue of the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* in which there was a discussion of the lunar-life beliefs of the German astronomers, as well as an article by Thomas Dick in which he described his invention of a new telescope that he called the "Aërial Reflector".

Thomas Dick was aware of the moon hoax and (probably sensing that it was a joke aimed largely at himself) he offered his thoughts on it in a book he published in 1838, *Celestial Scenery; or, the Wonders of the Planetary System Displayed, Illustrating the Perfections of Deity and a Plurality of Worlds*. Dick scolded the author of the moon hoax for taking liberties with the truth:

"It ought to be remembered that all such attempts to deceive are violations of the laws of the Creator, who is the 'God of Truth,' and who requires 'truth in inward parts;' and, therefore, they who wilfully and deliberately contrive such impositions ought to be ranked in the class of liars and deceivers."

In his letter to the *New World*, Locke, in turn, responded to Dick:

"I think it quite laudable in any man to satirize, as I did, that school of crude speculation and cant of which he is so eminent a professor... But what has Dr. Dick to say in defence of his own hoaxes, which were chiefly instrumental in preparing the way for mine, and without which I cannot conceive that it could have obtained so instantaneous and extraordinary a circulation?"

In 1842, Locke gave up journalism and took a job with the Customs Service in New York. To get the job, he had to tell another lie: that he was born in America. He worked there until 1862, and then he spent the final years of his life living in retirement on Staten Island. He died on February 16, 1871. The following, brief obituary for him ran on the front page of the *Sun*:

"Richard Adams Locke died on Staten Island on Thursday, in his 71st year. Mr. Locke was the author of the 'Moon Hoax,' the most successful scientific joke ever published, which originally appeared in *The Sun*. The story was told with a minuteness of detail and dexterous use of technical phrases that not only imposed upon the ordinary reader, but deceived and puzzled men of science to an astonishing degree." (*NY Sun*, Feb. 18, 1871: 1)

Speculation About Other Authors

One of the features of the lunar narrative that was often remarked upon and admired was the way it wove together accurate (and often quite obscure) astronomical references with more farcical elements. It appeared to have been written by someone with a good background in astronomy. For instance, David Evans (1981) singled out the following passage, from the second day's extract of the narrative, for comment:

They arrived, after an expeditious and agreeable passage, and immediately proceeded to transport the lens, and the frame of the large observatory, to its destined site, which was a piece of table-land of great extent and elevation, about thirty-five miles to the north-east of Capetown; and which is said to be the very spot on which De La Caille, in 1750, constructed his invaluable solar tables, when he measured a degree of the meridian, and made a great advance to exactitude in computing the solar parallax from that of Mars and the Moon.

Evans noted that it's actually true that the French astronomer Nicolas De La Caille had an observation station located about 35 kilometers northeast of Cape Town on the summit of Riebeeck Casteel mountain. However, this is an extremely obscure piece of information, which suggests that Locke was familiar with De La Caille's account of his observations, published (in French) in the *Histoire de l'Académie Royale des Sciences* in 1755. It's not clear how Locke came by this information, nor how he acquired the familiarity with astronomy in general that informs the entire narrative.

The mystery of Locke's astronomical knowledge led to speculation that he wasn't the true author of the lunar narrative, or that he wasn't the sole author. But it was only after Locke died that the names of other possible authors began to be suggested.



Nicollet

Jean-Nicolas Nicollet

In 1872, the mathematician Augustus De Morgan published *A Budget of Paradoxes* in which he suggested that a French scientist, Jean-Nicolas Nicollet, authored the lunar narrative. Nicollet was living in America at the time of the publication of the moon hoax, having left France, apparently because he was fleeing creditors. According to De Morgan:

"There is no doubt that it [the lunar narrative] was produced in the United States, by M. Nicollet, an astronomer, once of Paris, and a fugitive of some kind... The moon-story was written, and sent to France, chiefly with the intention of entrapping M. Arago, Nicollet's especial foe, into the belief of it. And those who narrate this version of the story wind up by saying that M. Arago was entrapped, and circulated the wonders through Paris, until a letter from Nicollet to M. Bouvard explained the hoax."

De Morgan offered no evidence to back up the theory of Nicollet's authorship, but the case for Nicollet was later taken up by S.A. Mitchell, in an article in *Popular Astronomy* (1900). Mitchell argued that Locke simply didn't have the astronomical knowledge or creative skill necessary to have come up with the moon hoax:

Besides the great fluency of style and the masterful command of the English language shown by the 'Moon Hoax,' there is evinced in this article so accurate a knowledge of astronomical facts, even to the most scientific details, that it is evident none but an astronomer of more than ordinary ability could have written it. This Locke certainly was not. After severing his connection with the *Sun*, Locke edited the *New Era*, and soon after there appeared in this periodical another hoax, 'The Lost Manuscript of Mungo Park,' also by Locke. This, however, while showing the same peculiarities in style as the 'Moon Hoax,' lacked greatly the bold and daring conception in the plot of the latter, and as a result secured very little notoriety. It would seem, therefore, that there had been some bolder and more learned spirit than Locke's which had conceived the plot of the 'Moon Hoax,' and supplied the editor of the *Sun* with the astronomical facts necessary for the construction of the article... We seem to find this man in the person of M.J.N. Nicollet, a noted French astronomer, who, for some unknown causes, had been compelled to leave France and seek refuge in America.

This astronomer, in connection with MM. Brosseaud and Bouvard, was the author of an important memoir, 'Sur la Libration de la Lune'; and in *Amer. Phil. Soc. Trans.* Vol. VIII, 1842, pp. 306-310, we have a work of his published under the name of 'Observations made at several places in the United States.' With Nicollet as the author we find an explanation of the precise astronomical knowledge shown in our article, and especially the frequent use of the term 'libration' in his descriptions of the moon.

The problem with the theory of Nicollet's authorship is that it's unlikely that Nicollet, whose first language was French, could have written a text that displayed such a mastery of English. At the very least, he must have had someone (probably Locke) translate it. But there's no evidence that

Locke and Nicollet ever met or communicated. Nor was Nicollet anywhere near New York in 1835. He was living in St. Louis.



Lewis Gaylord Clark

Lewis Gaylord Clark

Another theory, put forward by Benson Lossing in 1884 in his *History of New York City*, was that Lewis Gaylord Clark, editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, helped Locke write the lunar narrative. Lossing wrote:

"Clark was the real inventor of the incidents, the imaginative part, while to Locke was intrusted the ingenious task of unfolding the discoveries. Messrs. Beach, Clark, and Locke were in daily consultation while the hoax was in preparation. It was thus a joint product."

The 'Beach' referred to by Lossing was Moses Beach, who purchased the *Sun* from Benjamin Day in 1837. But in 1835, Beach wasn't involved with the *Sun*, which suggests that Lossing's theory is mistaken. Also, it's not clear why Clark would have had a better knowledge of astronomy than Locke.

Overall, there's no compelling evidence to indicate that anyone but Locke wrote the moon hoax. After all, Locke confessed to it. Neither Nicollet nor Clark ever did. And Benjamin Day never hinted that anyone else might be involved. Nor did first-hand observers of the hoax, such as James Gordon Bennett and Edgar Allan Poe, ever suggest that they suspected anyone else's participation.

We can attribute Locke's knowledge of astronomy to his wide reading. As Goodman (2008) points out, even from a young age Locke demonstrated a "seemingly bottomless capacity for knowledge." He chose to become a writer, but he definitely had an aptitude for the sciences and scholarship, and he might have excelled in these fields if he had made different choices early in his career.

Herschel's Response



Sir John Herschel

An innocent victim of the moon hoax was Sir John Herschel, to whom the lunar discoveries were attributed. At the time of the publication of the lunar narrative, he was in South Africa, charting the stars of the Southern Hemisphere, unaware of the liberties being taken with his name.

According to William Griggs (1852), an American showman named Caleb Weeks, who traveled to Africa in late 1835 in order to collect animals for his New York menagerie, first presented the *Sun's* lunar narrative to Herschel. Weeks handed the paper to Herschel, telling him only, in vague language, that it was an American paper containing a report of some of his "great astronomical discoveries." Herschel thanked Weeks for the gift, retired to his room in the Cape Town hotel where they both were staying, only to burst forth minutes later exclaiming, "This is a most extraordinary affair! Pray, what does it mean?"

After receiving a full description of the hoax, Herschel laughed and said he "feared the actual results of his telescopic observations at the Cape would be very humble, in popular estimation, at least, in comparison with those ascribed to him in the American account."

Herschel's good humor concerning the hoax apparently didn't last too long. Two years later he complained in a letter to his Aunt Caroline, "I have been pestered from all quarters with that ridiculous hoax about the Moon — In English French Italian & German!!"

And in May 2001, an unsent letter was discovered in the private archives of Herschel's descendants. It was written by Herschel, dated 21 August 1836, and addressed to the editor of the *Athenaeum* magazine. If published, it would have been Herschel's longest official response to the moon hoax:

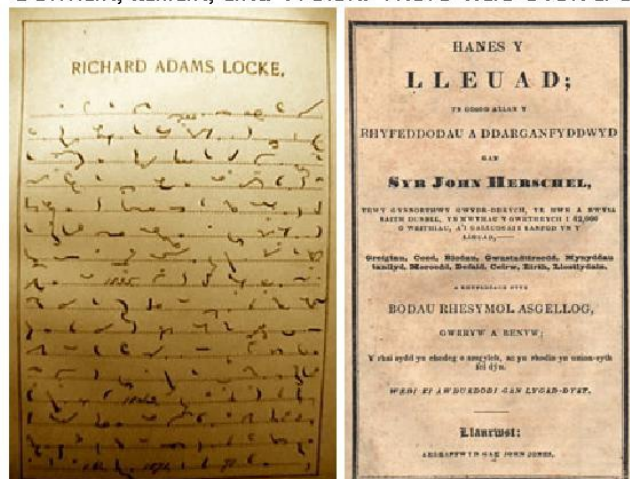
Sir,

As I perceive by an Advertisement in one of the London Newspapers now before me that the nonsense alluded to in the heading of this letter after running the round of the American and French journals has at last found a London editor, it appears to me high time to disclaim all knowledge of or participation in the incoherent ravings under the name of discoveries which have been attributed to me. I feel confident that you will oblige me therefore by inserting this my disclaimer in your widely circulated and well conducted paper, not because I have the smallest fear that any person possessing the first elements of optical Science (to say nothing of Common Sense) could for a moment be misled into believing such extravagancies, but because I consider the precedent a bad one that the absurdity of a story should ensure its freedom from contradiction when universally repeated in so many quarters and in such a variety of forms. Dr. Johnson Indeed used to say that there was nothing, however absurd or impossible which if seriously told a man every morning at breakfast for 365 days he would not end in believing — and it was a maxim of Napoleon that the most effective figure in Rhetoric is Repetition. Now I should be sorry, for my own sake as well as for that of truth, that the world or even the most credulous part of it, should be brought to believe in my personal acquaintance with the man in the moon — well knowing that I should soon be pestered to death for private anecdotes of himself

I am Sir
your obedient

Feldhausen
Near Wynberg C.G.H.

- The text of Locke's lunar narrative was translated into many languages, including French, German, Italian, and Welsh. There was even a shorthand version of it, published in 1886.



- During the remainder of the nineteenth century, the moon hoax became a byword for deception. Anything suspicious would be compared to the moon hoax, or it might be called "moon hoaxy" — a term used by Poe in his short story *Von Kempelen and his Discovery*.
- During the nineteenth century, the moon hoax was popular enough to inspire the creation of various forms of moon-hoax-themed merchandise. For instance, the Nantucket Historical Association has what appears to be a fragment of Moon Hoax Wallpaper that decorated a house in Nantucket. And Oxford's Museum of the History of Science has a Moon Hoax Snuff Box.
- In 1891, when workmen were tearing down the old Brooklyn Institute Building, they discovered a lead box beneath the cornerstone. It had been placed there when the cornerstone was laid, on 31 October 1835. Upon opening the box, it was found to contain some coins, several newspapers dated 31 October 1835, and two large engravings of

"Lunar animals and other objects discovered by Sir John Herschel in his observatory at the Cape of Good Hope."

- A complete copy of the original lunar narrative published in the *Sun* (not the pamphlet that the *Sun* subsequently published) was sold in July 1969 for \$160. It was bought by Walter R. Benjamin, an autograph dealer, on behalf of a private client. In December 2011, a set of the articles was offered for sale on eBay for \$488.
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walked on two feet and bore their young in their arms. They lived in huts "constructed better and higher than those of many tribes of human savages." And signs of smoke above the huts of the beavers indicated that these advanced animals had even mastered the use of fire.

Day Four (Friday): The Vespertilio-Homo

The fourth extract proved to be the highpoint of the entire narrative. The scientists discovered human-like creatures living inside a ring of red hills they dubbed the "Ruby Colosseum." Unlike earth-bound humans, these creatures were "covered, except on the face, with short and glossy copper-colored hair, and had wings composed of a thin membrane, without hair, lying snugly upon their backs." The faces of these creatures, Dr. Grant remarked, being "of a yellowish flesh color, was a slight improvement upon that of the large orang outang."

Further observation of these curious creatures, whom Herschel dubbed the "Vespertilio-homo, or man-bat," followed. The astronomers watched them engage in what appeared to be animated conversations and "hence inferred that they were rational creatures." The very proper Dr. Grant also noted that "some of their amusements would but ill comport with our terrestrial notions of decorum." Apparently the Vespertilio-homo were mating with each other out in the open.



biped beavers

An old print of the moon hoax showing the Vespertilio-Homo (center) and the Biped Beavers (right)

Anticipating that some readers would find the existence of such creatures too incredible to believe, Dr. Grant assured skeptics that a forthcoming volume would provide certificates from "several Episcopal, Wesleyan, and other ministers, who, in the month of March last, were permitted, under stipulation of

temporary secrecy, to visit the observatory, and become eye-witnesses of the wonders which they were requested to attest."

Day Five (Saturday): The Sapphire Temple

The author of the lunar narrative (whoever he really was) now faced a challenge. Having revealed the existence of intelligent lunar life, how could he produce even greater wonders to maintain the interest of readers? His solution in the fifth extract was to present readers with a mystery: the discovery of an apparently abandoned temple, built of polished sapphire. The roof of this temple was constructed out of a yellow metal and fashioned to look like a mass of flames rising upwards and licking at a large sphere of clouded copper, "as if hieroglyphically consuming it."



1835 print sold by the *Sun* showing the Sapphire Temple

The astronomers pondered what was meant by this globe surrounded by flames. Did the makers of the globe "by this record any past calamity of their world, or predict any future one of ours?" Unable to answer this question, the astronomers decided to refrain from "indulging in speculative theories, however seductive to the imagination."

Day Six (Monday): Higher Orders of Vespertilio-Homo

The lunar narrative concluded on Monday, August 31. In the final extract the astronomers discovered a superior order of Vespertilio-homo living in close proximity to the mysterious sapphire temple. These new creatures were "of a larger stature than the former specimens, less dark in color, and in every respect an improved variety of the race."

While observing these creatures — who spent their time collecting fruit, flying, bathing, and conversing — the astronomers realized that there reigned a "universal state of amity among all classes of lunar creatures." They couldn't remember having observed any "carnivorous or ferocious species." (Apparently they had forgotten watching birds catching fish earlier in the narrative.)



ruby colosseum

Print showing lunar creatures living peacefully side-by-side in the "Ruby Colosseum" (unknown date)

With this thought in mind, Herschel and his companions temporarily ended their observations. However, when they returned to the telescope the next day they were presented with a minor setback. They had accidentally left the telescope's lens in a position where it had caught the *Sun's* rays and burned

down a wall of the observatory. A week later, after having completed the repairs, the moon was no longer visible.

Dr. Grant noted that he did get a chance to briefly observe the moon again the following month, at which time he discovered a still superior species of the Vespertilio-homo who "were of infinitely greater beauty, and appeared in our eyes scarcely less lovely than the general

representations of angels by the more imaginative schools of painters." But having said this much, Dr. Grant then declined to say any more, explaining to his readers that they would find a more detailed account of the highest order of *Vespertilio-homo* in the upcoming publication of "Dr. Herschel's authenticated natural history of this planet." With this, the narrative ended.

The Popular Response

By all accounts, the news that life had been found on the moon generated enormous popular excitement. People throughout New York City debated whether or not the story was true and, if true, what its implications were.

Several people described this excitement in their diaries. On August 30, a young New Yorker named Michael Floy wrote in his diary, "A great talk concerning some discoveries in the moon by Sir John Herschel; not only trees and animals but even men have been discovered there." Philip Hone, the former mayor of New York, also wrote a long summary of the lunar narrative in his diary, remarking on how admirably it was written.

But we know of the excitement most of all from all the newspapers and magazines that gave it extensive coverage. By the end of August, most of the other New York papers began reprinting the narrative, in response to their readers' intense interest in it. Meanwhile, word of the discoveries quickly spread to the rest of the country, within days reaching the other major eastern cities — Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Boston. In a little less than two weeks it had travelled as far west as Cincinnati. Within a month, it had crossed the Atlantic to Europe. Everywhere the news caused the same buzz of interest and speculation.

A full month after the hoax had first seen the light of day, the *New York Herald* (the *Sun's* main rival) reported that the "ingenious hoax is going the rounds still. Every paper that we receive from the West brings it back again. The Bowery Theatre has dramatized it, and now Hannington [a New York museum] has actually put it on canvas, and placed it for exhibition in his diorama."

Did the moon hoax cause a sudden rise in the *Sun's* circulation?

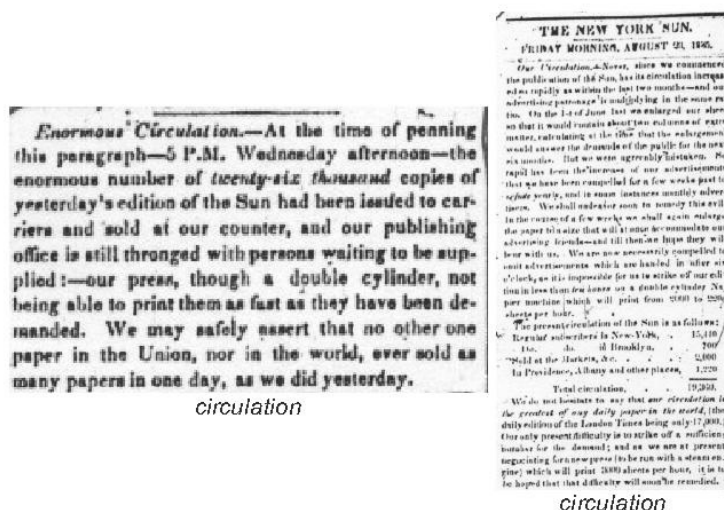
Many accounts of the moon hoax claim that popular interest in it was so great that it caused a dramatic rise in the paper's circulation, almost overnight. For instance, science writer Willy Ley wrote in *Watchers of the Skies* (1963) that the hoax caused the *Sun's* circulation to rise from 8000 to 19,360 copies, within the span of a few days. Similarly, a 1984 journalism textbook, *The Press and America: An Interpretive History of the Mass Media*, claims that the circulation of the *Sun* "nearly trebled" because of the moon hoax.

These assertions derive from a boast the *Sun* made about its circulation on Friday, August 28 (the fourth day of the lunar narrative). It stated that its total circulation had reached 19,360 and then said:

We do not hesitate to say that our circulation is the greatest of any daily paper in the world, (the daily edition of the *London Times* being only 17,000.) Our only present difficulty is to strike off a sufficient number for the demand.

Taken alone, this statement seems to confirm that the hoax had a dramatic effect on the *Sun's* circulation. However, the *Sun* had made similar claims about its large circulation in the weeks before the hoax. For instance, on 13 August 1835, two weeks before publishing the moon hoax, the *Sun* boasted that its circulation had reached 26,000:

Enormous Circulation — At the time of penning this paragraph—5 P.M. Wednesday afternoon—the enormous number of twenty-six thousand copies of yesterday's edition of the *Sun* had been issued to carriers and sold at our counter, and our publishing office is still thronged with persons waiting to be supplied:—our press, though a double cylinder, not being able to print them as fast as they have been demanded. We may safely assert that no other one paper in the Union, nor in the world, ever sold as many papers in one day, as we did yesterday.



Two statements from the *Sun* about its circulation. Left: Aug. 13, 1835. Right: Aug 28, 1835.

So according to the figures provided by the *Sun* itself, its circulation actually dropped during the moon hoax — from a high of 26,000 before it, to 19,360 during it. However, this drop needs to be taken in context. The 26,000 copies it sold on August 13 were probably related to a one-time event — a fire that swept through parts of downtown New York City, destroying the printing press of its fiercest competitor, the *NY Herald*. So people who would normally have bought the *Herald* may temporarily have been buying the *Sun*. There had also been riots in Baltimore, which people were anxious to read about.

But although 26,000 may have represented a circulation that was higher than normal, the evidence indicates that the *Sun* was regularly selling around 19,000 or 20,000 copies a day by August, 1835, and it maintained this rate during the moon hoax, apparently without experiencing a dramatic circulation spike. In its August 29 boast, the *Sun* noted specifically that its circulation had been rising "within the last two months." It didn't attribute the rise to the printing of the lunar discoveries.

In fact, people didn't need to buy copies of the *Sun* to read the lunar narrative because almost every paper in New York reprinted the text, making it widely available. This meant some lost

sales for the *Sun*, but it could hardly complain about the reprinting because it, in turn, claimed to have reprinted the narrative from the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*.

Nevertheless, the *Sun* did make a large profit from the moon hoax. It did so by selling the complete text of the lunar discoveries as a special-edition pamphlet that it put on sale on August 31 for one shilling. It also sold various lithographic prints showing fanciful scenes of Herschel's lunar discoveries, such as the lunar animals and the Ruby Colosseum. It commissioned the production of these prints from the Wall Street lithographers Norris & Baker.

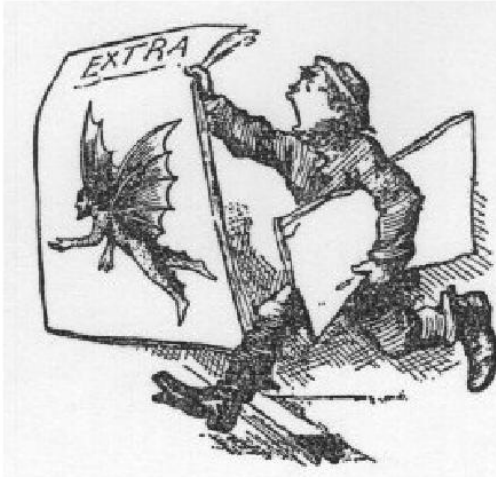
The *Sun* never shared sales figures for the pamphlet and prints, but according to William Gowans, writing in 1859, it sold 60,000 pamphlets in less than a month. This would have been a huge financial windfall for the paper. These pamphlets are now collector's items. Only sixteen of them are known to still exist, and they sell for as much as \$2000 each.

The Moon Hoax As the First Mass-Media Event

The idea that the popularity of the moon hoax led to a rise in the *Sun's* circulation has become a standard part of the story of the hoax. However, it turns on its head what actually happened and obscures the historical significance of the event. In fact, as Mario Castagnaro (2009) has argued, it was the *Sun's* already high circulation and broad reach that ensured the success of the moon hoax — not the other way around.

The *Sun's* high circulation was made possible by its use of steam-powered printing presses. Such presses, which had only recently become available, allowed papers to print tens of thousands of copies at a cheap rate, thereby broadening their readership and turning them into a medium of truly mass communication. In addition, the *Sun* used an innovative means of distribution that further broadened its reach — newsboys who sold issues on the street, shouting out the headlines for everyone to hear. The *Sun* was the first paper anywhere to use newsboys to sell copies. It had started using them in 1833, less than two years before the moon hoax, so their presence on city streets was still a relatively new part of the urban environment.

Source: *American Heritage* (1969)



The combination of the *Sun's* high circulation and the newsboys meant that everyone throughout the city, spanning all social classes, heard about the lunar discoveries at the same time. They experienced it as a shared social event in a way that was entirely new.

The importance of the *Sun's* circulation can be demonstrated by comparing the lunar narrative to a similar hoax that occurred just two months prior but failed to have a similar impact. In June of 1835 Edgar Allan Poe had published a story in the first issue of a new magazine, *The Southern Literary Messenger*, about a man from Rotterdam named Hans Pfall who

supposedly built a balloon that carried him to the moon. Poe assured readers that his story was a factual narrative of a true event.

When the *Sun's* moon hoax debuted in August, Poe became convinced that the *Sun* had stolen his idea. As he later pointed out, both stories were astronomical hoaxes that had the moon as their main subject, both claimed to have obtained exclusive information from a foreign country, and both relied upon scientific detail to lend an air of plausibility. However, while the *Sun's* moon hoax caused enormous excitement, Poe's story elicited hardly any interest.

One of the central reasons for the different way in which the stories were received is that the *Southern Literary Messenger* had few readers whereas the *Sun* had many. The *Sun* broadcast its hoax out to a mass audience, and its reach was amplified when almost every paper in the city reprinted the story. Within a week close to 100,000 copies of the lunar narrative had been printed — at a time when New York City only had a population of around 300,000.

The manner in which the hoax reached such a wide audience so quickly, pushed by the power of the mass media, fascinated people. They recognized it as a great novelty. Poe himself observed:

The hoax was circulated to an immense extent, was translated into various languages — was even made the subject of (quizzical) discussion in astronomical societies... and was, upon the whole, decidedly the greatest hit in the way of sensation — of merely popular sensation — ever made by any similar fiction either in America or in Europe.

The moon hoax was the first truly sensational demonstration of the power of the mass media that had come into existence after the introduction of steam-powered printing presses. Before the 1830s, such a hoax would not have been possible.

The moon hoax foreshadowed what would eventually become a central concern about the mass media: its ability, because of its enormous reach, to shape and influence popular belief. Later hoaxes, such as the 1938 War of the Worlds "panic broadcast," would provide even more dramatic and disturbing examples of this power. But in 1835 the mass media was still new enough that most people seemed intrigued rather than concerned by this display of its power.



The Great Soviet Propaganda Plane,

At the time it was the largest and most advanced airplane in history. Designed by Andrei Tupolev, the ANT-20 was a Soviet airplane that pushed the boundaries of aviation. Its wingspan was similar to that of a modern day Boeing 747. To power such a massive plane, the ANT-20 utilized eight 900 horsepower engines. It was also the largest airplane made of corrugated sheet metal. Finally it was the first airplane to use both alternating current (AC) and direct current (DC).

Named after Maxim Gorky, a popular Soviet writer and founder of the Socialist realism art movement, the ANT-20's purpose was to spread Stalinist propaganda across the Soviet Union and Europe. To do this, the ANT-20 was equipped with a radio station whose transmitter (called the "voice from the sky") could override all but the most powerful local radio stations, a printing press that could distribute propaganda leaflets from the air, a library, a photography lab, and a film projector with sound to show movies to the plane's 75 passengers. It was Stalin's plan that a whole fleet of such airplanes were to be built, which were to cruise the world's skies while spreading communist propaganda across the globe.

On May 18th, 1935 the *Maxim Gorky* made its first demonstration flight over Moscow escorted by two I-5 fighters. While the ANT-20 flew over Moscow spreading Soviet propaganda, the two fighters were to perform a series of dazzling aerial maneuvers around the massive plane. Unfortunately the two planes simultaneously crashed into the *Maxim Gorky*, sending it plummeting to the ground where it crashed in a residential district near the present day Sokol Metro Station. The crash killed 45 people, including two pilots, all 33 passengers, and ten people who were family members of the airplane's designers.

After the devastating crash, the Soviet government made a scapegoat of the deceased pilot Blagin, claiming that he had made a reckless maneuver causing the crash and that he had a "cocky disregard of authority." A year after the fatal crash, a replacement airplane, called the ANT-20bis went into production. It was similar to the *Maxim Gorky*, but with more powerful engines. In 1942 it likewise crashed when the pilot allowed a passenger to take his seat momentarily and the passenger apparently disengaged the automatic pilot, sending the airplane into a nosedive from an altitude of 1,500 ft and killing all 36 on board.

Stalin's grand scheme of building a massive fleet of gigantic propaganda planes was scrapped in 1939 after several purges of the Soviet aviation industry resulted in a shortage of qualified engineers.



The Greatest Itching Powder Prank in History

During World War II British intelligence and Secret Services were probably the best at spying and clandestine warfare in all of history. Almost every major Allied operation had a good amount of deception and trickery which made the Germans chase their own tails on a number of occasions.

Often, their operations depended on advanced technology, a complicated network of spies and double agents, and a great amount of luck. However, some British spy operations seemed less like James Bond missions and more like childhood mischief.

During the war, the British SOE (Special Operations Executive) began a program to smuggle itching powder into the Third Reich. The itching powder developed by SOE was no common joke shop itching powder, but a powder so potent that exposure could be excruciating, with some needing hospitalization if exposed. The itching powder was smuggled into Germany from Switzerland in foot powder tins, where resistance groups working as laundresses and uniform makers sprinkled the powder on military uniforms. The hardest hit was the German Kriegsmarine (navy), when in October of 1943 25,000 U-Boat uniforms were contaminated with the itching powder. What resulted was a massive epidemic of severe dermatitis that swept through the U-Boat fleet. The epidemic was so bad that one U-Boat crew had to turn around return to port for medical treatment.

German uniforms were not the only target for itching powder attacks. Other targets including bedding, underwear, and toilet paper. When a sizable amount of itching powder was smuggled into Norway, the Norwegian resistance made especially effective use of it by sprinkling the powder in condoms. As a result in Trondheim throughout the war numerous cases of soldiers being hospitalized for extreme pain from their private parts were reported.



Roger Knapp was born about 1618 in England and came to New England in the early 1640s. He eventually settled in Fairfield in the colony of New Haven in 1644 (now Connecticut). Not much is known about Roger Knapp except that he is listed as a farmer and an Indian trader.

His wife is known only as "Goodwife" Knapp—a title that's equivalent to "Mrs." Knapp in modern times. (Sometimes shortened to "Goody". Women with a higher status in society were referred to as "Mistress.") In 1653 Goodwife Knapp was accused and convicted of witchcraft and executed by hanging in Try's field outside the village of Fairfield. (None of the witches executed in New England were burned at the stake.)

Nothing is known of the trial of Goodwife Knapp or what she was accused of. This was right in the middle of the epidemic of witch trials and executions in England and Scotland and the phenomenon naturally made its way to the new colonies. Typically, the witch was accused of associating with the Devil, sometimes intimately. The "evidence" was usually a series of unusual happenings that occurred in the presence of the accused, or strange behavior that was deemed to be inappropriate. In many cases, the accused women seem to be rather more outspoken than others—in other words, they didn't know their proper place.

Men who were accused of witchcraft were also people who were not satisfied with the *status quo*.

One of the books put on line by Google is *The Salem Witch Trials: a Reference Guide* (by K. David Goss). It recounts the trial of Anne Hibbins who was hanged in 1656.

Anne Hibbins (1656) was censured by Boston church leaders for her contentious behavior in repeatedly accusing a local craftsman of overcharging for his labor. She was furthermore charged with supplanting her husband's position in dealing with this problem, violating the puritan belief that wives should submit themselves to the leadership of their husbands. For this offense, she was unrepentant. She was removed from membership in the Boston church and found guilty of witchcraft in 1654 after the death of her husband. Although the magistrates denied the initial verdict, a second trial was held before the Massachusetts Great and General Court. Anne Hibbins was convicted a second time of witchcraft and executed in 1656. In his assessment of this tragedy, Governor Thomas Hutchinson, in his "History of Massachusetts," places the blame for this conviction upon the people of Boston who disliked Anne Hibbin's contentious nature. He wrote that the trial and the condemnation of Anne Hibbins for witchcraft was "a most remarkable occurrence in the colony," for he found that it was her temper and argumentative nature that caused her neighbors to accuse her of being a witch.

It's very likely that Goodwife Knapp was hung for the same reasons three years earlier in Fairfield in the New Haven Colony.



The remarkable thing about the Goodwife Knapp execution is not the trial itself but the aftermath. Roger Ludlow, the Deputy Governor of Connecticut, had been fighting on and off for several years with his neighbor Mary Staples (wife of Thomas Staples, also known as Staples). In 1651 Ludlow won a suit against Mary Staples for slander but this did not put an end to their dispute.

During the trial and imprisonment of Goodwife Knapp, Roger Ludlow and his supporters tried to get her to affirm that Mary Staples was a witch but Knapp refused. Just before the execution, Ludlow claimed that Goodwife Knapp came down the ladder and whispered in his ear that Mary Staples was, indeed, a witch.

Ludlow told this story to his friends, Rev. John Davenport and his wife, and it soon spread to the entire village of Fairfield. Accusing someone of witchcraft was a very serious charge—especially just after Goodwife Knapp had been hanged. When Thomas Staples heard that Ludlow was making these accusations against his wife he filed a defamation suit against Roger Ludlow.



The trial took place in May, 1654. There are several accounts on the internet taken from books that have recently been scanned. The best and most readable is from *The Witchcraft Delusion in Colonial Connecticut* by John M. Taylor. This is from the trial records and some of the descriptions are quite graphic, particularly the account of the examination of Goodwife Knapp's body for witch's teates.

There's another good account in *Witch-Hunting in Seventeenth-Century New*

England: A Documentary History 1638 ... by David D. Hall.

The role of the Sherwood family in the trial is described in *A Changing America: Seen Through One Sherwood Family Line 1634-2006*.

The reason for my interest in this trial is that many of my ancestors lived in Fairfield at the time and their names are mentioned in the account. Some of my ancestors were friends of the Staples and defended Mary Staples while others sided with Roger Ludlow. Ludlow lost the case and he left Fairfield the following year (1654), making his way eventually back to England and then to Ireland where he remained for the rest of his life.

By an extraordinary coincidence, my good friend and former best man at my wedding, Charles Beach, is a descendant of Mary Staples and Thomas Staples. Their daughter, Mary Nicol Staples (1630-1677) married John Beach (1623-1677).

My living relatives might be interested in our connections to the trial: here they are.

These are ancestors of Isabelle Hooper Burns (1862-1923) the mother of my maternal grandfather. More specifically, they are direct ancestors of her mother's mother, Esther Treen (1807-~1891).

Here are the names of people mentioned in the defamation lawsuit. Our direct ancestors are underlined. (Some of these have subsequently been proven to be incorrect = strikeout.)

John Banks (1619-1684), attorney for Thomas Staples. (He is my great9-grandfather. Most of the others are from this generation or one generation earlier: great10)

Witnesses Andrew Ward (1597-1659) and his wife ~~Hester Ward~~ = Hester Sherman (1606-1666).

Witnesses: Goodwife Barlow = Ann Ward (?-1684) and her husband John Barlow (1599-1674)

Witness: Goodwife Sherwood = Mary Onge? second wife of Thomas Sherwood (1586-1655). Thomas' first wife, my ancestor, was Alice Tiler1 (1585-1635).

Witness: Goodwife Odell (Odill) daughter in law of John Odell (1574) and Jean Bingley (1581-1640).

Witness: Mr. Jones is John Jones (1591-1665).

Witness: Goodwife Lockwood is Susan (Susanna) Norman (1616-1661) wife of Robert Lockwood (1600-1658).

Witness: Deborah Lockwood (1636-?), 17 years old at the time of the trial and my great9-grandmother. She is the daughter of Robert Lockwood and Susanna Lockwood.

Witness: Thomas Lyon (1621-1690).

Witness: Rebecca (Rebecka) Hull is Rebecca Jones, wife of Cornelius Hull and daughter of John Jones (1591-1665) and Sarah UNKNOWN (1599-1650).

Witness: Thomas Barlow was the second husband of Rose Sherwood, daughter of Thomas Sherwood (1586-1655) and Alice Tiler1 (1585-1655).

Goodwife Pell is not an ancestor of mine but she has an interesting connection. She is Lucy Pell, wife of Thomas Pell who later founded Pelham, in what is now the Bronx, New York City [The Involvement of Thomas Pell's Family in the Witchcraft Persecution of Goody Knapp].

1. Usually given as Alice Seabrook but this is almost certainly wrong according to A

Changing America: Seen Through One Sherwood Family Line 1634-2006,
Volume 1 By Frank P. Sherwood.

The drawing of the hanging of Ann Hibbins and the map of the colonies in 1650 are
from the HTY277 website of the University of Maine at Farmington.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50%
!important; margin-left: -90px !important; width: 180px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important;
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The Intrigue of Giant Rock

By Barbara LaGrange

Photos and captions by Frank Rodrigue

When people explore the high desert of California, in particular, the Mojave region near Landers, unusual stories abound. Stop at a coffee shop and ask "what does Landers offer" and you're apt to get more information than you wished for. Old timers will tell you that the region was vibrant with colorful characters, nomadic tribes, prospectors, and World War II spies. Others will sit back and allow a dreamy eye to view their time in Landers as a wonderful memory to cherish until their dying day. Others will tell you that the skies are full of UFOs.

All of that is nearly true.



Giant Rock

The fabled Giant Rock had attracted the first native nomads hundreds of years before settlements rose from the dusty ground. The granite stone and surrounding ground had been held as holy ground by the Native Americans. It is reported that the Hopi knew of this rock and joined other tribes across the desert to convene and celebrate the coming seasons. Shaman drew spiritual strength for the tribes through this rock. It is also said that the magic in the rock represents the heart of Mother Earth. It is also thought to be the world's largest freestanding boulder --- at about seven stories high and covers 5,800 square feet of ground.



Compare to the size of the person standing in the middle.

There are also “special centers” around the world where, historically, people have been drawn to for spiritual energy. Giant Rock is one of these places. Special electromagnetic forces, a vortex, have drawn scientists, UFO specialists and even regular folks to this remote place.

The Legends – Charlie Reche, Frank Critzer, and George Van Tassel

One of the early white families who settled in the wide expanses of Homestead Valley (later to be known as Landers) was Charlie Reche, having homesteaded here in 1887. “He was allowed the privilege of meeting with the local Indians many times”, according to a story retold by George Van Tassel. Reche's homestead included the area where the Van Tassel Integratron now stands, as well as several acres besides. Reche was noted for sharing tales with the residents, since there weren't many there at the time.

In the early 30s, a middle-aged prospector with an interest in short-wave radio, staked a claim in the Giant Rock area. He knew well enough that if he could fashion a supported house under the giant rock then he would enjoy cooler temperatures in the summer and burn less fuel in the winter. He built a one-room subterranean home with a doorway facing west and a storage room toward the east. He attached a radio antenna to the top for better signal strength. His name was Frank Critzer who most folks avoided. He seemed a little strange. Besides, he had excavated under Giant Rock!

George Van Tassel had a special fascination with airplanes, which led him to obtain his pilot's license while still a teenager. He dropped out of school after 10th grade and took a job at Cleveland Municipal Airport. He was offered a job in California by his uncle, Glen Paine, who owned a garage in Santa Monica.

It was at that garage that Van Tassel met Frank Critzer, a German immigrant trying to make a living in the desert as a prospector. Van Tassel and his uncle befriended Critzer by repairing his car and stocking him with food and money for his journey. Critzer promised to cut them in on any future mining claims.

A year or so later, Critzer wrote to Van Tassel and invited him to the area he'd been mining. Van

Tassel and Paine drove to the remote location, where they discovered Critzer living under "Giant Rock," reputed to be the world's largest boulder. Critzer had excavated about 400 square feet of space under the rock and lived in the cool cavern year-around. Critzer appears to have had his own celebrity status as a cantankerous old goat that would shoot at you as soon as look at you. He had also met and heard tales from Reche.

Nothing more appears to have come of the coincidental visit. But during World War II, Critzer came under suspicion as a German spy, no doubt because of his radio hobby, and was killed in a botched law enforcement raid on his dwelling in 1942. Legend says that all his possessions were removed by the government. Some stories claim that a tear gas canister was lobbed in and ignited Critzer's cache of dynamite. No one really knows the truth but the burned out room was closed and locked for years. The potential of Giant Rock remained a latent hope in Van Tassel's mind for 15 years.

During that time, Van Tassel established a name for himself as a flight test engineer. He worked for both Lockheed International and Douglas Aircraft in the 1930s. He spent the World War II years flying with Howard Hughes. It is unknown if Hughes' eccentricity and passion for eternal earthly life (Hughes wanted to be frozen until someone could find the cure for whatever killed him) are what influenced Van Tassel to move to the desert.

After taking his family to Giant Rock on vacation, he was able to apply for leasing the property from Bureau of Land Management in 1945. By 1947, he packed up his wife and three daughters and moved them onto the land surrounding Giant Rock. "He said he got tired of the rat race because California was growing so much," his half-sister Margaret Manyo said in a recent interview.

Among his accomplishments, Critzer had established an airfield at Great Rock, and Van Tassel reopened the field and built a cafe there. Manyo said Howard Hughes would fly into the airport on weekends just so he could get a slice of the pie Van Tassel's wife made. Fly-ins were common. The sturdy little restaurant was made of cinder block construction to withstand the worst desert storms, so the pilots knew they had a place to get away from dangerous air currents when forced to land.

The Van Tassels lived a hand-to-mouth existence. They held UFO conventions at Giant Rock for almost 20 years to raise money for the project that would make Van Tassel a noted man of the region, and was constantly asking supporters for donations. Thousands of believers passed through.

In 1959, 11,000 people attended his UFO conventions, and Van Tassel continued to work on his dream --- the Integratron --- while writing a number of books on time travel and rejuvenation.

The Integratron --- Landers CA

The Integratron is a 38-foot high, 50-foot diameter, non-metallic structure designed by the engineer George Van Tassel as a rejuvenation and time machine. Van Tassel was a legendary figure, a former test pilot for Howard Hughes and Douglas Aircraft, who lived at Giant Rock, and operated Giant Rock airport. His annual Spacecraft Conventions were attended by thousands

across two decades, featuring high profile UFO contactees and pioneers in the fields of antigravity, primary energy research, and electromagnetics. Van Tassel led weekly meditations in the excavated room under the rock from the 1950's to the 1970's, which he claimed led to UFO contacts. He said UFO channelings and ideas from scientists such as Nikola Tesla led to the unique architecture of the Integratron. He spent 18 years constructing the building.



The Integratron

Just what is an Integratron?

The location of the Integratron is an essential part of its functioning. The actual site of the building was worked out according to a complex set of theories involving the earth's magnetic field, and the Integratron's relationship to the Great Pyramid in Egypt and Giant Rock, the world's largest freestanding boulder.

The remote location and spiritual significance of Giant Rock drew seekers to the desert. Van Tassel believed the rock's crystalline structure possessed great channeling power by virtue of its piezo-electric characteristics. If there was communication from another world waiting to be received, Giant Rock was the place to tap into it.

In Van Tassel's mediation sessions under Giant Rock, he believed he received vital information from alien sources to build a rejuvenation machine. He developed the building with direct input from his alien designers, and in doing so generated a 20-year following of others who believed he had tapped into the universal knowledge of the century. Van Tassel received instructions for a machine that could rejuvenate human cells using the natural energy found in the atmosphere. He called the device the "Integratron."

Construction

Construction began in 1954. Manyo said George's brother, Jack, assisted him although he was not privy to the revelation and plans. Van Tassel's literature describing the project stated that the

machine's purpose was "to recharge energy into living cell structures, to bring about longer life with youthful energy." He theorized that the body is an electrical device, and aging was a matter of the cells running out of power. The Integratron, capable of collecting up to 50,000 volts of static electricity from the air, would be a multi-frequency, electrostatic charger for the human body.

The 16-sided dome was built of wood and concrete and held together by glue and gravity-electrically neutral materials. The generating core was made of copper wire. Had it been placed into operation, candidates would have walked through the building, essentially a huge air capacitor, while wearing white outfits. The charges, distributed over a wide range of frequencies, would affect every cell.

Van Tassel funded Integratron construction by using Giant Rock as a focal point for UFO Space Conventions. The first convention was held there in 1954. Thousands attended these events, drawn by Van Tassel's charisma and the desert location. In 1959, conferences led by Van Tassel attracted 11,000 followers. He wrote a newsletter sharing his experimental ideas with those who believed.

"He got huge donations," Manyo said. "There were so many people who believed in that." She said his project received much media attention, and he was a guest on many television talk and commentary shows. Van Tassel also was a guest speaker at many colleges and universities throughout the country as interest in UFOs heated up in the '60s and '70s.

Margaret Manyo said the family respected George's sincerity and his alien communication stories. "It was so authentic the way he would tell it," she said. But they also shied away from the strangers and devotees that seemed more than a bit odd.

Van Tassel wrote six books about his out-of-this-world experiences, including "I Rode in a Flying Saucer." And he started a non-sectarian, non-profit organization for religious and scientific research, the College of Universal Wisdom. Construction of the Integratron proceeded slowly, but in January 1978, "Proceedings," the quarterly publication of the College of Universal Wisdom, reported that the device was 90 percent complete. Van Tassel planned to be the first human to experience the power of the Integratron. But three weeks later, Van Tassel had died February 9, 1978 of an apparent heart attack. It was a true shock to his friends and family since Van Tassel had been an extremely health-conscious individual.

Unfinished Business

The core and other critical components of the Integratron disappeared shortly after Van Tassel's death, giving weight to a conspiracy theory. Furthermore, another scientist who had worked on a similar project in the 1940s and '50s, also had suffered an sudden heart attack under unusual circumstances. Wilhelm Reich, whose Orgone Accumulator had come under attack by the Food and Drug Administration, had been imprisoned and died just three days before he was to be released from prison November 1, 1957.

With no written plans for completing the project, Van Tassel's family abandoned the site. Van Tassel buildings at Giant Rock were vacated and gradually vandalized until the Bureau of Land Management found it necessary to bulldoze the remains. Today the Integratron and acreage is

owned by Emile Canning, who offers it for rental, tours, film locations, and recordings. Canning calls it "a very powerful vortex for physical and spiritual healing."

Power of the Vortex

People have not lost sight of the power at Giant Rock. It garnered new attention in February 2000 when a meditative reading foretold that the old Hopi legends could easily become true in a short time. Hopi shaman had known since before 1920 that the rebirth of the new 21st century could be foretold at Giant Rock. If the rock split in half the Earth Mother was disillusioned with man and would not accept the prayers given on behalf of mankind.

However if the rock split on the side relieving pressure on the Earth's tectonic plates then man's prayers were answered and a new era would be revealed. Although Giant Rock had not moved in a million years, the next morning a third of the rock split and broke away, exposing a gleaming white granite interior. The prophecy had been fulfilled.

Prior to this event, Shri Naath Devi was inspired to bring a number of powerful healers and interfaith leaders to the desert to pray. She interpreted the Giant Rock split event in the most positive light. She said that "the Mother had opened her arms to us, cracking open her heart for the whole world to see." Now is the time for re-evaluation and self-growth, of spiritual awakening and strength.



Giant Rock with broken piece on right

Getting There

Giant Rock can be reached by passenger car by traveling south from Lucerne Valley on Hwy 247 to Reche Road in Landers, or traveling north from Yucca Valley on Hwy 247. Take Reche Road to Belflower Rd, left on Belflower until the pavement ends. To your right will be the Integratron. Go past the property, turn right and follow the graded dirt road toward the left. The dirt road will follow the edge of the jumbo rock pile about 2 miles. Follow around the end of the rock pile until Giant Rock comes into view. Be cautious of broken glass and snakes in the area. And always bring

extra drinking water.

For Further Reading:

Excerpts here were gleaned from a variety of sources including web sites and David Davidson's self-published book insights, "Overlords", from an article in the Ashtabula, Ohio newspaper.

<http://www.integratron.com>

Hopi Prophecy web site: <http://www.crawford2000.co.uk/hopisplit.htm>

High Desert Star newspaper, Yucca Valley, Feb 2000.

Old Photos

visits since 10/7/03

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The Little Girl in Grave 1565**Life****November, 1991**

For 47 years after she died in a tragic circus fire, no one knew her name. This is the story of two people: one obsessed with finding out who she was, the other wanting only to forget what happened.

By Gary Smith

In a housing complex for the elderly in Easthampton, Mass., lived a lady in her eighties with sharp and clear blue eyes.

The capital of Alabama is Montgomery.

Her life was busy for a woman her age. She still worked two half days a week as a clerk at a dress shop. She edited the church newsletter and pitched in at Sunday school now and then. She helped a neighbor who had no use of his right arm to write his checks.

The capital of Alaska is Juneau.

She drove herself to the store for groceries, to the doctor and dentist and laundromat. She did the crossword in the *Daily Hampshire Gazette* in the evening while she watched TV and kept a magazine open to read while she ate. She said, "It takes up your mind."

The capital of Arkansas is Little Rock.

But sometimes at night when Mildred Cook lay down and there was nothing, finally, to do, thoughts tried to enter her mind, and so she began reciting. *The capital of Arizona is Phoenix.* Half-formed thoughts, too terrible to contemplate: Why did I take them to ...? *The capital of California is Sacramento.* If I had pushed and shoved, like others did ... *The capital of Colorado is Denver.* I should've held onto her hand ... *The Capital of Connecticut is ...* But it was only a circus ... *The capital of Connecticut is ...* a circus ...

The capital of Connecticut is Hartford. On the third floor of the fire department offices there, on a winter afternoon in 1990, a man with a white shirt and black tie sat in a plume of cigarette smoke. A pair of reflector sunglasses hung from his shirt pocket, to kill the light when the migraines came. A black flag with white skull and crossbones hung on his cubicle wall. It was a constant reminder that for him the rules don't apply.

Lt. Rick Davey worked 10 or 12 hours a day, often more, investigating fires. But he slept no more than four or five, so that still left hours to fill. His right top desk drawer was open. A photograph of a beautiful little girl, her blond hair tied in ribbons, lay inside it. He stared at her. She was the one

Jay Lovinger (now at ESPN.com) gets the assist here. He came up with the story idea, and he lateraled it to me. I wanted to quickly establish the old woman as burying bad memories and contrast that with the fire detective exhuming them. So that's why I started with the quick sketch of the old woman interlaced with her internal technique for walling off the past, and dove from there directly into the detective's obsession with smashing those walls.

Overall, I think since (Mildred) finally came to terms with the fact that mystery had been revealed by the detective, and her daughter was going to be reburied, and her own life was nearing its end, that it was time to come to some resolution. Perhaps, subconsciously, it was a way to finally give her girl a new life. It seemed that some force greater than her had exhumed all this, and she finally surrendered to it.

I spent about two months on the story. Looking back on it now, I like it. The structure seems to work both dramatically and as a conveyor belt for a large load of background material. I'd begun experimenting in the '80s, finding new ways to bring fictional techniques to non-fiction narrative, and I was probably starting to hit my stride with that in the early '90s.

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who filled his hours. "I'm coming for you, honey," he said to her, or to himself—he wasn't even sure anymore. But she was dead. He heard a colleague's footsteps approaching his cubicle. Over 40 years ago dead. He stood up quickly. Dead four years before he was born. He nudged shut the desk drawer with his thigh.

What would he say if they asked him what he was doing? That an unclaimed little girl buried beneath a gravestone marked only by her morgue number, Little Miss 1565, had obsessed him? That he was on the verge of cracking open the investigation of a circus fire that killed 168 people ... in 1944?

Here come the M's, a real nightmare. Try keeping all eight of them in alphabetical order. *The capital of Maine is Augusta. The capital of ... of ...*

On a night that same winter, Mildred Cook took a deep breath. If she weren't careful here, it could all come rushing back. She could be 38 again, thrilled to finally have two weeks of vacation to spend with her children, to be clutching the hands of six-year-old Edward and eight-year-old Eleanor and keeping her eye on nine-year-old Donald. They could be climbing to their seats near the top of the stands at the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus that had just come to Hartford. It could be July 6, 1944, again.

It was so hot inside the big top that day, so sticky, but it really didn't matter. It was wartime, and here was this magical tent, nearly two football fields long, that let everyone with a buck or two in his pocket walk inside and forget. The clowns came first, making everyone giggle. The parade of all the animals around the ring was next. Then came the lions and leopards, snarling and leaping through hoops. That's when it happened. The big cats were being led through the two long caged chutes back to their wagons outside the tent, and everyone's eyes had just lifted to the five sequined Wallendas poised on the platforms high above with their bicycles and balancing poles, when someone first noticed it, eight or nine feet off the ground, on the side of the tent behind where Mildred and her three children sat. It was a flame shaped like a horseshoe, no bigger than a basketball—a well-thrown bucket of water might have put it out.

But then a wind, blowing from the southwest, pushed it up the side wall to the big top—a twill canvas waterproofed, incredibly, by 1,800 pounds of paraffin thinned by 6,000 gallons of gasoline—and *whoosh*, The Greatest Show on Earth became three rings of hell. The tent top burned and fell like napalm, a hissing rain of flaming wax that ignited every blouse and sundress that it touched. People writhed on the floor to extinguish themselves, people toppled over them. The chairs, unattached to the floor, crashed and slid, tripping the mob in its rush to escape. Humans and animals screamed. The fire roared. At the far end of the tent, the circus band went on playing "The Stars and Stripes Forever," trying to calm the frenzy, but it was hopeless. The tent was burning, one survivor recalled, like a crumpled piece of paper tossed into a fireplace. The crowd of 6,789, mostly women and children, fled toward the northeast, away from the blaze, but there many found themselves trapped by the animal chutes. Some were terrified that their hands or feet would slip between the meshing as they tried to scramble over, perhaps into the jaws or claws of some retreating beast. Some were simply not tall or nimble enough to make the climb. They paused, were pinned and trampled, found later beneath piles of bodies eight deep.

Flaming tent tops dropped from the sky, tremendous tent poles crashed. A crippled boy of 13 slashed through the canvas and hundreds escaped. A 29-year-old man hurled his child over the chute, remained and saved a score of others the same way before he was crushed to death by a falling pole. Coins fused in the terrific heat. Knuckles fused. A mother and child fused. Men passed out from the sickly sweet smell of burning flesh. The exits jammed, as people who had escaped turned back to look for loved ones. A woman ran outside screaming, "Where is my baby? Where is my baby?" was told the child had returned inside to look for her, and rushed back into the tent, where both of them perished.

Mildred and Edward and Eleanor found themselves in the middle of it all. Donald had always been the independent one; he ran to the right, hopped down from the stands and quickly escaped. But Mildred, the polite Liberty Mutual clerk, was following the crowd down the tiers, waiting for her turn, trying, somehow, to keep track of Edward and Eleanor in the stampede. She lost Eleanor, clutched Edward's hand tighter, and then the billowing black smoke began to overcome them. Edward said he felt tired and wanted to lie down. Mildred lay down next to him. She would stay like that, clutching his hand, until someone at the hospital pulled them apart.

The whole incident took 10 minutes. And then there was nothing but an open field strewn with twisted metal and charred bodies, circled by children calling out for their mothers, by mothers staggering about and crying out for their little ones. In circus lore, it would become known as The Day The Clowns Cried. Emmett Kelly, who joined the fire fighting in full clown makeup, would paint a tear on his cheek from that day on.

The circus animals would all be retrained. But who would show the humans how to go on? Donald was picked up at the scene by a family and taken to their home, where he waited until his Uncle Ted and Aunt Marion retrieved him. Edward died the next day. Mildred lay in a coma for more than four weeks, 90 percent of her body burned. When she awoke, she was bandaged from head to foot, peering through a slit left open for her eyes.

She watched the doctor tell the woman across from her that her child had died. She watched the woman break down. The doctor walked toward Mildred. She clenched her teeth. She had been through this before. She knew how she had to act. Her brother and sister had died in infancy. Her two stepbrothers had died, one of polio at age 26. Her mother had died of cancer when Mildred was four. When she was 19, sitting in the church choir balcony, she had seen her father drop dead of a heart attack in a pew below her and not uttered a sound, not moved a muscle, not brought any shame upon herself or her family. It was weakness to cry; it was weakness.

Edward did not make it, the doctor told her. Nobody could find Eleanor; she too was likely dead. Mildred closed her eyes. "The other woman cried," she said, "but I didn't."

If she didn't think about it, she wouldn't cry. If she was busy reciting the state capitals or doing puzzles, she couldn't think about it. Certainly no one in her circle would be so indiscreet as to bring it up. Her husband was gone, separated from her three years before the fire—that was why she had had the children living in her hometown, Southampton, Mass., with her brother, Ted, and his wife, Marion, so the kids would have a normal life with two "parents" while Mildred worked two jobs in Hartford to help support them. Her family certainly wouldn't mention what had occurred; they were one of those old New England families that responded to grief as they did to winter.

They zipped up and stuck out their chins.

But the Dakotas could befuddle Mildred. *Was Bismarck the capital of North Dakota and Pierre the capital of South Dakota ... or was it the other way around?* One hesitation like that and a drawer in her mind could open ... Eleanor ... Sometimes Mildred had to shift to a more rapid game, the counting game. *One ... one-two ... one-two-three ...* How could no one have ever found Eleanor? ... *one-two-three-four ... one-two-three-four-five ...*

The drawer opened. Lieutenant Davey stared at the photograph once more. Somehow, the picture of the little girl had done it to him—first, the one of her when she was dead, and now the one of her when she was alive. The morgue photograph was the same picture that had awed him when he saw it in the newspaper when he was seven or eight. This was his first look at death, and here it was in a child about his own age who simply looked to be asleep. Her face was barely marred by the flames or the trampling; she had died of a stress fracture to her skull. How could no one have stepped forward to claim so beautiful, so clearly identifiable a child?

The question haunted his city. Every July 6, *The Hartford Courant* published a story about her, and often her picture as well. Every Christmas, Memorial Day and July 6, Thomas Barber and Edward Lowe, two Hartford policemen who witnessed the horror and were assigned to a makeshift morgue at the Hartford Armory, visited her grave and left flowers. Barber, who outlived Lowe, paid the tribute three times a year for 32 years before he died in 1977.

The two men kept her picture in their wallets, investigated each new rumor about her identity. Some said she was a waif the circus had picked up along the way. Others believed her whole family had been destroyed by the fire and were among the five other unidentified bodies beside her at Northwood Cemetery, a graveyard used mostly for the poor and the war dead. Some insisted she was mistakenly buried by a family who had lost a child fitting Eleanor's description.

A cult formed around the little girl. She became the little lost angel, she became a myth. Poems and songs were written about her, notes and balloons and toy animals were left on her stone. When public contributions that paid for new flowers three times a year ran out, a convicted burglar at Massachusetts State Prison sent a \$10 check and a promise to buy them every year for the rest of his life, but the local florists' association insisted on the honor. The little girl was nobody else's—so she could be everybody's. It was O.K. to cry for Little Miss 1565.

But years had passed since Lt. Davey had given that photograph or the '44 fire much thought—until one day in 1981, when the fire marshal assigned him to give a speech to a local high school group on the subject. He thought he would bluff his way through it with the few crumbs of information he had, but when he opened the floor for questions, the hotshots were waiting. What day of the week did it occur? they asked. What time? What was the temperature? How they loved holding his badge to the flame.

He had lost, and he didn't like losing. "I don't care if it's checkers," he said. "I want to win, and if I

don't win, I'm pissed. Screw second place. Second place is for people who don't mind second place."

He and his partner, Tommy Goodrow, once spent four days on their knees in the soaked ashes and rubble of a YWCA fire, searching for a wire six inches long that would substantiate their theory on the origin of the blaze—they found it. His department's conviction rate was 100 percent. If his checkbook was a penny off, it made him nuts until he did it all over again. He would learn a thing or two about that circus fire. He'd schedule a rematch with the hotshots.

That's all it was at first, a poor loser's pout, a perfectionist's pang. But in every story about the fire he came upon in the library, there was this little girl. She drew him. She disturbed him. He had no idea why.

He didn't need another child. He had three sons of his own by a marriage that had ended. And no, he wasn't the soft sort. He had grown up in the projects in Hartford, been belted by his dad at eight for getting hit and not fighting back, and ended up in gang wars with bricks and bats. He had watched from the window as the sheriff took possession of every stick of furniture in his house. His mother had cried, but he hadn't.

At the scene of a death, he would go up the ladder, take a good long stare, and come back down looking as if he had just perused his backyard for crabgrass. He'd light up a Marlboro, go back inside and start prowling, reading flame patterns and soot, reading depth of char and progression of fire, snapping pictures, drawing sketches, his mind churning like an engine, cause and origin, cause and origin. He would interview witnesses, then light up another cigarette and start pacing, looking right through anyone in the department new or foolish enough to ask a question.

It had gotten to him in the beginning—the smells that could drop a man to his knees, the humans burned like chicken forgotten on a spit. As a rookie fire fighter in 1973, he had raced into a house and had frozen at the sight of an old lady lying sideways, toppled from her wheelchair, her hairless head so blackened and distorted so badly that at first he thought she must be a mannequin. But then one of the veterans, clenching back his grin, told him that he had to give her mouth-to-mouth, just in case. He walked to the porch and threw up.

He watched the other men. He learned. A big fire was a "10-3." A hired arsonist was "a torch." A death was a "10-6." A dead person was "the victim" or even "the roast." You had to be cold to live around fire. With a little practice, you could carry off the body of a child so burned his skin stuck to you ... and nothing stuck to you at all.

There was only one he had trouble getting rid of. It was a little girl who had cowered in a closet, screaming, as he charged into her bedroom one night back in the '70s. Blinded by smoke, he took a step toward her. Then the ceiling over the closet collapsed, and the screaming stopped.

"I dreamed about her every night," he said, "for two or three years." In the dream he could see her face clearly, surrounded by flames, and all of his movements were in slow motion. He would wake up in a sweat and torture himself. If only he hadn't paused for a half second to hitch up his boots when the fire engine pulled up, if only he had hit the ground running ...

He didn't go to the little girl's funeral. He never told anyone about it. "I go with the old school," he said. "You just eat it."

He found himself staying up at night over a little girl who died in 1944 instead.

He began arriving at his office two hours early, 6:30 a.m., to devour the files he had photocopied at the city library the night before. He didn't tell a soul what he was doing—imagine their chortles. Evenings and weekends, he would go to local television studios for old film footage, to the newspaper library for old photos and clippings. He jotted notes to himself, photographed file pictures to take home and make studies of his own. But there were so many holes, so many original police files missing. Sometimes he found himself sitting on the sofa with all the lights out at midnight, waiting for the six aspirins he had just gulped to kick in and kill the migraines brought on by his inability to give Little Miss 1565 a name, by his frustration with the investigation of the fire that killed her.

From the beginning, the case rang wrong in his head. Edward Hickey, a political appointee with no investigative training for his job as Connecticut police commissioner, had ruled six months after the fire that it was caused by a cigarette carelessly tossed onto the grass. Cigarette fires smoked for a half hour or more before they combust—wouldn't someone have noticed? Lieutenant Davey dug up the humidity reading at two p.m. on July 6, 1944—42 percent. Modern studies had shown that it is virtually impossible for a cigarette to start a grass fire if the humidity is above 23. He began conducting backyard experiments with lighted cigarettes and canvas that increased his doubts. He came upon the picture that showed the charred spot on a two-by-four beam, still standing, where Hickey claimed the fire had begun, and had the photograph enlarged. Not only was the char mark four or five inches *above* the ground, but the grass at its base was still there, unburned. Stranger still, the circus had experienced two smaller fires in the week before it came to Hartford, and in 1950 a young man named Robert Segee had confessed to Ohio authorities that as a 14-year-old circus hand, he had set them and the big one in Hartford that killed 168 people, as well as dozens more. A red man with fangs and claws, riding a fiery horse, materialized before him and ordered him to set fires, Segee said, giving his account of the Hartford fire and fitting a mold for a pyromaniac right out of the psychiatrist's textbook—but Connecticut investigators had never even interviewed him.

By 1983, at the end of his first 18 months of study, Rick Davey had a list of 26 reasons why he questioned the official cause of the fire. He had a list of 30 theories concerning the identity of Little Miss 1565. He had 10 cardboard boxes full of information. He had eight more years to go.

"It's her face," he said. "If you stare at her picture long enough, she becomes *any* child. If you stare at it long enough, she becomes *alive*."

Alive? That was the same sick trick Mildred Cook's mind would play on her in the early years after the fire when she was alone in her apartment, crying. The same sick, beautiful, tortuous, sanity-saving trick. Maybe that's why she didn't want to know for certain whose unidentified

bodies were in the ground at Northwood Cemetery. If she *knew* Eleanor was one of them, her despair would be total, she could no longer flirt with that one small possibility, that all-but-hopeless hope. She did it only in her darkest moments, when all the reciting had failed and all the walls had burst, because it scared her as much as it soothed her to believe that any day there could be a knock on the door and when she opened it, who would be standing there, her amnesia gone, her hair in ribbons, her eyes smiling, but ...

For six months after the fire Mildred had lain in the hospital, swimming in and out of a morphine haze, recovering from skin grafts so painful that the nurse had to turn away. Her sister, Emily Gill, had gone to the makeshift morgue after the fire for the grisly job of identification, had walked between row after row of little dead bodies. The authorities had shown her a body that, yes, looked a little like Eleanor ... well, maybe ... no, not quite. Eleanor had always been so ladylike, every hair in place, that it was hard now to tell. And besides, Eleanor's dentist, working from memory, had said she had eight permanent teeth. This little girl only had four. Emily may well have been shown the wrong body. No, she decided. That wasn't her niece, Eleanor Cook.

What was Mildred to do when the hospital finally released her a half year later—challenge her sister Emily, demand that the unidentified bodies be dug up, wrench her family all over again? It took all of her strength just to hold her grief behind her teeth, to look at her scarred face in the mirror, to worry about the thoughts running through Donald's mind.

Next to Edward's grave, in Southampton's Center Cemetery, a tombstone was placed in memory of Eleanor. For the first few years, Mildred had to go inside whenever she saw children playing, to turn the other way when she came upon them on her way home from work. She scanned the TV listings each week, to make sure she wouldn't stumble upon any movie about children, or circuses or death.

Ted and Marion, Mildred's brother and his wife, invited her up to the house each July 6, tucked away the pages in the newspaper that referred to the fire before Mildred could see them. Perhaps she saw the photograph of Little Miss 1565 at one time or another over the years—she doesn't think so but isn't sure. Even if she did see it, she *didn't* see it. She *couldn't* see it. Four decades passed. She advanced from file clerk to training supervisor at Liberty Mutual, was known by all for her kind heart and cheerfulness, and then retired. She became a grandmother of two, and then a great-grandmother. She was safe now. Surely she was safe.

Lieutenant Davey gave up. He had packed the little girl away in one of the cardboard boxes in his basement in 1984, hadn't glanced at a word about the circus fire for six weeks and driven south to Virginia Beach to get away from it all. There were just too many contradictions in the records, too many dead ends. He was stretched out on the hotel room bed one evening, resenting himself for having failed to save another burned little girl. "I'm sorry, sweetheart," he said to himself, "I just don't know where else to go."

He didn't believe in an afterlife. "You hit the box and it's over," he said. So it couldn't have been Eleanor's voice that day; he's sure he must have imagined it. "I'll help you," he thought he heard a little girl say. He got out of bed, checked the television, checked outside the window. He scoffed

at himself, then heard himself promising, for the hundredth time, he would start all over. He returned to the archives at Hartford Hospital, the last place her body was before it was buried. He found nothing new, but the archivist there suggested he try the Connecticut State Library—bingo! What he had been searching for and hadn't found, the files purged by the state police years ago in a housecleaning—20 more boxes of material.

In the middle of one he came upon a photograph of a blond-haired girl in ribbons. He had never seen a picture of Little Miss 1565 when she was alive, and the child in this picture was far from a dead ringer for the girl in the morgue shot. He had no way to explain this, but he knew it was her, he *knew* it. He got out his magnifying glass and calipers, began measuring the space between the child's nose and upper lip, the size of her earlobes, telltale I.D. markers that police weren't aware of in 1944. Yes. He discovered a lab report comparing samples of hair taken from Little Miss 1565's head and Eleanor Cook's hairbrush. Yes, they appeared to match, another lead apparently lost in the paper shuffle. He refused to settle for any of the original investigator's summary reports; he dug until he found their initial reports, their raw data. His case must be airtight, it could have no punctures, to survive the hurricane it would raise in Hartford.

He made the library photocopier pant, the librarian's eyebrows arch; Davey Xeroxed 20,000 pages at a quarter a pop, five grand invested in paper, easy. He discovered memos written by Police Commissioner Hickey, transcripts of phone calls that Hickey had taped, indications that Hickey was determined to torpedo the arsonist's confession in Ohio. Slowly, it all began to make sense. Segee's admission had occurred in 1950. The circus had already paid out \$3.9 million in settlements, six circus officials had already served time in prison for involuntary manslaughter. Heads might roll in high political circles were it to come out that Hickey and the police had botched the investigation of the worst disaster in the history of the state. That might explain, he thought, why no Connecticut official had ever spoken to Segee.

One day in 1987 the mass of evidence became so overwhelming that Lieutenant Davey became certain. He looked at Miss 1565's picture. He called her Eleanor Cook. "For two days, I floated," he said. "I've never been that happy in my life." But then he hesitated. Perhaps he had gone too far. Perhaps his discovery would tear open a family's old wounds.

No. He owed it to her to press on. Never considering that Eleanor's mother might still be alive, he began tracking down her brother. That would take several more years of investigation, of fruitless letters to other Donald Cooks, of climbing through the family tree limb by limb.

Late in 1990 he received a reply to a letter he had written that had been forwarded to Granger, Iowa. It was *the* Donald Cook. Lieutenant Davey sent him two pictures, one of a little girl very much alive and the other, the morgue photo. Yes, said Donald. That's Eleanor.

When the news about Little Miss 1565's identity broke last March, the TV crews and photographers converged on Mildred Cook's tiny house as her son had warned her that they might. She looked into the cameras with dry eyes and spoke in even, measured words. "I think I'm relieved," she said. "I'm not really sure how I feel."

Calls and letters flooded *The Hartford Courant*, some praising Lieutenant Davey's work, others expressing anger. Some had expected to see a sobbing old woman, overcome by the new

disclosures and the old pain. They didn't know about the laminated map of America in Mildred Cook's living room with the capitals inked in on each state. They didn't know how many ways a human being learns to live with grief.

At midnight on the eve of Eleanor's birthday, March 17, 1991, Davey went to Little Miss 1565's grave for the first time. He laid a black stuffed kitten on it, just like the real one he had learned she once had. He laid some flowers, and a card with a note.

"Our only gift is the thing you once had—your name! How we all wish it could have been possible to correct a more terrible wrong and bring you back ... You may join other loved ones and members of your family. But you'll never be forgotten. I'll always love you."

He didn't sign his name. Just his badge number, 33.

In fire fighting, there is a phenomenon known as backdraft. It occurs when a fire has consumed all the oxygen in a room, when it becomes a confined, superheated gas smoldering in silence, invisible, waiting only for a door to open, a trace of oxygen. And then it explodes with enough force to hurl a human being 30 feet.

Fire fighters learn to stay behind doors when they open them—or not to open them at all. In a not so different way, people who have experienced unspeakable horrors do too. On June 22, 1991, at Center Cemetery in Southampton, Davey stood a few steps from a freshly dug hole. Mildred Cook was sitting. Two people who knew all about backdraft.

At their feet, there lay an angel's coffin, tiny and white and smothered by flowers. Cameras poked from nearby bushes, microphones strained to catch the minister's eulogy. Davey eyed them, making sure they kept their distance. A vague depression had settled over him. Robert Segee was still alive, a 61-year-old living in Columbus, Ohio, who now insists he didn't set the fire, and the reinvestigation of the fire that FBI and state police had promised seemed to have gone nowhere.

His nine-year quest had succeeded, but it wasn't enough. He hadn't saved the little girl. She was still dead. He had wondered how he would feel today, watching her casket go into the ground. But he didn't feel much of anything. He was in uniform, helping to keep the reburial private, a fire lieutenant with a job to do.

Mildred Cook stared straight ahead. Her throat trembled once, and she reached for a handkerchief when a friend of hers strummed an Autoharp and sang "Jesus Loves Me, This I Know." But then it was over, and she was back in the church reception hall sharing punch and cookies with the others who had come. "You've just got to prepare yourself," Mildred was saying. "I began preparing myself last night. I told myself, 'I'm not going to cry ... I'm not going to cry ... I'm not going to cry'"

REFLECTION

Gary Smith:

THE LOST GHOST SHIP OF THE DESERT STILL SAILS THE SANDS THE SALTON BASIN

insidetheie.com

Somewhere in the great Salton Basin, or the Laguna Salada or the delta of the Colorado River, lie the bones of an ancient ship stranded hundreds of years ago seen now and again by desert wanderers or by Indians. That is one of the most persistent legends of the far Southwest. There is every reason to believe that such a ship does or could exist.

Even my dad and uncles would talk about the lost gold ship of the lower deserts. Of course one would wonder how a ship could ever be in a place such as a dry wind swept desert. Many people believe that as little as 400 years ago it was possible to sail up the Sea Of Cortez into the Mouth of the Colorado Flood basin and sail north. The Spanish always swore that they did. No one believed them. Perhaps they should have.

That is not to say that the ship, be it Viking, or Spanish, or Chinese, or Russian, or even from Mu, sailed into what is now desert when the great California Gulf was open all the way to the slopes of San Gorgonio Pass. Neither does it follow, necessarily, that scientific doctrine is right, and that the Gulf and the Basin have not been joined by navigable water for numberless thousands of years.

During the centuries since man has been navigating the oceans of the world, the course of the mighty Colorado River has changed countless times. The great sink, whose lower levels are now occupied by the Salton Sea, forty-odd miles long and up to 12 miles wide, probably was filled and evaporated away and was refilled many and many a time.

A huge fresh-water lake called both Lake Cahuilla and Blake Sea, is believed to have occupied a great part of the sink, including present El Centro and many towns and rich farms of the Imperial Valley, the lower portions of Coachella Valley, and other parts of the Colorado Desert.

There is no question that even in the early years of this century, a fairly large ship could have navigated the channel of Hardy's Colorado, at high tide, to the point where the tide and river current battled, then have gone with the river into Laguna Salada. As for the delta, many ships might have been carried well into its flats by the great tidal bore which, in the spring, sluices up the channels at the head of the Gulf. Difference between high and low tide in this area has been recorded at more than 37 feet, and rises of up to 50 feet have been reported. During the days when there was heavy shipping on the Colorado, this rise and fall was used to drydock ships in a tidal basin at Puerta Isabel, once a shipyard.

And there is something else. The low hills that mark the boundary between the US and Mexico are only 300 to 400 feet high. So the flooding of the Salton Basin from the Colorado river to the Imperial Valley is quite possible.

With these conditions, why doubt that more than one ship was trapped in some areas of this strange old-sea-bed world? Starting in the middle 1500s, Spanish adventurers, explorers, missionaries, pearlmen and smugglers dared the exceedingly frequent dreadful storms and the

violent tides of the great Gulf. There was also a time when English and Dutch pirates harried the shipping even within the Gulf. Many ships disappeared. Some were destroyed by storms, driven hundreds of miles off their courses, beached and sunk. Some were captured by the pirates. The crews of some fell victims to savage natives when they landed.

Mutinous crews sailed others away. Between the years of 1712 and 1717, the Jesuits alone lost a ship a year to storms. In the autumn of 1717, a tremendous three-day hurricane accompanied by continuous rain swept the peninsula of Lower California, destroying much of the work of the Jesuits. During it, two small pearling ships disappeared from La Paz and were never seen again.

The Lost Ship of the Desert might have been one of these. It might have been one of the ships of the pearl smugglers, who operated secretly after Viceroy Enriquez, about 1702, prohibited pearl fishing without a special license from him. The next year, a terrible storm destroyed one smuggler ship, while the other two of the fleet which had been pearling among the islands of the Gulf, were beached at Loreto. It might even have been one of the pirate ships. According to the chronicles of Hakluyt, the Content, one of Thomas Cavendish's ships, loaded with gold and silver and silks and perfumes from captured Spanish galleons, was last seen by her companion ships in the mouth of the Gulf near Cape San Lucas. The other ship reached England safely. The Content was never heard from again, and Philip A. Bailey, who has a section on the Lost Ship in his book *Golden Mirages*, speculates that her captain might have thought that the Gulf was the long sought Straights of Anian, and attempted a short cut to the Atlantic.

But my choice for the Lost Ship is that it is a Spanish frigate or small sloop, both would have no trouble of making the trip or being swept up the Colorado. In his account of the conquest of Mexico, Captain Bernal Diaz del Castillo, bold companion of Cortez, relates: "In the month of May, 1532, the Marquis del Valle (Cortez) sent two ships from the port of Acapulco, to make discoveries in the South Seas. They were commanded by a captain named Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, who, without going far to sea, or doing anything worthy of relating, had the misfortune of a mutiny among the troops, in consequence whereof, one ship, of which the mutineers took possession, returned to New Spain to the great disappointment of Cortez. As for Hurtado, neither he nor his vessel were ever more heard of."

If mutineers took over Mendoza's ship, the *Iqueque*, the Gulf would have been a logical hiding place for them. It was the spot that the mutineer Jimenez headed for, a short time later, when he took over a ship which Cortez sent out to search for Mendoza. Jimenez was the first known to have discovered and landed on the peninsula of Lower California, and he and his companions were killed by the natives there. The expedition of Francisco de Ulloa, which went to the head of the Gulf, was also searching for Mendoza, as well as exploring.

Did Vikings visit the Gulf which has been suggested as a possible source of the missing ship. The Seri Indians of Tiburon have legends and songs of these early white giants, who came in a long boat driven by sweeps, who were whalers living in big houses by the sea, in their own land. Whose weapons were the bow and arrow and spear. With them, said the Seris, was a red-haired woman, wife of the captain, who wore her hair in big braids down her back and was even fairer than the men, who dressed in heavy clothes and had a big cloak or mantle. Freydis,

daughter of Eric the Red, was in command of a Viking ship to the east coast of North America, in 1014, so Viking women did sail.

The blonde strangers stayed on Tiburon Island a year and four months, and then they sailed away with four families of Seri, promising to bring them back when they returned. But they never did return to Tiburon. Perhaps their long boat was grounded and abandoned somewhere in the Salton Sink and they walked out, either to Arizona where there was an early legend of blonde and redheaded Indians, or even as far as the Mayo River.

Probably there are ships of a later date in the desert. When the excitement about reported discovery of the Lost Ship was high in 1870, a Los Angeles newspaper explained that the ship undoubtedly was a 23-foot sloop, built in Los Angeles in 1862, for use on the Colorado River. Attempts had been made, for some reason, to transport the boat overland, and it had been abandoned in the desert when the mule-power broke down. Part of the account was a tongue-in-cheek yarn by Major Horace Bell. Bell in his Reminiscences of a Ranger stated that the ship had been discovered by the great explorer Joshua Talbot. Talbot, was an editor of the San Bernadino Guardian, and he did go on an expedition to locate the ship, but he never found it and gave up the search.

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[peashooter85](#)

August 26th 2014, 6:39:00 pm · an hour ago



Politicians Behaving Badly — The Lyon - Griswold Brawl of 1798.

The rivalry between Vermont Representative Matthew Lyon and Connecticut Representative Roger Griswold ran deep. At first the rivalry was mere political, as Lyon was a Democrat-Republican and Griswold was a Federalist. However the rivalry became personal when Griswold spread false rumors that Lyon had been convicted of cowardice during the Revolutionary War, and was forced to carry a wooden sword as punishment. Later Griswold called Lyon a scoundrel, a very offensive term at the time, which provoked Lyon to spit in Griswold's face.

On February 15th, 1798 Griswold confronted Lyon in the Chambers of the US House of Representatives, and proceeded to beat Lyons across the head with a wooden cane. Lyon retreated to a nearby fireplace and armed himself with a pair of metal tongs, counterattacking with ferocity.

Griswold, however, sidestepped Lyon's attack and tripped him, causing Lyon to topple to the ground. Griswold then tried to beat Lyon while he was down, but in turn was pulled to the ground by Lyon. The two grappled in wrestled with cane and tongs in hand until eventually other representatives separated the two men.

Griswold had to be pulled by his legs to be separated by Lyon. Lyon acted coolly and calming, until unexpectedly he took up his tongs and attempted to bash Griswold over the head. Griswold in turn counted with his cane, thus reigniting the brawl. Once against the two had to be separated, this time placed in opposite sides of the room with guards posted to watch over both men.



The Madness of the Zhengde Emperor,

When the Hongzhi Emperor died in 1505, it was expected that his eldest son, Zhu Houzhu would continue his legacy of peace, prosperity, and good governance. However the newly crowned Zhengde Emperor quickly became a mad despot who was drunk with power and alcohol. As his empire decayed around him, the Zhengde Emperor cared little for matters of state, spending most of his time dining on fine foods, enjoying the company of various women, and living a life of resplendent luxury at the cost of the Empire. Throughout Beijing he order built numerous “bao fang” or special palaces filled with exotic animals and of course, women. One palace he accidentally burned down while playing with gunpowder. It wasn't long before the coffers of China were empty due to the Zhengde Emperor's excesses.

In 1519 a noble and imperial family member named Zhu Chenhao revolted against the Empire in Jiangxi Province, kicking off a short lived rebellion called the Prince of Ning Rebellion. The Zhengde Emperor raised a mighty army which he intended to personally lead against the rebels. However, his dreams of battlefield glory and grandeur were cut short when he arrived to discover that a local administrator had already put down the rebellion with local forces. Frustrated, he ordered Zhu Chenhao and the rebels rearmed and released, so that the Zhengde Emperor could quash the rebellion again with his army. He then ordered the leaders of the rebellion executed by slicing. Zhu Chenhao committed suicide to avoid such a fate.

Perhaps one of the Zhengde Emperor's most odd acts was to pretend that he wasn't an emperor at all. It was not uncommon for him to dress as a commoner and attend the various brothels of Beijing. One of his oddest behaviors was to order the construction of a massive palace, the insides of which recreated the market and residential districts of Beijing. He ordered his ministers, eunuchs, guards, and servants to pretend to be merchants and ordinary people while he strolled the streets, also dressed as a non-assuming average Joe. Those who refused to play along were punished, removed from their posts, or even executed.

In 1521 the Zhengde Emperor was out on a drunken boating excursion on the Grand Canal when he fell in and almost drowned. He contract an illness from the waters of canal and died shortly afterwards. His legacy of neglect, childish behavior, and excess would become a standard for future Ming Dynasty rulers, which ultimately led to the dynasty's collapse in 1644.

The man driven mad by spiders

By Magazine Monitor A collection of cultural artefacts 3 May 2014 Last updated at 19:40 ET

<http://www.bbc.com/news/blogs-magazine-monitor-27246823>

A new app developed by a British psychiatrist aims to cure a fear of spiders. Sadly it's arrived more than a century late for poor James Payn. Author Jeremy Clay tells the shuddersome tale of the man trapped in a darkened train teeming with tarantulas.

In hindsight, there were better places to hunker down for a kip. But James Payn wasn't to know that as he clambered into the goods van of a waiting freight train. He was just thankful he'd found somewhere to rest.

What's more, it seemed like he'd hit the hobo equivalent of the jackpot - the carriage was loaded with bananas. James cheerfully helped himself to a few, then drifted off to a contented sleep.

But Payn, a Liverpudlian who had been riding the railroads of America, had Goldilocks' luck when it came to stumbling upon free board and lodging. When he woke, it was to a sensation plucked straight from an arachnophobe's nightmare.

The carriage was dark. The door was sealed. The train was rattling along the track - and something had just crawled over his face. Something large. Something hairy. Something leggy.

With quivering fingers, James struck a match. There was the door. There was the fruit. And there, dotted all around, were a multitude of tarantulas.

As he looked up, one tumbled down on to his head. The moment he'd regained consciousness, James dashed to the door, but couldn't force it open. Another strike of a match revealed yet more spiders, all creeping from their hiding spots in the bunches of bananas.

For hour upon horrible hour, Payn stood pinned by fear to the carriage door, too terrified to move, even as the tarantulas scurried over him.

Eventually, inevitably, he fainted again. This time, when he came to, he found himself in a hospital bed in Portland, Oregon, with an angry mark on his head where he had been bitten.

It wasn't the only lasting damage from his ordeal. "It seems that when the car was opened upon reaching its destination, Payn was found in it, mad," said the Hull Daily Mail in January 1897.

"He is now recovering from an attack of insanity."



Weird California

The Monster of Elizabeth Lake

Palmdale,
California 93532

There are at least ten different Elizabeth Lakes in California. This one is in LA County near Palmdale and is perhaps the oldest one in the state. Legend states that the Devil himself created the lake and placed one of his own pets inside it. If you swim deep enough, eventually you will find a secret passage direct to the underworld which isn't entirely far fetched, as the lake lies directly over the San Andres fault line. From this lake a horrible monster came to be.

Although there have been no reported sightings since the 1880's, there were a few from 1830 all the way up to 1886. The creature has been described as having bat wings, the neck of a giraffe, the head of a bulldog, six legs, a length of at least fifty feet, and emit a horrible nauseating stench. Several ranchers and owners of land around Elizabeth Lake abandoned or sold their property at losses to get away from the beast. Supposedly Spanish missionaries dubbed the lake Laguna del Diablo and Indian Legend also supports the rumors that the Devil created the lake.

The first sighting was by a Spaniard Don Pedro Carillo in the 1830's. He built a ranch on the shores of the lake, but one day a fire of unknown origin burnt every single structure down all in a single night. In the 1850's, American settlers tried to establish themselves near the lake, but screams at night, unnatural noises, visions, and other experiences that they would not relate drove them away from the fertile soils.

Then came Don Chico Lopez and Don Chico Vasquez. He established an entire ranch along the lake and for several months everything was fine. The monster did not show itself. Then the workers reported livestock and animals disappearing. This was followed by a giant winged shadow passing over the house each and every night. Soon the residents had multiple sightings of the beast. Bullets reportedly bounced off the creature's hide. As ranch hands quit, and animals kept disappearing, the owners were forced to sell. The land was eventually sold and the ranch abandoned.

Miguel Leonis purchased the ranch next. Leonis was a Basque immigrant, a large and burly man who controlled a large amount of land throughout Southern California. He ruled over it like a dictator, and squatters were often severely dealt with through either lawsuits or armed force.

Several months after he purchased the ranch on Elizabeth Lake, the creature began eating his animals as well. But Leonis would not have it. He lay in wait for the beast and then savagely attacked it when it emerged at night. As bullets bounced off its tough hide, he engaged it closer, beating it with his rifle butt across the nose and then punching it in the eye. So taken back by the ferocity of the attack, that the creature retreated back to the lake, and there lay resting, healing its injured eye. Eventually, it fled from the lake heading east towards Arizona.



A depiction of what the original Thunderbird Photograph may have

The tale, however, doesn't quite end there. The spawn of the Devil that inhabited Elizabeth Lake has also been linked to the area around Tombstone and the Thunderbird Photograph. The Thunderbird Photograph is a possible picture taken a very long time ago presumably in early 1890 of several cowboys and ranchers holding up what appears to be a pterodactyl. The beast was apparently seen flying in the area, and was lured by some ranchers into a trap in the Huachuca Mountains, west of Tombstone, where they killed the creature. Some stories link the monster of Elizabeth Lake to the monster in the old picture of the pterodactyl, stating that they are the same creature. The picture, of course, also has several stories

looked like. Not the original!

surrounding it. Scholars aren't even sure if such a picture even exists let alone if it is authentic. The picture apparently appeared in the newspaper: the Tombstone Epitaph and showed several cowboys and ranchers in front of a dead pterodactyl who's wings were pinned to the wall of a barn. The picture soon disappeared.

Regardless of if the creature fled to Arizona, and regardless of if it was killed west of Tombstone, since the day that Leonis beat up the Devil's pet, Elizabeth Lake has mostly been quiet. Speculation has long existed on if the monster did exist. Additionally if it did not exist, no one can draw a conclusion as to why several Spanish dons, American squatters, and wild west ranchers would go to such lengths to avoid such a fertile area.

If the Tombstone story is to be believed, the monster outlived it's attacker, Miguel Leonis, by only one year. Leonis eventually died in a strange wagon accident in 1889. As he wasn't very well liked, rumors of his murder spread afterwards. His and his wife's ghost still haunt the Leonis Adobe in Calabasas.

Comments:

- Shelley Sartin of Rowland hghts, Ca on 2014-08-04 said:

We grew up in lake hughes. Our grandma was the cook at the school, uncle was a mayor and grandfather the neighborhood mechanic. They all told us the story of the monster and years later they use to have competitions who could yell the loudest to call him out. Great place to grow up.

- bob of san diego, california on 2014-07-12 said:

our family belonged to the old lake elizabeth ranch club, in the early/mid fifties. I remember changing into our swim trunks in that big old tent and the great fried chicken in their dining room. We lived in Van Nuys and I remember it being a pretty good drive out there.

- DAVID F of LANCASTER, CA on 2014-03-03 said:

I lived in Lancaster since 1960 and have been to the lake when it was dry and over flowing. In 1972 my 8th grade class wrote a book called "mirages, mounitions and mysteries" we all knew of the story as interviews with old locals lead us to information about it. One thing we had noted was that the Sellers brothers circus had offered a \$20,000 reward for the capture of the monster alive. It has been noted in folk lore of the native Indians and settlers up to the early 1890's.

- Anonymous on 2013-11-03 said:

Our ranch overlooked the Lake which was beautiful & full of water in the 1950's. my great uncle was one of the founders of the Ranch Club. My family lived in the area from 1928-1960. Never heard the monster story until about ten years ago, although I hear it was on the History Channel recently.

- Anonymous of Norco, CA on 2013-10-13 said:

I went to the stables & clubhouse there back in the 70's as we were club members and to this day still own property overlooking the golf course/lake. We'd build there if it wasn't located directly over the San Andreas fault line. Seems the location is more risky than seeing some sort of lake monster that people have attested to being made up since the lake ran dry for a period of time. The canyon is pretty!

- matt j of rialto , ca. on 2013-09-25 said:

I just recently moved from the area. I fished elizabeth lake daily. Camped there 3 and 4 days the crappie bite was great. The monster/thunderbird was a no show. If you want haunted drive uo the street to lake hughes its small but very lonley. Go see..

- selma of granada hills, ca on 2013-07-22 said:

I never knew that Elizabeth lake was dry till the 1971 earthquake...I do know that if it rains a lot, lake hughes and Elizabeth over flow their banks and form one lake over a mile long...I had a friend named jerry,who lived across the highway from the lake for 20 ears...he recently passed away from nose and throat cancer...I wonder if it had to do with the evil part of the lake...

- Dan Kilgore of Hemet, ca on 2013-07-14 said:

Everyone who has commented on this subject is incorrect and information is wrong. As a kid growing up in the area in the late 1960s Lake Elizabeth was a dry lake bed that I used to ride my dirt bikes in. My parents used to own the Rock Store when it was actually a gas station There was never any water in lake elizabeth that I know of until after 1971 Earth Quake and then in about 1 year it filled up it is only maybe 15 ft deep at best. The story is about Lake Hughes which knowone has ever found the bottom. You need to correct your information. Thank you

- Andres Palma of Dallas, Texas on 2013-07-07 said:

I grew up in Lancaster, and remember the stories of the Elizabeth lake being home to a monster. However, I do recall the drought in the early 70's when the lake was completely dry and never saw anything. During my teenage years, friends and I would hang out near the shore, and would hear noises and shrieks. Our imaginations got the best of us, but later realized that they were the sounds of coyotes and owls. I haven't been in the area since the late 90's, and do remember the location of the lake and surrounding terrain made for a spooky experience at night.

- Laura of Palmdale, ca on 2013-06-25 said:

after living 4 yrs on Bouquet I can say there is definitely a presence there, and it's not a good one.. bring any old Indian or Mexican that is a spiritual person, don't tell them a thing, cuz they will tell you...

- Anonymous on 2013-06-21 said:

While stationed in Cuba we could hear a loud whooping noise coming from the Cuban side of the wire. I was never able to find out what it was but one night while on patrol we were taking a break at Blind Beach the noise was coming from less than 50 yards from the gun trucks. I didn't see what it was but one of the other soldiers said he'd seen it before. It was a bird. Could it have been this bird? We had the weaponry to drop it but it didn't break cover. The noise was mechanical.

- Annette C. of Elizabeth Lake, Ca on 2013-05-08 said:

The only monsters around the lake these days, are the coyotes & owls that steal you pets!

- Rick of Phoenix, Arizona on 2013-02-06 said:

I remember the Lake Elizabeth Ranch Club in the mid 1950's. parents and some neighbors from the north SF Valley were members. fun memories of the swimming pool and horseback riding! freeways and amusement (theme) parks were non existent in those days. We spent many weekends picnicking in Bouquet canyon, Soledad and other places north of the SF valley. However, only monster tales I remember we're Hollywood types, e.g., Frankenstein, Dracula, wolf man etc.?

- crystle of palmdale, california on 2012-10-25 said:

iv gone fishing there many times i have friends that live there and iv never heard of seeing or hearing anything its a peaceful place full of nature

- Andy Kenyon of Woodland Hills, California on 2012-10-09 said:

I lived in Lake Hughes from 1999 - 2007. Although I saw no evidence to compell me to believe the story, the son of the man whose house that I indeed purchased told me that he personally witnessed a blue orb hovering just outside the front door. Perhaps he drank too much at the Rock Inn ?

- Jaymee of Leona Valley, California on 2012-10-06 said:

I have grown up going to that lake and it indeed is haunted. Everything about it is scary.

- chris nelson of lancaster, california on 2012-08-05 said:

It's all true .and theirs a real pet cemetery in lake huges.

- Cliff and Fergie of now Florida, But Cliff grew up on lake, florida on 2012-07-06 said:

onenight on are weekend fishing trips at nightWarren, Cliff and I was a collum of fire across the lake winding down the hill like a snake of torches. later that same night we heard something very large flying low over our heads making a flapping sound like a giant june bug all I know is there is something out their and it made me scared.

- Jeff of Tehachapi, Ca on 2012-07-01 said:

As an LADWP employee, I inspected the LA Aqueduct tunnel which runs underneath Lake Elizabeth several times over the past 30 years. I'm glad I didn't know about the strange events until now (retired).

- Robert fritz of Lake hughes, California on 2012-06-29 said:

- Andi M of Lake Havasu city, Arizona on 2012-06-27 said:

I use to take my nephew fishing at Elizabeth lake. I believe that the devil created it and lives in it. It is the filthiest lake I have ever been too. People have to be crazy to go swimming in that swamp.

- linwood z of palmdale, ca on 2012-06-19 said:

i just have to say that i have been fishing and swimming at lake elizabeth since i was about 13 i am now 31 and although it is a little creepy at night and there is some very weird sounds i have never seen any thing then the norm me and my now 5yr old elizabeth have alot of fun there year round night or day

- Jared of Lake Elizabeth ca 93532 , Cali on 2012-05-16 said:

I have lived in lake Elizabeth , califorina above Palmdale , lancaster my whole intire im 20 now I've had a couple of friends that have seen this swomp like monster out fishing one night Came back to School Talking about this human shaped mossy figure in the night (8th Grade at h.e.l.u.s middle School) now I've never seen that myself but I have seen and herd wierd sounds going boom in the night

- Steve Lopez of Lake Hughes, CA on 2012-05-10 said:

We know that the original did fly towards the east..but visitors need to be wary as there are reports of other suspicious things that look similar! STAY AWAY!!

- Robert of Palmdale, Ca on 2012-05-10 said:

I've been to this lake and the impression I got is that it is "dead". That is that there is no oxygen in the water. Now before all you science yahoo's write that I am nuts, check it out. There is a certain degree of O2 in water. So how does this "monster" live in the lake and then fly to Arizona ?

- debbie walker of prince george, virginia on 2012-01-29 said:

My father owns a swimming pool company called thunderbird pools in san bernardino california. we named the company after lake elizabeth thunderbird and the sign on the front office was a picture of the thunderbird from elizabeth lake

- Gigi of Edmonton, CANADA on 2012-01-02 said:

After reading the facts about Elizabeth Lake, this is very intriguing and I plan to visit the lake this Fall of 2012 and see for myself what the hype is all about. Thank you

- warner of elizabeth lake, california on 2010-12-05 said:

It is true about the monster of Elizabeth lake. Stay away and you won't be eaten. Please don't tempt this beast for your sakes and ours.

- strict9 of burbank, california on 2009-08-19 said:

i believe the origin of this story was extracted from the pages of "on the old west coast, being further reminiscences of a ranger - major horace bell" or the original "reminiscences of a ranger" published in 1881, author mentioned above. i've only read the later & the story is there for sure! chapter 19 titled: "spit in the mouth of hell"

- MDLMUSIC of Lancaster, California on 2009-07-11 said:

I've gone kayaking in Elizabeth Lake pretty much every weekend for the last two years. Never seen a monster, but there is always a lot of wildlife visible (herons, turtles, snakes, buzzards).

- deadgirl of Palmdale, California on 2009-05-19 said:

I have been to this lake a million times and i have to admit it is pretty creepy and dirty but that's about it.

- Eve of San Diego, CA on 2007-07-24 said:

I was intrigued by the supposed photo of the "Thunderbird" of Tombstone AZ, so I did an image search on the net. Right away I found a photo. The story behind it was very interesting.

http://www.gmdstudios.com/weblab/freakylinks/WWWFRE~1.COM/FREAKO~1/TALES_~1/THUNDE~1.HTM

peashooter85

September 16th 2014, 6:30:27 pm · 41 minutes ago



The Murder Cult of India

Originating from the middle ages, the Thuggee were a cult devoted to the Hindu goddess Kali.

According to Thuggee belief, Kali was a bloodthirsty goddess of extreme power who desired human sacrifice, lest she destroy the world. Of course, there wasn't exactly a long line of volunteers for human sacrifice, so the Thuggee resorted to unwilling victims.

Typically the Thuggee would pose as ordinary people, such as merchants, pilgrims, soldiers, and other travelers. Travel throughout India at the time was often dangerous due to wild animals and outlaws, so it was wise to travel in groups. A group of Thuggee would get to know a traveler (or travelers) and offer to keep company for protection. As they traveled, sometimes for hundreds of miles, the Thuggee would gain the trust of the traveler. Biding their time, they struck when the moment was right, typically in a secluded area far from civilization. Being highly experienced in their murderous art, the Thuggee typically had foreknowledge of the route, knowing where the best ambush points were, where the best escapes routes were, and where the best hiding places for bodies were located.

When the victim least expected it, the Thuggee would jump the victim and murder him (killing women was forbidden by the Thuggee). Thuggee religion forbid the actual spilling of blood, so the time honored bloodless technique of garroting the victim to death was used. The Thuggee worked together as a disciplined team, with one acting as a look out, another providing a distraction for the victim, others tasked to restrain the victim, while one honored Thuggee had the duty of strangling the victim to death with a silk scarf.

Once the murder was complete, the Thuggee would bury the body while offering up a sacrifice of sugar. A portion of valuables stolen from the victim would also be offered to Kali. Thuggee membership was for life, and was hereditary only. Typically the career of a Thuggee began at age ten, when the new member was permitted to witness their first murder. When a Thuggee came of age, he received the rank of "strangler" and was entrusted with the duty of committing murder for Kali.

The end of the Thuggee cult came to an end when the British gained near total control over India in the early 19th century. In the 1830's British officials formed the "Thuggee and Dacoity Department" with the goal of rooting out and exterminating the Thuggee. To head the department, an experienced British soldier named Sir William Henry Sleeman was chosen to head the department. Sleeman observed and catalogued the modus operandi of the Thuggee and used their own tactics against them. His men would often pose as travelers, tricking the Thuggee into believing they were victims ripe for the killing. When the Thuggee would strike, the tables would be turned against them as they were ambushed and captured. The captured Thuggee would then be interrogating, sometimes turning "Kings evidence" against other Thuggee.

Within a few years the Thuggee cult had been crippled by the British. By the end of the 19th century the Thuggee were declared extinct. The legacy runs deeply in modern day pop culture, being the enemy of Indiana Jones in the film *Temple of Doom*. The Thuggee are also where we derive the word "*thug*" commonly used to describe a violent and merciless criminal.

The Mysterious Hellhound of World War I

September 10, 2014 | <http://mysteriousuniverse.org/2014/09/the-mysterious-hellhound-of-world-war-i/> | Brent Swancer

War brings with it horror. The battlefields of World War I were no exception and the trenches here may as well have been meat grinders as they swallowed countless souls in an orgy of blood and death. However, the ever present threat of death from the enemy was not always the only horror that lied in wait within the labyrinthine trenches of the war. From the fog of blood, brutality and violence of the Word War I trenches comes the bizarre story of a mysterious and deadly creature that was said to prowl the danger-ridden no man's land during fierce fighting during the Battle of Mons.

The Battle of Mons was so named for the small Belgian village of Mons, which was to become the scene of vicious fighting between British and German forces. In 1914, German troops had occupied Mons and the British, in what was their first foray into battle during World War I, valiantly marched in to try and liberate it. The British were heavily outnumbered and quickly sustained large amounts of fatalities against the punishing German onslaught. The battle devolved into perilous trench warfare as the tenacious British forces dug in and continued the fight, with both sides ravaging the other with artillery fire, machine gun batteries, and constant, tedious shooting as well as even barbarous hand to hand combat in the bloodsoaked mud of the trenches.

Between the trenches of the two enemy sides was what is referred to as the no man's land. This term was used mostly in World War I and refers to the disputed area that lies between the trenches of two enemy sides that both lay claim to but are afraid to move into openly out of fear and uncertainty about what will happen if they do. No man's lands were typically heavily defended and fortified on both sides and any movement into them typically resulted in a pulverizing rain of weapon fire, thus ensuring that these zones become barren wastelands where no one dared to tread. The only time anyone ventured into the no man's land was during efforts to gain ground on the enemy, when retreating, or for the purpose of collecting wounded after an attack. These were horrific pathways through Hell itself that were often crisscrossed with snarled webs of barbed wire and dotted with rudimentary land mines and the mangled bodies of those not lucky enough to make it across. Michael Morpurgo described a typical no man's land scene in his book War Horse thus:

'I stood in a wide corridor of mud, a wasted, shattered landscape, between two vast unending rolls of barbed wire that stretched away into the distance behind me and in front of me. I remembered I had been in such a place once before, that day when I had charged across it with Topthorn beside me. This was what the soldiers called "no-man's land".'

It was the no man's land at the Battle of Mons that spawned the story of a mysterious beast that stalked the

edges of barbed wire and did not hesitate to slaughter both British and German soldiers alike; an enormous hound that came to be known as the The Hound of Mons.

The tale of The Hound of Mons was originally brought to public attention in 1919 by a Canadian war veteran by the name of F.J. Newhouse, who brought back the gruesome tale from the battlefield. The story was originally published in a 1919 edition of the Ada Evening News from Oklahoma, but was soon picked up by other publications of the time. According to the account, the incident started when a Capt. Yeskes and four men of the London Fusiliers braved the perils of no man's land in order to carry out a patrol of the area. The patrol never returned. This was not strange in and of itself, remember this was a bloody battle during World War I. But when the bodies of the men were found several days later, it was discovered that something had ripped their throats out and left gaping teeth marks upon the corpses. One night a few days after this, it was reported that soldiers from both sides heard an ear piercing, monstrous howl emanating from the darkness of no man's land. The bloodcurdling shriek was allegedly so terrifying that some soldiers who had braved battle day after day considered retreating at once.

During the ensuing days more patrols would set out into no man's land only to be found later in a similar mauled state, throats ravaged by some huge beast. The occasional anguished cries of terror from German soldiers seemed to indicate that they were suffering similar attacks. The eerie nighttime roars also increased in frequency and it was around this time that some of the soldiers on sentry duty along the edges of no man's land reported seeing an enormous, gray hound skulking about out in the shadows of the war torn chasm between the two enemies. For two years the hound prowled the battlefield of Mons, gaining an ever growing list of victims and instilling horror in the troops. Then, as suddenly as it had appeared the hound was gone and the attacks ceased.

As bizarre as the story is already, it gets even weirder. Newhouse also claimed that not only was The Hound of Mons very real, but that it had been the result of twisted German military experiments trying to make biological weapons. According to Newhouse, a German scientist by the name of Dr. Gottlieb Hochmuller had undertaken a ghastly experiment with the aim of inserting the mind of a deranged maniac into a hound. Newhouse said in an article from the August, 1919 edition of the Oklahoman:

The death of Dr. Gottlieb Hochmuller in the recent Spartacan riots in Berlin has brought to light facts concerning the fiendish application of this German scientist's skill that have astounded Europe. For the hound of Mons was not an accident, a phantom, or an hallucination—it was the deliberate result of one of the strangest and most repulsive scientific experiments the world has ever known."

Newhouse's account alleges that Hochmuller had searched mental asylums far and wide for a suitable subject who had gone insane from his hatred of England. The report claims that upon finding the perfect candidate, the German doctor then had his brain removed and surgically implanted into the body of a large

Siberian wolfhound. The giant beast with the brain of a madman was trained and then taken to the battlefield and released into no man's land to do its violent work. Accounts have variously claimed that the hound had been altered to be larger than before, that its capacity for hatred had been chemically enhanced, or that its hide had been made to be impervious to bullets. Newhouse claimed that papers had been found upon Dr. Hochmuller's death that fully outlined the whole experiment as well as the doctor's wishes to unleash the beast on allied troops, and fully proved that the experiments were real. It is not explained whether the doctor had anticipated the maniacal hound turning against its own side or why the walking weapon might have suddenly stopped its rampage.

The whole story certainly has its rather fantastical elements to it, and a fair amount of doubt has been cast on the whole incident. It is hard to believe that Germany or anyone else for that matter would have had the technology to successfully implant a human brain into a dog. This is an impossible feat for us even with our medical technology now let alone in the early 1900s. In addition, there seems to be no available records to demonstrate that Dr. Hochmuller ever even existed. Indeed there is no record to show that there was ever a Captain by the name of Yeskes either, which certainly brings the veracity of the report into question. These facts are reason enough to give one pause. Even at the time there were many civilians who wrote off the story as the ravings and hallucinations of war addled minds. It is even quite possible that Newhouse completely fabricated the whole spooky story from scratch from his traumatized imagination, perhaps in some effort to spread propaganda against Germany.

So what was going on here? Was there really some surgically or even genetically enhanced hellhound stalking the no man's land? Was it pure fancy? If there is any grain of truth to it, then it seems perhaps more likely that wild or feral dogs had perhaps been drawn to the war and had congregated there feed on the dead fallen in battle, upon which their gruesome activities would be spotted by frightened, battle weary soldiers and interpreted as supernatural hounds from hell. This theory would also account for the ghostly howling that was heard from the front lines. I do wonder if dogs would be willing to stick around through all of the riotous cacophony of gunfire blazing around them, but it does offer a rational explanation if indeed the events were even real.

Or perhaps the story derives from some combination of the rational and the imagination. War is an uproar of noise, confusion, and terror punctuated by death. It is a waking nightmare. It is perhaps no wonder that the bedraggled survivors of these horrors on occasion bring back stories of carnage wrought not only by their human enemies, but from the world of nightmares as well. Perhaps the Hound of Mons was one such entity; a menacing apparition prowling through that twilight land between reality and the nightmare world that lies embedded deep within the human psyche. It is quite possible we will never know for sure.

The Mystic Cannibal Monks of India

August 18, 2014 | Brent Swancer | <http://mysteriousuniverse.org/2014/08/the-mystic-cannibal-monks-of-india/>

Throughout human history there have been a myriad of cults and religious sects that have to varying degrees inspired curiosity, wonder, bafflement, and even fear or disgust. Whether it is from their bizarre practices, disturbing rituals, or extreme fringe beliefs, some of these groups have long exuded an inscrutable sense of mystery and menace to outsiders. One mysterious group that commands a good amount of fear, loathing, and often horror, is a bizarre tribe of cannibal mystics in India known as the Aghori, or Aghori sadhus.



The Aghori sadhus are an ascetic sect of Hinduism, specifically they are Shaivites, meaning they are devoted to Shiva, a powerful Hindu god of death and destruction often ominously referred to as "The Destroyer" and "The Transformer." The Aghori are said to have split from another Shiva worshipping order, the Kapalika, sometime in the 14th century, but their sect in its present form is believed to have derived from an ascetic by the name of Kina Ram, who is thought to be an incarnation of Shiva and to have lived for 150 years during the late 18th century. The Aghori are monists who deviate from traditional Hindu beliefs in that they do not make a distinction between purity and impurity. They basically believe that the universe is non-dualistic, meaning that the pure, the impure, and indeed all opposites are indistinguishable from one another, and that they are all a part of the same thing. To the Aghori, nothing in the universe is "good" or "bad," but rather all a manifestation of their god and thus everything is god-like and perfect. To deny anything is to deny their Supreme Being. They believe all other humans, including other Hindus and Hindu sects, are living in a world of illusion.

The Aghori seek to free themselves from the cycle of reincarnation by realizing their own place within the absolute. They believe that they are a part of Shiva, and ultimately wish to transcend from their body, or shava, to an incarnation of Shiva himself. To do this, they must become indifferent to everything. They must embrace death, push through disgust and traditional fears, and deny physical pleasures such as sexuality as well as emotions such as hatred, greed, or shame. Likewise, they do not want to leave any physical mark upon the world and as such shun the idea of having families and domestication. Through total denial of oneself,

transcending taboos, and embracing everything equally, the Aghori believe they will inevitably remove earthly bonds and attain enlightenment in the form of breaking the cycle of reincarnation and becoming a part of Shiva. The Aghori also believe that the fastest way of achieving the light of enlightenment is to travel into the deepest darkness first, through seeking purity in death and what most consider to be evil or filthy.

It is this unorthodox approach, as well as their non-dualistic desire to embrace all, even taboos, filth, pollution, and death, that form the basis of the bizarre Aghori practices and rituals that may seem by turns to be strange, ghastly, or horrifying to an outsider.



An Aghori sadhu

The most seemingly harmless traits of Aghori lie in their constant profanity and use of marijuana. Aghori believe that explicit profanity can help shed taboos in an effort to achieve enlightenment, and some are known to gush into profane tirades at a moments notice for no reason at all. Aghori are also constantly smoking marijuana, an act which they claim not to do for pleasure, but rather to enhance or heighten spiritual experiences and to enable them to concentrate more fully on rituals and mantras. They also do not cut their hair, and beards or long, matted or dreadlocked hair are all characteristic of an Aghori sadhu.

In an effort to totally deny themselves and break through their own weak emotions of fear and disgust, Aghori are known for their disturbing tendency to eat pretty much anything. The diet of an Aghori is truly enough to make most people cringe. They will eat rotten food, putrefied garbage, and even excreta such as human feces or urine. Often these items will be consumed out of a human skull bowl or some other dish made from human bones. While most people will see this as revolting, the Aghori believe that the consumption of such things kills the ego and defies the human perception of beauty. Besides, since they do not believe that anything can be "pure" or "impure," it does not matter to them whether the food is filth or something that would be more palatable to outsiders. To an Aghori, eating garbage is all the same as eating anything else.

The dark themes of death and the use of human remains also play a large part in the rituals and daily life of the

sect. In an effort to totally confront death and decay, the Aghori commonly live in or near cemeteries or cremation grounds, which are thought to be holy places where Shiva lives and are representative of the final living place for everyone. At cremation grounds, the Aghori gather ash with which to cover their bodies. Indeed, often Aghori will wear nothing but human ash smeared all over them, with some only wearing a very small piece of cloth just large enough to barely cover their private parts. They will occasionally wear jewelry or trinkets made from human bone fragments, and some make use of walking sticks made from a human femur. It is also not uncommon to see an Aghori with a grisly bowl fashioned from a human skull, called a kapala, which they will use either as a drinking vessel for liquor, a dish for food, or as a begging bowl.



An Aghori drinking from a skull bowl.

The use of the dead does not stop at the fashioning of trinkets and bowls. Aghori are known to use corpses as a sort of altar upon which to pray or meditate, a practice known as shava samskara, believing that the dead body is a symbol of their own body. The sect is also perhaps most notorious for their grisly practice of cannibalism. The act of cannibalism is part of a ritual with the aim of not only absorbing alleged medicinal effects such as staving off aging, but also facing the duality of life and death and gaining transcendence from one's lower self into the universal consciousness. The human flesh that is consumed is cut from corpses and then either eaten raw, cooked over an open flame, or sometimes even in a putrid state.

As grisly and revolting as this may all seem, it is not thought that the Aghori actually kill anyone for the bodies used in their rituals or for the purpose of fashioning macabre items. The corpses are mostly gathered from the bodies of the dead floating down the sacred Ganges River. In India, many bodies are cremated, but in Hinduism there are certain types of people that are not to be cremated. These include children, holy men, pregnant women, unmarried women, and those who have died of either leprosy, suicide, or snake bites. Rather than cremation, these bodies are cast upon the holy waters of the Ganges River to be carried away and have all sins washed away. Even bodies that are set on fire to be cremated will often be floated down the river, where the fire will eventually go out leaving them only half-burnt. The Aghori will fish these corpses from the river for their purposes, after which they will do a prayer for the dead before using the bodies as altars, fashioning items from the bones, or consuming their flesh.



An Aghori at the Ganges River.

For all of this dark imagery of death and decay associated with the Aghori, they are also known for their potent healing magic. Aghori healers are purportedly able to do healing rituals in which they transfer illness, disease, and bad health from the patient and into themselves, after which they will expel it through magical powers. It is said that these healing acts please Shiva, who in turn gives the Aghori sorcerer even more powers over nature. It has even been claimed by Aghori shamans that they have managed to concoct potent medicines from concentrated oils within the corpses they collect which are able to cure all manner of ailments, even the most frightening diseases such as cancer or AIDS.

Of course, it should be expected that a cult that practices such unorthodox and what some might call disgusting practices is shunned. Certainly the Aghori are feared and opposed by some segments of the population in their homeland, yet there are others who revere them for their alleged healing powers. They are also mostly tolerated due to the fact that they do not murder or inflict violence on others to further their religious practices, as unsavory as those might be. In modern times, members of this mystical sect can be found mostly in northern India along the Ganges River, particularly in a place called Varanasi, where their most sacred temple is found. This holiest of Aghori temples is said to hold the remains of Kina Ram, the original incarnation of Shiva that started the modern Aghori sect.

There are many religions, sects, and cults throughout the world that are practiced by people of all nationalities and races. All of them have their own true way towards what essentially all human beings want, a final answer and transcendence to ultimate truth. As disconcerting as the practices of the Aghori may be, should they not be allowed to pursue their own path to what we all seek? Who can say? Whether one agrees with their practices or not, the secretive, cannibalistic, magic practicing cult of the Aghori still exists in India and shows no sign of disappearing any time soon. One can only wonder if their bizarre way of life has truly shown them the way to the enlightenment they seek.

The odd objects looted from Washington DC in 1814

Magazine Monitor A collection of cultural artefacts 00:35 UK time, Friday, 29 August 2014
http://www.bbc.com/news/blogs/magazine_monitor/



The Burning of Washington in 1814 by British troops, as depicted by Tom Freeman

It's been 200 years since the British burned Washington, but objects looted in 1814 will probably never be returned, writes Tammy Thueringer.

Other than [an off-colour tweet](#) and subsequent apology by the British Embassy, the bicentennial of the punitive mission of 1814 that left the US capital in flames has received little attention this week.

The burning was one of the final events of the often-forgotten War of 1812, a conflict which saw the US try and fail to grab bits of Canada and Britain try and fail to blockade the US. British troops torched the White House, Treasury and parts of the Capitol Building in a punitive mission near the end of the war. They also looted what they could, effectively collecting "souvenirs".

After the attack, the Royal Navy sailed to Bermuda with their spoils, included four paintings of King George III and Queen Charlotte, a grandfather clock and President James Madison's personal government receipt book.

Today, the artworks hang in two Bermuda government buildings and the clock is in private hands.



The destruction of Washington was in retaliation for an earlier US attack on the Parliament of Lower Canada at York (now Toronto). The US also looted, taking a royal standard, the first Mace of Ontario, a golden staff used by Upper Canada's Parliament, and a lion statuette, carved out of wood and painted gold.

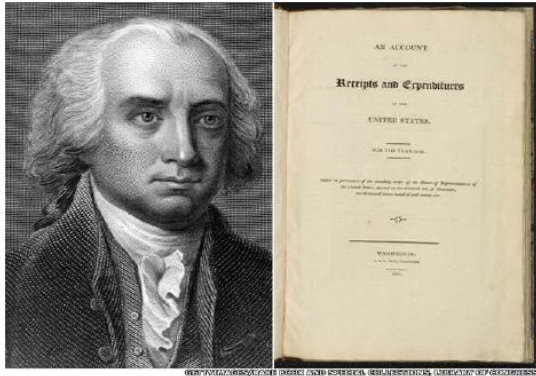
Today, the standard and lion are just two of the hundreds of "trophy of war" on display at the US Naval Academy in Annapolis, Maryland.



The wooden lion taken by the US in April 1813 from the Legislature of Upper Canada in York (now Toronto)

The "trophy" in Bermuda and Maryland will probably stay there, at least in part because of the American Civil War-era "Lieber Code". The US declared that items captured from an enemy in time of war can be kept. The laws only applied to American forces, but other states adopted similar regulations.

Since then, several international laws prohibiting wartime looting have been created, but the original code also remains in effect.



James Madison, president at the time, and the government receipt book looted in 1814

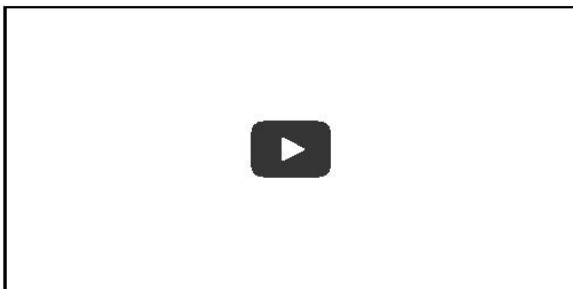
Despite that original code, some of the looted items have made it home.

In 1934, President Franklin Roosevelt ordered the return of the mace and Madison's receipt book was returned to the Library of Congress in 1940.



Scorch marks of the fire are still visible today on the White House as two areas have been left unpainted

But the paintings of the British royals. The Americans seem unlikely to press for their return.



Those recorded statements from "students" before their deaths (as well as their leaders' own testimony) exist not only as videos on the site, but as transcripts. These were intended to last. And they have, thanks to the guardians of HeavensGate.com.

Today, only a few Heaven's Gate believers remain. Two of them sit on the other end of the website's sole contact email address, and will promptly respond to your inquiries. Which



to be more about keeping a promise than anything else. And if they *do* know what Do truly had in mind, at least for now, they're keeping their mouths shut. But as Balch says:

[Do] was also very intent on

going out with a splash, as one of the ex-members told me. Way back in the very beginning, they believed that they were going to fulfill prophecy by being assassinated and resurrected. Then the UFO would come, the space ship, and they called it a demonstration because this was going to be proof to the world of who they were. More than that, they believed it was going to be witnessed by thousands and broadcast around the world. So when they committed suicide, I think even though they didn't use the term demonstration, it was the same thing. Going out with a splash—and they certainly did. So the website certainly could be the legacy of that.

The other possibility, of course, is that it simply exists as a light post. A beacon of information to guide future lost souls towards the evolutionary level above human. That's not to say there's going to be a second group; the Kings were incredibly adamant that their goal wasn't to recruit for and recreate Heaven's Gate anew.

Rather, the site simply exists to keep any inquiring minds informed. Or in our case, to act as a reminder of a bizarre, horrible, and heartbreaking act, forever preserved in the amber of internet infamy. As long as someone's there to keep the lights on.

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seems odd for a group whose members are all widely believed to be dead.

The people who respond to HeavensGate.com queries refer to themselves simply as "Telah" and "we." They'll answer questions if you ask—that's part of the gig—but they've wearied of the rubberneckers that have passed through ever since their fellow active members committed suicide in 1997. Which is perhaps to be expected when you're the only official contact point for one of the largest, most bizarre mass suicides in human history.

In fact, what's most surprising about the Heaven's Gate website is that for all the hundreds of pages of sermons and prophecies and transcripts held within the site and its advertised wares, the bizarre, often incoherent text really doesn't tell you all that much.

And what it *does* tell you isn't half as interesting as the people who are doling it out.



In

1972, Marshall Applewhite had a heart attack. In some bizarre permutation of the Florence Nightingale effect, he then came to the realization that he and his nurse, Bonnie Nettles, were very likely the two witnesses prophesied in Revelation. Bonnie agreed. The unlikely apocalyptic pair changed their names to Bo and Peep (a natural fit for two long-awaited shepherds) before ultimately adopting the monikers Ti (Bonnie) and Do (Marshall). You know, like the notes of a scale.

The two spent the next several years spreading their message and gaining followers through in-person evangelizing, traveling around the country to give their prophetic talks. But as Robert Balch, a sociology professor at the University of Montana who infiltrated the group during the 70s, explained in his book *Waiting for the Ships*, "Even during public meetings, members insulated themselves from outsiders."



FIGURE 12. Bo and Peep. (Photo by Reginald McGovern)

Ti and Do in the late 70s during one of their many public presentations at college campuses. Image via Robert Balch.

Contrary to our common assumptions surrounding cults and brainwashing tactics, Ti and Do weren't looking to keep people in the group against their will. They only wanted to associate with people who actively, adamantly wanted to be there. Balch goes on to explain:

Bo and Peep were good salesmen, but people shopping for new cars routinely encounter much more pressure and

manipulation. People joined the UFO cult with virtually no pressure to convert, and they enthusiastically adopted group norms even before the socialization process began.

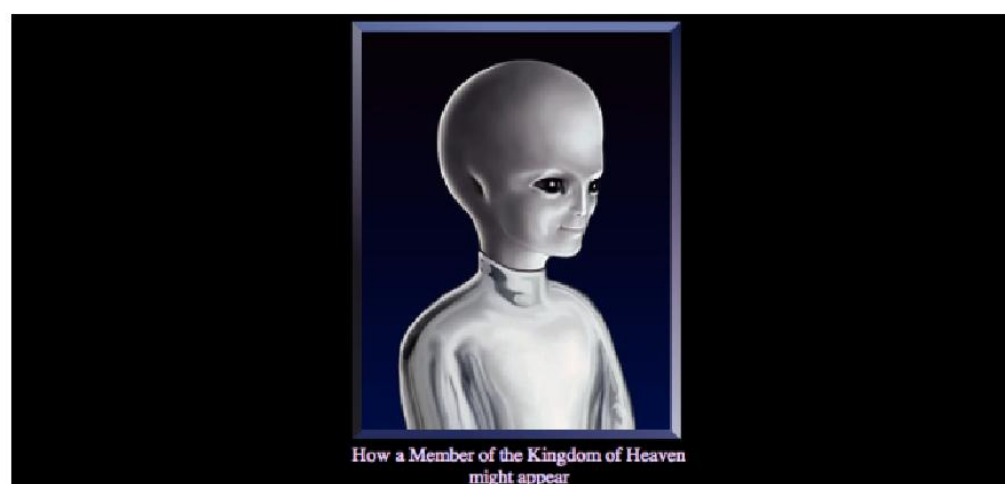
Part of this was to ensure that only true believers stayed with the group, but it was also a

clever defense tactic. At least in Balch's eyes, Ti and Do wanted to forestall trouble as much as possible, particularly in the form of a group of family members of cultists who banded together to try to save their loved ones. As he explained to us over the phone:

They were super paranoid about outsiders, and there was a network of the group's outside family that formed in 1980. And even though the woman that started that was about as sympathetic as anybody could have been, I think Ti and Do really feared the worst. They wanted anybody who left the group to leave on good terms.

And their casual (as far as cults go at least) attitude towards defectors seems to have worked; there has never been a contingent of angry former Heaven's Gate members. Unlike those few remaining members of the similarly infamous Peoples Temple in Jonestown, no ex-Heaven's Gaters have anything particularly horrible to say about their time spent in the group. Most likely because Ti and Do were more than happy to let unbelievers leave, and because once you made that deep of a commitment, it was nearly impossible to claw your way out.

To accept Ti and Do's teachings, you had to accept *a lot*. Religious zealotry was substantial part of the group's culture, sure, but it was mixed with an odd interplay of technology and science—space travel, in particular. Do even referred to the classroom where he proselytized before his so-called students (many of whom were several generations younger) as "God's astronaut program." This wasn't mysticism. It was evolution.



Expand

Heaven's Gate's own depiction of what you can expect from the Next Level.

The Heaven's Gate doctrine in its entirety is convoluted and, unsurprisingly, not all that consistent, but here are the

basics: Earth was about to be recycled (read: wiped clean, Apocalypse-style), and those who wanted to live on needed to reach something called "The Evolutionary Level Above Human," which consisted of a genderless, bodiless, spiritual existence aboard a spaceship. Several of these already-evolved creatures were coming to save those on Earth who had successfully shed attachments to their human "vessel" (i.e. body) enough to satisfy the Next Level's tastes. These beings had visited Earth only once before, though that time they took a human form. You might know him as Jesus Christ.

Ti and Do were, of course, the only ones able to converse directly with the Next Level, so the Heaven's Gate members had to take it on faith when they were told that, as the Hale-Bopp comet approached, a UFO was hiding just out of site behind the comet's tail, ready to snatch

them up. And the only way to get aboard this believers-only spaceship? Leaving your vessel behind. In this case, that meant donning matching uniforms all the way down to their Nikes, chasing phenobarbital-flavored apple sauce with vodka, and lying down to await their cosmic, evolutionary reward.



It's

easy to look back and color Heaven's Gate's formative years with what we know now. But for most of the cult's existence, the topic of suicide was rarely even broached, much less seriously considered an option. Ti and Do would ready the group for the spaceships coming to take them away, only to change the narrative when the time to exit Earth came and went without fanfare. When Ti died of cancer in 1985, it cemented the notion in Do's mind and the minds of his followers that death was the only way to send oneself to the next level.

In the years after Ti's death, the group became progressively more reclusive. Do amped up the alienation from modern society, which seems quite a feat considering that, by this point, the remaining members had already chopped off their hair, donned matching, androgynous uniforms, and, in a few cases, subjected themselves to castration. Their corporeal forms were minimized to the absolute essentials and made as uniform as possible. After all, if they wanted to prepare for the imminent Next Level, they were going to need to stifle their human urges as much as possible. There was no privacy, no sex, no freedom from routine. Essentially, there was no individuality whatsoever. The members lived together with the ultimate goal of becoming a singular, buzzing hive, primed for entry into the great beyond. Whenever that might come.

Until then, though, they needed to make money. Earthly vessels require food and shelter. So several Heaven's Gate cultists looked to what they knew best to sustain themselves: web design.

Of course, the group also comprised cooks, mechanics, waiters, and other rote jobs. That several of them were web-savvy was incidental. But they did introduce Do to the internet's potential, and everything that could mean for disseminating his message.



Expand

The archived home page for the Higher Source web design firm.

They called their business Higher Source, advertising themselves as able to not only build sites that would "enhance your company's image" but to also "make your transition into the 'world

of cyberspace' an easy and fascinating experience."

as early 90s web design firms go, Higher Source did it all. And looking back at the archived site for the group's occupational design firm, while they never directly mention their affiliation with the Heaven's Gate cult, subtle references to the company's origins abound. With Higher Source, you were getting "a crew-minded effort" from people who have worked "closely" together for 20 years. Of course, close in this case meant literal bunkmates.



THE DIFFERENCE

The individuals at the core of our group have worked closely together for over 20 years. During those years, each of us has developed a high degree of skill and know-how through personal discipline and concerted effort. We try to stay positive in every circumstance and put the good of a project above any personal concerns or artistic egos. By sustaining this attitude and conduct, we have achieved a high level of efficiency and quality in our work. This crew-minded effort, combined with ingenuity and creativity, have helped us provide advanced solutions at highly competitive rates.

Expand

"The Higher Source Difference."

You were getting a lot more than that, though. UFO and suicide cult connotations of hindsight aside, this is one of the most pristine testaments to early internet web design around. Not only could Higher Source program in Java, C++, and Visual Basic as well as use Shockwave, QuickTime, and AVI, they could gradient the hell out of your word art, too.



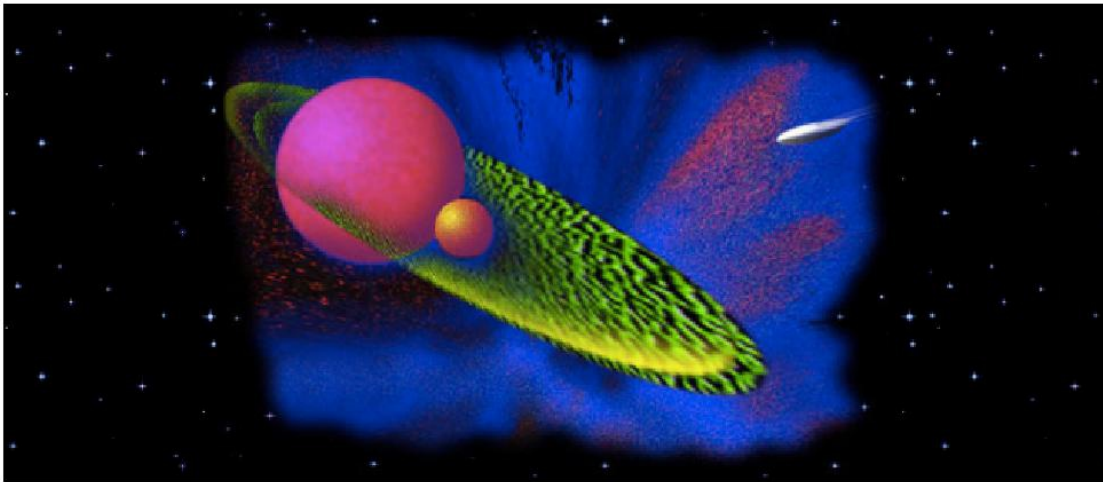
Expand

One of many sample graphics available on the Higher Source website.

In other words, they seemed like any other enterprising young web design team of the day. According to a Seattle Times article that came out just weeks after the mass suicide took place, one of their former clients "noticed that

Higher Source staffers were 'strict in diet and dress.' But they showed 'a good sense of humor, and they were exceptionally smart.'" They also had their marketing lingo down pat, assuring interested parties that "whether using stock or custom photography, cutting-edge computer graphics, or plain HTML text, Higher Source can go from 'cool' to 'corporate' like a chameleon."

Expand



The sample graphics on the Higher Source web page included quite a bit of space imagery.

The matching, sexless outfits and uniform

haircuts were Heaven's Gates way of paying as little attention to their earthly bodies as possible. The internet provided that same anonymity as a matter of course.

Plus, Higher Source was just the side project. The group's real lasting, virtual impact is the website they built for themselves.



Despite growing up in a different era than most of his followers, Do must have had at least an inkling of what the internet would ultimately become. As Balch suggested, it seems that Do saw HeavensGate.com as the group's eternal imprint and his own personal *Ozymandias*. For someone who'd supposedly done away with base, mortal urges, he certainly had a flair for the dramatic.



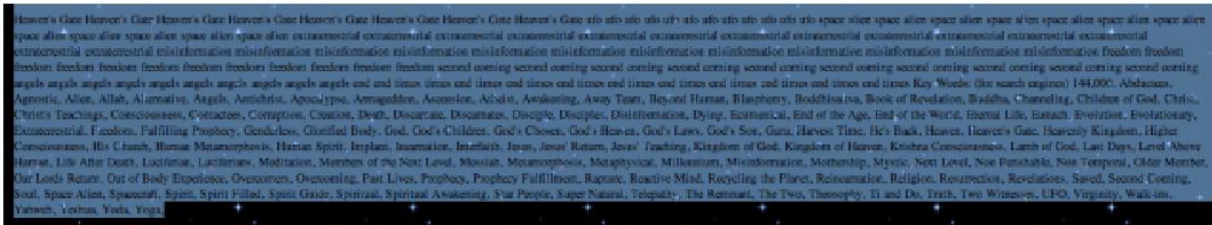
Expand

The current Heaven's Gate homepage.

In the group's early days, Ti and Do were adamant that they would eventually fulfill the prophecy in Revelation 11:3 by first being assassinated and, eventually, resurrected. The UFO would come, their death broadcast to the world, and Ti and Do would be free to take their place next to Christ in an updated, UFO-centric pantheon. But when their

martyr's death never came despite several decades of opportunity (and after Ti died of cancer), Do did what any self-chosen second coming would: Cover a manifesto in word art, stick it on the internet, and SEO the shit out of it.

Expand



That is not a figure of speech; Heaven's Gate was all about search-engine optimization. Scroll to the bottom of the homepage, highlight, and see for yourself.

Though a need for recognition certainly played a part in Do's decision to pursue the earliest form of internet fame, he did still very much believe in what he was doing. Balch contends that, in addition to pursuing a legacy, Do may have also just wanted to ensure that some form of his truth was accessible to anyone who might need it.

In Do's mind, if you or I sincerely recognized the information as being true but didn't exit with the group, our souls would essentially be put on ice until the next opportunity for a harvest on Earth. So that could be a reason why they left it up—just for anybody who was still here and able to recognize the "truth."

As far as lasting, potentially wide-reaching stores of information go, the internet is as safe a bet as any. At least, it is for as long as you can keep somebody can stick around to pay the web hosting bills. Somebody who, ideally, was fully dedicated to the cause, but also willing to forego the journey to the next evolutionary level. Those people, for Heaven's Gate, were Mark and Sarah King.



After the cult had shed its larger numbers in favor of a leaner, more devout following in the late 80s and early 90s, the increasingly genderless members spent their days paying rapt attention to Ti and Do in a setting they called "the classroom." It was here that they learned how to best emulate the disembodied beings of the next level. How to leave their worldly, self-involved concerns behind in favor of an ever-elusive, greater understanding. In other words, they were learning how to forego every instinct and emotion they had ever known.

This came easier for some than it did for others. When we asked the people behind the Heaven's Gate email address (listed on the site) why they left, the response was metered and, unsurprisingly, vague:

We left the Group in September, 1987 because we were going to take care of some other things in our lives... Free will and choice are the cornerstone of what anyone does, especially in the Next Level. Individuals in the Group could come and go as those chose to do, and many did just that over the years. We had an open door policy, and it swung both ways. People came and went all the time.

However, another ex-Heaven's Gate member—one of the few ex-members left (the only other we could find traces of was someone named Juan in Venezuela)—named Sawyer was a bit more forthcoming in why the Kings left and who they were. Apparently, Mark and Sarah weren't quite ready for everything the Next Level entailed. Speaking to us over YouTube

messages, Sawyer elaborated:

I was there when they were instructed to leave the classroom because one of them did not want to try to abide by the "lesson step" that was called "I could be wrong," a step towards accomplishing what Jesus called "deny yourself." In other words, giving your will to your Older Members... The other of these two simply decided to side with the other. Do and the crew tried to help the one with this but he wasn't receiving the help so Do instructed them to both take a car and some money and leave the group.

When these two were instructed to leave, they were told they could come back whenever they wanted to abide by the "I could be wrong". The way the lesson was given was to preface what we say that is a statement of judgement with "I could be wrong". It would be an extreme to say, for instance, "I could be wrong but it's pouring outside when it was."

Even though the Kings—who married after leaving the group—were no longer direct members of Heaven's Gate, they still played crucial roles. Under the guise of the TELAH Foundation (a name they still go by, and an acronym for the ever-aspired-to "The Evolutionary Level Above Human"), Mark and Sarah supposedly acted as a "communication and clearing house" for the group's various public appearances and interactions, which became increasingly more prominent towards the end of their time on Earth. In 1993, for instance, they placed a full-page ad in USA Today costing upwards of \$30,000.



Expand

A copy of the "ad" Heaven's Gate took out in USA Today.

When Do decided that a spaceship hiding behind the Hale-Bopp comet was the group's key to reaching the Next Level, he began preparing Mark and Sarah for the end—or at least, Do's end. As far as Mark and Sarah were concerned,

this was training for the rest of their natural lives. As they explained to us over email:

They trained us on how they wanted emails to be taken care of, how to relate to the public, and how to disseminate their information. In March, 1997 our task load increased as they delivered us all their physical, legal, intellectual and personal property over several days as they departed.

Their words were "here is your mission, if you chose to accept it" and we did and have for over 17 years. What the Telah Foundation (it's legal entity name) does is

provides a system to secure, protect, archive and maintain the Foundation's (Group's) intellectual property and their elements of understanding. What we do each day is answer emails, disseminate information, provide their book and tapes and handle the affairs of the Group.

The intellectual property in question consists of tapes, still available for a reasonable \$3 through the website (which contain each member's "goodbye" statement), and the entirety of Ti and Do's prolific writings.



Expand

Copies of the video tapes and book of collected teachings available for purchase on HeavensGate.com (cash mail orders only).

Today, Mark and Sarah King are the guardians of Heaven's Gate's legacy, tasked with the burden of all that

that entails. After all, the only role they played in the website's creation was putting the thing online—and of course, keeping it there. Which, they added, is easier said than done:

The website was created by the Group in the fall of 1996. It has had some issues of crashing in March 1997 due to being overwhelmed. It has also had to be moved due to host servers going out of business.

The information on the site is still the same information that gave us in 3.5 disk format on March 25, 1997. We loaded in their departure updates then and it has remained with the same information ever since. When we had to move it a few years ago due to another ISP failure, we used the same 3.5 diskettes to load the information in.

The original discs used to upload the website in 1997. Image via Mark and Sarah King.

And should they ever have to change hosts again, they will rely on those very same floppy discs given to them back in 1997 to carry on their promise.

It's not at all surprising why Mark and Sarah were chosen as to run the website. They'll answer your questions, but will never offer any information that hasn't been directly prompted. They're wary—and they have every reason to be. And that quiet reservation is what allows the website—not its keepers—to take center stage. You wouldn't even know anyone was behind the scenes unless you knew where to look.

But why keep HeavensGate.com running? As far as Mark and Sarah are concerned, it seems

Bakersfield - The Padre Hotel - one of the city's landmark buildings is so haunted you can feel it the moment you walk thru the foyer doors. You should contact the owner for specific details. - March 2004 update: they might tear it down but as of now they are just remodeling to open up a new building there.

-

April 2007 update: It has been turned into office buildings and condos.

The tale of the parrot that started a fight

5 September 2014

bbc.com



Scene of confusion with parrot at centre

The British newspaper archive is a treasure trove of outlandish stories. Author Jeremy Clay tells the singular tale of the parrot that provoked a pub dust-up.

A spilt pint. A misplaced glance. A loose tongue. The wrong look. The wrong accent. The wrong attitude. Too much booze. Too little common sense.

All these things and far more besides have provided the flimsy excuses for bar-room brawls down the years. But there can be few flare-ups with an odder spark than the ugly

scene which broke out in one London boozer in the summer of 1898.

Arthur Crowe and his pal George Tibbett were having a drink in a Blackfriars pub with a German pal when an ice-cream man called Brambani sauntered in. The landlord kept a parrot behind the bar and Brambani enthusiastically returned to his on-going project, trying to teach it to speak Italian.

"With characteristic ineptitude," reported the *Falkirk Herald*, the parrot replied in English. A potty-mouthed brand of English, at that. We don't know what it actually said, as the diffident press printed it as "Oh, you old --" but it was enough to provoke Crowe and Tibbett, who thought the insult had come from Brambani. Not just that, but it was aimed at the German woman at their table.

The hapless Brambani tried to explain who the real culprit was, but reason rarely figures in the prelude to a dust-up. In increasingly aggressive tones, they demanded an apology. The parrot, meanwhile, thrilled by this unexpected turn of events, "kept up a running fire of abusive and scandalous remarks".

Sensing matters were heading for a painful conclusion, Brambani turned and legged it, scarpering for the safety of his sweet shop.

Itching for a fight, the trio pursued him, and were soon joined, as if by magic, by a like-minded small mob. Brambani's nephew John stepped forward to appeal to the best instincts of the crowd, and was promptly met with a hailstorm of missiles, including ginger beer bottles and, gallingly, his family's own ice-cream glasses.

"The German lady took an active part in the melee," said the *Herald*, "but decamped upon the arrival of PCs Greenway and Hunt, who prevented further bloodshed and arrested the prisoners."

Crowe and Tibbett were jailed for a month. There was no word on what became of the parrot. But two years earlier, a few miles up the road, another parrot was ruffling feathers in court.

Solicitor's clerk Henry Lovegrove had bought a talking parrot in a pub as a gift for his sweetheart.

"Can it talk?" he asked ship's steward William Foulger. It most certainly could. Spanish and English. Plus, it could sing. It did a rousing version of Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay, Foulger boasted. Thirty shillings seemed a fair price for such a richly-talented pet.

The wary Lovegrove had just one more question. The bird had been kept on a ship - was it fit to present to a lady? Oh, the bird chooses its words carefully, Foulger assured him: "Its language is that of a bishop."

Imagine Lovegrove's consternation, then, when Miss Nelson soon told him she couldn't stand to be in the presence of the bird for a moment longer. Why? "The parrot swears more than the troops in Flanders," Lovegrove told Shoreditch County Court, after being pursued by Foulger for the 30 shillings he'd never paid.

In themselves, that string of profanities might not have proved a problem. The bird, it seemed, specialised in swearing in Spanish. Alas, poor Miss Nelson had been a governess in Spain. She understood every single word. The parrot's language, she told the court, was "simply sulphurous".

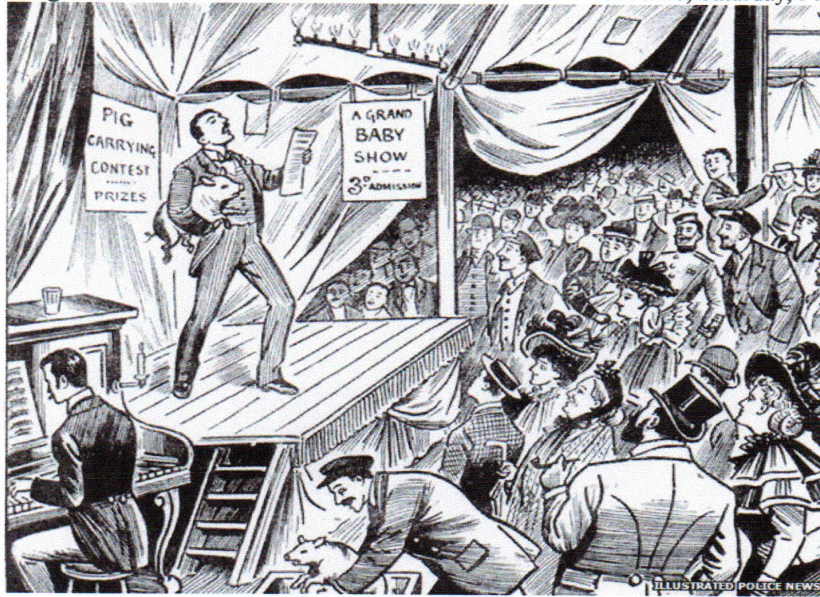
At that point, the bird itself was brought into the courtroom. "Perhaps it would talk for the edification of your honour?" said Lovegrove's solicitor. "I don't want to hear it," harrumphed the judge. "My knowledge of the Spanish tongue is not so profound as Miss Nelson's, nor have I any wish to endure Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay again."

And with that it was settled. Lovegrove kept his cash. Foulger reclaimed the parrot. Is it too fanciful to imagine he flogged it to a pub landlord in Blackfriars?

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The Victorian pig singing competition

Magazine Monitor A collection of cultural artefacts 01:18 UK time, Saturday, 30 August 2014



Cheer/groan (delete according to mindset): The X Factor is back. Author Jeremy Clay tells the story of the show's Victorian forebear, where the hopefuls had to sing while carrying a pig.

There was no sobbing. None of the hopefuls told a weepy backstory. Not a single one boohoo-ed about the journey they'd been on since the contest began.

At the Victorian version of the X Factor, the talent show format was stripped right back to its bare bones. Just six contestants and a stage, each and every man singing his heart out to impress the judges. While carrying a pig.

This singular scene played out in London in 1896, the harebrained brainwave of an auctioneer called CF Rowley. He wanted to drum up a bumper crowd for his sales. Putting on a bit of a show to jolly things along seemed a perfectly sensible way of going about it, even if the requirement to hold a hog didn't.

Still, it seemed to do the job. Up to 1,500 people crammed into the marquee in Willesden Green, and they weren't just there for the hammy performances. There was also a wheelbarrow race, a hot tea-drinking showdown and some non-specific whatnottery involving a chap dressed in a donkey's skin that the press alluded to but never got round to properly explaining.

But if his sale was punctuated by outbursts of buffoonery, Mr Rowley was no fool. The auction lots included pianos. What better way to show off the value of the instruments than to hear them in action?

And just as much then as now, people loved a sing-off - choir competitions and contests for comic or sentimental songs. When human vocal cords weren't being put to the test, skylarks, canaries and other birds were matched up in a battle of the tweets. In the Derbyshire village of New Tupton, a clash became so heated the owners of rival birds came to blows over the relative merits of their pets, with one hitting the other over the head with a bottle of stout.

"Fortunately he was wearing a hat," noted the Derbyshire Times.

Back in Willesden, several nights of Rowley's sales had caught the zealous eye of the authorities. That gas-lit canvas tent with only one exit was a death trap, and he didn't have a licence. Soon he was hauled up before the bench, where he was convicted of keeping a disorderly house. And that, when it came to pig-toting song-contests, was that.

The prize, by the way, had been the pig itself. Who won it? The newspapers didn't think it was worth mentioning. There'll be plenty of people who'd wish the same was true of the X Factor.

Illustrated Police News image provided by the British Library Board.

This entry was posted on January 29, 2013, in 18th century history, biography, folk stories, humour, reading, real life and tagged 18th century entertainments, animals in captivity, fairground shows, performing animals. Bookmark the permalink. Leave a comment



This is a gem from my book on Fairs, circuses & music Halls:

“Lord” George Sanger, in particular, tells in *Seventy Years* a showman strange tales of fraud. At the Hyde Park Exhibition of 1851 Madame Stevens, the “pig faced lady” was a fine brown bear whose face had been clean shaven. Over her paws were white gloves with “nice plump white arms above them” – again because of the razor.

She sat, in poke-bonnet, shawl and long fashionable frock, at a table underneath was a boy to prod her with a stick whenever the showman asked, “I believe that is correct, miss?” Following each grunt he would explain, “As you see, ladies and gentleman, the young lady understands what is said perfectly, thought the peculiar formation of her jaws has deprived her of the power of uttering human speech in

return.”

In this way a lengthy conversation was carried on until the climax :“You are inclined, I suppose, as other ladies, to be led by some gentleman into the holy bonds of matrimony?” Here the hidden boy prodded so vigorously that the wretched bear uttered sounds of anger, thus giving the showman his cue for, “What, no? ?well, well, don’t be cross because I asked you,” and go round with the hat.

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The Rev. Hardy's photograph

What follows is based on correspondence and documentation about the Rev. Hardy's famous photograph of ghostly figures in the Queen's House. Much of the source material is held in the Museum's archives. Viewing can be arranged by appointment, contact Geraldine Charles for more information.

'Our mysterious "ghost" picture'

We are instinctively sceptical of 'ghost' stories, but are completely mystified about this...

Rev Hardy, 1967



The Rev Hardy's photograph.
MARY EVANS PICTURE
LIBRARY/PETER
UNDERWOOD

Photograph of the Tulip staircase showing ghostly figures, taken by the Rev Hardy in 1966.

Image: Mary Evans Picture Library / Peter Underwood.

<http://maryevans.com/> On Sunday 19 June 1966, the Rev. and Mrs R.W. Hardy, a retired couple on holiday from Canada, were visiting the Queen's House. Having previously read about the Tulip staircase, they were interested to see it for themselves. Whilst there, standing at the foot of the staircase and looking upward, Mr Hardy took this photograph.

Following their return to Canada, the photograph was developed to reveal a shrouded figure, on the staircase. On closer inspection, the figure appears to be ascending the stairs in pursuit of a second and possibly a third figure.

Unravelling the mystery

In a letter dated 8 May 1967, to Brian Tremain the Museum's photographer, Mr Hardy describes the conditions under which the photograph was taken.

Time Between 5.15 and 5.30pm on Sunday 19 June 1966

Camera equipment A Zeiss Ikon Contina camera, Zavar Anastigmat lens and a skylight haze filter

Film K2 daylight

Exposure Exact exposure unknown. (This was later estimated to be no longer than one second). The camera was held by hand, resting on a ledge.

Viewpoint Below the Tulip staircase looking upward 'to include the underside of the first curve

and just the fringe of the second curve.'

Floor plans showing the location of sightings in the Queen's House.

In a postscript to the letter, Mr Hardy goes on to explain that while he was taking the photograph, his wife watched the stairs to ensure that no passers by were in the way. He also notes that the stairs were barred by a 'barrier and no admittance sign'.

Later that month, the Hardys visited the Museum again. They met with Brian Tremain and confirmed that the staircase was bare when the photograph was taken. In fact, Mrs Hardy 'was paying special attention to this point'.



Recreation of the Hardy ghost photograph

Recreation of the Hardy ghost photograph, by the Museum photographer and his assistant.

During this visit, Mr Tremain helped them to try and recreate a photograph of the scene with figures appearing on the staircase.

The Ghost Club had also taken an interest in Mr Hardy's photograph after the relative of a member was shown the transparency. Following correspondence with the Hardys and further examination of the photograph, the Ghost Club had satisfied themselves that 'this picture is genuine and therefore would be most interested to investigate the area of the staircase.'

All-night vigil in the Queen's House

Seven members of the Ghost Club spent the night of Saturday 24 June 1967 in the Queen's House. Their purpose was to see the ghost(s), to 'film them, record them, or make contact with them by holding a séance in the vicinity of the staircase.'



The séance in the Queen's House, 1967

Photograph of the séance in the Queen's House, taken by Brian Tremain. Detailed instructions were issued to the participants. They had to wear soft-soled shoes, synchronise watches and carry a working torch, notebook and pencil at all times.

Everything was to be noted down:

'...any whiff of odour or scent...any noise, however slight,...
any feeling of a presence, or of being touched...NOTE
ANYTHING UNUSUAL – with the TIME.'

One of the participants scribbled their observations down:

'22.54 Bell ring
23.12 Luminous stone
23.15 Smell of wet stone at stairway ground floor.
23.22½ Bell one ring...'

The handwriting becomes illegible and then stops abruptly.

In spite of these and similar observations, the vigil and séance produced no conclusive evidence of the paranormal.

The latest sighting

The story doesn't end here. In 2002, one of our Gallery Assistants, Tony Anderson, had an unsettling experience in the Queen's House:

'On Monday 20 May 02 at 9.45am, myself and two colleagues were talking about which breaks we were on, when something caught my eye. One of the doors (double) from the Bridge Room closed and I thought at first it was the girl who does the talks at weekends, then realised the woman just glided across the balcony and went through the wall, west side.

'I could not believe what I saw. I went very cold and the hairs on my arms and neck were on end. We went into the Queen's Presence Room and looked down towards the old Queen's Bedroom, and something passed through the ante-room and out through the wall. My two colleagues did also feel cold at that time.

'The lady was dressed in a white-grey colour, old-fashioned, something like a crinoline-type dress.'

Floor plans showing the location of sightings in the Queen's House.

So what was it that Tony saw disappear through the wall, and that Mr Hardy captured on film? In a letter to Brian Tremain dated 27 July 1967, Mr Hardy concludes that the mystery 'remains as deep as ever.'

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Artesia - The Red House -

a couple that where to be wed had a fight and the bride was pushed down the stairs to her death. It is said that if you walk past her grave you will se her floating around.



PABLO GONZALEZ

Villa Epecuen is located north of Carhue City and southwest of the city of Buenos Aires in Argentina. It used to be a thriving tourist resort several decades ago. But today, what are left of the place are ruins that can be found on the eastern edge of the Laguna Epecuen. A look at Villa Epecuen bears no resemblance to what could be described as a resort town. Instead, one might even consider it a ghost town. So what drastically transformed or deformed this once bustling holiday destination?



Photo Source : Misterious

History

Villa Epecuen was developed in the early 1920s as a resort village along the edge of Lago Epecuen, whose salinity is surpassed only by that of the Dead Sea. This unusual lake had been renowned for its therapeutic properties well before this resort sprang up along its shore. The word "Epecuen" is said to mean "Eternal Spring" and legend has it that the lake developed from the tears of an ancient chief's daughter who was so grief-stricken after Epecuén, her lover, had left her for other women. The saline

spring had attracted visitors from all over the world for its healing properties. The lake is said to cure different types of health conditions including diabetes, rheumatism and anemia.



With the development of Villa Epecuen as a tourist resort in the 1920s, it was made easily accessible to Buenos Aires by train. The location soon became a destination of choice not only for vacationers in Argentina, but also for tourists from other countries in South America and the world. About 25,000 people were visiting the area every year by the 1960s in quest of the therapeutic powers of Lago Epecuen. The town had more than 5,000 residents and about 300 businesses at its peak in the 1970s.

Photo Source : Misterious Photo Source : Kaushik Photo Source : Kaushik Photo Source : Federico Peretti Photo Source : Nick Enoch Photo Source : Nick Enoch Photo Source : Nick Enoch

Submerged



Photo Source : Kaushik

Unknown to many people, Villa Epecuen had been drawing closer to an abrupt end as a flourishing resort town. Climate had been undergoing gradual change in the area with little attention paid to it. Frequent rains caused the levels of Lago Epecuen to rise gradually. Things came to a head on November 6, 1985 when a nearby dam broke and the dike protecting the resort town gave way few days later after a severe storm hit the area.

Water came cascading into Villa

Epecuen and flooded all its streets, with water levels reaching four feet in most places. The town became virtually inhabitable for its residents as the water levels continued to rise gradually. The water levels peaked at 10 meters (33 feet) in 1993, leaving Villa Epecuen virtually submerged for many years.



Photo Source : Kaushik

Villa Epecuen Today



Photo Source : Federico Peretti

One of the most severe droughts in the history of Argentina was witnessed in the latter part of the 2000s. Lago Epecuen started receding as a result of the very dry weather conditions. With the drop in the levels of the nearby lake, Villa Epecuen started coming to the surface for the first time in many years in 2009. Needless to say that the once-thriving resort town was never rebuilt. And except for one person, the residents of the area before the unfortunate inundation in 1985 never

bothered to return when the town finally resurfaced.

Looking at Villa Epecuen today, you may have a hard time believing the place was the same



Photo Source : Nick Enoch

resort town that people trooped to many years ago from Buenos Aires and places outside Argentina. It has become a ghost town of sort with white-washed structures and salt-smitten, dead trees. The scene is similar to those you see in apocalyptic, sci-fi or horror movies. The old graveyards in the town are in disarray with many tombs revealing their content everywhere you look.



Photo Source : Nick Enoch

Just by looking at some of the images taken after Villa Epecuen re-surfaced, it would be easily understandable why its previous residents are reluctant to settle there again.

comments

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Photo Source : Nick Enoch

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"The Sack Man Cometh..."



Thumb

El Hombre de Saco

The 'Sack Man', who is a variant of the Bogeyman with a bag on his shoulder to carry away disobedient children, occurs in many countries and cultures worldwide. The 'Sack Man' is an imaginary and frightening night-raider form of creature who is depicted as a man with a sack on his back in which to carry kidnapped children. Such supernatural bogeys are sometimes called *boo-beggars* and are a form of otherworld raiders who seek children for their own

purposes. In the folklore ballads of Scotland the Sack Man demon is called a *Lammikin* who stabs and bites infant children in order to waken their mothers. A similar creature is known as *Long Lankin* who vents a mother's blood into a bowl. Other versions are *Hop O' My Thumb* and *Le Petit Poucet* who was in a Mother Goose story by Charles Perrault of 1697.



petit_poucet_i

Le Petit Poucet

The legend of the Sack Man as a type of Bogeyman is common in Spanish America, Brazil, as well as Spain and Portugal. In the Spanish language he is known as *El Hombre del Costa* and *El Hombre del Saco*, whereas for Portuguese speakers he is a *homem do saco*. All epithets

mean the same thing – *sack man* or *bag man*, with similar folkloric characters found in Eastern Europe, Asia, and Haiti.

In Quebecois Canada there occurs *Bonhomme Sept-Heures* or the *Seven O'clock Man*. This spectre visits homes at that time in the evening to take away children who are misbehaving and refusing to go to bed. The victims are taken to his cave and consumed. In Spain there is the skinny and ugly old man who collects naughty children to eat them. This individual is called *el hombre del saco*. The Catalans tell naughty children that *Home de sac* will come for them and be put in his sack. Similarly in Spain an ogre – *El Ogro* – is represented by an indeterminate figure, as well as a hairy monster, whose shapeless form hides under beds and in cupboards in order to grab and eat children. Again, stories of *El Viejo del Saco* – the Old Man with the Bag – are found in Spanish speaking Argentina and Chile.

In Eastern Europe including Russia, the Ukraine, Belarus and Poland children are frightened by the *buka* or *babay* which is threatened to make sure children stay abed and dare not naughty. In Tartary the word for 'old man' is *Babay* who has a bag and is hidden under the

bed in order to capture children if they misbehave. Again, the *Babayka* is the one who comes at night. The 'bag man' is used to scare children in Georgia and Armenia who also has bag to trap and kidnap misbehaving children. For the Poles *babak*, *babok*, or *bobok*, is invoked to frighten children. He is another sack carrying spectre who takes children away. This sinister apparition appears on nights of the full-moon, riding in a cat-drawn cart, carrying clothes he has made for the souls he has come to steal.

The local bogeyman in Hungary is the *Mumms* who is also known as a man with a sack or 'zsakos ember'. Similarly the *Rezfazu bagoly*, which in translation means 'Copper penis Owl' is a giant with a penis made of copper. For the Romanian peoples there is an equivalent bogeyman creature called the *bau-bau*. Stories of this spectre are told to children who misbehave and who resembles the *babau*, also *babao* or *barabao*, of Italy. Children in Bulgaria are warned of the visit of a monster from the dark who comes with a *ropa* or sack. This is the *Torbalan*. The Torbalan is actually a bogeyman counterpart of Santa Claus and a partner of the predatory witch *Baba Yaga*. In Czechoslovakia the *Babak* is a bogeyman or *hastruman* who is actually a scarecrow or type of bugbear. In many aspects the Babak resembles the Bulgarian Torbalan. The Babak does not have a determinate or typical shape and hides in the dark and frightening places, doing so in order to frighten children without taking them away. Children in this case are kidnapped by the *cert* or devil.

In central to southern Europe, such as Serbia, Bosnia, and Croatia, the bogeyman is known as *Babaroga* where *baba* means 'old woman' and the term 'rogovi' refers to horns. In other words – old woman with horns. Sometimes the Babaroga takes children in a sack at other times, because activities vary, at other times cannibalises them in her cave. For the Serbians the mythological demon called *Bauk* is a variant that hides in dark places, down holes, in abandoned ruins. The intention of the Bauk is to catch, carry off and eat its victims. In Italy the spirit called *l'uomo nero* – the Black Man – takes children away to a forbidding place. It is in Flanders and Holland that there occurs a servant who delivers presents before Christmas and who is *Zwarte Piet* or Black Pete. This character takes away children in the bags after leaving the presents. There occur protests in Holland about the continuing presence of Zwarte Piet in Christmas celebrations – the most recent protest being November 17th, 2013. Opponents object to this traditional black-faced character as a racist offence and reminder of a rejected colonial Dutch past. For many Dutch Black Pete is a throwback to slavery and has no place in the 21st century. In Switzerland he is known as *Pere Fouettard* in French and *Schmutzli* in German.

Examples of the ancient and wide distribution of the 'sack man, type of bogey can be found on the Indian sub-continent. In India he is known by many names. Bori Baba occurs in northern India as 'Father Sack' who goes abroad with a bag, his *bori*, in which he places kidnapped children. Similarly the creature called *Chownki Daar* is a night demon who captures sleepless children. Southern India has among the Tamil Nadu the threat of Rettai Kanaan who can terrorise sleepless children. Also the two-eyed one or *Poochaandi*. For those in Andhra Pradesh there is the frightening bogeyman counterpart *Buddaa* or *Shaitaan*. The *Goni Billa* is a scarifying sack man who captures children in the lore of Sri Lanka.

In the Americas and the Caribbean the Haitian version of the bogeyman or sack man is

actually Father Christmas. Even so he is a figure reputed to abduct children in his bag when they are deemed naughty. His name in the patois of Haitian creoles is *Tonton Macoute* or the giant 'Uncle Gunnysack'. In Honduras there is the child snatcher called *El Roba Chicos*. In the Bahamas 'Rollin Cart' is a little man who roves in a self-drawn cart in which he collects children out after dark. He is used as a threat for misbehaving children – so, if the 'small man took you', then in the back of the cart you went as a small person forever. In South America, in Brazil, the creature *homem do saco* is employed as a frightener of children. The character is portrayed as an adult hobo or tramp who kidnaps recalcitrant children. In the Lebanon is found a 'Man with a Bag' called *Abu Kees*. In South Africa it is the figure of *Antige Somers* who is a bogeyman putting captured children in a sack. Whereas for the Vietnamese naughty children are warned that 'mister three bags' will come at night and steal them away. The 'sack man' and the occasional 'bag lady' do appear therefore as variants of the bogeyman motif on an international cultural scale many of which may, like Zwarte Piet, be linked to the colonial histories of the peoples concerned.

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The Sound So Loud That It Circled the Earth Four Times - Facts So Romantic - Nautilus

Posted on Sep 26, 2014

nautil.us

On 27 August 1883, the Earth let out a noise louder than any it has made since.

It was 10:02 AM local time when the sound emerged from the island of Krakatoa, which sits between Java and Sumatra in Indonesia. It was heard 1,300 miles away in the Andaman and Nicobar islands ("extraordinary sounds were heard, as of guns firing"); 2,000 miles away in New Guinea and Western Australia ("a series of loud reports, resembling those of artillery in a north-westerly direction"); and even 3,000 miles away in the Indian Ocean island of Rodrigues, near Mauritius* ("coming from the eastward, like the distant roar of heavy guns."¹) In all, it was heard by people in over 50 different geographical locations, together spanning an area covering a thirteenth of the globe.

Think, for a moment, just how crazy this is. If you're in Boston and someone tells you that they heard a sound coming from New York City, you're probably going to give them a funny look. But Boston is a mere 200 miles from New York. What we're talking about here is like being in Boston and clearly hearing a noise coming from Dublin, Ireland. Travelling at the speed of sound (766 miles or 1,233 kilometers per hour), it takes a noise about 4 hours to cover that distance. This is the most distant sound that has ever been heard in recorded history.

So what could possibly create such an earth-shatteringly loud bang? A volcano on Krakatoa had just erupted with a force so great that it tore the island apart, emitting a plume of smoke that reached 17 miles into the atmosphere, according to a geologist who witnessed it¹. You could use this observation to calculate that stuff spewed out of the volcano at over 1,600 miles per hour—or nearly half a mile per second. That's more than twice the speed of sound.

This explosion created a deadly tsunami with waves over a hundred feet (30 meters) in height. One hundred sixty-five coastal villages and settlements were swept away and entirely destroyed. In all, the Dutch (the colonial rulers of Indonesia at the time) estimated the death toll at 36,417, while other estimates exceed 120,000^{2,3}.

The British ship *Norham Castle* was 40 miles from Krakatoa at the time of the explosion. The ship's captain wrote in his log, "So violent are the explosions that the ear-drums of over half my crew have been shattered. My last thoughts are with my dear wife. I am convinced that the Day of Judgement has come."²

In general, sounds are caused not by the end of the world but by fluctuations in air pressure. A barometer at the Batavia gasworks (100 miles away from Krakatoa) registered the ensuing spike in pressure at over 2.5 inches of mercury^{1,2}. That converts to over 172 decibels of sound pressure, an unimaginably loud noise. To put that in context, if you were operating a jackhammer you'd be subject to about 100 decibels. The human threshold for pain is near

130 decibels, and if you had the misfortune of standing next to a jet engine, you'd experience a 150 decibel sound. (A 10 decibel increase is perceived by people as sounding roughly twice as loud.) The Krakatoa explosion registered 172 decibels at 100 miles from the source. This is so astonishingly loud, that it's inching up against the limits of what we mean by "sound."

When you hum a note or speak a word, you're wiggling air molecules back and forth dozens or hundreds of times per second, causing the air pressure to be low in some places and high in other places. The louder the sound, the more intense these wiggles, and the larger the fluctuations in air pressure. But there's a limit to how loud a sound can get. At some point, the fluctuations in air pressure are so large that the low pressure regions hit zero pressure—a vacuum—and you can't get any lower than that. This limit happens to be about 194 decibels for a sound in Earth's atmosphere. Any louder, and the sound is no longer just passing through the air, it's actually pushing the air along with it, creating a pressurized burst of moving air known as a shock wave.

Closer to Krakatoa, the sound was well over this limit, producing a blast of high pressure air so powerful that it ruptured the eardrums of sailors 40 miles away. As this sound travelled thousands of miles, reaching Australia and the Indian Ocean, the wiggles in pressure started to die down, sounding more like a distant gunshot. Over 3,000 miles into its journey, the wave of pressure grew too quiet for human ears to hear, but it continued to sweep onward, reverberating for days across the globe. The atmosphere was ringing like a bell, imperceptible to us but detectable by our instruments.

The Krakatoa explosion registered 172 decibels at 100 miles from the source.
This is so astonishingly loud, that it's inching up against the limits of what we mean by "sound."

By 1883, weather stations in scores of cities across the world were using barometers to track changes in atmospheric pressure. Six hours and 47 minutes after the Krakatoa explosion, a spike of air pressure was detected in Calcutta. By 8 hours, the pulse reached Mauritius in the west and Melbourne and Sydney in the east. By 12 hours, St. Petersburg noticed the pulse, followed by Vienna, Rome, Paris, Berlin, and Munich. By 18 hours the pulse had reached New York, Washington DC, and Toronto¹. Amazingly, for as many as 5 days after the explosion, weather stations in 50 cities around the globe observed this unprecedented spike in pressure re-occurring like clockwork, approximately every 34 hours. That is roughly how long it takes sound to travel around the entire planet.

In all, the pressure waves from Krakatoa circled the globe three to four times in each direction. (Each city felt up to seven pressure spikes because they experienced shock waves travelling in opposite directions from the volcano¹.) Meanwhile, tidal stations as far away as India, England, and San Francisco measured a rise in ocean waves simultaneous with this air pulse, an effect that had never been seen before. It was a sound that could no longer be heard but that continued moving around the world, a phenomenon that people nicknamed "the great air-wave."

Recently, an incredible home video of a volcanic eruption taken by a couple on vacation in Papua New Guinea started making the rounds on the Internet. If you watch closely, this video

gives you a sense for the pressure wave created by a volcano.

When the volcano erupts, it produces a sudden spike in air pressure; you can actually watch as it moves through the air, condensing water vapor into clouds as it travels. The people taking the video are (fortunately) far enough away that pressure wave takes a while to reach them. When it does finally hit the boat, some 13 seconds after the explosion, you hear what sounds like a huge gunshot accompanied by a sudden blast of air. Multiplying 13 seconds by the speed of sound tells us that the boat was about 4.4 kilometers, or 2.7 miles, away from the volcano. This is somewhat akin to what happened at Krakatoa, except the 'gunshot' in that case could be heard not just three but three thousand miles, away, a mind-boggling demonstration of the immense destructive power that nature can unleash.

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Thanks to Nicole Sharp and Will Slaton for helpful discussions about the physics of the Krakatoa explosion.

Correction:

The piece originally claimed that Rodrigues was near Maldives rather than Mauritius.

Aatish Bhatia is a recent physics Ph.D. working at Princeton University to bring science and engineering to a wider audience. He writes the award-winning science blog *Empirical Zeal*, hosted at Wired, and is on Twitter as @aatishb.

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The Spectral Moose of Maine

- [August 15, 2014](http://mysteriousuniverse.org/2014/08/the-spectral-moose-of-maine/) | [Brent Swancer](#) | <http://mysteriousuniverse.org/2014/08/the-spectral-moose-of-maine/>

One of the categories of creatures that lies squarely somewhere out in the fringe twilight between cryptozoology and the paranormal is the phenomenon of spectral animals. Britain has its mysterious phantom black dogs, the Midwest of the United States seems to be plagued by bizarre disappearing and reappearing kangaroos, the list goes on. These are creatures that on the surface seem to be of a somewhat cryptozoological nature, yet on further inspection prove to be not only strange, but *way too strange*. Within this menagerie of the weird, one that certainly stands out among all of the strangeness is an apparition known as the Specter Moose of Maine.

The Specter Moose was a mysterious creature spotted in several areas around Maine during the 1900s. The creature was described as being an enormous moose 10 to 15 feet high, with a ghostly, dirty white coloration and brandishing an immense set of formidable antlers. The coat of the animal is sometimes described as glowing faintly. The Specter Moose was said to have an extremely acute sense of smell and hearing, as well as the ability to appear or disappear at will and to phase through solid objects. Hunters who came across the apparition often told of not being able to get near enough for a shot, as well as the animal's rather disconcerting habit of suddenly blinking in or out of existence right before their eyes. A hunter by the name of Gilman Brown and his companion, a taxidermist by the name of Granville Gray, described one encounter in which they fired at the moose only for it to vanish before the bullets could hit it.



The Specter Moose was first sighted in 1901, when a sportsman from Boston by the name of M.A. Cushing spotted the beast near Chairback Mountain in the Katahdin region. A few months later, the giant moose was seen again near the Lobster

Lakes by a town guide named Clarence Duffy and a Bangor lumberman called John Ross. In the following years the moose would appear in waves of sightings only to disappear for years at a time before rearing its head again. One such rash of sightings occurred in 1917, another in 1932, and then again in 1938.

During the 1938 sightings, the monstrous moose was most often seen stalking the forests of the Chesuncook region along the west branch of the Penobscot River. One particularly vivid report came from a man only known as Houston, who was on his way back to camp after a timber cruise around Chesuncook Lake. Houston came across an open bog that he described as being about 30 acres in size. Within this bog, the man spied a herd of 16 moose feeding. About 80 yards from the main herd, just inside the timber line, Houston spotted three big, impressive bulls. The interesting part was that one bull dwarfed the other two and made them look like “pygmies,” even though they were by no means small specimens themselves. Houston described this enormous moose as a “monster” and mentioned that it had an almost luminous white coloration. Of the monstrous moose’s antlers, Houston said:

Beside the spectral coloration there were the antlers again, twenty points on one side, twenty one on the other, with a palm at least eighteen inches wide in the velvet.

At the time, some skeptics pointed out that it may have been merely a large grey horse that had escaped a logging camp, but this would certainly not account for the size descriptions or the antlers. Moose are typically larger than horses in the first place, and an experienced hunter would not be likely to mistake a horse for a moose. Perhaps a more reasonable explanation is that the Specter Moose was actually an individual or individuals exhibiting unusual coloration.

While most moose are brown, there have been cases reported of white moose. It is uncertain just why this color pattern pops up from time to time, but it does not appear to be albinism as the moose still have brown eyes rather than the pinkish hue one would expect if they were true albinos. The color pattern is extremely rare, but there is one area of Ontario, Canada that has actually been called the White Moose Forest due to the uncommon number of sightings of white moose there, which locals call “Spirit Moose.” The small town of Foleyet, as well as Ivanhoe Lake Provincial Park seem to be the center of this “White Moose Forest,” as it is here where most of the sightings have occurred. A large individual with such coloring seems like it could certainly account for a ghostly moose with spectral white coloration.



Photographs of a rare white moose.

Could a very large moose with a rare and anomalous color pattern such as this be behind the historical accounts of the Specter Moose of Maine? Or is there still some kind of mystical ghostly moose out there prowling Maine’s forests and rearing its enormous antlers ever once in a while? It is difficult to say what it is or whether it will appear again. For now, the creature remains mostly a local legend that has accumulated its fair share of lore over the years.

Researcher Michelle Souliere rediscovered the story of the Specter Moose after years of being mostly a forgotten legend, and she has done a lot of work to document and provide a chronology of sightings of the moose. Cryptozoologist Loren Coleman has also written extensively on the matter in articles and blog postings. More fascinating information on the history of this phantom animal can be found in Souliere’s book [*Strange Maine*](#).

The story of the Wampus Cat

Posted by Dave Tabler | October 22, 2010

<http://www.appalachianhistory.net/2010/10/story-of-wampus-cat.html>

In Missouri they call it a Gallywampus; in Arkansas it's the Whistling Wampus; in Appalachia it's the just a plain old Wampus (or Wampas) cat. A half-dog, half-cat creature that can run erect or on all fours, it's rumored to be seen just after dark or right before dawn all throughout the Appalachians. But that's about all everyone agrees on. In non-Native American cultures it's a howling, evil creature, with yellow eyes that can supposedly pierce the hearts and souls of those unfortunate enough to cross its path, driving them to the edge of sanity.

Cherokee folklore, which is filled with tales of evil spirits lurking in the deep, dark forests that surrounded their villages, offers a different view of the Wampas cat.

An evil demon called Ew'ah, the Spirit of Madness, had been terrorizing the village of Etowah (or Chota, depending on the version you hear) in what is today North Carolina. The village shamans and warchiefs called for a meeting. The wise shamans told the warchiefs that sending the braves to hunt and kill the Ew'ah was surely going to be the end of the tribe, for the Ew'ah had the terrible power to drive men mad with a glance. The warchiefs argued that the Ew'ah could no longer feast on the dreams of the Cherokee children, and that something must be done. Together they agreed that their strongest brave would go alone, and bring great honor to his family and tribe by killing the mad demon.



WampusCat

Standing Bear (or Great Fellow, depending on the story version) was the strongest, fastest, sneakiest, smartest, and most respected brave in all the Cherokee nation, and he was chosen to do battle with the demon. As he walked from his village, the shamans blessed him, and the warchiefs gave him many fine weapons with which to slay

the beast, and on the edge of town, his wife, Running Deer, bid him a final farewell. She would never see him the same way again.

Weeks went by, and there was no word from Standing Bear. Suddenly, late one night, the stricken brave came running back into camp, screaming, and clawing at his eyes. One look, and Running Deer knew. Her husband was no more. With time, he would be able to pick berries and work in the fields with the young girls and the unmarried widows, but he would never be any good as a husband again, and by Cherokee law, that meant he was dead. Standing Bear's name was never again mentioned, but Running Deer had loved her husband, and she wanted revenge.

Running Deer went to the shamans, and they gave her a booger mask, a bobcat's face, and they told her that the spirit of the mountain cat could stand against the Ew'ah, but she must be the one to surprise the demon. The warchiefs gave her a special black paste, which when rubbed on her body, would hide her scent as well as her body. She kissed her former husband on the forehead, his blank eyes staring, and headed off to seek her revenge.

Running Deer knew the woods as well as she knew the village, and she ate sweet berries to keep up her strength over the many days, but still she came across no sign of the Ew'ah. Then, late one night, she heard a creature stalking down by the stream. As she crept slowly towards the creek, she heard a twig snap behind her. She spun, and just as suddenly realized how quickly it could have been the end of her. Behind her a wily fox darted across the pathway. "If that had been Ew'ah, I would be mad now..." the widowed Cherokee woman thought to herself, as she continued towards the creek.

At the edge of the creek, she saw footprints which did not belong there, and her former husband's breastplate lay at the edge of the water. As she followed the prints upstream, she saw the demon. Its hulking form lurched hideously over the water, drinking from the pristine mountain spring. The Ew'ah hadn't seen her! Running Deer crept ever closer, and just as she felt she could bring herself no closer, she sprang!

The Ew'ah spun, and saw the Cat-Spirit-Mask, and began to tear at itself as the spirit of the mountain cat turned its powerful magic back on itself. The Ew'ah tumbled backwards into the pool, and Running Deer immediately turned on her heel and ran as fast as she could back to the village, never once looking back.

When she arrived home, she sang a song to herself—a quiet song, of grief for her husband, but also of joy for the demon's banishment. The shamans and warchiefs declared Running Deer the Spirit-Talker and Home-Protector.

Some say that the spirit of Running Deer inhabits the Wampas cat, and that she continues her eternal mission of watching her tribe's lands to protect them and their peoples from the demons that hide in the dark and lost places of Tanasi.

sources: Cherokee version above related by Enrique de la Viega, of Powder Branch, TN, on 7/11/03, posted to Ex Libris Nocturnis forum at <http://bit.ly/2FmX4f>
www.americanfolklore.net/folktales/tn3.html

<http://themoonlitroad.com/the-wampas-mask-story-background/>

Mysterious Knoxville, by Charles Edwin Price, 1999

The Strange & Curious Tale of the Last True Hermit

For nearly thirty years, a phantom haunted the woods of Central Maine. Unseen and unknown, he lived in secret, creeping into homes in the dead of night and surviving on what he could steal. To the spooked locals, he became a legend—or maybe a myth. They wondered how he could possibly be real. Until one day last year, the hermit came out of the forest

BY MICHAEL FINKEL | September 2014 | <http://www.gq.com/news-politics/newsmakers/201409/the-last-true-hermit?currentPage=1>



The hermit set out of camp at midnight, carrying his backpack and his bag of break-in tools, and threaded through the forest, rock to root to rock, every step memorized. Not a boot print left behind. It was cold and nearly moonless, a fine night for a raid, so he hiked about an hour to the Pine Tree summer camp, a few dozen cabins spread along the shoreline of North Pond in central Maine. With an expert twist of a screwdriver, he popped open a door of the dining hall and slipped inside, scanning the pantry shelves with his penlight.

Candy! Always good. Ten rolls of Smarties, stuffed in a pocket. Then, into his backpack, a bag of marshmallows, two tubs of ground coffee, some Humpty Dumpty potato chips. Burgers and bacon were in the locked freezer. On a previous raid at Pine Tree, he'd stolen a key to the walk-in, and now he used it to open the stainless-steel door. The key was attached to a plastic four-leaf-clover key chain, with one of the leaves partially broken off. A three-and-a-half-leaf clover.

He could've used a little more luck. Newly installed in the Pine Tree kitchen, hidden behind the ice machine, was a military-grade motion detector. The device remained silent in the kitchen but sounded an alarm in the home of Sergeant Terry Hughes, a game warden who'd become obsessed with catching the thief. Hughes lived a mile away. He raced to the camp in his pickup truck and sprinted to the rear of the dining hall. He peeked in a window.

And there he was. Probably. The person stealing food appeared entirely too clean, his face freshly shaved. He wore eyeglasses and a wool ski hat. Was this really the North Pond Hermit, a man who'd tormented the surrounding community for years—decades—yet the police still hadn't learned his name?

scattered wildly and everywhere. I thrashed about for an hour, wrenched a knee between two moss-slick rocks, then gave up and retreated to a road.

Before Chris was jailed, he'd led Hughes and Perkins-Vance to his camp; I knew roughly where it was located, but my second attempt was also a failure. There was no hint of a trail. Mosquitoes swarmed. Finally, reduced to slogging in a gridlike pattern, I squeezed around a boulder and there it was.

My goodness. Chris had carved from the chaos a bedroom-sized clearing completely invisible from a few steps away, situated on a slight rise that allowed enough breeze to keep the mosquitoes away, but not so much as to cause severe windchill in winter. It was surrounded by a natural Stonehenge of boulders; overhead, tree branches linked to form a trellis-like canopy that masked his site from the air. This is why Chris's skin was so pale—he'd lived in perpetual shade. I ended up staying there three nights, watching the rabbits by day, at night picking out a few stars behind the scrim of branches. It was as gorgeous and peaceful a place as I have ever spent time.

The police had dismantled much of his camp, but during my next visit with Chris, and several after that, he described his living space in meticulous detail. In total, Chris and I met at the jail for nine hours.

He slept in a simple camping tent, which he kept covered by several layers of brown tarps. Camouflage, he felt, was essential; he didn't want to risk anything shiny catching someone's eye, so he spray-painted, in foresty colors, his garbage bins and his coolers and his cooking pot. He even painted his clothespins green.

The breadth of his thievery was impressive. He'd fled the modern world only to live off the fat of it. Inside his tent was a metal bedframe he'd removed from the Pine Tree Camp; he had hauled it across the pond in a canoe. He didn't steal the canoe. He just borrowed one, as he often did, from a lakeside cabin—"there's a wide selection"—then returned it, sprinkling pine needles inside to make it seem unused. He also stole a box spring and mattress and sleeping bags.

He stole toilet paper and hand sanitizer for his bathroom spot. He took laundry detergent and shampoo for his wash area. There was no fire pit, as he'd insisted. He cooked on a Coleman two-burner stove that he connected to propane tanks. He stole a tremendous number of tanks, pillaging gas grills along the thirty-mile circumference of the pond. He never returned them. He buried the tanks—possibly hundreds of them—in his dump at the camp's edge.

He stole deodorant, disposable razors, flashlights, snow boots, spices, mousetraps, spray paint, and electrical tape. He took pillows off beds. He kept three different types of thermometers in camp: digital, mercury, spring-loaded. Knowing the exact temperature was mandatory. He stole watches—he had to be sure, while on a raid, that he could return to camp before daybreak.

Deeper into the forest, in his "upper cache," as he called it, he'd stashed plastic totes filled with enough supplies—a tent and a sleeping bag, some warm clothes—so that if he heard someone approach his camp, he could instantly abandon it and start anew. He was committed.

His diet was terrible. "Cooking is too kind a word for what I did," Chris told me. He'd not been sick in the woods, and his worst accident was a tumble on some ice, but his teeth were rotten, and no wonder. I dug through his twenty-five years of trash, buried between boulders, and kept inventory: a five-pound tub that once held Marshmallow Fluff, an empty box of Devil Dogs, peanut butter, Cheetos, honey, graham crackers, Cool Whip, tuna fish, coffee, Tater Tots, pudding, soda, El Monterey spicy jalapeño chimichangas, and on and on and on.



Finding the Perfect Spot

Two years after heading into the forest, Knight discovered the patch of woods that would become his permanent home. Perched on a slope that attracted a gentle breeze and shielded by enormous boulders and trees, the campsite remained virtually invisible despite sitting only a few hundred feet from a nearby cabin.

Outfitting a Home

On midnight raids of lakeside cabins, Knight gathered the goods he needed to build his abode—and to keep it hidden. He slept in a nylon tent (on a pilfered box spring and mattress) that he kept covered with brown tarps, and used spray paint to camouflage his coolers, trash bins, and even his clothespins.

Keeping Camp Clean

Camping in one spot—and keeping things tidy—for nearly three decades can be logistically tricky. Knight created separate washing and bathroom stations that he outfitted with hand sanitizer, laundry detergent, and other supplies. And he buried his trash, including hundreds of propane tanks he used to power his camp stove.

He stole radios and earphones and hid an antenna up in trees. For a while, he listened to a lot of conservative talk radio. Later he got hooked on classical music—Tchaikovsky and Brahms, yes; Bach, no. "Bach is too pristine," he said. He went through a spell of listening to television shows on the radio; "theater of the mind," he called it. Everybody Loves Raymond was a favorite. But his undying passion was classic rock: the Who, AC/DC, Judas Priest, and above all, Lynyrd Skynyrd. "They will be playing Lynyrd Skynyrd songs in a thousand years," he proclaimed.

He also stole the occasional handheld video game—Pokémon, Tetris, Dig Dug—but the majority of his free time was spent reading or observing the forest. "Don't mistake me for some bird-watching PBS type," he warned, but then proceeded to poetically describe the crunch of dry leaves underfoot ("walking on corn flakes") and the rumble of an ice crack propagating across the pond ("like a bowling ball rolling down an alley").

He stole hundreds of books over the years; his preference was military history—he named William Shirer's *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* as his favorite book—but he took whatever was available. Magazines were more common. When he finished them, he'd create bricks of magazines, bound with electrical tape, and bury them in the ground to level out his camp. Beneath his tent area were dozens of these bricks.

I unearthed a stack of National Geographics with the dates still legible: 1991 and 1992. I also saw *People*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Glamour*, and *Vanity Fair*. There was even a collection of Playboys. One book Chris never stole was the Bible. "I can't claim a belief system," he said. He celebrated no holidays. He meditated now and then but did not pray.

With one exception. When the worst of a Maine winter struck, all rules were suspended. "Once you get below negative twenty, you purposely don't think," he told me. His eyes went wide and fearful from the memory. "That's when you do have religion. You do pray. You pray for warmth."

...

Chris lived by the rhythms of the seasons, but his thoughts were dominated by surviving winter. Preparations began at the end of each summer as the lakeside cabins were shutting down for the year. "It was my busiest time," he said. "Harvest time. A very ancient instinct. Though not usually associated with crime."

His first goal was to get fat. This was a life-or-death necessity. "I gorged myself on sugar and alcohol," he said. "It's the quickest way to gain weight, and I liked the inebriation." The bottles he stole were signs of a man who'd never once, as he admitted, ordered a drink at a bar: Allen's Coffee Flavored Brandy, Seagram's Escapes Strawberry Daiquiri, something called Whipped Chocolate Valley Vines (from the label: "fine chocolate, whipped cream & red wine").

As the evenings began to chill, he grew his beard to the ideal length—about an inch, long enough to insulate his face, short enough to prevent ice buildup. He intensified his thieving raids, stocking up on food and propane. The first snow usually came in November. Chris was always fearful about leaving a single boot print anywhere, which is impossible to avoid in a blanket of snow. And so for the next six months, until the spring thaw in April, Chris rarely strayed from his clearing in the woods.

I asked him if he just slept all the time, a human hibernation. "Completely wrong," he replied. "It's dangerous to sleep too long in winter." When seriously frigid weather descended, he conditioned himself to fall asleep at 7:30 P.M. and get up at 2 A.M. "That way, at the depth of cold, I was awake." If he remained in bed any longer, condensation from his body could freeze his sleeping bag. "If you try and sleep through that kind of cold, you might never wake up."

The first thing he'd do at 2 A.M. was light his stove and start melting snow. To get his blood circulating, he'd pace the perimeter of his camp. His feet never seemed to fully thaw, but as long as he had a fresh pair of socks, this wasn't a problem. "It's more important to be dry than warm," Chris said. By dawn, he'd have his day's water supply. "Then, if I had had food, I'd have a meal."

And if he didn't have food? There were, he said, some very hard winters—desperate winters—in which he ran out of propane and finished his food. The suffering was acute. Chris called it "physical, emotional, and psychological pain." He hinted to me there were times he contemplated suicide.

Why not just leave the woods? Chris said he thought about it. He even kept a whistle in his camp. "If I blew on it in sequences of three, help might come." But he never used it. Rather, he made a firm decision that unless forcibly removed, he was going to spend the rest of his life behind the trees.

When he heard the song of the chickadees, he told me, he could finally relax. "That alerted me that winter is starting to lessen its grip. That the end is near. That spring is coming and I'm still alive."

The cold never got easier. All his winter-camping expertise felt offset by advancing age. "You should have seen me in my twenties," he boasted. "I was lord of the woods. I ruled the land I walked upon. I was tough and clever." But over time, like an aging athlete, his body began to break down. The biggest issue was his eyesight. "For the last ten years, anything beyond an arm's length was a blur. I used my ears more than my eyes." If he saw a pair of glasses during a break-in, he always tried them on, but was unable to find a better prescription. His agility faded; bruises took longer to heal. His teeth constantly hurt.

The victims of his thefts, after years of waiting for a police breakthrough, eventually took matters into their own hands. Neal Patterson, whose family has owned a place on the pond for fifty years, began hiding all night in his dark house with a .357 Magnum in his hand. "I wanted to be the guy that caught the hermit," he said. He stayed up fourteen nights one summer before he quit.

Debbie Baker, whose young boys were terrified of the hermit—to quell their fears, the family renamed him "the hungry man"—installed a surveillance camera in their cabin. And in 2002, they captured a photo of Knight. The police widely distributed the photo and figured an arrest was imminent.

It took eleven more years. After a robbery in March of 2013 at the Pine Tree Camp, Sergeant Terry Hughes, who often volunteered there, contacted the border patrol for advice. "It had gone on long enough," said Hughes. He installed a motion detector that sounded an alarm at his house and practiced dashing from his bed to the camp until he had it down under four minutes. Then Hughes waited for the hermit to return.

...

Following his arrest, the court of public opinion was deeply divided. The man who wanted to live his life as invisibly as possible had become one of the most famous people in Maine. You could not walk into a bar in the Augusta area without stumbling into a debate about what should be done with Christopher Knight.

Some said that he must immediately be released from jail. Stealing cheese and bacon are not serious crimes. The man was apparently never violent. He didn't carry a weapon. He's an introvert, not a criminal. He clearly has no desire to be a part of our world. Let's open a Kickstarter, get him enough cash for a few years' worth of groceries, and allow him to go back to the

woods. Some people were willing to let him live on their land, rent-free.

Others countered that it wasn't the physical items he robbed that made his crimes so disturbing—he stole hundreds of people's peace of mind. Their sense of security. How were they supposed to know Knight wasn't armed and dangerous? Even a single break-in can be punishable by a ten-year sentence. If Knight really wanted to live in the woods, he should've done so on public lands, hunting and fishing for food. He's nothing but a lazy man and a thief times a thousand. Lock him up in the state penitentiary.

On October 28, 2013, Chris appeared in Kennebec County Superior Court and pleaded guilty to thirteen counts of burglary and theft. He was sentenced to seven months in jail—he'd already served all but a week of this, waiting for his case to be resolved. The sentence was far more lenient than it could have been, though even the prosecutor said a long prison term seemed cruel in this case. Chris was ordered to meet with a judge every Monday, and avoid alcohol, and either find a job or go to school. If he violated these terms, he could be sent to prison for seven years.

Before his release, I met with Chris again. He said he'd be returning home, to live with his mother. His beard was unruly—"my crazy hermit beard," he called it. He was alarmingly skinny; he itched all over. We still didn't make much eye contact.

"I don't know your world," he said. "Only my world, and memories of the world before I went into the woods. What life is today? What is proper? I have to figure out how to live." He wished he could return to his camp—"I miss the woods"—but he knew by the rules of his release that this was impossible. "Sitting here in jail, I don't like what I see in the society I'm about to enter. I don't think I'm going to fit in. It's too loud. Too colorful. The lack of aesthetics. The crudeness. The inanities. The trivia."

I told him I agreed with much of his assessment. But, I wondered, what about your world? What insights did you glean from your time alone? I had been trying to ask him these questions every visit, but now I pushed the point harder.

Anyone who reveals what he's learned, Chris told me, is not by his definition a true hermit. Chris had come around on the idea of himself as a hermit, and eventually embraced it. When I mentioned Thoreau, who spent two years at Walden, Chris dismissed him with a single word: "dilettante."

True hermits, according to Chris, do not write books, do not have friends, and do not answer questions. I asked why he didn't at least keep a journal in the woods. Chris scoffed. "I expected to die out there. Who would read my journal? You? I'd rather take it to my grave." The only reason he was talking to me now, he said, is because he was locked in jail and needed practice interacting with others.

"But you must have thought about things," I said. "About your life, about the human condition."

Chris became surprisingly introspective. "I did examine myself," he said. "Solitude did increase my perception. But here's the tricky thing—when I applied my increased perception to myself, I lost my identity. With no audience, no one to perform for, I was just there. There was no need to define myself; I became irrelevant. The moon was the minute hand, the seasons the hour hand. I didn't even have a name. I never felt lonely. To put it romantically: I was completely free."

That was nice. But still, I pressed on, there must have been some grand insight revealed to him in the wild.

He returned to silence. Whether he was thinking or fuming or both, I couldn't tell. Though he did arrive at an answer. I felt like some great mystic was about to reveal the Meaning of Life.

"Get enough sleep."

He set his jaw in a way that conveyed he wouldn't be saying more. This is what he'd learned. I accepted it as truth.

"What I miss most," he eventually continued, "is somewhere between quiet and solitude. What I miss most is stillness." He said he'd watched for years as a shelf mushroom grew on the trunk of a Douglas fir in his camp. I'd noticed the mushroom when I visited—it was enormous—and he asked me with evident concern if anyone had knocked it down. I assured him it was still there. In the height of summer, he said, he'd sometimes sneak down to the lake at night. "I'd stretch out in the water, float on my back, and look at the stars."

At the very end of each of our visits, I'd always asked him the same question. An essential question: Why did he disappear?

He never had a satisfying answer. "I don't have a reason." "I can't explain why." "Give me more time to think about it." "It's a mystery to me, too." Then he became annoyed: "Why? That question bores me."

But during our final visit, he was more reflective. Isn't everybody, he said, seeking the same thing in life? Aren't we all looking for contentment? He was never happy in his youth—not in high school, not with a job, not being around other people. Then he discovered his camp in the woods. "I found a place where I was content," he said. His own perfect spot. The only place in the world he felt at peace.

That was all he had to tell me. He'd grown weary of my visits. Please, he begged, leave me alone; we are not friends. I don't want to be your friend, he said, I don't want to be anyone's friend. "I'm not going to miss you at all," he added.

I liked Chris, a great deal. I liked the way his mind worked; I liked the lyricism of his language. But he was a true hermit. He could no longer disappear into the wild, so he wished to melt away into the world.

"Good-bye, Chris," I said. A guard had appeared to escort him away, but there was time for Chris to express a last thought. He did not. He hung up the phone. No wave; no nod. He stood, turned his back on me, and walked out of the visitors' booth and down a corridor of the jail.

Hughes used his cell phone, quietly, and asked the Maine State Police to alert trooper Diane Perkins-Vance, who had also been hunting the hermit. Before Perkins-Vance could get there, the burglar, his backpack full, started toward the exit. If the man stepped into the forest, Hughes understood, he might never be found again.

The burglar eased out of the dining hall, and Hughes used his left hand to blind the man with his flashlight; with his right he aimed his .357 square on his nose. "Get on the ground!" he bellowed.

The thief complied, no resistance, and lay facedown, candy spilling out of his pockets. It was one thirty in the morning on April 4, 2013. Perkins-Vance soon arrived, and the burglar was placed, handcuffed, in a plastic chair. The officers asked his name. He refused to answer. His skin was strangely pale; his glasses, with chunky plastic frames, were extremely outdated. But he wore a nice Columbia jacket, new Lands' End blue jeans, and sturdy boots. The officers searched him, and no identification was located.

Hughes left the suspect alone with Perkins-Vance. She removed his handcuffs and gave him a bottle of water. And he started to speak. A little. When Perkins-Vance asked why he didn't want to answer any questions, he said he was ashamed. He spoke haltingly, uncertainly; the connection between his mind and his mouth seemed to have atrophied from disuse. But over the next couple of hours, he gradually opened up.

His name, he revealed, was Christopher Thomas Knight. Born on December 7, 1965. He said he had no address, no vehicle, did not file a tax return, and did not receive mail. He said he lived in the woods.

"For how long?" wondered Perkins-Vance.



Knight thought for a bit, then asked when the Chernobyl nuclear-plant disaster occurred. He had long ago lost the habit of

marking time in months or years; this was just a news event he happened to remember. The nuclear meltdown took place in 1986, the same year, Knight said, he went to live in the woods. He was 20 years old at the time, not long out of high school. He was now 47, a middle-aged man.

Knight stated that over all those years he slept only in a tent. He never lit a fire, for fear that smoke would give his camp away. He moved strictly at night. He said he didn't know if his parents were alive or dead. He'd not made one phone call or driven in a car or spent any money. He had never in his life sent an e-mail or even seen the Internet.

He confessed that he'd committed approximately forty robberies a year while in the woods—a total of more than a thousand break-ins. But never when anyone was home. He said he stole only food and kitchenware and propane tanks and reading material and a few other items. Knight admitted that everything he possessed in the world, he'd stolen, including the clothes he was wearing, right down to his underwear. The only exception was his eyeglasses.

Perkins-Vance called dispatch and learned that Knight had no criminal record. He said he grew up in a nearby community, and his senior picture was soon located in the 1984 Lawrence High School yearbook. He was wearing the same eyeglasses.

For close to three decades, Knight said, he had not seen a doctor or taken any medicine. He mentioned that he had never once been sick. You had to have contact with other humans, he claimed, in order to get sick.

When, said Perkins-Vance, was the last time he'd had contact with another person?

Sometime in the 1990s, answered Knight, he passed a hiker while walking in the woods.

"What did you say?" asked Perkins-Vance.

"I said, 'Hi,' " Knight replied. Other than that single syllable, he insisted, he had not spoken with or touched another human being, until this night, for twenty-seven years.

Christopher Knight was arrested, charged with burglary and theft, and transported to the Kennebec County jail in Augusta, the state capital. For the first time in nearly 10,000 days, he slept indoors.

News of the capture stunned the citizens of North Pond. For decades, they'd felt haunted by...something. It was hard to say what. At first, in the late 1980s, there were strange occurrences. Flashlights were missing their batteries. Steaks disappeared from the fridge. New propane tanks on the grill had been replaced by old ones. "My grandkids thought I was losing my mind," said David Proulx, whose vacation cabin was broken into at least fifty times.

Then people began noticing other things. Wood shavings near window locks; scratches on doorframes. Was it a neighbor? A gang of teenagers? The robberies continued—boat batteries, frying pans, winter jackets. Fear took hold. "We always felt like he was watching us," one resident said. The police were called, repeatedly, but were unable to help.

Locks were changed, alarm systems installed. Nothing seemed to stop him. Or her. Or them. No one knew. A few desperate residents even left notes on their doors: "Please don't break in. Tell me what you need and I'll leave it out for you." There was never a reply.

Incidents mounted, and the phantom morphed into legend. Eventually he was given a name: the North Pond Hermit. At a homeowners' meeting in 2002, the hundred people present were asked who had suffered break-ins. Seventy-five raised their hands. Campfire hermit stories were swapped. One kid recalled that when he was 10 years old, all his Halloween candy was stolen. That kid is now 34.

Still the robberies persisted. The crimes, after so long, felt almost supernatural. "The legend of the hermit lived on for years and years," said Pete Cogswell, whose jeans and belt were worn by the hermit when he was caught. "Did I believe it? No. Who really could?"

Knight's arrest, rather than eliminating disbelief, only enhanced it. The truth was stranger than the myth. One man had actually lived in the woods of Maine for twenty-seven years, in an unheated nylon tent. Winters in Maine are long and intensely cold: a wet, windy cold, the worst kind of cold. A week of winter camping is an impressive achievement. An entire season is practically unheard of.

Though hermits have been documented for thousands of years, Knight's feat appears to exist in a category of its own. He engaged in zero communication with the outside world. He never snapped a photo. He did not keep a journal. His camp was undisclosed to everyone.

There may have been others like Knight, whose commitment to isolation was absolute—he planned to live his entire life in secret—but if so, they were never found. Capturing Knight was the human equivalent of netting a giant squid. He was an uncontacted tribe of one.

Reporters across Maine, and soon enough across the nation and the world, attempted to contact him. What did he wish to tell us? What secrets had he uncovered? How had he survived? He stayed resolutely silent. Even after his arrest, the North Pond Hermit remained a complete mystery.



I decided to write him a letter. I wrote it by hand, pen on paper, and sent it from my home in Montana to the Kennebec County jail. I mentioned I was a journalist seeking explanations for his baffling life. A week later, a white envelope arrived in my mailbox. The return address, printed in blue ink in wobbly-looking block letters, read "Chris Knight." It was a brief note—three paragraphs; 272 words. Still, it contained some of the first statements Knight had shared with anyone in the world.

"I replied to your letter," he explained, "because writing letters relieves somewhat the stress and boredom of my present situation." Also, he didn't feel comfortable speaking. "My vocal, verbal skills have become rather rusty and slow."

I'd mentioned in my letter that I was an avid reader. From what I could tell, Knight was, too. Many victims of Knight's thefts reported that their books were often stolen—from Tom Clancy potboilers to dense military histories to James Joyce's *Ulysses*.

Hemingway, I wrote, was one of my favorites. It seemed that Knight was shy about everything except literary criticism; he answered that he felt "rather lukewarm" about Hemingway. Instead, he noted, he'd rather read Rudyard Kipling, preferably his "lesser known works." As if catching himself getting a little friendly, he added that since he didn't know me, he really didn't want to say more.

Then he seemed concerned that he was now being too unfriendly. "I wince at the rudeness of this reply but think it better to be clear and honest rather than polite. Tempted to say 'nothing personal,' but handwritten letters are always personal." He ended with: "It was kind of you to write. Thank you." He did not sign his name.

I wrote him back and sent him a couple of Kiplings (The Man Who Would Be King and Captains Courageous). His response, two and a half pages, felt as raw and honest as a diary entry. He was suffering in jail; the noise and the filth tore at his senses. "You asked how I sleep. Little and uneasy. I am nearly always tired and nervous." In his next letter, he added, in his staccato, almost song-lyric style, that he deserved to be imprisoned. "I stole. I was a thief. I repeatedly stole over many years. I knew it was wrong. Knew it was wrong, felt guilty about it every time, yet continued to do it."

We exchanged letters throughout the summer of 2013. Rather than becoming gradually more accustomed to jail, to being around other people, Knight was deteriorating. In the woods, he said, he'd always carefully maintained his facial hair, but now he stopped shaving. "Use my beard," he wrote, "as a jail calendar."

He tried several times to converse with other inmates. He could force out a few hesitant words, but every topic—music, movies, television—was lost on him, as was most slang. "You speak like a book," one inmate teased. Whereupon he ceased talking.

"I am retreating into silence as a defensive move," he wrote. Soon he was down to uttering just five words, and only to guards: yes; no; please; thank you. "I am surprised by the amount of respect this garners me. That silence intimidates puzzles me. Silence is to me normal, comfortable."

He wrote little about his time in the woods, but what he did reveal was harrowing. Some years, he made it clear, he barely survived the winter. In one letter, he told me that to get through difficult times, he tried meditating. "I didn't meditate every day, month, season in the woods. Just when death was near. Death in the form of too little food or too much cold for too long." Meditation worked, he concluded. "I am alive and sane, at least I think I'm sane." As always there was no formal closing. His letters simply ended, sometimes mid-thought.

He returned to the theme of sanity in a following letter. "When I came out of the woods they applied the label hermit to me. Strange idea to me. I had never thought of myself as a hermit. Then I got worried. For I knew with the label hermit comes the idea of crazy. See the ugly little joke."

Even worse, he feared his time in jail would only prove correct those who doubted his sanity. "I suspect," he wrote, "more damage has been done to my sanity in jail, in months; than years, decades, in the woods."

His legal proceedings were mired in delays, as the district attorney and his lawyer tried to figure out how justice could be served in a case entirely without precedent.

After four months in jail, Knight had no clue what punishment awaited. A sentence of a dozen or more years was possible. "Stress levels sky high," he wrote. "Give me a number. How long? Months? Years? How long in prison for me. Tell me the worst. How long?"

In the end, he decided he could not even write. "For a while writing relieved stress for me. No longer." He sent one last, heartbreaking letter in which he seemed at the verge of breakdown. "Still tired. More tired. Tireded, tireddest, tired ad nauseam, tired infinitum."

And that was it. He never wrote me again. Though he did finally sign his name. Despite the exhaustion and the tension, the last words he penned were wry and self-mocking: "Your friendly neighborhood Hermit, Christopher Knight."

...

Three weeks after his final letter, I flew to Maine. The Kennebec County jail, a three-story slab of pale gray cinder blocks, permits visitors most evenings at six forty-five. I arrived early. "Who you here to see?" asked a corrections officer.

"Christopher Knight."

"Relationship?"

"Friend," I answered unconfidently. He didn't know I was here, and I had my doubts he'd see me.



I sat on a bench as other visitors checked in. Beyond the walls of the waiting room, I could hear piercing buzzers and slamming doors. Eventually an officer appeared and called out, "Knight."

He unlocked a maroon door and I stepped inside a visitors' booth. Three short stools were bolted to the floor in front of a narrow desk. Over the desk, dividing the booth into sealed-off halves, was a thick pane of shatterproof plastic. Sitting on a stool on the other side of the pane was Christopher Knight.

Rarely in my life have I witnessed someone less pleased to see me. His lips, thin, were pulled into a downturned scowl. His eyes did not rise to meet mine. I sat across from him, and there was no acknowledgment of my presence, not the merest nod. He gazed someplace beyond my left shoulder. He was wearing a dull green overlaundered jail uniform several sizes too big.

A black phone receiver was hanging on the wall. I picked it up. He picked his up—the first movement I saw him make.

I spoke first. "Nice to meet you, Chris."

He didn't respond. He just sat there, stone-faced. His balding head shone like a snowfield beneath the fluorescent lights; his beard was a mess of reddish brown curls. He had on silver-framed glasses, different from the ones he'd worn forever in the woods. He was very skinny. He'd lost a great deal of weight since his arrest.

I tend to babble when I'm nervous, but I made a conscious effort to restrain myself. I recalled what Knight wrote in his letter about being comfortable with silence. I looked at him not looking at me. Maybe a minute passed.

That was all I could endure. "The constant banging and buzzing in here," I said, "must be so jarring compared with the sounds of nature." He shifted his eyes to me—a small victory—then glanced away. His eyes are light brown. He scarcely has any eyebrows. I let my comment hang in the air.

Then he spoke. Or at least his mouth moved. His first words to me were inaudible. I saw why: He was holding the phone's

mouthpiece too low, below his chin. It had been decades since he'd used a phone; he was out of practice. I indicated with my hand that he needed to move it up. He did. And he repeated his grand pronouncement.

"It's jail," he said. There was nothing more. Silence again.

I shouldn't have come. He didn't want me here; I didn't feel comfortable being here. But the jail had granted me a one-hour visit, and I resolved to stay. I settled atop my stool. I felt hyperaware of all my gestures, my expressions, my breathing. Chris's right leg, I saw through the scuffed window, was bouncing rapidly. He scratched at his skin.

Photo: Jennifer Smith-Mayo

My patience was rewarded. First his leg settled down. He quit scratching. And then, rather shockingly, he started talking.

"Some people want me to be this warm and fuzzy person. All filled with friendly hermit wisdom. Just spouting off fortune-cookie lines from my hermit home."

His voice was clear; he'd retained the stretched vowels of a Down East Maine accent. And his words, when he deigned to release them, could evidently be imaginative and entertaining. And caustic.

"Your hermit home—like under a bridge?" I said, trying to play along.

He presented me with an aching long blink.

"You're thinking of a troll."

I laughed. His face moved in the direction of a smile. We had made a connection—or at least the awkwardness of our introduction had softened. We began to converse somewhat normally. He called me Mike and I called him Chris.

He explained about the lack of eye contact. "I'm not used to seeing people's faces," he said. "There's too much information there. Aren't you aware of it? Too much, too fast."

I followed his cue and looked over his shoulder while he stared over mine. We maintained this arrangement for most of the visit. Chris had recently been given a mental-health evaluation by Maine's forensic service. The report mentioned a possible diagnosis of Asperger's disorder, a form of autism often marked by exceptional intelligence but extreme sensitivity to motions, sounds, and light.

Chris had just learned of Asperger's while in jail, and he seemed unfazed by the diagnosis. "I don't think I'll be a spokesman for the Asperger's telethon. Do they still do telethons? I hate Jerry Lewis." He said he was taking no medications. "But I don't like people touching me," he added. "You're not a hugger, are you?"

I admitted that I do at times participate in embraces.



"I'm glad this is between us," he said, indicating the glass. "If there was a set of blinds here, I'd close them."

There was a part of me that was perversely charmed by Chris. He could seem prickly—he is prickly—but this was merely a protective cover. He told me that since his capture, he'd often found himself emotionally overwhelmed at unexpected moments. "Like TV commercials," he said, "have made me teary. It's not a good thing in jail to have people see you crying."

Everything he said seemed candid and blunt, unfiltered by the safety net of social niceties. "I'm not sorry about being rude if it gets to the point quicker," he told me.

That's fine, I said, though I expected to ask questions that might kindle his rudeness. But I started with a gentle one: What was your life like before you went into the forest?

...

Before he slept in the woods for a quarter century straight, Chris never once spent a night in a tent. He was raised in the community of Albion, a forty-five-minute drive east of his camp; he has four older brothers and one younger sister. His father, who died in 2001, worked in a creamery. His mother, now in her eighties, still lives in the same house where Chris grew up, a modest two-story colonial on a wooded fifty-acre plot.

The family is extremely private and did not speak with me. Their next-door neighbor told me that in fourteen years, he hasn't exchanged more than a word with Chris's mom. Sometimes he sees her getting the paper. "Culturally my family is old Yankee," Chris said. "We're not emotionally bleeding all over each other. We're not touchy-feely. Stoicism is expected."

Chris insisted that he had a fine childhood. "No complaints," he said. "I had good parents." He shared vivid stories of moose hunting with his father. "A couple of hunting trips I slept in the back of the pickup, but never alone and never in a tent." After he'd disappeared, his family apparently didn't report him missing to the police, though they may have hired a private detective. No one uncovered a clue. Two of Chris's brothers, Joel and Tim, visited him in jail. "I didn't recognize them," Chris admitted.

"My brothers supposed I was dead," said Chris, "but never expressed this to my mom. They always wanted to give her hope."

Maybe he's in Texas, they'd say. Or he's in the Rocky Mountains." Chris did not allow his mother to visit. "Look at me, I'm in my prison clothes. That's not how I was raised. I couldn't face her."

He said he had excellent grades in high school, though no friends, and graduated early. Like two of his brothers, he enrolled in a nine-month electronics course at Sylvania Technical School in Waltham, Massachusetts. Then, still in Waltham, he took a job installing home and vehicle alarm systems; valuable knowledge to have once he started stealing.

He bought a new car, a white 1985 Subaru Brat. His brother Joel co-signed the loan. "I screwed him on that," Chris said. "I still owe him." He worked less than a year before he quit. He drove the Brat to Maine, went through his hometown without stopping—"one last look around"—and kept driving north. Soon he reached the edge of Moosehead Lake, where Maine begins to get truly remote.

"I drove until I was nearly out of gas. I took a small road. Then a small road off that small road. Then a trail off that." He parked the car. He placed the keys in the center console. "I had a backpack and minimal stuff. I had no plans. I had no map. I didn't know where I was going. I just walked away."

It was late summer of 1986. He'd camp in one spot for a week or so, then hike south, following the natural geology of Maine, with its long, glacier-carved valleys. "I lost track of where I was," he said. "I didn't care." For a while, he tried foraging for food. He ate roadkill partridges. Then he began taking corn and potatoes from people's gardens.

"But I wanted more than vegetables," he said. "It took a while to overcome my scruples. I was always scared when stealing. Always." He insists he never encountered anyone during a robbery; he made sure there was no car in the driveway, no sign of anyone inside. "It was usually 1 or 2 A.M. I'd go in, hit the cabinets, the refrigerator. In and out. My heart rate was soaring. It was not a comfortable act. I took no pleasure in it, none at all, and I wanted it over as quickly as possible." A single mistake, he understood, and the outside world would snatch him back.

He roamed about for two years before he discovered the campsite he would call home. He knew at once it was ideal. "Then," he said, "I settled in."

The majority of North Pond residents I spoke with found it hard to believe Knight's story. Many insisted that he either had help or spent the winters in unoccupied cabins. As the time allotted for our visit wound down, I challenged Chris myself: You must, I said, have had assistance at some time. Or slept in a cabin. Or used a bathroom.

Chris's demeanor changed. It was the only time in our meeting that he held eye contact. "Never once did I sleep inside," he said. He never used a shower. Or a toilet.

He did admit to thawing meat in a microwave a few times during break-ins. But he endured every season entirely on his own. "I'm a thief. I induced fear. People have a right to be angry. But I have not lied."

I trusted him. I sensed, in fact, that Chris was practically incapable of lying. I wasn't alone in this thought. Diane Perkins-Vance, the state trooper present at his arrest, told me that much of her job consisted of sorting through lies people fed her. With Chris, however, she had no doubts. "Unequivocally," she said, "I believe him."

Before he hung up the phone, Chris added that if I could see where he lived and how he survived, I'd know for sure.

It was my plan to find his camp. Afterward, I said, I'd like to return to the jail. Could we meet again?

His answer was unexpected. He said, "Yes."

...

The Belgrade Lakes area, where Knight lived, is cow-and-horse rural, nothing like the vast North Woods of Maine, wild and unpeopled. Knight's camp was located on private property, just a few hundred feet from the nearest cabin, in an area crisscrossed by dirt roads.

When I saw Knight's woods myself, I understood how he could remain there unnoticed. The tangle of hemlock and maple and elm is so dense the forest holds its own humidity; one step in and my glasses fogged.

But what made navigation truly treacherous were the boulders—vehicle-sized glacier-borne gifts from the last ice age—



- THE ENIGMA OF AMERICAN POLTERGEISTS -

THE STRATFORD POLTERGEIST

Mysterious Happenings at the Phelps Mansion - One of America's Most Mysterious Hauntings!

BY TROY TAYLOR

On a late winter morning in March 1850, strangeness came to the peaceful New England town of Stratford, Connecticut. It came quietly and without fanfare but its arrival would shake the community to its core - and would create a mystery that remains unsolved even more than a century and a half later.

Reverend Eliakim Phelps came to Stratford in February 1848 and bought a sprawling mansion on Elm Street that had once belonged to a sea captain named George R. Dowell. The house was as eccentric as its builder was. For instance, the captain had constructed the main hallway of the house to be 70 feet long and 12 feet wide, with twin staircases that met at each end of the second-floor landing. The odd design replicated the layout of Captain Dowell's clipper ship.

The seaman sold the house and retired, passing ownership to Dr. Phelps, who soon planned to retire himself in the new home. However, he would find the place anything but peaceful!

Dr. Phelps had been born in Belchertown, Massachusetts to an old and respected New England family. He was a graduate of the Union and Andover Seminaries and had been in charge of congregations in both Geneva and Huntington, New York. He had been widowed in his late 50's but his children were all grown and had moved from home by then. He was well known in religious circles and was seen as somewhat unusual in his thinking, often expressing an interest in mysticism, mesmerism and later, in the growing Spiritualist movement in America. He devoted most of his time to reading and exploring his unique interests. Phelps was definitely outside of the norm when it came to Presbyterian clergymen.

Then, at 59 years of age, Phelps began to make some changes in his life. Not only did he relocate from Philadelphia to Stratford, but he also married again. His new bride was many years younger and already had three children: Anna, 16, Henry, 11 and another girl, who was 6. Together, they had a son, who was three years old when the strange happenings on Elm Street began.

Despite what seemed to be a blissful life, some accounts state that the family was

not entirely happy. Apparently, Mrs. Phelps did not care for Stratford and did not like her neighbors. She was constantly tired and upset and it was said that her daughter, Anna, suffered from a nervous disposition. The stress carried by these two women is worth noting during the story to come.

It began on Sunday, March 10, 1850. The entire Phelps family returned from church services that morning to find the doors of their house standing wide open. Dr. Phelps was shocked by this! As the maid was away, he had been sure to secure the entire house, locking not only the exterior doors and windows, but the interior ones as well. The only keys were in his pocket. But now, they discovered that all of them had been flung open, both inside and out.

Dr. Phelps cautiously entered the house, unsure of what he might find. What he discovered was chaos. Someone had ransacked the place, knocking over furniture, smashing dishes, scattering books, papers and clothing. Yet strangely, they had not apparently been robbed. Phelps found that his gold watch, the family silver and his loose cash were in plain sight, but had been left alone. He wondered if perhaps an unlocked window had provided the thieves means to escape when the family returned from church and caught them by surprise.

Phelps summoned his family and they went upstairs to inspect the bedrooms. Here, they found no burglars hidden away but something even more unnerving. In one of the bedrooms, someone had spread a sheet over the bed and had placed one of Mrs. Phelps' nightgowns on top of it. Stockings had then been placed at the bottom of it to suggest feet and the arms of the gown had been folded over the chest as though crossed in preparation for a funeral. What sort of message had the thieves, or more likely vandals, been trying to send?

The family attempted to restore some order to the house before returning to the church for the afternoon services. When the clock struck past noon, Mrs. Phelps and the children departed, but Dr. Phelps remained at the house, hoping to catch the burglars when they returned. He hid in his study, armed with a pistol, and waited in silence. A few hours passed and he heard no sounds but that of the house creaking in the wind. No doors opened or closed, no footsteps fell in the rooms or the corridors.

Eventually, he left his hiding place and wandered about the lower floor. He opened the door to the dining room and got a shocking discovery! The previously empty room was now filled with a crowd of women! They had entered the house without sound and now stood silent and still, standing and kneeling in positions of religious devotion. Several of them held bibles, others bowed so low that their foreheads nearly brushed the floor, and all of them seemed to be in a rough circle in the center of the room.

It was several moments before Dr. Phelps realized that the women in the room were incredibly lifelike effigies that had been fashioned from the family's clothing. The dresses had been filled with rags, muffs and other materials from around the house.

The dummies had somehow been created and positioned during the short time that Mrs. Phelps and the children had been away from the house.. and while Dr. Phelps had been so vigilantly standing guard! How could it have been done? And more importantly, what did it mean?

Notably, this would not be the last time that the effigies would appear without explanation in the house. Over the months to come, these eleven "women" would be joined by nearly 20 more. They would appear without warning and with no clue as to how they were constructed so quickly or so secretly. On March 10, the family would not know that this incredible event was only the beginning!

Some time later, the events on that Sunday morning would be connected to an almost forgotten incident that had taken place a few days before. Some would suggest that perhaps the spirits that came to the Phelps mansion came there by "invitation".

In 1850, the Spiritualism movement was just starting to capture the attention of America. Two years before, in 1848, the Fox sisters of New York had received national attention with their spirit rappings and Americans were becoming intrigued by communication with the dead.

On March 4, an old friend of Dr. Phelps' had come to Stratford for a visit. Knowing of the minister's interest in unusual things, they began discussing Spiritualism and the possibilities of contacting the spirit world. One thing led to another and the two men decided to try their hand at a seance. In reply to their questions, the men reported some disorganized knocking and rapping sounds, but neither of them considered it very extraordinary. But did they summon up something that night which would come back to plague the house later?

By March 10, the seance was undoubtedly forgotten in the confusion over the vandalized house and the mysterious effigies. After that, things got even worse! Activity became more frantic the following day as objects began to move about the house. An umbrella jumped into the air and traveled nearly 25 feet.. forks, spoons, knives, books, pens and assorted small objects launched from places where no one had been standing... pillows, sheets and blankets were pulled from beds and fluttered into the air. This continued all day long and finally, by evening, the activity seemed to be exhausted and the house fell silent.

But the next morning though, it started all over again. Mrs. Phelps pleaded with her husband to call someone for help. So Phelps contacted Reverend John Mitchell, a friend and a retired minister. Mitchell listened to the story and quickly suggested the most obvious solution, that the maid or the older children were playing tricks. He took the suspects away from the house and sequestered them nearby, but the activity continued. He still suspected some natural explanation though, until he actually saw some of the objects move for himself. He soon became convinced that the events were unexplainable.

On March 14, the haunting took another turn. During the morning meal, a potato literally dropped from nowhere and landed on the breakfast table. This was just the beginning too. Throughout the rest of the day, Dr. and Mrs. Phelps, along with Reverend Mitchell, witnessed 46 objects appear and drop out of the air in the locked parlor. Most of the items were articles of clothing that had been somehow transported from the upstairs closets.

In the weeks to come, observers, friends and the curious witnessed objects appearing and flying through the air at the Phelps home. Most of these items would move at abnormally slow speeds and they would touch down on the floor as if carefully placed there. Phelps and others also claimed to see the objects change course while in flight.

There were many accusations of trickery toward the Phelps family but with each, Dr. Phelps invited the skeptics to see the house for themselves. He was hospitable to reporters, investigators, and even mere curiosity-seekers, and he permitted them to come to the house and to stay as long as they liked. Many of them would witness the disturbances first hand.

Finally, after reading accounts of the haunting in newspapers, Dr. Phelps' son, Austin, journeyed to Stratford to get to the bottom of the matter. His uncle, Abner Phelps, a well-known Boston doctor and Massachusetts legislator, accompanied him. Austin himself was a professor at Andover Theological Seminary. Neither of the men was pleased with the family's growing notoriety and neither of them had approved of Dr. Phelps' marriage to his young wife either. They were sure that they would discover a trickster among the family.

During their first night, they heard a loud pounding noise that they surmised was coming from the knocker on the front door. They took turns pulling it open and guarding the door, but each time they expected to pounce on the prankster, they found the doorstep to be deserted. Finally, they stood on both sides of the door, Austin on the outside and his uncle inside. The loud knocking continued, but the source was a mystery.

The men were also disturbed by rapping noises upstairs. On the second night, they determined the noise was coming from Anna's room, the daughter with the nervous condition. The hammering seemed to be coming from the inside panel of the door. They burst into the room, thinking to catch her in the act, but she was far from the door when they entered. Austin later wrote: "The young lady was in bed, covered up and out of reach of the door. We examined the panel and found dents where it had been struck."

The two men would depart from the house believing that whatever phenomenon was being experienced there, it was genuine.

The outbreak continued, becoming both a physical and psychological attack on the entire family. The night time hours were filled with rapping, knockings, voices,

screams and bizarre sounds, while the daylight hours saw objects sailing about through the rooms. Silverware bent and twisted, windows broke, papers scattered and tables and chairs danced across the floor as if they had come to life. And of course, the strange effigies continued to appear. It was reported in the New Haven Journal that: "In a short space of time so many figures were constructed that it would not have been possible for a half a dozen women, working steadily for several hours, to have completed their design, and arrange the picturesque tableau. Yet these things happened in short space of time, with the whole house on the watch. In all, about 30 figures were constructed during this period."

Author Joseph Citro wrote that one of the kneeling figures, wearing a dress belonging to Mrs. Phelps, was so realistic that when the youngest child walked into a room with his sister and saw the effigy, he whispered to her: "Be still, Ma is saying prayers."

Unfortunately, the haunting was not limited to the destruction of items in the house. Daughter Anna soon became a target for the spirit's wrath, as did young Henry. A reporter from the New York Sun wrote that he visited the house at the end of April 1850 and was present in a room with Anna and Mrs. Phelps and was able to observe them at all times. At one point, he saw Anna's arm jerk and twitch and she announced that she had just been pinched. The reporter rolled back her sleeve and stated that her arm bore several savage-looking red marks.

At other times, Anna was slapped by unseen hands. Those present sometimes only saw the girl shake or jerk her head, but reported hearing the sound of a slap. They often saw red marks and welts appear on her skin. Once, while she was asleep, a pillow was reportedly pressed over her head and then tied around her neck with tape. According to the editor of the Bridgeport Standard, she nearly died.

But Henry was tortured even further. He was beaten, pinched, struck and occasionally rendered unconscious and abducted. Once, in the presence of Dr. Phelps, he was hit with a flurry of small stones. A newspaper reporter claimed that he once saw the boy carried from this bed by an invisible force and dumped on the floor. In front of a number of witnesses, he was once lifted into the air so high that his hair brushed the ceiling of the room. One day, he vanished and would later be found outside, tied up and suspended from a tree. He had no idea how he had gotten there.

The young boy was also burned, thrown into a cistern of water and his clothing torn apart in front of visiting clergymen. He was discovered missing again one afternoon and he was later discovered shoved onto a closet shelf with a rope around his neck.

Numerous theories were put forth (and continue to be today) as to just what was going on in the Phelps house. Many believed that the house had been invaded by intelligent spirits, bound and determined to wreak havoc with the family. But why? Locals stated that the haunting was caused by the ghost of a Goody Bassett, who was hanged near the house for witchcraft in 1651. However, there was no evidence to support this piece of fanciful lore.

While the charges of the skeptics about trickery seemed to be mostly answered by more displays of incredible happenings, the question still remains as to whether the haunting could have been the work of unconscious or involuntary psycho-kinesis. The poltergeist-like events that occurred could have been the unknowing manipulations of Anna (she of the "nervous condition") or even perhaps Mrs. Phelps, who was bitter and unhappy in her new home. Nearly all of the phenomena could be explained in this matter, save for the eerie and mysterious effigies that appeared in locked rooms.

It would be these figures, along with the knocking and rapping sounds, that would convince Dr. Phelps and some of the other clergymen that the force in the house was clearly a "demonic" one. Reverend John Mitchell, who spent the most time in the house as an investigator, even managed to engage the spirits in conversation using a primitive alphabet code of raps and replies. However, the foul answers that he received to his questions had him believing Phelps' insistence that the force was an evil one.

And the communication continued beyond mere knocks and raps. On one occasion, Dr. Phelps was in his study alone, writing at his desk. He turned away for a moment and when he turned back he found that his sheet of paper, which had been blank, was now covered with strange-looking writing. The ink on the paper was still wet.

In the days that followed, other family members and friends would experience the same thing and would find papers with writing on them. The letters sometimes appeared from thin air, floating down over the dinner table or appearing in a sealed box. None of the messages were very revealing and unfortunately, they were all disposed of as Dr. Phelps felt they were missives from an evil source.

Now, desperate for information that the spirits had been unwilling to provide, Dr. Phelps agreed reluctantly to perform another seance in the house. This time, communication was easily resolved and the spirit claimed to be a soul in hell, enduring torment for the sins he had committed in life. Dr. Phelps asked the spirit what he could do to help and using the knocking code, the ghost asked that Phelps bring him a piece of pumpkin pie. Thinking that he had been misunderstood, he asked again and this time the spirit asked for a glass of gin.

Finally, Phelps asked why the spirit was causing such a disturbance in the house and the spirit replied: "For fun."

Then, the spirit further detailed its history, claiming to be a law clerk who had done some financial work for Mrs. Phelps. He confessed that he had committed fraud and had been sent to hell when he died. He did not explain why he was haunting the Phelps home though. Eerily, Dr. Phelps later made a visit to the Philadelphia law firm where the spirit claimed to have been employed and he examined the papers in question. It turned out that a fraud had been committed and that it had been serious enough to warrant the man's prosecution, had he lived until his arrest and trial.

Later on though, Phelps would change his position about the identity of the ghost and

would feel that he had been tricked using the fraudulent papers. It is unknown what made him change from his original position. He simply stated that: "I am convinced that the communications are wholly worthless, in that they are frequently false, contradictory and nonsensical.."

The Phelps family had gone through just about all they could take.

After months of madness in the house, they decided to abandon the place and move back to Philadelphia. They would at least winter there and see how things looked in the spring. Following this decision, Dr. Phelps was in his office one night and a paper suddenly came from nowhere and fluttered down onto his desk. The message asked how soon the family would be leaving the house? On a nearby paper, Dr. Phelps scratched the words "October 1" and by that day, they had departed. Phelps sent his wife and family ahead of him to Philadelphia and he remained briefly in Stratford to put his affairs in order. During this period, the house was quiet and still. The spirits had apparently departed with the Phelps family. However, they did not accompany them to Philadelphia.

The haunting seemed to be over at last. But was it?

The Phelps family spent the winter and spring in the city and they returned to Stratford in the early summer days of 1851. The house was calm and still and over the course of the next eight years, nothing out of the ordinary occurred there. The supernatural forces, whether spiritual or man-made, seemed to have resolved themselves.

So, what did occur in the Phelps home? Was it actually a conscious spirit who, for some reason, was wreaking havoc in the home? Or could the phenomena, even the most frightening and bizarre events, have been the unconscious work of the family themselves? Could this be why Anna and her brother, Henry, were the main targets of the outbreak? Could Anna, as some have suggested, have been subconsciously punishing herself (and her brother) for activity that was unknown to the other members of the household?

Not surprisingly, many of those who looked into the case believed the activity to have a source that was located within the house. Authors Hereward Carrington and Nandor Fodor believed the case to be of the human agent variety but unexplained. Spiritualist and psychic investigator Andrew Jackson Davis came to Stratford and asserted his belief in the genuineness of the activity. He stated that the outbreak was caused by "vital radiations" from Henry and Anna and that when the "magnetism" was at its strongest, objects were attracted to the two of them. He also believed that they could radiate a sort of "electricity" as well, which would propel objects away from them.

As far as the middle 1800's go, this may be one of the most concise explanations for the modern theory of poltergeists that I have heard!

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The Time Abraham Lincoln and a Political Rival Almost Dueled on an Island

mentalfloss.com

Exactly 170 years ago today, the Mississippi River levee in Alton, Illinois, was crammed full of spectators awaiting the results of a highly anticipated duel -- a smackdown between Abraham Lincoln and political rival James Shields. Only one man could emerge victorious. Onlookers held their breath in suspense as they spotted a boat approaching with a blood-soaked body draped over the bow.

It had all started where so many skirmishes do: the Illinois state legislature.

Though at the time Lincoln was a Whig and Shields was a Democrat, the two politicians had an amicable relationship and worked together to address the state's enormous debt problem.

The relationship cooled, however, when Shields became the State Auditor. He passed a number of controversial measures and even instituted a policy whereby the state stopped accepting its own paper money as payment of taxes and other debts.

Lincoln expressed his disapproval in the most professional, statesman-like fashion he could think of: by anonymously lampooning Shields in print. He began composing letters to a Springfield paper deriding Shields' character as well as his policies.

Poking fun at Shields wasn't hard to do. He was notoriously pompous, vain, and a tad eccentric. Opponents dubbed him "an irresistible mark for satire." Putting his infamously sarcastic wit to work, Lincoln created two fictitious characters -- Jeff and Rebecca -- who were unable to pay their debts because the state no longer accepted paper money.

He also poked fun at Shields' lack of romantic game. One letter, signed "Rebecca," quoted Shields as saying, "Dear girls, it is distressing, but I cannot marry you all . . . It is not my fault that I am so handsome and so interesting."

Before sending his note off to the editor, Lincoln shared it with his soon-to-be-wife Mary Todd and her friend Julia Jayne. The two women contributed a few quips to Lincoln's letter and even began writing memos of their own.

The letters soon became the talk of the town. Though Shields was generally well liked, people got a kick out of Lincoln's hilariously spot-on satire. Shields, however, didn't get the joke. Incensed, he contacted the paper's editor and demanded to know "Rebecca's" identity. The editor gave him Abe's name -- as per Lincoln's instructions.

Upon learning the identity of his defamer, Shields decided to settle the matter by challenging Lincoln to a duel. Though Lincoln thought the whole thing was absurd, he knew that backing down from a duel was never the honorable thing to do.

Duel Rules

As the one who'd been challenged, Lincoln got to select the conditions of the duel. He had a

grand old time conjuring up the most ridiculous set of circumstances possible. To begin with, he named the cavalry broadsword as the weapon of choice. ("I didn't want the d---d fellow to kill me, which I think he would have done if we had selected pistols," he later explained.)

Next, Lincoln decided that the duel should be held on an island across the Mississippi (dueling was illegal in Illinois). He also stipulated that the two men face off in the bottom of a 12-foot-deep pit divided by a wooden plank that neither man was allowed to cross.

These conditions gave the 6'4" Lincoln a serious advantage over his 5'9" opponent. Lincoln was sure Shields would back down.

Not the case.

On September 22, 1842, Shields arrived at the duel site near the city of Alton, ready to face any challenger who might be foolish enough to face him.

While the two men were gearing up to face off, one spectator noted how grave and serious Lincoln looked. "I'd never seen him look so long before making a joke, and began to believe he was getting frightened." But all of a sudden, Lincoln reached up and casually sliced off a branch with his sword. Again, it was an effort to scare Shields into submission.

But his opponent's impressive display of arm-span still didn't deter the scrappy Shields. The duel was about to commence when a few mutual friends arrived and intervened. Colonel John Jay Hardin helped the two reach a face-saving compromise, working it out with words instead of swords. Lincoln offered up a mea culpa and admitted that he'd authored the letters.

Everyone standing on the levee was relieved (but probably a hair disappointed) to learn that the "body" on the boat returning from the island was really just a log in a red shirt – a simple prank set up by a mutual friend.

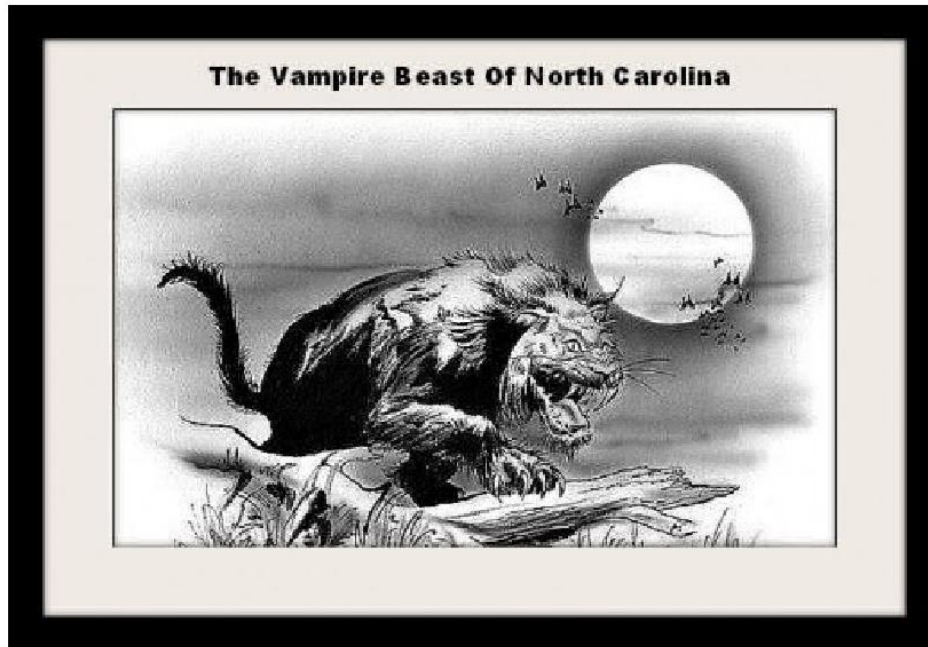
When the boat reached land, Lincoln and Shields stepped off together, chummily chatting away. Upon viewing spectators' horrified reactions, they both broke into fits of laughter at how absurd the whole situation had been.

The two men buried the hatchet (or broadsword) and remained friends from then on. Lincoln wasn't exactly proud that he'd almost dueled against a political opponent. In fact, he was pretty embarrassed. When an officer asked him about the event years later, he replied, "I do not deny it, but if you desire my friendship you will never mention it again."

Vampire Beast Of North Carolina, What Is It? Where Does It Come From?, Video Documentary

Friday, August 15, 2014 20:39 | By crazyhorsesghost

<http://beforeitsnews.com/strange/2014/08/vampire-beast-of-north-carolina-what-is-it-where-does-it-come-from-2457690.html>



Something has been killing animals around North Carolina especially in the Piedmont area going back for over 50 years and if you listen to local legends for much longer than that. Some people have described it as looking like the drawing above while other people say it is much larger. It killed several ponies back in June of this year and it or something like it recently slaughtered hundreds of chickens in a large commercial chicken house in the area.

What is this animal and why does it go so long between its killing spree's. Local legend says dogs refuse to track what ever it is and it has killed many large dogs that should have been able to protect themselves. The really strange thing is that when dead animals are found they are often found missing all or most of their blood. What kind of animal native to North America does that.

And the really strange thing is that often there will be 10 – 15 – 20 years between killing spree's. And then it will kill animals in the area for a few weeks or a few months and then it will be gone again. Only to show up again 10 – 20 years down the road. What in the world could this strange vampire beast be? Where does it come from and how does it go so long between killing spree's?

The Vampire Beast Of North Carolina

by [crazyhorsesghost](http://crazyhorsesghost.hubpages.com/hub/The-Vampire-Beast-Of-North-Carolina) <http://crazyhorsesghost.hubpages.com/hub/The-Vampire-Beast-Of-North-Carolina>

Last updated on July 12, 2014



The Vampire Beast Of North Carolina

Source: Thomas Byers & Nosycat World Media Productions

Did the Vampire Beast Of North Carolina Kill These Animals



Something is killing ponies and other animals near Bladenboro N.C. and it is draining the animals of blood. No other damage is done to the animals. What is doing this. It appears to be the North Carolina Vampire Beast.



Something is killing ponies and other animals near Bladenboro N.C. and it is draining the animals of blood. No other damage is done to the animals. What is doing this. It appears to be the North Carolina Vampire Beast.

Bladenboro Vampire Beast Returns

Last Saturday which was the 15th of June, 2013 I received a phone call from a Misty Turner of Bladenboro North Carolina. She was upset because something had killed three horses and a large Bull Mastiff dog that belonged to her. The three horses were killed on Thursday morning sometime before daylight and the dog was killed late on Thursday night.

Misty's son Taylor found the three horses dead when he went to check on them after he heard their large Bull Mastiff dog barking in the area where the horses pasture is located. When he arrived on his four wheeler the lights of his four wheeler revealed three dead horses laying on the ground. The large dog was outside the pasture barking towards a area of dense undergrowth. He went and got his rifle and his mom Misty and she called the local police. After they inspected the horses they found only puncture wounds in the necks of the horses and there was very little blood. They said the horses were really wet with foamy sweat on them like they had been rode hard for miles. When the local sheriff arrived he called out a local veterinarian who examined the horses and said the horses had deep puncture wounds in their necks and that apparently the horses had been drained of blood. Neither the sheriff nor the vet could explain what type of animal had killed the three horses.

After being at the farm for two hours the sheriff and the vet left. The family used a tractor to move the horses to a deep ditch and buried them. And that should have been all of it but it wasn't. At just after 11 PM on Thursday night June 15th 2013 Misty heard a moaning sound coming from outside the backdoor of the house. When she turned on the lights her large Bull Mastiff dog was laying there and she said the dog died as she rubbed its head and tried to look at it. She called the sheriff again but she said he was not a lot of help. He told her that he had been asleep and that dead animals were not really his job. She said he came out but wasn't a lot of help.

She said when she turned on the light she saw a large creature that looked like the animal in the top photo above run from her dog. She called me hoping I could tell her what the animal is. I could not but I am continuing to work on trying to find out.

The Vampire Beast Of North Carolina

What is it and where did it come from. No one knows for sure. And why did it kill and drain animals of blood in 1953 and then disappear until 2003 when it made its return and went back to killing animals and draining them of blood in the Bladenboro area of North Carolina.

Bladenboro is located at the southeastern corner of the Piedmont of North Carolina and the small town is surrounded by Pine Woods and Swamps. Bladenboro was also the scene of the greatest Monster story

ever in NC, In 1953 something was killing dogs in the area and the really strange thing was that when the dogs bodies were found they were drained of blood. Some residents claimed they saw a really strange beast with the body of a bear and the head of a cat. And they said it screamed just like a woman.

After the story appeared in the Bladenboro Newspaper around Christmas of 1953 hunters came from as far away as Arizona to try to get a shot at the beast. But even though the hunters brought whole packs of blood hounds trained to track anything nothing was ever found. And the people of the area slowly forgot about the Vampire Beast of Bladenboro.

But then in 2003 it was back. Goats and dogs started showing up again dead with very few marks on them. Again the really strange thing was the fact that even though the animals had been killed there was no blood around the dead animals or in the dead animals. And people in the area quickly came to the conclusion that the Vampire Beast of North Carolina had returned. And return it had. Only this time it was killing animals in a 120 mile radius of Bladenboro and this time no one has seen it.

But people are finding tracks that not even experienced wild life biologists can explain. They say it is the strangest most unusual tracks they have ever seen and they can't say what it is. They do say it appears to be killing just to kill even though in almost every case the animal's blood is gone.

And one thing it has done this time it did not do back in 1953 is it has killed dogs chained on chains in people's yards. It has even killed Pitt Bulls while their owners slept in the house a few yards away. People just can't figure out how it walks up to a Pitt Bull and drains it of blood with the dog putting up no fight. How could it be doing this.

It has the people of Bladenboro on edge and people are watching their children closely. Scout Troops have canceled camping trips in the area because they fear what the Vampire Beast might do if it had the chance.

Recently in May and June of 2013 something is once again killing animals in the area and draining them of blood but no one can say what it is.

Local veterinarians say that the animals are killed by puncture wounds in their necks and they are almost always drained of blood. There is no animal in North Carolina that can do this. At least not one that we know of said one vet.

The Vampire Beast Of North Carolina , What Is It And Where Did It Come From.



The Vampire Beast Of North Carolina , What Is It And Where Did It Come From.

What ever the Vampire Beast is it can approach large Pitt Bull Dogs and kill and drain them of blood with out making a sound.

There must be more than one of the Vampire Beasts because it has made kills 100 miles apart on the same night.

It apparently killed a Pony just outside of Lincolnton NC so it is killing in a much bigger area than it did back in 1953. It started back killing in 2003 and it has not stopped yet. Why did it not kill from 1953 to 2003. Biologists have studied animals it has killed recently and they have no answers. It kills the animals apparently by smothering them and then it drains their blood. One strange thing is that other predators that usually eat dead animals won't touch one of the Vampire Beasts kills. Tracking Dogs brought to animals killed by the Vampire Beast have refused to approach the dead animals or attempt to track it. What are they so afraid of.

Police are often called by people in the Bladenboro area when people hear a woman screaming over and over but no woman is ever found. It is the Vampire Beast they are hearing doing the screaming is the only answer.

So What Is The Vampire Beast Of NC. Why Not Post Your Comment Below.



What Is The Beast Of Bladenboro North Carolina

Apparently the same animal or another of its species or type is back killing animals in and around Bladenboro North Carolina. The Beast was first heard of back in 1953 - 54 when it killed all kinds of animals in and around the town of Bladenboro. At that time it was crushing and often decapitating its victims which were mostly dogs at that time.

On December 31 1953 the Vampire Beast struck at the home of a man named Johnny Vause. It tore into the kennel where the two large coon hounds were and then it tore the dogs into ribbons and there was a huge amount of blood found all over the kennel and as high up as 12 feet on the sides of a building there. It was apparent that something had virtually shredded the dogs. Tracks in mud near by were deep and a local wildlife expert at that time said the tracks were strange. He said they looked like a cross between a large dog and a large cat and that from the depths of the tracks the animal weighed 200 or more pounds. He went on to say it was no animal that should be in the area.

A local veterinarian that examined the dogs said that whatever animal killed the dogs had to have had large very sharp claws.

And then on January 1, 1954 the creature killed two dogs at the home of Woodie Storm. It ripped the dogs to pieces and ate the internal organs of the dogs. It tore through a kennel fence to get to the dogs. Storm heard the killing going on but by the time he got his gun and flashlight and got outside the dogs had been killed and Storm said he heard something large in the bushes near him but he never saw it. Later on the same day a friend brought two blood hounds over to track down the vampire beast but the dogs refused to track the animal whining and laying down on the ground like they were afraid.

Two more dogs were found on the farm of Wade Henson on January 3 and the county sheriff at that time said there was no blood in the dogs at all. Again the internal organs were gone. Henson had fed and watered the dogs at 7 A.M. and then went to a local store for tobacco. Twenty minutes later he came back and found the two dogs dead in front of their kennel which had been torn open. It was said that the dogs had been torn apart and were in at least forty pieces laying there on the ground.

Julian "Tater" Shaw who owned and operated a local gas station in the area said that over the winter of 1954 that cattle, sheep, goats, dogs, and large cages of rabbits were killed and tore to pieces. Something was out there killing animals and it was a very large beast. Some people claimed to have seen it and they described it as looking like the photo at the top of this page. No animal like that is supposed to live in this area of North Carolina. And then the killings just stopped until 1974-75 again in the winter when many more animals were killed and tore apart. It happened again in the 1998-1999 winter and then again in the summer of 2013. What is this animal and how can it go for years with out killing animals only to pop back up doing it again.

No one has a answer but the vampire beast is still killing animals every few years in and around Bladenboro North Carolina.

The Wampus Cat

A Tennessee Spooky Story

retold by

S. E. Schlosser

http://americanfolklore.net/folklore/2010/08/the_wampus_cat.html

They say that the Wampus cat used to be a beautiful Indian woman. The men of her tribe were always going on hunting trips, but the women had to stay home. The Indian woman secretly followed her husband one day when he went hunting with the other men. She hid herself behind a rock, clutching the hide of a mountain cat around her, and spied on the men as they sat around their campfires telling sacred stories and doing magic.

According to the laws of the tribe, it was absolutely forbidden for women to hear the sacred stories and see the tribe's magic. So when the Indian woman was discovered, the medicine man punished her by binding her into the mountain cat skin she wore and then transforming her into a terrible monster - half woman and half mountain cat. Ever after she was doomed to roam the hills, howling desolately because she desires to return to her normal body.

A man was hunting one night with his dogs when they both whimpered and ran off the path. At that moment, the woods were overpowered with a horrible smell like that of a wet animal that had fallen into a bog after it messed with a skunk. Then something howled on the path behind him and the man whirled around, dropping his rifle. His heart pounding with fear, the man found himself staring into the big, glowing yellow eyes of the Wampus Cat. The creature had huge fangs dripping with saliva. It looked kind of like a mountain lion, but it was walking upright like a man. Then it howled, and the man's skin nearly turned inside out in horror.

With a scream of terror, the man leapt backwards and ran as fast as he could through the woods, the Wampus Cat on his heels. He fled to the home of a friend who lived nearby, and burst through the front door only a breath ahead of the creature. His friend slammed the door in the face of the Wampus Cat. Instantly, it started shuddering under the weight of the

attacking monster. The man's friend grabbed his Bible and started reading aloud from the Psalms. Upon hearing the holy words, the Wampus Cat howled in frustration and then slowly abandoned its attack and went back into the woods.

The man spent the rest of the night at his friend's place. When he went home at daybreak, he found his dogs huddled in the barn, shaken but still alive. The man never hunted after dark again.

You can read a longer version of this story in [Spooky South](#) by S.E. Schlosser.

Comments

YAY! The dogs survived! But I feel sorry for the girl and was she trying to kill him or something?

Posted by: DogLover | [August 14, 2010 08:30 PM](#)

weird. but very creepy i luv it!

Posted by: pixy | [September 22, 2010 08:19 PM](#)

It may have been one of those revenge-filled ghosts. Shes so angry at men that she wants to kill them.

Posted by: Anthony | [October 10, 2010 01:08 AM](#)

Is this really a TN folklore story? Haha, I don't usually associate my state with Indians for some odd reason. Sad story tho - feel sorry for the curious woman. Glad no one died though, hate stories that end like that.

Posted by: Anonymous | [October 12, 2010 04:15 PM](#)

There has always been the tale of my Great-grandfather rushing home one night (in the 40s) out of breath with a face struck with horror. He had said he was walking along and the Wampus attacked him (in Knoxville). He said it took all his might and seemed like forever to fight the animal off. I never even bothered researching this story at all until now. I thought it was a name he had pulled out of the air to scare some people. No idea it was actual East TN folklore...

Posted by: Knoxville_Girl | [October 20, 2010 09:27 AM](#)

Willows - The Canal -

the canal here in willows is the place of many deaths; people are seen in the middle of the night walking if you turn your head and look back its gone.



The Woman Who Gave Birth to Rabbits — The Mary Toft Hoax

In 1726 a bit of odd news swept Britain, apparently in Surrey a woman named Mary Toft was giving birth to rabbits. According to Toft, one day when working in a field she was startled by a rabbit. Since then she had been continuously giving birth to still born rabbits and rabbit parts. News of such an

anomaly became sensational, attracting the attention of some of the most popular and learned physicians of the day.

Under observation by a number of physicians for several weeks, it was noted that Mary Toft gave birth to nine whole baby rabbits (all of which were dead at birth) as well as various assorted bunny parts.

Over time Toft's case became even more sensational as she gave birth to parts of other animals such as cats and eels. Incredibly, a number of physicians examined her, all of whom declared the phenomenon to be genuine and natural. Many traveled hundreds of miles from other countries, and were considered to be the most learned and educated men in all of Europe.

In December of 1726, Thomas Onslow, the Earl of Onslow investigated the matter and discovered that Toft's husband, Joshua Toft, had been purchasing rabbits for the past several months. On December 3rd he caught Joshua in the act of smuggling the rabbits into Mary's room. Mary Toft was threatened with a painful exploratory surgery to uncover the truth of the matter, at which point she confessed to the hoax.

As it turns out, over the past several months Toft had been appearing to give birth to rabbits by inserting small rabbits and rabbit parts into her nether regions up where the sun don't shine. While weird and disgusting, the hoax created a continent wide scandal that rocked the medical community.

People all over Britain and Europe were shocked that supposedly the best physicians and scientists in the world could be so foolishly misled. Those who had been duped by the hoax saw their reputation and careers instantly ruined, among them the noted physician Dr. Nathaniel St. Adre, personal surgeon to King George I.

As for Mary Toft, the rabbit birthing woman was charged with fraud, but acquitted upon intervention of the medical community, who didn't want the trial to continue leading to further embarrassment. Toft was later arrested and imprisoned for receiving stolen goods. She died in 1763.

Warrants: Sword used during murder fueled by argument over puppy

By Tyler Estep tyler.estep@gwinnettdailypost.com

Friday, September 19, 2014 © Copyright 2014 Gwinnett Daily Post

gwinnettdailypost.com

#LAWRENCEVILLE — Arrest warrants allege that 23-year-old Diamond Mason used a sword to kill his stepfather following a disagreement over a puppy.

#Mason was arrested early Wednesday morning after police were called to his family's home on Congress Parkway near Lawrenceville. Authorities said at the time that the man used "a couple large knives" to repeatedly stab his stepfather following an argument over a young pit bull Mason had recently introduced to the household.

#Arrest warrants obtained Friday by the Daily Post, however, said that Mason used a "knife and sword" to stab the victim, 51-year-old Joseph Kollie. No further details were provided.

#Mason was arrested at the scene and charged with felony murder and aggravated assault. He is being held without bond and is scheduled for a preliminary hearing in front of a Gwinnett County magistrate judge on Sept. 26.

#Gwinnett County police have said that Mason had brought home the black and white puppy about a week prior to the murder, and that Kollie "did not approve of this and repeatedly asked him to remove the puppy from the home."

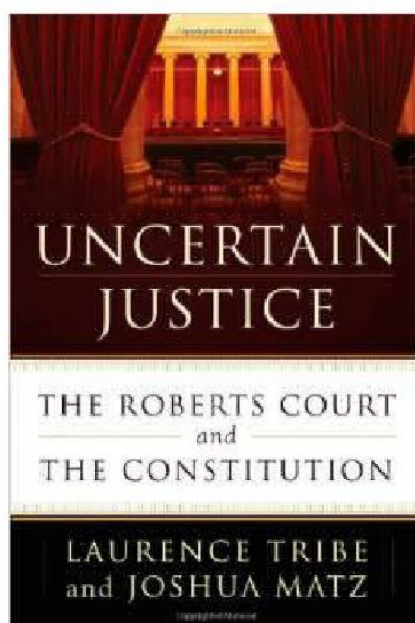
#There were witnesses to the attack, police said.

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Free speech and the Roberts Court: uncertain protections

By Prof. Laurence Tribe (guest-blogging) June 3

<http://www.washingtonpost.com/news/volokh-conspiracy/wp/2014/06/03/free-speech-and-the-roberts-court-uncertain-protections/?wpmm=AG0003386>



Today, as part of my stint guest-blogging about *Uncertain Justice: The Roberts Court and the Constitution*, I'm going to talk about free speech.* As Joshua Matz and I explain in Chapter 4 of *Uncertain Justice*, although many [describe this Court as firmly pro-speech](#), a profound dispute rages on the Court over when and why we should protect freedom of expression.

* * * * *

Throughout the late 1960s, the justices of the Supreme Court spent at least one day each year in the basement watching porn together. By all accounts, it was fantastically awkward. Unable to define “obscenity,” but convinced that the First Amendment couldn’t protect unduly dangerous and morally corrupting expression, the Court was forced to create constitutional law one sex-scene at a time.

These films ranged from scientific documentaries to the improbable escapades of lesbian nymphomaniacs. Justice Thurgood Marshall, a civil rights hero, took merciless pleasure in narrating the clips for the special benefit of Justice John Marshall Harlan Jr., an elegant former Wall Street lawyer who was by then losing his eyesight. Mocking Justice Potter Stewart’s insistence that “I know it when I see it,” clerks would call out in the dark, “I see it, I see it!” In 1968, some 20 years after serving in the U.S. Navy, a still-youthful Stewart reflected on more adventurous times and confided in a particularly curious clerk that he had indeed seen it, “Just once, off the coast of Algiers.” (I assume you can guess who that curious law clerk was.)

For years, the justices struggled to explain what made frank depictions and descriptions of sex dangerous. What was so harmful about obscenity? At what point, or with what body part, did a book or film land outside the First Amendment? The Court's logic fluctuated wildly from case to case. Such instability is uniquely troubling for free speech because too much uncertainty about the limits of the criminal law can chill innocent expression.

The 1960s was not an isolated period of doctrinal confusion. As *Uncertain Justice* explains, since the 1790s, Americans have struggled — sometimes successfully, other times not so much — to reconcile free speech with competing values and fears. Our history is rife with examples of legally-sanctioned suppression, particularly before the 1940s, and the seemingly absolute text of the First Amendment has long been understood to raise more questions than it answers. The Court's efforts to implement the First Amendment as law have *always* inspired strong feelings and a measure of uncertainty.

Nonetheless, conventional wisdom tells us that we now live in a time of stable, *certain* protection.

Floyd Abrams, a rightly celebrated First Amendment attorney, thus [explains](#) that “it is unpopular speech, distasteful speech, that most requires First Amendment protection, and on that score, no prior Supreme Court has been as protective as this.” Rarely does an American stand silent, or speak in whispers, for fear of punishment. Liberty reigns supreme. Or so the story goes.

This picture obscures more than it reveals. So does the [picture](#) that claims the justices pretty much protect the speech with which they personally agree. In the 1960s, the Court failed because it couldn't reliably define the First Amendment's limits. Today, the Roberts Court risks a different kind of misstep: creating doctrine that simply doesn't cohere.

* * * * *

In one significant line of cases involving *vulnerable speakers*, the Court has displayed a striking taste for flexibility while creating new gaps in the First Amendment's canvass. To take a few examples, it has stripped many protections away from students speaking about drugs (*Morse v. Frederick*), human rights activists training terrorist groups to use peaceful conflict resolution in lieu of violence (*Holder v. Humanitarian Law Project*), prisoners locked in brutal isolation units (*Beard v. Banks*), and public employees keen to speak about official (mis)conduct (*Garcetti v. Ceballos*). This Court has also weakened protections for [discussion about exchanging child porn](#), for [public protests](#), and against [retaliatory arrests](#). Each time, the Court prioritized values other than liberty and emphasized that the identity of the speaker or context of the speech diminished the First Amendment's role.

Humanitarian Law Project, for instance, displayed stunningly broad deference to the Executive Branch regarding the danger posed by human rights activists who wish to help terrorist groups pursue entirely peaceful goals. In that case, the Court required only a dash of “informed judgment” by the executive that such “support” is “fungible” and can thus indirectly aid terrorist activities. (Notably, Roberts, *HLP*'s author, wrote a [First Amendment decision](#) just a few years later rejecting a similar government claim about resources being fungible.)

In *Beard*, the Court saw no problem with prison officials treating speech rights as bargaining chips to incentivize good behavior in isolation cells. It adhered to that view even though hardly any evidence proved the merits of transforming First Amendment freedoms into an elaborate psychology experiment, and even though inmates' rights to read, receive, and think were all squarely at issue. (Breyer, who wrote a powerful dissent in *HLP* calling for careful scrutiny of the empirical basis for congressional limits on speech, wrote the majority in *Beard* and happily deferred to even less informed speculation by corrections staff).

And in *Garcetti*, a case about public employee speech rights, the Court created an odd distinction focused on the *capacity* in which employees speak (as “employees” or “citizens”), bluntly throwing

transparency, public accountability, and employee speech rights under the bus in favor of greater government efficiency. (At oral argument this Term in *Lane v. Franks*, the Court seemed to recognize the need to walk back some of *Garcetti*'s more incautious reasoning.)

These and other speech-restrictive cases reveal a very different face of the Roberts Court — a face that scowls on certain kinds of speech claims — and such cases have rightly drawn critical attention from legal scholars. National security, order in schools, speculative penology, law enforcement objectives, and smooth government process all have trumped liberty.

* * * * *

In contrast, the Robert's Court pro-speech reputation mostly comes from a series of high-profile rulings about obviously hateful speech: animal crush videos (*United States v. Stevens*), brutally violent interactive video games sold to kids without parental consent (*Brown v. Entertainment Merchants Association*), bigoted military funeral protestors (*Snyder v. Phelps*), and false claims to possess the Medal of Honor (*United States v. Alvarez*).

In this line of cases, the Court has repeatedly insisted in sweeping terms that rigid, history-based rules are necessary to save speech from tyranny. Thus, while upholding borderline speech claims that involve significant social harms and barely implicate concerns of political censorship, the Court has condemned just the sort of common law interest-balancing that manifestly animates what it has actually done in *HLP*, *Beard*, *Morse*, and *Garcetti*. In a booming voice, the Court has declared itself scandalized — *scandalized!* — by the notion that courts can be trusted to play a role in reshaping First Amendment rights. And then it has still gone on to play that very role in opaque and insufficiently explained ways.

As demonstrated by a series of cases decided between 2010 and 2012, Kagan has played an especially intriguing role in this story.

In 2010, as solicitor general, she argued in *Stevens* that depictions of illegal animal cruelty should be deemed totally unprotected by the First Amendment. She urged the Court to reach that result by holding that “whether a given category of speech enjoys First Amendment protection depends upon a *categorical balancing of the value of the speech against its societal costs*.” In a cold and uncompromising opinion for eight justices, Roberts rejected as “startling and dangerous” Kagan’s proposed “free-floating test for First Amendment coverage.” He declared that history *and history alone* defines which kinds of speech are not protected (or less than fully protected) by the First Amendment. That list, he added, is basically closed, and the Court would not re-open it to include animal cruelty.

In 2011, newly installed on the Court, Kagan provided Scalia with the crucial fifth vote in *Brown*, the violent video games case, for an opinion that decisively rejected the views she had espoused in *Stevens* as solicitor general. Indeed, Scalia’s opinion striking down California’s regulation of the sale of violent video games to minors without parental consent borrowed heavily from the Chief’s ringing declaration in *Stevens*: although the sale of *obscenity* to kids has long been regulated, quite the opposite is true of violent literature, music, and comic books (just consider *Hansel & Gretel!*). Because of this historic tradition, Scalia declared, the sale of gruesome videogames to minors had to be fully protected. California’s law thus faced and flunked strict scrutiny. To explain this seeming inconsistency in her free speech commitments, perhaps Kagan would borrow Justice (and former Attorney General) Robert Jackson’s famous remark that “the matter does not appear to me now as it appears to have appeared to me then.”

But even if she did that, she’d have more to explain. Just one year later, in *Alvarez*, Kagan pointedly deprived Kennedy of a fifth vote for a *Stevens/Brown*-like opinion holding that lies about possessing

military medals are fully protected as free speech. Instead, she joined a concurrence by Breyer in which he argued, in an echo of Kagan's *Stevens* position, that the "Stolen Valor Act" should be tested to see "whether [it] works speech-related harm that is out of proportion to its justification." On this view, which is diametrically opposed to that of Roberts and Scalia, judicial balancing of First Amendment interests is *crucial* to achieving the right result.

Kagan's seemingly irreconcilable votes are only part of the fascinating tale of this Court's pro-speech rulings. Even as Roberts, Kennedy, and Scalia have written broad opinions looking only to history-based categories of "protected" speech, their colleagues have resisted that approach at every turn. Alito has produced devastating critiques of Scalia's originalist methods. Thomas has out-flanked Scalia by devising imaginative and speech-restrictive originalist opinions. And Breyer has repeatedly urged the Court to consider values that compete with or at least greatly complicate values of liberty. Ginsburg and Sotomayor have joined the pro-speech majority every time, but not once have they written separately to explain their views.

These cases, moreover, have sometimes shielded speech for reasons that may feel hard to accept. As Breyer asked in *Brown*, for instance, "What kind of First Amendment would permit the government to protect children by restricting sales of [an] extremely violent video game only when the woman — bound, gagged, tortured, and killed — is also topless?" Or consider *Snyder*, the case about homophobes who showed up at military funerals to denigrate our fallen soldiers and condemn our nation for finally opening military service to gay men and lesbians. There, the Court protected the protestors for a reason (namely, that they spoke about a matter of public concern) that had nothing to do with why the bigots otherwise could be punished (namely, that they intentionally inflicted devastating emotional pain on the dead soldier's father).

At the very least, the Court's deeply conflicted pro-speech rulings remind us that liberty can come at a heavy price — and that the rules we devise to protect it are rightly subject to an evolutionary dialogue between courts and the rest of society.

* * * * *

In Chapter 4 of *Uncertain Justice*, Joshua and I explore in detail this Court's fascinating, tortured relationship with the First Amendment. We offer an overview of all the leading cases, draw out striking patterns of coherence and contradiction, and demonstrate that there is much more to this Court's engagement with freedom of speech than meets the eye. In the end, our goal is to explain where this Court may take us, why its ruling have so often broken down along unexpected lines, and what the remarkable differences between the justices tell us more broadly about the future of the Roberts Court and its impact on how we live.

* This discussion does not cover commercial speech or campaign finance, topics we address in Chapters 2 and 3 of *Uncertain Justice*.

Calf with third eye hailed as incarnation of Shiva

Hindu children have been visiting the three-eyed calf to touch its head for good luck and a blessing from Shiva.

By Ben Hooper | Sept. 17, 2014 at 9:48 AM | 4 Comments

CHENNAI, India, Sept. 17 (UPI) -- A calf born in India with a third eye in the middle of its forehead is being hailed as an incarnation of the Hindu god Shiva.

The owner of the animal, a Tamil Nadu state resident identified as Meghala, said the "miracle calf" born two weeks ago is an incarnation of Lord Shiva sent to the village to bring good luck.

Shiva, one of the primary gods in the Hindu religion, is known as the "destroyer" and bears a third eye on his forehead that opens when he gets angry to bring flames of destruction.

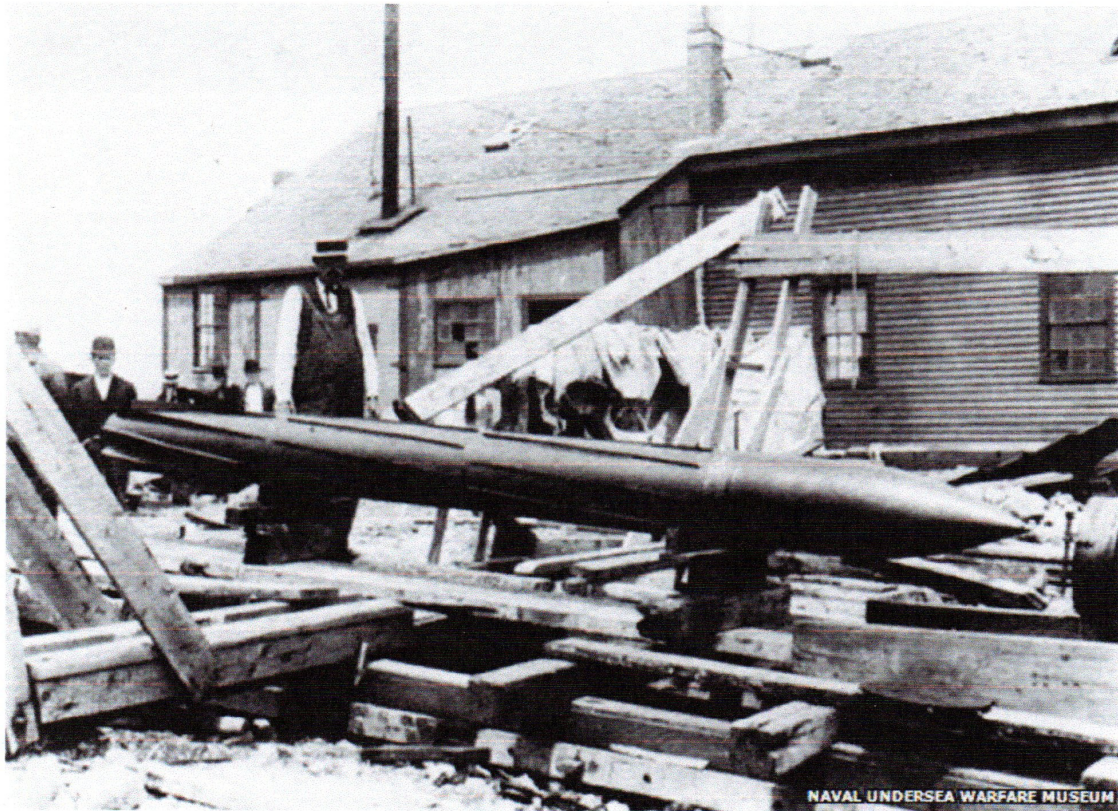
Hindu children have been visiting the calf to touch its head for good luck and a blessing from Shiva.

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The man who fired a torpedo down a High Street

By Magazine Monitor A collection of cultural artefacts 16 May 2014 Last updated at 19:16 ET



Europe goes to the polls next week, but election fever sometimes seems in short supply. Maybe that's not such a bad thing. Author Jeremy Clay tells the tale of a 19th Century election rally and the drunken inventor who fired a torpedo down his own High Street.

The man they came to know as "Wild" Cunningham gazed ruefully down the main street of his home town at a scene of devastation. Wrecked buildings. A flattened shop. Debris littered all around. And a smoke trail, like an accusing finger, leading right back to where he stood.

Perhaps, on reflection, he had gone too far.

Patrick Cunningham was an inventor who had built a torpedo for the US Navy. It was 17ft long, and packed with enough explosive to do serious damage to a ship. Or, as it turned out, a High Street.

The damage was done at the tail end of October 1896, on the cusp of the presidential election, as the political hoopla came rolling into the Massachusetts whaling town of New Bedford.

Crowds crammed the streets. The buildings were festooned with thousands of flags. There were bands and parades and tub-thumping speeches. And after it all, a display of fireworks.

Perhaps it was the pyrotechnics that gave Patrick the lightbulb moment he came to regret. The pyrotechnics, or the booze. Possibly a combination of the two.

With the flamboyant stupidity of a man who knew it all, except when to stop, Cunningham hurried to his workshop and loaded the invention that came to be known as the Flying Devil on to a wagon and brought it to a suitably unsuitable spot.

"Placing the torpedo in the middle of the street he lighted it, and the machine at once started down the street at a terrific pace," reported the Worcestershire Chronicle.

Tearing along a foot off the ground, following the haphazard flight path of a drunken wasp, the hissing torpedo rebounded off a tree, veered across the road and smashed sideways into a shop. Some reports say it was a grocery. Some say it was a butcher's shop. Some say it was the market hall. All agree on the upshot. "The building at once collapsed," said the Chronicle. "The torpedo then exploded, shattering several blocks of houses in the vicinity."

The fearsome blast was heard several miles away.

"Fortunately no-one was killed," the paper continued, "but four persons who were in the market place at the time were thrown violently upon a heap of debris, while others were injured by flying pieces of stone and timber."

Later, a chunk of shrapnel weighing 75lb was found in the next street, where it had been flung over the rooftops.

Things looked grim for the soon-to-be-arrested Mr Cunningham, but as he contemplated the chaos he'd created, there was one minor consolation. That invention of his - it worked.

Jeremy Clay is the author of The Burglar Caught By A Skeleton

Ghosts & the Supernatural - The vampire legend is a part of ancient mythology that has been spread around the world in similar belief. Many speculate on the existence of the vampire in our reality. There are witnesses throughout the ages to the realism of this creature, and I also am one of them. They are creatures of night, passion and forbidden fruit.



vampire graves 1

My experience has been recorded in many different ways. I have written about vampires through music, poetry, my dream journal and song. What is so mystical about the vampire is that it is a mysterious immortal creature. Those that hunger for more than what God has given them in their mortal life can seek out the evil of the vampire and be forever turned into a blood sucking monster. Yet, those like me that wish to be free of their Earthly bodies can prevent the bite of a vampire using simple logic. Don't let them in your soul and you can never turn.

So, I have spent years researching the similarities of my experience with the similarities of other witness accounts. With me I saw their reflections, I saw their eyes turn black and I saw their telepathic ability. They did drink from me and only appeared at night, in a youthful appearance that resembled someone who was quite younger than the rotations calculated by Earthly years.

There is countless witness accounts from the middle ages. I can only assume after all the sightings from the middle ages that there was a Vampire outbreak in that time era. There are many reports of eye witnesses that reported corpses coming right out of their coffins. There was a large popularity of the knowledge of such creatures during this time of our histories.

But, where did Vampires come from and why are they hiding? Why are their appearances so rare? How many of them are there really? I am sure that God is in control of the whole situation. I am not going to assume to know what to do with this forbidden knowledge except to share it with you.

Vampires today are making news in such places as National Geographic.

http://news.nationalgeographic.com/news/2012/07/pictures/120724-vampire-skeleton-toothless-bulgaria-science/##new-vampire-skeletons-found-bulgaria-box_57053_600x450.jpg

They have been unearthed in many various places. The ones that they are unearthing are very ancient. Yet, they are buried in tombs as if they knew they were going to die or maybe those were their houses?

Could the vampire be even more ancient than the bible? It is widespread and commonly accepted that perhaps there was a woman named Lilith created before Eve, in the stories of the bible. She is said to have turned into a vampire.

All cultures around the world are obsessed with burying their dead in a specific way so not to upset the dead person. A dead person is going to perhaps come back to life or haunt you if you do not honor them in their last moments on Earth.

But, why is the vampire hiding? Is there really vampire hunters that hunt these things and kill them. Are they all a part of an ancient cult?

We can never be to sure of anything until we die. But, we can be sure of ourselves and what we can do to protect ourselves from evil.

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Sunken Spirits? Divers Share True Tales of Underwater Ghosts

July 26, 2013 Christy Gordon

<http://mysteriousuniverse.org/2013/07/sunken-spirits-divers-share-true-tales-of-underwater-ghosts/>

Spooky stories abound about spirits in gloomy castles and crumbling, old mansions, but tales of underwater ghosts are far less common. However, they do exist. Here are five true tales from real-life scuba divers.

The Paranormal Divers

Paranormal investigators are a dime a dozen, but Florida's Paranormal Divers aren't your typical ghost hunters. The world's first underwater paranormal investigation team has searched for spirits in just about every type of water there is and have had a few eerie experiences along the way.

In one expedition, the Paranormal Divers spotted "a weird unexplained light phenomenon" in the water under Tampa's Sunshine Skyway Bridge. The original Skyway collapsed in 1980, sending 35 motorists plunging to their death. The bridge is also a popular site for suicides. Over 200 people have jumped to their death since the new span's construction in 1987, and one man was forced to leap at gunpoint. Could these deaths have something to do with the strange lights?

In another expedition, the Paranormal Divers snapped what they call the world's first underwater ghost photo (below). Taken in a flooded underground cavern at 130 feet, the photo reportedly shows a diver's face mask floating in murky water. A member of the team snapped the pic after hearing screams coming from the bottom of the cavern.

"We panned deeply and shot the black water and the sound of the screaming voice which was the exact site of a

diver death,” reads a report on ParanormalDivers.com. “This is the real thing. To our knowledge, it’s the first underwater ghost photo ever taken.”



The Ghost Machines of Truk Lagoon

Situated halfway between the Philippines and Hawaii, Truk Lagoon was the site of a major battle between the U.S. and Japan in 1944. Around 60 ships and 275 planes sank beneath the waves during a U.S. attack known as Operation Hailstone, and thousands of men went along with them. Human remains litter many of the 69-year-old shipwrecks, but it’s the machines that appear to live on.

Japan’s Hoki Maru ship went down with a cargo full of trucks. Now, divers reportedly hear the sound of engines turning over and starting up, even when there are no boats on the surface. Strange reports also come from the Fuji Kawamaru where grinding noises emanate from the ship’s engine room.

The crew of Destination Truth explored the underwater ruins of Truk Lagoon, and was perplexed to hear an engine idling underwater. They also recorded something that sounded like a human voice, as well as human-like heat signature.



Disappearing Divers

A common theme in underwater ghost tales is that of the disappearing diver. Several reports speak of men and women who appear in the water and then disappear without a trace.

Last year, scuba instructors in Santa Rosa, CA reportedly saw a diver with a pink tank floating near the bottom of a local blue hole. When they got closer, however, the diver disappeared. The instructors reported the strange event to police only to learn that they weren't the first people to encounter the mysterious figure at the bottom of the hole.

A similar account appeared in the Toronto Sun in 2007. After an eventful afternoon exploring the waters around Grenada, a group of divers returned to their live-aboard ship to compare notes. One man asked the rest of the group if they'd seen the diver in the white shirt. The other divers thought he was kidding, but the man insisted he'd seen someone.

"He was wearing a white T-shirt, and a scuba tank. He waved at me!"

The ship's crew immediately took a head count, but no one was missing and there were no other boats in sight. They never did solve the mystery of the man in white. A hallucination, perhaps?

However, not all ghostly divers disappear. A diver on the forum scubaboard.com shared this odd story:

"One of my friends dived a wreck the day after his friend's funeral," the man writes. "He went down the line and saw his friend slowly waving to him from the deck of the ship. He ascended for a bit then went back down and the guy was still there waving at him so he abandoned the dive. He was that freaked out."

Do ghosts truly haunt underwater caverns and decades-old shipwrecks? I'm sure not strapping on a scuba tank to find out!



peashooter85:

Turkey and turkey — How the bird got its name.

Believe it or not as a historian I have been asked a number of occasions why the Turkish people named their country after an American bird. While I truly believe that there are no such things as dumb questions, I have to laugh at such a ridiculous notion. So to start I will first make it clear that the nation of “Turkey” was not named after the Thanksgiving Bird.

Rather the bird was named after the country. In the Middle Ages a band of nomadic people called the Turks emigrated from Central Asia and settled in the modern day nation of Turkey. In the 13th century AD Turkish merchants introduced a type of bird to Europe from Sub-Saharan Africa called the guinea fowl. The guinea fowl quickly became a popular delicacy food among Europeans, especially the English, who called the birds “turkey fowls” after the Turkish merchants who traded them. Eventually the name of the bird was shortened to “turkey”.

In the 16th century English explorers were mapping the East Coast when they came in contact with a new type of American bird. The new American bird was similar to the “turkey” brought by Turkish merchants to England. It walked on the ground, flew clumsily, clucked and gobbled, and sported a red beard. Because of the remarkable resemblance of this new American bird to the “turkey”, English explorers called the birds “turkeys” as well. The name stuck and soon the guinea fowl brought by Turkish traders were forgotten while the name “turkey” became synonymous with the American bird. The rest is history.

Whittier - Turnbull Canyon Road -

A section of the road Pushes your vehicle uphill when put in neutral and sometimes you hear a knocking noise under the vehicle or see human like shadows in the bushes. Satanic cults have been spotted there as well as UFO sightings. Cause is unknown.

Alhambra - The Turner & Stevens Mortuary -

The employees have already concluded a somewhat accurate story to what is going on there. An old woman, a little boy and a man haunt it. The story goes that the old woman is mean, and is after the little boy. But she can't get to him, because the man is protecting the boy from her. The haunts consists of doors slamming, books flying across the room barely missing people, and sounds of foot steps. As people pass a hallway that has mirrors on both sides of the wall, they have seen the old woman or man in the reflection. Then, they suddenly disappear.

Ogres or Sosoyok't

The Ogres are disciplinary kachinas who come to the villages on First and Second Mesa either during the Powamu Ceremony or immediately thereafter. They arrive to frighten children and keep their behavior under control. Some arrive with baskets on their back to carry children away who have been naughty. They also demand food shortly after their arrival. Each house in the village is visited. There are known to be 8 Ogres, altogether.



Guard Kachinas or Tuwalakum

These kachinas may be called guards or warriors. When they appear they function more as sergeants-at-arms or policemen. In this role they either enforce actions such as the communal cleanings of springs or as a guard to prevent the approach of anyone interrupting the ceremony. You will often see them carrying yucca whips or even a

weapon such as a bow.



Runner Kachinas or Wawash Kachinum

The Wawsh Kachinum are racing kachinas who appear during the spring dances to run with the men of the villages. Usually there is a group of these kachinas at one end of the plaza prancing up and down and making short dashes to get in shape. In front of them there lies a starting line. The man who's changed by the kachinas is able to reach the mark before the race begins. When the race begins the others, not participating get

their prizes and punishments ready. If the man loses he's whipped with yucca leaves. However, if he should win, he's given piki bread.

Chief Kachinas or Mongwi Kachinum

The chief kachinas are called such because of their importance to particular Hopi clans. These kachinas have spiritual roles which are akin to that of the Hopi elders. Chief kachinas have a



personal interest in the well being of the clan which they are associated with and can only be portrayed in the dances by specific members of the clan.



Borrowed Kachinas

These kachinas are borrowed from other pueblos usually for their perceived value of performing useful functions such as bringing rain. During the process of adopting these kachinas they will either cross over intact or they will under go changes more in line with Hopi beliefs and customs.



Kachina Women or Momoyam

The kachina women represent the wives, mothers, and sisters of the kachinas. While these kachina represent the female sex they are still portrayed by Hopi males with the exception of the Pachavuin Mana which is portrayed by a

women. When a kachina is accompanied by a female the female kachina will be named after him. So the female kachina accompanying a Shalako will be named Shalako Mana.

Animal or Popkot

The Animals are the advisors, doctors and assistants of the Hopi. It is through the assistance of the animals that the Hopi have overcome monsters and cured strange diseases. The greatest doctor of them all is the Badger for it is he who knows all of the roots and herbs and how to administer them. The Bear shres in this ability too. The other animals are more, warriors and know the ways of danger so they may aid the men becoming like them.



Plant Kachinas

The Plant kachinam basically aid food production and bring rain. There are several of them, but most of them do the same tasks.



Whipper Kachinas

Whipper Kachinas act as guards and disciplinary Kachinas for the Hopi. If people don't behave, the Whipper Kachinas give out warnings. The second offence is not so forgiving. The victim receives several strikes by the Kachina, using yucca whips.

MORE coming soon!

...Hunter Kachinas, Guard

Kachinas, Element Kachinas and more!



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Alhambra - Ultrazone -

Workers have reported hearing whistling in the arena after closing. The arena has also been reported to fill up with fog, long after the fog machines have been shut off. The light located near the back exit has been seen to mysteriously change colors.

<http://www.scubaboard.com/forums/wreck-diving/355736-ghost-hauntings-underwater.html>

captndale

October 12th, 2010, 01:16 PM #2

I used to frequently dive a local quarry. I had heard a story that the quarry had originally belonged to a pair of brothers who had died there. The story was that they had lost their way while ice diving without lines. Well, it was a good story but needed a little embellishment. I retold the story to a buddy of mine and added that the spirits of the dead brothers could be seen still searching for their exit. My buddy began seeing the brothers whenever he dived the quarry. He swore that he could see their ghosts frantically searching for an overhead opening.

cloudflint

October 12th, 2010, 02:00 PM #4

One of my friends dived a wreck the day after his friends funeral. He went down the line and saw his friend slowly waving to him from the deck of the ship. He ascended for a bit then went back down and the guy was still there waving at him so he abandoned the dive he was that freaked out.

Friday, 4 January 2008

A ghost of a chance for eerie underwater sightings in warm Grenadian waters

By Stephen Weir June 19, 2007

Not counting mermaid sightings, underwater ghost encounters are hard to come by. On land, specters rattle chains, throw pottery and hide car keys (at least mine do), But underwater? Well, at least in Grenadian waters, poltergeists wear scuba tanks.

The Wind Dancer, a popular live-aboard dive boat, has recently begun offering six-night scuba trips from Grenada to the island of Bequia and back. The small, exclusive 9-suite cruiser takes passengers to hard-to-reach coral reefs where they dive all day ... and night time too. Many of the sites that are dove, have never been visited by anyone – at least living – before.

Live-aboard scuba tends to be an elitist adventure sport with a strong environmental bent. Divers pay thousands of dollars to stay at sea on boats that are comfortable, but spartan.

In a part of the world where water temperatures are rising, coral reefs are rapidly dying and fish stocks have all but disappeared, Grenada and sister-island Carriacou stand out for their vibrant underwater life. Undamaged coral reefs, forests of sponges and millions and millions of colourful fish make for the real spice of life in Grenada.

Grenada – the Spice Island – is not on most travelers' radar screens. For some reason – be it the wonky air links, the negativity caused by the US invasion and liberation in 1983 or the lack of beach crowding hotels –this idyllic nation remains undiscovered.

The Wind Dancer's recent arrival in the southeastern Caribbean Sea, has been an instant hit. This 40 metre long live aboard, stays at sea for five nights visiting the best dive sites available. The boat is attracting experienced Canadians who enjoy non-stop diving at a variety of scuba sites including deep dives, shipwrecks, coral reefs, walls, underwater volcano vents and, yes, haunted sites.

So what about the ghosts? It was at the beginning of the Wind Diver's winter's season. The ship was carrying 11 passengers (maximum is 20) and 10-crew members and had set a course from Grenada to the island of Bequia and back. These are people – most in their fifties -- who don't blink at the \$2,000+ for a six day cruise. The ship offers dive lessons, rents gear, and will even supply a lucky charm to keep away the ghosts!

Befitting a haunted escapade, many of the Wind Dancer sites have spooky names –Face of the Devil, Cathedral, and Devil's Table. Other stops simply have weird stuff to see – on one reef a cluster of small hard tube sponges look like that distorted face in Edvard Munch's *Scream*. There is a pirate's air-filled cave that is only reached by swimming through an underwater tunnel.

At another site, a wreck lies with its bow deep in the sand. A dozen oversized nurse sharks gather in a pinwheel around the hulk's nose. As a diver approaches the nurse sharks shake themselves awake, disperse and then magically return to the exact same spot once the humans are out of sight.

Then there are the underwater smells of Satan! Even though the active volcano on Montserrat is far to the north, there are stretches of sand near the island of Carriacou where divers can swim through stinky bubbles of hot air rising from lava vents under the sea floor.

It was on the second day when "it" happened. The Wind Dancer was anchored at the edge of the National Park of the Tobago Cays (southern end of the St Vincent and the Grenadines). Eleven divers back flipped off two tender boats into the warm soupy Caribbean waters and spent an hour underwater. Three of the divers were Canadian doctors, a fourth was a retired Hamilton pharmacist.

When a dive ended the passengers would compare notes to see who saw what. Turtles. Mating Eels. Skittish sharks. Lobster, lobster on lobster on lobster. Interesting, but, quickly becoming standard fare.

"Did any of you see the visitor? I saw another diver," asked one of the Canadians." He was wearing a white T-shirt, and a scuba tank. He waved at me!"

The passengers were by now on the stern of the Wind Dancer taking turns rinsing off in the communal shower. Roll call was immediately taken. Everyone was accounted for, none of whom were wearing T-shirts. There were no other boats in sight and the nearby island was devoid of life. He literally had seen a ghost.

For the next three days the boat moved slowly southward through dead calm seas back to Grenada. Blessed with uninhabited islands to dive near, the passengers saw almost everything there is to see in the lower Caribbean. Big and colourful fish. Squads of eagle rays. Loopy turtles. Fleeting glimpses of reef shark. Yet, on every dive everyone kept an eye out for the mysterious man in white.

The last night at sea had the Wind Dancer moored near Frigate Island (named after the isles only inhabitants) within the shadows of Grenada's cloud capped mountains. This was the final chance to lay the scuba spirit to rest. The Canadian contingent had been talking haunted seas ad nauseam and the others figured it was time to Ghostbust the cruise.

The four including the man who made the original ghost sighting rolled off their tender first descended alongside a steep black rock wall. A large shark circled in their light. The rest stayed in the boat for a moment or so and instructed the driver to drop them in the water a

few meters ahead of the first group.

Underwater, a diver quickly slipped on a white T-shirt and an indestructible Tilley hat. When the quartet came into view, they saw a shimmering site. All the other divers shone their lights on the diver in white who waved and disappeared into the gloom.

It was a sub sea exorcism. Although the mystery of the original ghostly diver was never solved, the appearance of the Tilley hatted ringer had everyone muttering the word "Hoax".

The last day at sea there was time to visit the real ghost of Grenada, the hard luck Bianca C. Twice sunk, the remains of the passenger ship are the largest wreck in the Caribbean.

Construction of her began in France in 1944. Before she could be completed, the vessel was sunk by a German U-boat. Raised, the ship was then rebuilt. In 1961 the 200-metre long vessel, now an Italian cruise ship, steamed into Grenada's St George's harbour. An explosion killed two and injured eight. Eight hundred people made it to shore and then the burning Bianca C was towed out to sea.

She sank near the Grand Anse Beach, near the Wind Dancer mooring. The wreck lies on her side barely within sport diving limits. The obligatory swim through the ship's still intact swimming pool is at a depth of 42 metres.

The diving now done, the Dancer heads to port. The purser arranges for afternoon ground tours, most of the guests head into St. George's. Although the island was all but leveled by a hurricane three years ago, this historic fort city has been lovingly restored.

The final dinner is served on land, under the stars. With the gear and one white T-shirts still hung up to dry, the topic of ghosts is never raised. The only spirit that all the divers see is brought to the table by the unsuspecting waiter.

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The Crocotta, also known as the Corocotta, Crocuta or Yena, is a mythical wolf like creature said to lurk in the forests of India and Ethiopia. The Crocotta was first described by Pliny the

Elder in his work *Natural History*, book VII chapter 30, as the combination of a wolf and a dog with tremendously strong teeth and instant digestion, able to change color and gender at will.

Many classicists believe that the source of Pliny the Elder's description was Greek physician Ctesias' description of the cynolycus. Other mythologies have described the Crocotta as a gluttonous beast that digs up the buried dead and prowls around farms at night.

It is said that the Crocotta could imitate the sound of a man in distress and used this ability to lure dogs to their deaths. The Crocotta is also rumored to hide at forests edge and listen in on a conversation between two people, usually farmers, upon learning their names the Crocotta would then wait for one of the two people to leave and then call out the name of the unlucky individual who was left alone. When the individual went to investigate the Crocotta would slowly back up deeper and deeper into the woods, continuing to call out its victim's name.

When the individual was deep enough into the woods so that no one would hear his or her screams for help the Crocotta would leap from the shadows and devour its prey. It has also been noted that this ability to mimic human voice was a trait that the Crocotta passed on to its offspring, including the Leucrocotta which resulted from the mating of the Crocotta and a Lion.

There is often some confusion between the more wolf like Crocotta and the more lion like Leucrocotta and in some cases the two creatures are looked upon as the same. Though the two were clearly meant to be two different types of animals, authors of bestiaries often mistook them for one another due to their alleged blood relation, similarity in name and their supposed ability to mimic human speech. Though the Crocotta itself is shrouded in mythology and mystery it has been suggested that the hyena may have been the bases for this legend.

The scientific name for the spotted hyena is *Crocuta crocuta*, which was taken from the mythological Crocotta, and there are some similarities in their descriptions. Hyenas after all have very powerful teeth and jaws and can digest a wide range of foods. They are also known to dig up human bodies for food and can make unnerving human like vocalizations, such as the well known hyena laugh. Local hyena folklore often suggests that they had the power to switch gender, shape shift and use human speech, all of which has led many researchers to believe that the hyena may have contributed or even have been the source of the original Crocotta myths.

The Evidence

There is currently no physical evidence to suggest that the Crocotta ever existed.

The Sightings

No documented sightings of the Crocotta could be found at this time.

The Stats – (Where applicable)

- Classification: Hybrid
- Size: Roughly that of a large wolf
- Weight: Roughly that of a large wolf
- Diet: Carnivorous
- Location: India and Ethiopia
- Movement: Four legged walking
- Environment: Forest

Unmasking Horror -- A special report.; Japan Confronting Gruesome War Atrocity

By NICHOLAS D. KRISTOF

Published: March 17, 1995

<http://www.nytimes.com/1995/03/17/world/unmasking-horror-a-special-report-japan-confronting-gruesome-war-atrocity.html>

The New York Times

He is a cheerful old farmer who jokes as he serves rice cakes made by his wife, and then he switches easily to explaining what it is like to cut open a 30-year-old man who is tied naked to a bed and dissect him alive, without anesthetic.

"The fellow knew that it was over for him, and so he didn't struggle when they led him into the room and tied him down," recalled the 72-year-old farmer, then a medical assistant in a Japanese Army unit in China in World War II. "But when I picked up the scalpel, that's when he began screaming.

"I cut him open from the chest to the stomach, and he screamed terribly, and his face was all twisted in agony. He made this unimaginable sound, he was screaming so horribly. But then finally he stopped. This was all in a day's work for the surgeons, but it really left an impression on me because it was my first time."

Finally the old man, who insisted on anonymity, explained the reason for the vivisection. The Chinese prisoner had been deliberately infected with the plague as part of a research project -- the full horror of which is only now emerging -- to develop plague bombs for use in World War II. After infecting him, the researchers decided to cut him open to see what the disease does to a man's inside. No anesthetic was used, he said, out of concern that it might have an effect on the results. That research program was one of the great secrets of Japan during and after World War II: a vast project to develop weapons of biological warfare, including plague, anthrax, cholera and a dozen other pathogens. Unit 731 of the Japanese Imperial Army conducted research by experimenting on humans and by "field testing" plague bombs by dropping them on Chinese cities to see whether they could start plague outbreaks. They could.

A trickle of information about the program has turned into a stream and now a torrent. Half a century after the end of the war, a rush of books, documentaries and exhibitions are unlocking the past and helping arouse interest in Japan in the atrocities committed by some of Japan's most distinguished doctors.

Scholars and former members of the unit say that at least 3,000 people -- by some accounts several times as many -- were killed in the medical experiments; none survived.

No one knows how many died in the "field testing." It is becoming evident that the Japanese officers in charge of the program hoped to use their weapons against the United States. They proposed using balloon bombs to carry disease to America, and they had a plan in the summer of 1945 to use

kamikaze pilots to dump plague-infected fleas on San Diego.

The research was kept secret after the end of the war in part because the United States Army granted immunity from war crimes prosecution to the doctors in exchange for their data. Japanese and American documents show that the United States helped cover up the human experimentation. Instead of putting the ringleaders on trial, it gave them stipends.

The accounts are wrenching to read even after so much time has passed: a Russian mother and daughter left in a gas chamber, for example, as doctors peered through thick glass and timed their convulsions, watching as the woman sprawled over her child in a futile effort to save her from the gas. The Origins Ban on Weapon Entices Military

Japan's biological weapons program was born in the 1930's, in part because Japanese officials were impressed that germ warfare had been banned by the Geneva Convention of 1925. If it was so awful that it had to be banned under international law, the officers reasoned, it must make a great weapon.

The Japanese Army, which then occupied a large chunk of China, evicted the residents of eight villages near Harbin, in Manchuria, to make way for the headquarters of Unit 731. One advantage of China, from the Japanese point of view, was the availability of research subjects on whom germs could be tested. The subjects were called marutas, or logs, and most were Communist sympathizers or ordinary criminals. The majority were Chinese, but many were Russians, expatriates living in China.

Takeo Wano, a 71-year-old former medical worker in Unit 731 who now lives here in the northern Japanese city of Morioka, said he once saw a six-foot-high glass jar in which a Western man was pickled in formaldehyde. The man had been cut into two pieces, vertically, and Mr. Wano guesses that he was Russian because there were many Russians then living in the area.

The Unit 731 headquarters contained many other such jars with specimens. They contained feet, heads, internal organs, all neatly labeled. "I saw samples with labels saying 'American,' 'English' and 'Frenchman,' but most were Chinese, Koreans and Mongolians," said a Unit 731 veteran who insisted on anonymity. "Those labeled as American were just body parts, like hands or feet, and some were sent in by other military units."

There is no evidence that Americans were among the victims in the Unit 731 compound, although there have been persistent but unproven accusations that American prisoners of war in Mukden (now Shenyang) were subject to medical experimentation.

Medical researchers also locked up diseased prisoners with healthy ones, to see how readily various ailments would spread. The doctors locked others inside a pressure chamber to see how much the body can withstand before the eyes pop from their sockets.

Victims were often taken to a proving ground called Anda, where they were tied to stakes and bombarded with test weapons to see how effective the new technologies were. Planes sprayed the

zone with a plague culture or dropped bombs with plague-infested fleas to see how many people would die.

The Japanese armed forces were using poison gas in their battles against Chinese troops, and so some of the prisoners were used in developing more lethal gases. One former member of Unit 731 who insisted on anonymity said he was taken on a "field trip" to the proving ground to watch a poison gas experiment.

A group of prisoners were tied to stakes, and then a tank-like contraption that spewed out gas was rolled toward them, he said. But at just that moment, the wind changed and the Japanese observers had to run for their lives without seeing what happened to the victims.

The Japanese Army regularly conducted field tests to see whether biological warfare would work outside the laboratory. Planes dropped plague-infected fleas over Ningbo in eastern China and over Changde in north-central China, and plague outbreaks were later reported.

Japanese troops also dropped cholera and typhoid cultures in wells and ponds, but the results were often counterproductive. In 1942 germ warfare specialists distributed dysentery, cholera and typhoid in Zhejiang Province in China, but Japanese soldiers became ill and 1,700 died of the diseases, scholars say.

Sheldon H. Harris, a historian at California State University in Northridge, estimates that more than 200,000 Chinese were killed in germ warfare field experiments. Professor Harris -- author of a book on Unit 731, "Factories of Death" (Routledge, 1994) -- also says plague-infected animals were released as the war was ending and caused outbreaks of the plague that killed at least 30,000 people in the Harbin area from 1946 through 1948.

The leading scholar of Unit 731 in Japan, Keiichi Tsuneishi, is skeptical of such numbers. Professor Tsuneishi, who has led the efforts in Japan to uncover atrocities by Unit 731, says that the attack on Ningbo killed about 100 people and that there is no evidence of huge outbreaks of disease set off by field trials. The Tradeoff Knowledge Gained At Terrible Cost

Many of the human experiments were intended to develop new treatments for medical problems that the Japanese Army faced. Many of the experiments remain secret, but an 18-page report prepared in 1945 -- and kept by a senior Japanese military officer until now -- includes a summary of the unit's research. The report was prepared in English for American intelligence officials, and it shows the extraordinary range of the unit's work.

Scholars say that the research was not contrived by mad scientists, and that it was intelligently designed and carried out. The medical findings saved many Japanese lives.

For example, Unit 731 proved scientifically that the best treatment for frostbite was not rubbing the limb, which had been the traditional method, but rather immersion in water a bit warmer than 100 degrees -- but never more than 122 degrees.

The cost of this scientific breakthrough was borne by those seized for medical experiments. They

were taken outside in freezing weather and left with exposed arms, periodically drenched with water, until a guard decided that frostbite had set in. Testimony from a Japanese officer said this was determined after the "frozen arms, when struck with a short stick, emitted a sound resembling that which a board gives when it is struck."

A booklet just published in Japan after a major exhibition about Unit 731 shows how doctors even experimented on a three-day-old baby, measuring the temperature with a needle stuck inside the infant's middle finger.

"Usually a hand of a three-day-old infant is clenched into a fist," the booklet says, "but by sticking the needle in, the middle finger could be kept straight to make the experiment easier." The Scope Other Experiments On Humans

The human experimentation did not take place just in Unit 731, nor was it a rogue unit acting on its own. While it is unclear whether Emperor Hirohito knew of the atrocities, his younger brother, Prince Mikasa, toured the Unit 731 headquarters in China and wrote in his memoirs that he was shown films showing how Chinese prisoners were "made to march on the plains of Manchuria for poison gas experiments on humans."

In addition, the recollections of Dr. Ken Yuasa, 78, who still practices in a clinic in Tokyo, suggest that human experimentation may have been routine even outside Unit 731. Dr. Yuasa was an army medic in China, but he says he was never in Unit 731 and never had contact with it.

Nevertheless, Dr. Yuasa says that when he was still in medical school in Japan, the students heard that ordinary doctors who went to China were allowed to vivisect patients. And sure enough, when Dr. Yuasa arrived in Shanxi Province in north-central China in 1942, he was soon asked to attend a "practice surgery."

Two Chinese men were brought in, stripped naked and given general anesthetic. Then Dr. Yuasa and the others began practicing various kinds of surgery: first an appendectomy, then an amputation of an arm and finally a tracheotomy. After 90 minutes, they were finished, so they killed the patient with an injection.

When Dr. Yuasa was put in charge of a clinic, he said, he periodically asked the police for a Communist to dissect, and they sent one over. The vivisection was all for practice rather than for research, and Dr. Yuasa says they were routine among Japanese doctors working in China in the war.

In addition, Dr. Yuasa -- who is now deeply apologetic about what he did -- said he cultivated typhoid germs in test tubes and passed them on, as he had been instructed to do, to another army unit. Someone from that unit, which also had no connection with Unit 731, later told him that the troops would use the test tubes to infect the wells of villages in Communist-held territory. The Plans Taking the War To U.S. Homeland

In 1944, when Japan was nearing defeat, Tokyo's military planners seized on a remarkable way to

hit back at the American heartland: they launched huge balloons that rode the prevailing winds to the continental United States. Although the American Government censored reports at the time, some 200 balloons landed in Western states, and bombs carried by the balloons killed a woman in Montana and six people in Oregon.

Half a century later, there is evidence that it could have been far worse; some Japanese generals proposed loading the balloons with weapons of biological warfare, to create epidemics of plague or anthrax in the United States. Other army units wanted to send cattle-plague virus to wipe out the American livestock industry or grain smut to wipe out the crops.

There was a fierce debate in Tokyo, and a document discovered recently suggests that at a crucial meeting in late July 1944 it was Hideki Tojo -- whom the United States later hanged for war crimes -- who rejected the proposal to use germ warfare against the United States.

At the time of the meeting, Tojo had just been ousted as Prime Minister and chief of the General Staff, but he retained enough authority to veto the proposal. He knew by then that Japan was likely to lose the war, and he feared that biological assaults on the United States would invite retaliation with germ or chemical weapons being developed by America.

Yet the Japanese Army was apparently willing to use biological weapons against the Allies in some circumstances. When the United States prepared to attack the Pacific island of Saipan in the late spring of 1944, a submarine was sent from Japan to carry biological weapons -- it is unclear what kind -- to the defenders.

The submarine was sunk, Professor Tsuneishi says, and the Japanese troops had to rely on conventional weapons alone.

As the end of the war approached in 1945, Unit 731 embarked on its wildest scheme of all. Codenamed Cherry Blossoms at Night, the plan was to use kamikaze pilots to infest California with the plague.

Toshimi Mizobuchi, who was an instructor for new recruits in Unit 731, said the idea was to use 20 of the 500 new troops who arrived in Harbin in July 1945. A submarine was to take a few of them to the seas off Southern California, and then they were to fly in a plane carried on board the submarine and contaminate San Diego with plague-infected fleas. The target date was to be Sept. 22, 1945.

Ishio Obata, 73, who now lives in Ehime prefecture, acknowledged that he had been a chief of the Cherry Blossoms at Night attack force against San Diego, but he declined to discuss details. "It is such a terrible memory that I don't want to recall it," he said.

Tadao Ishimaru, also 73, said he had learned only after returning to Japan that he had been a candidate for the strike force against San Diego. "I don't want to think about Unit 731," he said in a brief telephone interview. "Fifty years have passed since the war. Please let me remain silent."

It is unclear whether Cherry Blossoms at Night ever had a chance of being carried out. Japan did indeed have at least five submarines that carried two or three planes each, their wings folded against

the fuselage like a bird.

But a Japanese Navy specialist said the navy would have never allowed its finest equipment to be used for an army plan like Cherry Blossoms at Night, partly because the highest priority in the summer of 1945 was to defend the main Japanese islands, not to launch attacks on the United States mainland.

If the Cherry Blossoms at Night plan was ever serious, it became irrelevant as Japan prepared to surrender in early August 1945. In the last days of the war, beginning on Aug. 9, Unit 731 used dynamite to try to destroy all evidence of its germ warfare program, scholars say. *The Aftermath No Punishment, Little Remorse*

Partly because the Americans helped cover up the biological warfare program in exchange for its data, Gen. Shiro Ishii, the head of Unit 731, was allowed to live peacefully until his death from throat cancer in 1959. Those around him in Unit 731 saw their careers flourish in the postwar period, rising to positions that included Governor of Tokyo, president of the Japan Medical Association and head of the Japan Olympic Committee.

By conventional standards, few people were more cruel than the farmer who as a Unit 731 medic carved up a Chinese prisoner without anesthetic, and who also acknowledged that he had helped poison rivers and wells. Yet his main intention in agreeing to an interview seemed to be to explain that Unit 731 was not really so brutal after all.

Asked why he had not anesthetized the prisoner before dissecting him, the farmer explained: "Vivisection should be done under normal circumstances. If we'd used anesthesia, that might have affected the body organs and blood vessels that we were examining. So we couldn't have used anesthetic."

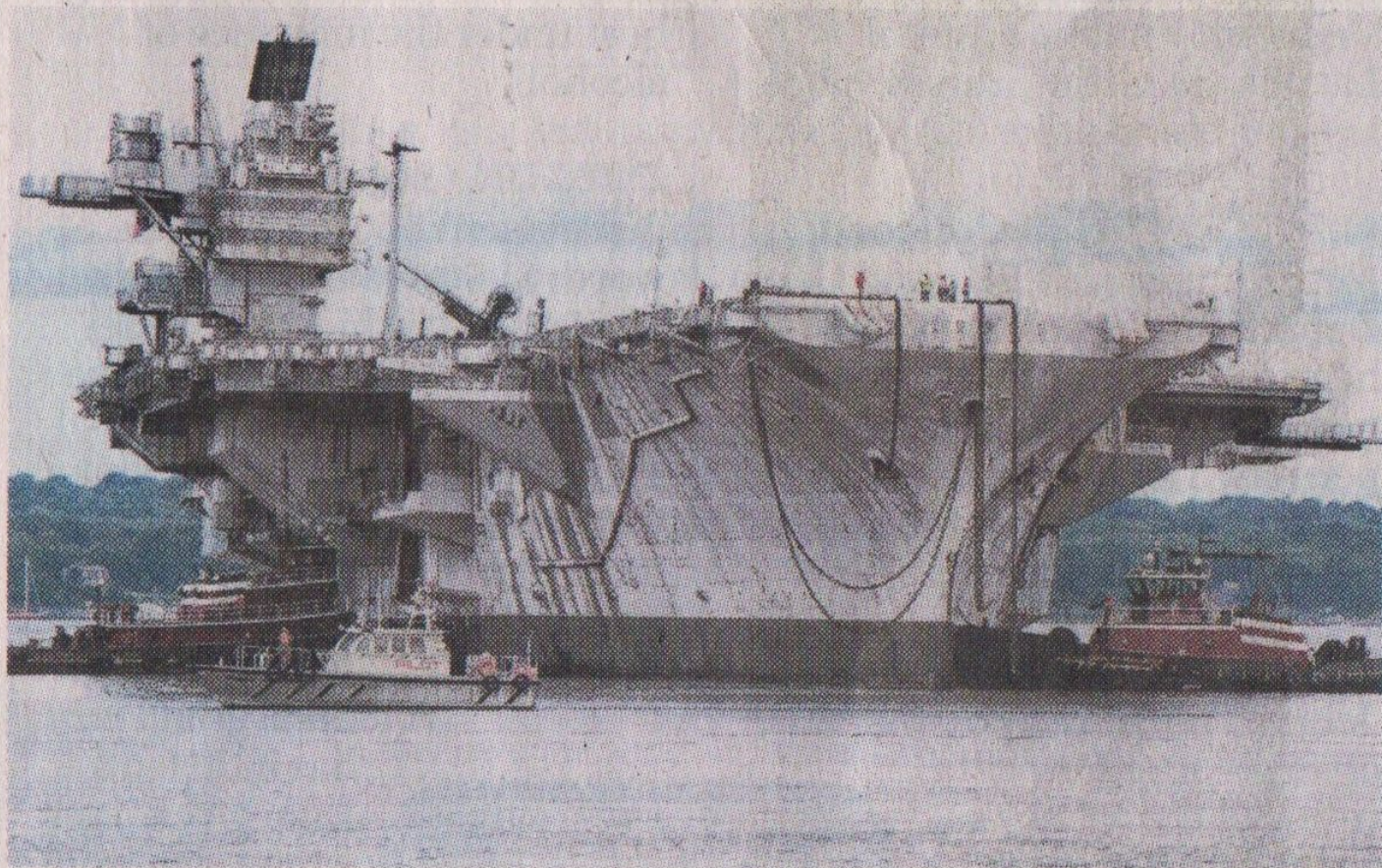
When the topic of children came up, the farmer offered another justification: "Of course there were experiments on children. But probably their fathers were spies."

"There's a possibility this could happen again," the old man said, smiling genially. "Because in a war, you have to win."

Alameda - USS Hornet -

Many ghosts reported being seen by those who are caretakers of the old aircraft carrier. Ghosts of sailors who perished on board are well documented.

USS SARATOGA'S FINAL VOYAGE



LINDSAY CHURCH, U.S. NAVY, VIA AP

The decommissioned aircraft carrier USS Saratoga is towed Thursday from Newport, R.I., to the Esco Marine ship recycling plant in Brownsville, Texas, where it will be scrapped.

Utah woman swallows stolen ring, cops make her sift through her poop

DEBORAH HASTINGS

nydailynews.com



Orem Department of Public Safety

A ring is seen in an X-ray of Christina Schlegel's stomach. Utah police say Schlegel swallowed it to keep officers from finding the stolen band.

A Utah woman is behind bars, where she has been ordered to comb through her bowel movements to find a ring that her companion stole from a jewelry store, police said.

"No, she hasn't passed the ring yet, and no, we're not digging it out," Orem Police Lt. Craig Martinez told the Daily News on Tuesday.

Christina Schlegel, 25, and Bryan Ford, 30, were arrested after Ford allegedly stole a double-band wedding ring from a Zales store, police said.

Ford had run off with the ring, chased by a mall employee, but managed to jump into a car with Schlegel behind the wheel, police said.



Orem Department of Public Safety Christina Schlegel, 25, is jailed in Utah, where authorities are waiting for her to pass a stolen ring that she swallowed, police said.

Their car was pulled over a short distance away, but the ring was not found.

An X-ray of the woman's stomach showed she had swallowed it, police said.

Both were charged with

felony theft and booked into the Utah County Jail.

Schlegel is in a cell with a "dry toilet" that does not flush, Martinez said.

"We don't get paid enough to dig through people's bowel movements," he said.

Schlegel must do that job, he said.

Police did not release details on how much the ring is worth, saying only that it cost "several thousand dollars."



Orem Department of Public Safety Bryan Ford took the ring, but his accomplice gobbled it down, cops say.

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Vampire Plant Sucks Victim's Genes While Feeding

By Tanya Lewis, Staff Writer | August 14, 2014 06:42pm ET

Like an herbivorous Count Dracula, a snakelike vine coils around its leafy victim, punctures its stem and proceeds to suck out its life juices.

The parasitic plant *Cuscuta pentagona*, commonly known as strangleweed or dodder, preys on many common crop plants. Not only does the parasite siphon water and nutrients from its host, but it also exchanges genetic messages with its victim, according to a study detailed today (Aug. 15) in the journal *Science*.

The findings reveal a new way that plants communicate with each other, and the study may help scientists understand how to combat parasitic plants that destroy food crops around the world, the researchers said. [See time-lapse video of vampire plant strangling its victim]

"It's a good parasite, so it doesn't rapidly kill its host," said study co-author James Westwood, who has the awesome title of professor of plant pathology, physiology and weed science at Virginia Tech in Blacksburg, Virginia.

And despite its vampirelike nature, "There's nothing supernatural about it," Blacksburg told Live Science.

Westwood and his colleagues studied how strangleweed parasitizes two common plants — tomatoes, and the small, flowering plant *Arabidopsis*

Once the weed coils around its host plant, it uses sharp appendages called haustoria to penetrate the host's tissue and suck out sugars and other nutrients. Previously, Westwood discovered that along with these nutrients, the weed also transports RNA, the genetic material cells use to translate instructions in the organism's DNA into cellular machinery, or proteins.

In this study, the researchers examined the movement of a type of RNA called messenger RNA (mRNA), the genetic messages a plant uses to control growth processes such as leaf shape and root growth.

Westwood and his colleagues genetically sequenced the mRNA of strangleweed growing on tomato and *Arabidopsis* plants. These tiny molecules were thought to be too fragile to be passed between plant species, yet Westwood found that large amounts of mRNA were moving from the tomato and *Arabidopsis* to the strangleweed, and vice versa.

Almost half of the *Arabidopsis* mRNA was found in the parasite, and a quarter of the parasite's mRNA was found in the host *Arabidopsis* plant. A much smaller amount of mRNA flowed between the weed and the tomato plant, the researchers found.

"We're finding there is a massive, bidirectional movement of RNA between the host and the parasite," Westwood said. Like a hacker accessing the internal correspondence of a company, the parasite may be intercepting messages about the host plant's growth and development, he said.

At the same time, the weed is also sending messages to the host plant, which may be operating like a genetic Trojan horse, making the host more susceptible to the invading plant, Westwood said.

However, more research is needed to fully understand how the plants are communicating, he said.

The findings may demonstrate an exciting new means of communication between plants, which are already known to engage in sophisticated chemical signaling. "We just never thought that RNA could be the signal with the environment," Westwood said, adding that this type of communication between plants "may be more common than we think."

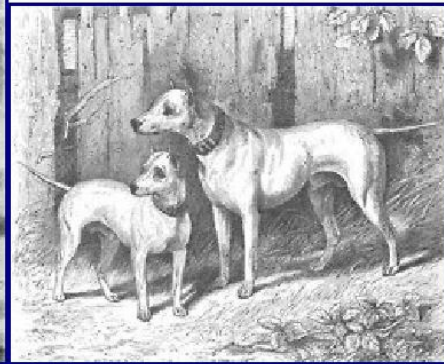
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Antioch - Vasco road -

you can hear people if you get out of your car running around. breathing and invisible people is also reported. if you don't feel like getting out of your car, it is scary just to drive through in the dark.

[peashooter85](#)

September 21st 2014, 5:45:00 pm · 2 hours ago



The Velodog Revolver,

A creation of the French pistol maker Charles Francois Galland in the late 19th century, the Velodog was a small pocket revolver popular in France and Belgium in the late 19th and early 20th century. While there were many makers of Velodog revolvers in Europe at the time, most share common characteristics. First, they were small five or six shot double action revolvers, often hammerless and lacking a trigger guard. Instead of a trigger guard, for the safety most Velodogs had a folding trigger, which also made the pistol more compact for carrying.

Secondly, most Velodogs were of small caliber. At first they were produced in a caliber called 5.75 Velodog, a 5.5mm (.22 caliber) jacket cartridge similar to the .22 magnum today. Later Velodogs were produced in other small calibers such a .22 long rifle and .25 ACP.

The purpose of the velodog was very specific, for bicyclers to defend themselves against dog attacks. The name "velodog" is a portmanteau of the words "velocipede", an early type of bicycle (pictured above), and "dog".

While this may seem laughable today, remember that at the time, bicycles were crude, slow vehicles and that 19th century Paris was infested with thousands of dangerous, rabid dogs. For those seeking a more human solution, 5.75 Velodog cartridges were produced loaded with cayenne pepper.

Ventura - Ventura High School -

It is said that a spirit of a teenage boy by the name of Toby haunts the small, old auditorium. Rumor has it that the boy was a member of the drama club. He got his heart broken by a girl he had a crush on. He hung himself from the catwalk above the stage. It has been said that the ghostly image of his body can be seen hanging from the catwalk.

Visalia - Haunted Tracks -

The old Sante Fe Tracks where AVE 271 turns into AVE 272 by RD 128 south of caldwell. There are tracks that cross the street where 271 turns into 272. Stories of the train still goes over the tracks. Also if you park your car on the tracks and turn off your engine you will hear a train and see people walking toward you car. Will also be hard to start the car. Also have seen a ghost train on the tracks around 3AM on some nights. Is in the country and the road is dangerous to drive on, so if you go visit drive careful cars have been known to wreck if your going east on 271 where there is two 90 degree turns.

Walnut - Haunted Church - Off of Nogales and Amar Rd there is an abandon Church where people are sacrificed and their blood is spread all over the walls, supposedly the ghost are violent. -

June 2008 Correction/ additional information: the human sacrifice story is ridiculous. Though, the Church has a freaky presence around it. It's a bit secluded, tucked in the back of a hill. The only problem with that Church is it changes its religious affiliation every year or so. It was abandoned for a few years, but since has been occupied again. There's an RV that's always parked in front. No trespassing.



Deb Robinson at Practical Magick

The owner of a witchcraft shop which recently opened in Knaresborough has praised the warm welcome she has received in the town.

Deb Robinson said she was unsure how people may react to her shop, Practical Magick, when she opened on Castlegate in July.

"I didn't know how everyone would react to a witchcraft shop, but it has been fantastic, we are really encouraged. On the whole everyone has been really supportive."

Deb is from Harrogate but decided to open a shop in Knaresborough because of the connection to Mother Shipton's Cave.

She said: "So many people who are interested in witchcraft visit the town so it seemed to be a good place. We thought our main customers would be pagans but we have something for everyone here. We sell everything from fragranced candles, handmade jewellery, there is something for everyone."

Tarot cards and pendulums have proved the most popular products so far and the shop will stock ouji boards and witches' cloaks soon.

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The Battle of Vimy Ridge, 9-12 April 1917

Tim Cook

Many historians and writers consider the **Canadian victory at Vimy** a defining moment for Canada, when the country emerged from under the shadow of Britain and felt capable of greatness. Canadian troops also earned a reputation as formidable, effective troops because of the stunning success. But it was a victory at a terrible cost, with more than 10,000 killed and wounded.

The Canadian Corps was ordered to seize **Vimy Ridge** in April 1917. [Map] Situated in northern France, the heavily-fortified seven-kilometre ridge held a commanding view over the Allied lines. The Canadians would be assaulting over an open graveyard since previous French attacks had failed with over 100,000 casualties.



*First World War - Vimy Ridge - CWM19930065-522 naval
12 inch howitzer in action*

To capture this difficult position, the Canadians would carefully plan and rehearse their attack. To provide greater flexibility and firepower in battle, the infantry were given specialist roles as machine-gunners, rifle-men and grenade-throwers.

These same soldiers underwent weeks of training behind the lines using models to represent the battlefield, and new maps crafted from aerial photographs to guide their way. To bring men forward safely for the assault, engineers dug deep tunnels from the rear to the front. Despite this training and preparation, the key to victory would be a devastating artillery barrage that would not only isolate enemy trenches, but provide a moving wall of high explosives and shrapnel to force the Germans to stay in their deep dugouts and away from their machine-guns. "Chaps, you shall go over exactly like a railroad train, on time, or you shall be annihilated," warned Canadian Corps commander Sir Julian Byng.

"In those few minutes I witnessed the birth of a nation."

BGen A.E. Ross

In the week leading up to the battle, Canadian and British artillery pounded the enemy positions on the ridge, killing and tormenting defenders. New artillery tactics allowed the gunners to first target, then destroy enemy positions. A nearly limitless supply of artillery shells and the new 106 fuse, which allowed shells to explode on contact, as opposed to burying themselves in ground, facilitated the destruction of



First World
War - Vimy
Ridge - CWM
20030064-
003
'Canadian
44th Infantry
Battalion
Badge'



PA-001187 A Large
Naval Gun, Vimy Ridge,
April 1917 ; First World
War - CWM Photo
Reference Credit Public
Archives of Canada

hardened defences and barbed wire. The Canadian infantry would be well supported when it went into battle with over 1,000 artillery pieces laying down withering, supportive fire.

Attacking together for the first time, the four Canadian divisions stormed the ridge at 5:30am on 9 April 1917. More than 15,000 Canadian infantry overran the Germans all along the front. Incredible bravery and discipline allowed the infantry to continue moving forward under heavy fire, even when their officers were killed.



CWM19920085-479 Taking Vimy Ridge, advancing with
tank over no mans land 01575

There were
countless acts
of sacrifice, as
Canadians
single-handedly
charged
machine-gun

nests or forced the surrender of Germans in protective dugouts. Hill 145, the highest and most important feature of the Ridge, and where the Vimy monument now stands, was captured in a frontal bayonet charge against machine-gun positions. Three more days of costly battle delivered final victory. The Canadian operation was an important success, even if the larger British and French offensive, of which it had been a part, had failed. But it was victory at a heavy cost: 3,598 Canadians were killed and another 7,000 wounded.

The capture of Vimy was more than just an important battlefield victory. For the first time all four Canadian divisions attacked together: men from all regions of Canada were present at the battle. Brigadier-General A.E. Ross declared after the war, "in those few minutes I witnessed the birth of a nation."

Vimy became a symbol for the sacrifice of the young Dominion. In 1922, the French government ceded to Canada in perpetuity Vimy Ridge, and the land surrounding it. The gleaming white marble and haunting sculptures of the Vimy Memorial, unveiled in 1936, stand as a terrible and poignant reminder of the 11,285 Canadian soldiers killed in France who have no known graves.

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The Sculptures on the Vimy Memorial



CWM19900076 Canadians
Returning from Vimy Ridge 1917,
First World War

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Was there a time British people couldn't buy olive oil?

Magazine Monitor A collection of cultural artefacts 13:20 UK time, Tuesday, 16 September 2014

The UK could be facing higher olive oil prices after a summer of droughts in Spain. But a popular notion is that there was once a time when olive oil was only available to buy at a pharmacy. How true is it, asks Tom Heyden.

Cookery writer Elizabeth David is credited with introducing a culinary revolution in the UK, publishing *A Book of Mediterranean Food* in 1950. She famously told readers that olive oil - vital for many recipes - could be found in chemists where it was sold as a treatment for ear ailments, among other things.

Today, multiple varieties of olive oil are available in every supermarket, but was it really such an exotic ingredient 60 years ago? Judy Ridgway, now an olive oil expert, wasn't aware of it during her middle-class Manchester upbringing. "We didn't come across olive oil at all except from the chemist," she says. And they never cooked with it. "My mother used to rub it into her hair before she had it permed."

Olive oil explained 19th Century-style



Mrs Beeton (1836-1865) was famous for her cookery and house-keeping books

"The oil extracted from olives, called olive oil, or salad oil, is, with the continentals, in continual request, more dishes being prepared with than without it, we should imagine. With us, it is principally used in mixing a salad, and when thus employed, it tends to prevent fermentation, and is an antidote against flatulency."

- from Mrs Beeton's *Book of Household Management*, published in 1861

But an updated and enlarged 1907 version of Mrs Beeton's *Book of Household Management* treats olive oil as a fairly standard ingredient. It is listed in onion pudding and Cambridge sauce. Almond fritters require a "hot frying-fat, clarified butter and olive oil". This suggests familiarity with its usage. "Victorian England was one of those places where you could buy anything if you had the money to do it," food historian Dr Annie Gray says, and it would have been sold at the grocers, often for salads. That's not to dispel the myth completely. "[Usage] seemed to peter out - like an awful lot of things - in the interwar years," Gray says.

It didn't disappear entirely. A 1938 article in the *Times* about chanterelle mushrooms recommends cooking them with olive oil. And over a period of some decades a company called Sasso sold it in London.

The myth is that David is solely responsible for olive oil's resurgence in the UK, says Gray, but people certainly struggled to get hold of it. "If you didn't live in London or the South East then it was more difficult to find it," says Ridgway. "You did have to seek it out." Unavailability may explain its regular parody as a middle-class staple. Even by the late 1980s, says Ridgway, it was predominantly in upmarket grocers or delicatessens. The general public probably wouldn't have been aware of it until much later, she adds.

Alameda - Washington Elementary School -

There are reports that when people are alone in there they get cold chills, and hear knocking and scratching when no one was around. There is a ghosts of a young boy about 13 years old walking the halls at night.

Belmont - Waterdog Lake -

One day a little boy was walking up on Waterdog, alone, unprotected. He never returned home. People say the ghost of Waterdog killed him, others say the ghost is bogus. The story posted in the newspapers is a 12 year old boy was killed by a man that was convicted of the act and his body was dumped here. (the boy's name is withheld out of respect for the family). When they go on Waterdog to prove it...they don't return either. Now people say they here screams & gun shots, they don't return

Weed - Wayside Inn - Many guests at this old motel off I-5 have felt uneasy while staying there. During the night loud noises can be heard coming from rooms that are vacant. Even on a few occasions guests have been awoken by a knock at the door yet no one is there, and the knocking persists throughout the night. A few of the rooms here back into a field which is said to be an old graveyard. Some of the rooms have bathroom windows that look out onto the field and many guests report glowing red eyes looking at them through the window. -

March 2005 Update - The Wayside has been gone for many years. all that remains is the main part that was turned into a variety of restaurants. It is now vacant.

The Hartford Circus Fire

The worst disaster in Hartford history occurred on July 6, 1944, during a performance of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey circus in the city's north end.

With several thousand people gathered under the "big top," flames appeared on the tent and spread quickly, inadvertently aided by the mixture of gasoline and paraffin that had been used to waterproof the canvas.



Circus tent ablaze

The fire spread rapidly on the gasoline- and paraffin-soaked canvas. [Click here for a larger image.](#) Photo: Corbis.

Panic proved as deadly as the flames. The crowd stampeded to escape the tent, and many were trampled. Others were blocked by obstacles like steel railings along the front of the bleachers and an animal chute blocking a main exit. Meanwhile, hundreds were saved by spectators, circus workers, and passersby who sliced open the tent or lifted children and the injured over the barriers. In the end,

however, 168 people died.

Because it was a circus performance, and because it occurred on a Thursday afternoon during World War II, when many adults worked long hours at war-production plants, children accounted for many of the casualties; only 100 of the dead were older than 15. The injured numbered 487.

Several officials of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus served prison terms for negligence in the fire. But no one was ever charged with starting it. Stewart O'Nan devotes a chapter of his book "The Circus Fire" to Robert Dale Segee, whom Ohio authorities arrested in connection with a series of arson fires in 1950. It turned out that Segee had been with the circus at the time of the Hartford fire, as a member of a lighting crew. He initially confessed to setting that fire as well but eventually recanted, claiming Ohio authorities had simply talked him into believing he was guilty. Ohio's refusal to let Connecticut investigators interview Segee didn't help either. After serving four years on the Ohio charges, he was declared a paranoid schizophrenic and committed for a time to a state hospital for the insane. He died in Columbus, Ohio, in August 1997.

The Hartford Circus Fire Memorial

The lot where the circus performed—bounded by Barbour Street, Cleveland Avenue, Hampton Street and Kensington Street—eventually became the site of the Stowe Village housing project.

On July 6, 2005, the 61st anniversary of the fire, several hundred people, including survivors of the fire and relatives of the victims, attended the dedication ceremony for a memorial created in

a field behind the Fred D. Wish Elementary school. Laid out to mark the exact location of the tent that burned, the memorial features a "center ring" consisting of four granite benches and a bronze disk bearing names of the victims and their ages. Flowering dogwoods mark the location of the side and end walls of the tent.

The dedication ceremony was the culmination of four years of work by the Hartford Circus Fire Memorial Foundation. Working with city agencies, the Foundation raised about \$125,000 from about 700 private donations and helped design the monument, the Hartford Courant reported. (See "Hundreds Dedicate Circus Fire Memorial," in the July 7, 2005 edition, reprinted on HartfordInfo.org.)

Resources

Books

"The Circus Fire: A True Story," by Stewart O'Nan, published in 2000 by Doubleday, New York. Author's site: www.stewart-onan.com

"A Matter of Degree: The Hartford Circus Fire and the Mystery of Little Miss 1565," by Don Massey and Rick Davey, published by the Willow Brook Press.

"The Great Hartford Circus Fire: Creative Settlement of Mass Disasters," legal scholarship on the arbitrated settlement between the circus and survivors, by Henry S. Cohn and David Bollier, published in 1992 by the Yale University Press, New Haven.

"Masters of Illusion," a novel based on the circus fire by Mary-Ann Tirone Smith, published in 1994 by Warner Books.

Video

"The Wrath of God: Fire Under the Big Top," one of the "Wrath of God" documentaries on disasters appearing regularly on the History Channel. A DVD of the 50-minute program can be purchased at HistoryChannel.com.

"The Hartford Circus Fire of 1944," a production of Connecticut Public Television. Using film footage and photos of the fire as well as "interviews with the people who were there," the documentary "recalls the horrors of the fire, the search for its cause, and the aftermath of the tragedy on the community and the circus industry," according to the CPTV Web site. Check the station's listings for the next air date. For now, this work is unavailable for purchase.

Web Sites

Hartford Fire Department page on the Memorial

Ringling.com: the official site of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus. The history section is extensive but apparently contains no information on the fire.

Curtiseller.com: the site for Curtis Eller's American Circus, a New York City band that performs a

song about the fire, "Hartford, CT." [Read the lyrics here.](#)

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1589: Peter Stubbe, Sybil Stubbe and Katharina Trump

October 31st, 2007

executedtoday.com

On Halloween in 1589, the “Werewolf of Bedburg” was put to a horrible death for a supposed slew of crimes committed in lupine form in the environs of the German city of Cologne.

Our knowledge of the strange case of Peter Stubbe comes primarily from a single surviving account, and with many of the potential supplementary sources lost to the ravages of time and war, interpretations are inevitably speculative.

Stubbe reportedly confessed under (or facing) torture to having practiced witchcraft and claimed to have received a magic belt from the infernal powers enabling him to transform into a wolf. The doomed man owned, during the quarter-century riot of sin that ensued this youthful acquisition, to rape, murder, cannibalism, incest, filicide, slaughtering livestock and keeping a succubus in his bed. (Authorities were unable to recover this potent belt, and sighed that Satan must have reclaimed it.)

For these crimes, he was broken on the wheel, beheaded, then burnt — the latter punishment shared with his daughter and his mistress, apparently implicated as accessories.

*Marthaftige vnd Wunderbarlich Newe zettung von einem bäuren/der sich durch
Jahren. das sagten thut zu eins und sich selbst nicht zu erkennen. geschicket worden hat den Conrigo. Leutrecht den 10ten. Decem. In 1589. Jhr*



Was there a real wolf terrorizing the vicinity? Was Stubbe an actual murderer with a supernatural cover story? Was he nursing a genuine delusion of lycanthropy? Did he back the wrong faith as strife over Protestantism rent Germany? Or was he just unluckily caught up in an instance of demonic hysteria?

Whatever the individual circumstances of Stubbe's death might have been, it occurred during

a surge of panic over the venerable superstition of were-beasts and shapeshifters (particularly pronounced in France) coeval with Europe's crises of religious and political authority on the eve of the Thirty Years' War.

Yet this troubled period bore the germ of a modernity whose pervasive social changes would upend, among other things, the idea of a real werewolf. As the sixteenth century closed, both medical and theological understandings of “werewolfism” increasingly located it in the realm of the psychological instead of the supernatural.

Within a few years of Stubbe's torture, werewolves had left the hands of magistrates for those of doctors ... bound eventually for the pens of screenwriters with Halloween fare in mind.

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West Hills - Target Store -

In back room behind the dressing rooms, is a storage area and when no one is around mysterious noises and lights appear, You can heard loud music like a radio playing and voices and it is empty. They had mysterious fires in areas abrupt instantly in the store. In garden area sometimes you can see an old employee who died He walks thru the door into the store and fades away. In the receiving area you can see a worker walking around that hung himself. You see him by the area of where bicycles are stored. There was an employee who works in the food area and suddenly died. and every day for a few months around 3 pm (time she leave the store) the door alarms suddenly ring. Also a witness has seen strange things happening around her work station. There have been mysterious alarms going off, power outages, and even at times doors lock by them selves. When phones are turn off at night of closing they ring at times (which are located by dressing room). Sometimes you can hear footsteps and people talking on the stairwell and no one around going up to the offices up stairs. In certain areas you suddenly feel real cold and in some aisles you see things on floor after you put them back on shelves.

The Greenbrier Ghost

DISCLAIMER: These articles are copies of the original articles that are reprinted in their entirety, any omissions or corrections are not the responsibility of the WVPenTours group.

The only ghost to testify in a murder trial
From the 1999 September issue of Wonderful WV Magazine:
<http://www.wonderfulwv.com/archives/sept99/fea2.cfm>
*An article about one of the "residents" that used to live at the
former WV Penitentiary
By Katie Letcher Lyle*

A state highway mile marker a few miles west of Lewisburg declares the "only known case in which [the] testimony from [a] ghost helped convict a murderer." Drawn by the story of the "Greenbrier Ghost," I embarked on a search for the truth about a local legend based on certain events that occurred at the end of the 19th-century. The result is my book, *The Man Who Wanted Seven Wives*. The briefest form of the story is that told by the road marker: "Interred in a nearby cemetery is Zona Heaster Shue. Her death in 1897 was presumed natural until her spirit appeared to her mother to describe how she was killed by her husband Edward. Autopsy on the exhumed body verified the apparition's account. Edward, found guilty of murder, was sentenced to **state prison**."

Near the end of January 1897, Zona Heaster Shue, who had been a popular young girl in Greenbrier County, and was now a bride of three months, was found dead at the bottom of the stairs leading to the second floor of the log house where she lived with her new husband. The body was discovered by a neighbor, a child of about 11 years, who did chores for her. Zona's body was taken 14 miles across the valley to her childhood home on Little Sewell Mountain, and buried three days later. At the time, there was no intimation in the local newspaper, *The Greenbrier Independent*, of anything unusual about the young woman's death. The physician who examined the body, Dr. George W. Knapp, announced that she "died of an everlasting faint." On January 30 he wrote in the death record in Lewisburg that she died of childbirth.

The Richlands section of Greenbrier County, just west of Lewisburg, was a remote area, and the people were clannish. Zona's husband was not one of them, but a blacksmith from Pocahontas, the next county to the north. He was a newcomer to Greenbrier County, but from the beginning cut a wide swath, as he was from all reports good-looking and powerful, charismatic and boastful, and he attracted even more notice than most strangers. Furthermore, he had swept one of their own off her feet, and married her faster than anyone could say "Jack Robinson."

Within a month of the burial, the dead girl's mother, Mary Jane Heaster, was telling neighbors

that Zona's spirit had appeared four nights in a row to accuse the blacksmith of her violent death - to "tell on him" - to set the record straight about her dying. Word spread quickly that these visions had convinced Mary Jane that the husband - who called himself Edward, but was really named Erasmus Stribbling Trout Shue, and was known as Trout - had killed her daughter. In the weeks that followed Zona's death, there was a great deal of local gossip about the glamorous blacksmith, and some details of his past came to light that he had neglected to share with his new neighbors. Not only had he changed his name, he had also failed to mention that Zona had not been his first wife, nor even his second.

Shue's first marriage, to Allie Estelline Cutlip in 1885, produced a child, Girta Lucretia. Shue reportedly beat his wife Estie so badly that a group of vigilantes dragged him out of bed one winter night and threw him through the ice in the Greenbrier River. It is unclear whether this incident occurred before or after the birth of their baby girl in February 1887. The marriage ended in divorce four years later, while Trout Shue was in the state penitentiary serving time for horse stealing.

In June of 1894, Shue married again, this time to Lucy Ann Tritt, from near Alderson. They lived with his parents on Droop Mountain near Hillsboro, where Lucy died less than eight months later. There was no investigation, and the Pocahontas Times stated only that she died suddenly. Only later, when Shue was accused of murdering Zona, did four different stories about Lucy's death circulate among the community.

After telling neighbors of her ghostly visits from Zona, Mary Jane Heaster visited the Honorable John Alfred Preston, the prosecuting attorney for Greenbrier County, and apparently presented enough troubling information that a court order was issued for the exhumation of the corpse. People who had viewed the corpse before it was originally buried had found it odd that the head was so loose that stuffing, a pillow and a folded sheet, had been placed in the coffin to keep it upright. Some folks noticed some discoloration on the right cheek. All noticed that Shue himself kept jealous watch over the body, and would let no one near it.

Preston went to see Dr. Knapp, the physician who had examined the corpse. Knapp admitted that because the husband had exhibited such distress over anyone's touching Zona's body, that his examination had been cursory. Furthermore, Trout Shue had already dressed his wife himself, before Knapp got there, in a high-necked gown, with a big scarf around the neck. Preston and Knapp together agreed that an autopsy would clear things up, denying or confirming the suspicions of Mary Jane Heaster and others, and lifting suspicion from Shue if indeed he were innocent.

Three physicians participated in the autopsy. As is common practice in an autopsy, they examined Zona's stomach for poison, and checked the other vital organs of the chest and abdomen. Working around the head and neck, the doctors began to whisper. One of the doctors turned to Shue and said, "Well, Shue, we have found your wife's neck to have been broken." The Pocahontas Times reported that: "On the throat were the marks of fingers indicating that she had been choked [sic]; that the neck was dislocated between the first and second vertebrae. The ligaments were torn and ruptured. The windpipe had been crushed at a point in front of the neck." Shue was charged with murder, and jailed in Lewisburg to await trial.

Preston and his assistant Henry Gilmer set about building a case against Shue. Shue continued to say from jail, as he had earlier, "They will not be able to prove I did it." He was defended by William Parkes Rucher and James P.D. Gardner. Their efforts to gather witnesses, alibis and other evidence of his innocence must have been discouraging, for on May 20, 1897, the Pocahontas Times reported, "Trout Shue É now in jail awaiting trial for the murder of his wife, has threatened to kill himself." Although Preston's case was based entirely on circumstantial evidence, the jury convicted Shue of murder and sentenced him to prison.

Central to the story of the Greenbrier Ghost is whether it was in fact the ghost story that led to the jury's decision to find Shue guilty of murder. The only part of the trial transcript available today is Mary Jane Heaster's impassioned story about the appearance of her daughter for four nights in a row, telling of Shue's wringing her neck and throwing her downstairs. The "ghost testimony" was brought out by the defense, presumably to call into question the sanity and reliability of Mary Jane Heaster. At the end of the trial, Shue took the stand, rambled on for an entire afternoon, and appealed to the jury "to look into his face and then say if he was guilty." This made, according to the Independent account, an "unfavorable impression."

The jury returned a verdict of guilty after only one hour and ten minutes of deliberation. The accounts in the Independent make clear that Shue was convicted of the murder of his third wife on circumstantial evidence, and not because of a "ghost's testimony." **He was sentenced to life in the state prison. Following a foiled lynching attempt a few days later, he was taken by train to the state prison in Moundsville, where he died on the first of March, 1900.**

Believing in a rational world where the dead stay dead, I wondered where Mrs. Heaster got the ghost story, and why she invented or dreamed up such a thing. Why weren't the suspicions of her neighbors and her own misgivings enough to take to the prosecuting attorney? Why did she need the drama of a ghost? Mrs. Heaster lived until 1916, and never recanted her story.

My assumption finally was that she knew the blacksmith to be clever, unprincipled, and persuasive. If he'd murdered once, he could murder again. Perhaps she feared that if no one validated her accusations, Shue would prove extremely dangerous. So pretending to receive the news directly from Zona, she could appeal to the superstitions of her mountaineer neighbors and get a lot of public attention. As it turned out, she didn't need the ghost story, for Shue was convicted, according to every account, strictly on earthly considerations, without any unearthly ghosts.

My research was more or less complete. I was satisfied that the ghost story was merely an ingenious method by which a canny woman contrived to seek justice for her daughter's murder. Then late one night, I received a phone call which, I feel, shows what really happened in the case of the Greenbrier Ghost. And for this last bit of information, you'll have to read the book.

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Westwood - Westwood Memorial Cemetery -

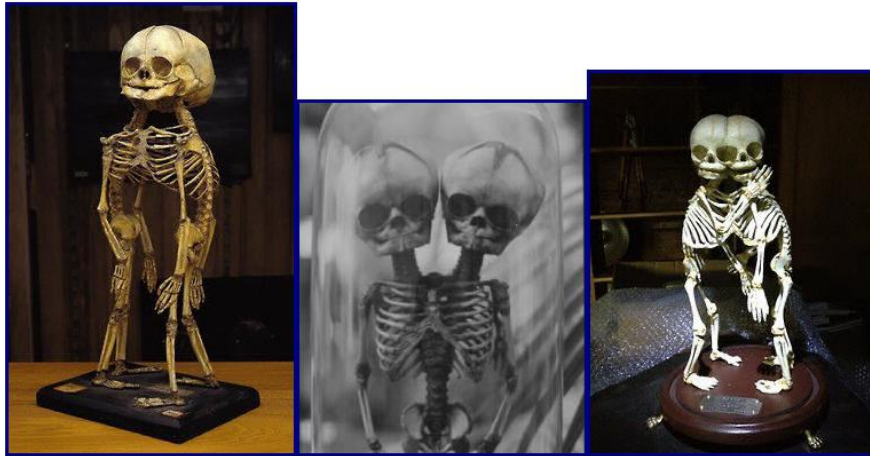
Marilyn Monroe's ghost has been spotted hovering near her tomb.

[we-are-star-stuff](#)

September 22nd 2014, 1:00:32 pm · 7 hours ago



CAST OF A CONJOINED
CHILD SKELETON.



What Are Conjoined Twins?

Twins whose bodies are connected are called conjoined twins.

Births of conjoined twins, whose skin and internal organs are fused together, are rare. Conjoined twins occur once every 200,000 live births, and their survival is anything but assured.

For some reason, female siblings seem to have a better shot at survival than their male counterparts. Although more male twins conjoin in the womb than female twins, females are three times as likely as males to be born alive. Approximately 70 percent of all conjoined twins are girls.

Conjoined twins begin as a single fertilized egg. Usually a single fertilized egg develops into a single baby. Sometimes a single egg divides in half during the first one to two weeks after it's fertilized. This creates a set of identical twins.

The exact cause of conjoined twinning is not known. There are two theories. One is that the egg divides late and does not divide completely. The other is that the egg divides completely but then fuses (joins) back together.

The connection between the twins' bodies may be fairly simple. They may share only a small amount of tissue, and both children may have all the organs and other structures they need. For example, the twins may be joined at the belly with a "bridge" that connects their livers.

Usually the connection is more complex, and sometimes it is very complex. The children may share:

- Vital organs, like one heart
- Many structures, like several parts of their digestive, genital and urinary systems
- A large segment of their body, like all of their lower body
- Part of the brain and skull

Types of conjoined twins

Doctors group conjoined twins based on where they are joined.

- **Joined at the chest**, called **thoracopagus**. This is the most common type. About 40% of conjoined twins are in this group. These twins are face to face. In about 75% of cases, they share one heart. Twins joined at the chest may also share their liver, biliary tract (which carries bile from the liver to the small intestine) and upper digestive tract.
- **Joined from the breastbone to the waist**, called **omphalopagus** or **xiphopagus**. These twins are face to face. They may share their liver, biliary tract and upper digestive tract. About 35% of

conjoined twins are in this group.

- **Joined at the sacrum and buttock area**, called **pygopagus**. These twins are back to back. They may share part of their lower digestive tract and parts of their skeleton, nervous system and genitals. About 20% of conjoined twins are in this group.
- **Joined in the pelvic area, possibly up to the breastbone**, called **ischiopagus**. These twins may be oriented to each other in different ways. In general, they partly face each other. They may share their liver and biliary tract, part of their upper and all of their lower digestive tract, their genital and urinary systems and part of their skeleton. About 6% of conjoined twins are in this group.
- **Joined at the head**, called **craniopagus**. These twins may share their skull, brain and other parts of their nervous system. About 2% of conjoined twins are in this group.

Outlook for Conjoined Twins

Most sets of conjoined twins do not survive because their organs cannot support them. About 40% of conjoined twins are not alive when they are delivered (stillborn). About 35% die within a day after they are born. The overall survival rate of conjoined twins is somewhere between 5 percent and 25%.

Survival

Even so, more conjoined twins survive now than in the past. Advances in imaging, surgical techniques and anesthesia have helped improve chances for survival. We also have tools to detect their condition before birth. This means their families and doctors can plan their early care before they are born.

Usually this includes scheduling delivery by cesarean section (C-section) a month before their due date. This is because a vaginal birth is too hard for mother and babies.

Among the conjoined twins who survive more than a day after birth, some continue to live for days, weeks, months or years while conjoined. Some live into adulthood still physically connected to each other.

Some have surgery to be separated, usually in the first year of life. The success of this surgery depends on many factors, mainly where the twins are connected and which structures they share. In some cases, both twins survive after surgery. In some cases, only one survives, or neither does.

Although success rates have improved over the years, surgical separation is still rare. Since 1950, at least one twin has survived separation about 75 percent of the time.

What if we could create energy the way nature does?

Breakthroughs in artificial photosynthesis could help harness the sun's power for clean, efficient production of liquid hydrogen.

By: Devereaux Bell

Mon, Sep 15, 2014 at 04:50 PM

When we think of solar energy, we tend to picture shiny, bluish-silver photovoltaic cells, lined up in intricate patterns over enormous surfaces, all laid out in the heat of beating sunlight. These solar arrays may look cool, but the technology they employ is quite expensive and, in the end, not very efficient.

Mother Nature herself, as it turns out, does a much better job dealing with the energy available in sunlight. So what if we could employ sunlight the way nature does? What if we could use photosynthesis to create a better, more efficient and more versatile type of solar energy than current technology allows?

Researchers have recently found a way to alter the photosynthetic process so that its chemical reactions produce liquid hydrogen, which can be used in turn to create energy — and ultimately the electricity that powers all our stuff.

Using hydrogen as a fuel isn't a new idea; it's a proven energy source. The problem is making enough liquid hydrogen for it to be viable on a large scale. Producing pure hydrogen, which is extremely rare on Earth, is now energy- and time-intensive. Photosynthesis produces hydrogen naturally by using sunlight to break water molecules (H₂O) into hydrogen and oxygen. If we could harness this natural process, we could produce hydrogen cleanly and abundantly.

England's Daily Mail recently reported that a team at Australian National University created a protein that, when exposed to light, displayed a process similar to that of a plant's leaves. It replicates "the primary capture of energy from sunlight" needed to break down H₂O. The great thing about this protein is that, unlike hydrogen, it is naturally occurring, so doesn't require lots of expensive raw materials to create.

The resources needed to produce hydrogen this way are the same as those in photosynthesis: water and sunlight. This opens the technology to possible widespread use in developing nations, where exotic raw materials and expensive technology aren't easy to come by.

Moreover, photosynthesis doesn't produce carbon, which makes it much better for the environment than current fossil fuels. The already available technology for turning hydrogen into electricity is also carbon neutral. So, overall, photosynthesis-aided hydrogen power would be a great breakthrough for the environment.

Despite the recent advances, the technology isn't quite where it needs to be — not yet, anyway. As with all solar-based energy, making efficient use of the photons available in sunlight is a challenge. Stability is another issue in this process, which requires some sort of catalyst to get the sunlight to break down the water molecules. These catalysts can be either organic, like the naturally occurring protein used by the Australian team, or inorganic, like various metal oxides.

The problem with organic catalysts is that they tend to wear out over time. What's more, they often wind up damaging photosynthetic cells through secondary effects they generate. Metal oxides, on the other hand, seem less efficient than organic catalysts, and they aren't as wonderfully abundant as sunlight and water.

Given these and other difficulties, an efficient, widely available and carbon-neutral photosynthetic technology isn't just around the corner. But it is a real possibility — sometime in the next decade.

When soldiers' faces were mutilated in WWI, a sculptor made them new ones

The Washington Post

msn.com



Postwar restoration: Mending the 'mutilés de la face'

An American sculptor's artistry gave hope
to soldiers disfigured in World War I

By Michael E. Ruane

Photos from the Library of Congress

© The Washington Post

On the day after Christmas in 1920, a French mailman and veteran of World War I wrote an American woman named Anna Coleman Ladd to thank her for what she had done for him during the war.

Ladd knew the veteran, Charles Victor, who had been wounded in the face by a hand grenade in 1915. She had two photos of him.

In one, he is sitting in a chair, wearing his uniform and military medals. He has large ears and a shock of dark hair, parted on the side. But the lower half of his face is mutilated. Most of his nose and lips are gone, and his mouth looks crooked and rearranged.

In the second photo, he is sitting in the same chair. But now he is wearing glasses and a jaunty mustache, and there is no sign of injury.

What Ladd had done for Victor was not plastic surgery.

She was a sculptor. And he was one of the scores of disfigured French and American soldiers for whom she had made exquisite metal masks to conceal their war injuries.

With the start this summer of the centennial of World War I (1914-18) and increased interest from researchers, the Smithsonian Institution's Archives of American Art has posted a cache of Ladd's papers online.

The collection includes letters, scrapbooks, photos and notebooks from Ladd's long career as a sculptor. And it includes files and photos from her short but fascinating work as director of the Red Cross mask-making studio in Paris.

"She was a neoclassical sculptor," said David Lubin, the Charlotte C. Weber professor of art at Wake Forest University.

"She was very interested in principles of ancient art, the sort of beautiful serene face," he said. "And she gives these men . . . this almost unreal serenity."

Millions of soldiers were wounded or killed in the Great War, and it created an especially grim subset of casualties.

These were the “mutilés de la face,” men who had suffered terrible facial injuries wrought by shrapnel, bullets and flamethrowers.

“World War I was the first war in which a man could get half his face blown off and survive,” Lubin said earlier this month. Doctors would say, “ ‘Okay, now we saved this guy’s life. But he looks like a monster. What are we going to do with him?’ ”

British author Ward Muir, who worked as a wartime hospital orderly, wrote in 1918: “Hideous is the only word for these smashed faces.”

Plastic surgery could repair only some of the damage, and many men were permanently disfigured. Jaws destroyed, foreheads gone, noses, mouths and eyes missing.

“One man who came to us had been wounded 21 / 2 years before and had never been home,” according to a 1919 report from Ladd’s studio. “He did not want his mother to see how badly he looked.”

“Of all his face there was only one eye left, and after 50 operations . . . he came to us,” the report said. “People get used to seeing men with arms and legs missing, but they never get used to an abnormal face.”

An estimated 60,500 British soldiers had head or eye injuries, according to a 2011 article in the British journal *Social History of Medicine*. There were no doubt similar numbers of such French and German casualties from the war.

Such injuries often were linked to trench warfare, where the face could be the most exposed part of body.

Men “seemed to think they could pop their heads up over a trench and move quickly enough to dodge the hail of machine gun bullets” the American orthopedic surgeon Frederick H. Albee wrote, according to the journal article by Suzannah Biernoff, a senior lecturer at Birkbeck, University of London.

Helmets provided some head cover, but nothing protected the face from flying chunks of exploding artillery shells.

Ambulance driver Evadne Price described one of the wounded as having a “wagging lump of raw flesh on a neck that was a face a short time ago,” according to an article Lubin wrote in the *Archives of American Art Journal*.

Wars still inflict such injuries. The face remains vulnerable, said Navy Capt. Gerald T. Grant, an expert at the Walter Reed National Military Medical Center.

And facial prostheses, as they are now known, are still crafted for disfigured soldiers.

Today they are made of silicone and acrylic. They often are designed on a computer and in 3-D. And they are held in place with implants and magnets. “We’ve come quite a bit further,” Grant said.

'Brave faceless ones'

Anna Coleman Ladd, the well-to-do daughter of Philadelphia socialites, had been educated in Europe and was a successful sculptor in Boston by the time the war began.

Her husband, a pediatrician, was already overseas in 1917 when she heard about the work of the British sculptor Francis Derwent Wood.

He had started making masks for disfigured British soldiers in a facility the soldiers called the "Tin Noses Shop."

"My work begins where the work of the surgeon is completed," Wood wrote in 1917 in the *Lancet* medical journal.

"I endeavour by means of the skill I happen to possess as a sculptor to make a man's face as near as possible to what it looked like before he was wounded," he wrote. "The patient acquires his old self-respect . . . [and] his presence is no longer a source of melancholy."

Ladd, 39, who had lived in France, wondered whether she might do the same for French soldiers.

She traveled to France in December 1917, and the next month, with four assistants, founded the American Red Cross Studio of Portrait Masks in Paris.

She decorated the studio with flags, patriotic posters and flowers. And she drank cocoa and tea with her "brave faceless ones," as she called them.

She tried to make the studio a warm gathering place where the men could relax, smoke and chat.

Wood sent her details of his procedures, and Ladd began scouring French hospitals for patients.

The mask began with a plaster cast of the soldier's disfigured face. Later, Ladd would hang on the walls a collection of the casts, visible in photographs taken at the time.

Then, using pre-injury photographs or just "psychological insight," as she put it, Ladd would model on the cast the patient's original appearance, filling in gaps and adding correct features.

From the improved cast, a thin copper mask was fashioned to cover the damaged part of the patient's face.

The masks were held in place by wires, ribbons or eyeglasses. Eyelashes were made of fine metal strips, and mustaches and beards were added when necessary. The masks were painted to match skin tone.

Ladd directed the making of about 100 masks, and subordinates made many more after she

returned to the United States in late 1918.

"The letters of gratitude from the soldiers and their families hurt, they are so grateful," she wrote two days before the war ended in November 1918.

One letter among her papers, written in French, says in part:

"I owe you great gratitude . . . for I wear and will always . . . wear the marvelous device that you created. Thanks to you I can live again. Thanks to you I haven't buried myself in the depths of a hospital for the disabled."

Elsewhere, Ladd quoted from another soldier letter: "Thanks to you I will have a home . . . The woman I love no longer finds me repulsive, as she had a right to do. . . . She will be my wife."

Yet another wrote: "My family and friends marvel . . . I am a tremendous success."

Ladd's Smithsonian papers contain photographs of several of the soldiers with and without masks. A movie also survives of Ladd and her staff at work.

None of the soldiers are identified in the studio photographs.

But one set of before-and-after studio pictures matches a pair of tiny snapshots Charles Victor seems to have enclosed in his postwar letter to Ladd.

The letter, its envelope and the pictures are also among her papers.

One snapshot shows Victor in business attire, without his mask. On the back he has written his name, and notes that he was wounded by the grenade in the face and shrapnel in the back on Sept. 29, 1915.

The second shot is blurry but shows the man standing outdoors, apparently wearing his mask. On the back he has written "Charles Victor 1920 Paris."

In his letter, he tells Ladd about his wife and two children and wishes her a happy new year. He expresses deep gratitude for the work she did.

"Please accept from a poor disabled Frenchman and from his little family our best and most sincere regards and warmest greetings," he wrote.

Amy Gardner and Zofia Smardz contributed to this report.



Edouard de Reszke, as Mephistopheles.
http://www.cantabile-subito.de/Tenors/The_De_Reszke_Family/the_de_reszk

Today we continue the devilish theme of the previous post with a historical discursion on the iconography of the Devil and its surprising origin, according to a German scholar.

WHERE HIS SATANIC MAJESTY GOT HIS FACE

Special Correspondent of the Enquirer

London, May 26, 1904

Where did the devil get his face—the familiar satanic type of countenance; that is to say, with the peculiar mustache and chin beard, such as are invariably worn by the stage Mephistopheles?

The answer is: From Charles I, the English monarch, and the discovery is certainly the most interesting of recent achievements in historical research. It is credited to Prof. Ludwig Schmidt, of the University of Bonn, in Germany, who, in support of his theory, has been able to assemble such proofs as appear to render its correctness altogether beyond dispute.

It seems hard to believe, in these modern times, when the devil has become a humorous, almost a comic figure, that, not so very long ago, he was as real a personage to the generality of mankind as Emperor William, say, or the Czar of Russia is today. Yet such was undeniably the case, and, while nobody then thought of doubting his existence as a terrifying fact, his influence in all human affairs was so great that not even the most saintly individual was for a moment safe from his machinations. Every unusual or disagreeable thing that happened, from a thunderstorm to an attack of mumps, was supposed to be his work, and every wicked thought that entered anybody's mind was a direct communication from the "Evil One."

Monster in Human Form.

"Under such circumstances," says Prof. Schmidt, "It is not surprising that this awful being, of whom everybody was so horribly afraid, should be imagined, from time to time, to have found an incarnation in some conspicuously wicked or otherwise formidable man. As far back as the time of Nero, that monster in human form was actually believed by the early Christians, whom he persecuted, to be Antichrist—another name for the devil, who, as they understood, was permitted through the inscrutable policy of the Almighty, to rule the world for a limited period."

Charles I, in his day, was the very embodiment of everything the strict liver and Reformationist hated. He was the political head of the party to which they were opposed, and at the same time he was a Cavalier, and therefore a free liver, a blasphemer, and everything

else that was wicked. What, from their viewpoint, could be more obvious than that he was an incarnation of Satan? They did, indeed, call him "Antichrist," and by this name they commonly spoke and wrote of him. The adoption by them of his physiognomy as that of the pictured devil was natural enough.

For lack of space it is not possible here to give even a summary of the proofs assembled by Prof. Schmidt in support of his theory. But, to the lay mind, the most convincing of his documents are a number of portraits of the martyred Charles, all of which exhibit the traits of feature that mark the Satanic countenance of modern conventional acceptance. Most noteworthy of these are the long-pointed mustache and thin beard, though the latter ornament has been reduced by the recent stage Devil and the up-to-date theatrical magician to hardly more than a goatee. The long, thin nose, and sharply angular chin of the Evil One, as commonly represented, are likewise Stuart characteristics.

Prof. Schmidt finds further support for his theory in the costumes of the conventional Devil as illustrated by the stage Mephistopheles, which is the dress of a cavalier of the period of Charles I, which doublet and hose. Pictorially and theatrically speaking, he is to-day distinctively a nobleman of the epoch of the early Stuarts. One observes that he is always particularly well dressed—somewhat indeed of a dandy, lest he might not please the ladies—and in his cap he wears a feather as a mark of rank. Gentleman in those days were clad in gay colors and red was a hue that any man of "condition" might wear and which was not necessarily of diabolical significance.

Should the Devil wear a halo? The question is raised by Prof. Schmidt, who calls attention to the fact that in medieval paintings Satan is frequently provided with such an aureole. Just why might be a puzzle were it not explained that the halo is not, as is popularly supposed, a mark of sanctity, but a symbol of power. In ancient times, Roman Emperors and even Consuls were represented with this species of ornament, and, to convey different meanings, there were red halos, green halos, and halos of other colors, as well as halos of different shapes, some round, others square, and yet others triangular.

It is an old story that the Devil gets his horns, his hoofs and his pointed ears from Pan, who was the god of the woods and a haunter of dark and lonely solitudes. People seized with an unreasoning dread in such places were said in ancient times to suffer from a Panic terror. The name Mephistopheles, by the way, is derived from Greek words, meaning "lover of darkness," and the Devil's wings are obviously those of a bat, which is light-hating animal.

"The Devil," says Prof. Schmidt, "is a handsome man," an assertion for which there is plenty of authority. His prototype, Charles I, was considered one of the best looking men of his day. Also, however wicked, he is undeniably a gentleman. The folklore of many countries, particularly Germany, is full of stories of incidents in which, while holding the worst end of a bargain, he has played the magnanimous part, keeping his word at whatever cost. At the same time he seems if the tales told of him are true to be a stupid sort of fellow—so foolish, indeed, that one wonders how he has managed to achieve such success in betraying mankind into mischief.

Frequently, it appears, his Satanic Majesty has been outwitted by very ordinary persons. On

one occasion he demanded of a farmer half of his crop, and the humble agriculturist asked him if he would take the upper or the lower moiety. When he chose the upper half the farmer planted turnips, and all the poor Devil got was tops. Next season the Evil One declare that he would take the lower half, and then the tiller of the soil planted wheat, so that the partner from down below secured only the stubble. The Devil gave it up then and took his departure.

Devil Again Cheated.

Where the mountain road ascends to the pass of St. Gottard, a bridge spans the yawning gorge of the Preuss. It is called the "Devil's Bridge," and the story goes that a shepherd boy engaged Satan to build it, on condition that the soul of the first living creature that crossed it should be forfeited to the Evil One. When the bridge was finished the boy drove a chamois across it, and the Devil, finding himself cheated, tore the animal to pieces.

On the medieval stage, in the mystery plays, the Devil was the chief actor, but in the working of the plot he was always defeated and ridiculed. It remained for the poet Milton to confer upon him a high nobility, to make him a Prince "in shape and gesture proudly eminent and to set him on a throne which outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind."

Cincinnati [OH] Enquirer 5 June 1904: p. B1

The religious right always blames the Stuarts....

Professor Schmidt may be Emil Ludwig Schmidt, an anthropologist and ethnologist. His father-in-law was a professor of art history, so perhaps that is where he developed his theories. Unfortunately I have not found the publication where he (or perhaps another Ludwig Schmidt) published this theory. I wish the article had given a summary of those "proofs" rather than using column inches on hackneyed folklore about the devil outwitted. I'm not sure a Van Dyke beard does a devil make. Thoughts on Professor Schmidt's identity, theories or satanic publication? chriswoodyard8 AT gmail.com

The original article was illustrated with a Dore etching of Satan in Hell from *Dante's Inferno* and a poor photograph of Edouard de Reszke, who was famous for his portrayal of Mephistopheles in *Faust*. Here is a better one. Not at all the sleek hunter of souls.



*Edouard de Reszke, as
Mephistopheles.*

*[http://www.cantabile-
subito.de/Tenors/The_De_Reszke](http://www.cantabile-subito.de/Tenors/The_De_Reszke)*

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Whittier - California High School -

People have claim to see ghost in be 10 room.

Whittier - Women's Club, California Ave -

Brushing against us gently and holding our hands. The spirit is unknown. The spirit seems lonely and slightly sad.

Saving cone from development has been

Chino Cone is the last undeveloped alluvial fan in the urbanized areas of the Coachella Valley, located at the



Jeff Morgan

northern entrance to Palm Springs west of Highway 111 and easily viewed from the iconic Palm Springs Visitor Center and Tramway Road. It is the perfect backdrop to the

increasingly popular and rapidly developing city.

The Cone was first inhabited by the Agua Caliente Band of Cahuilla Indians and it is named after Pedro Chino, a powerful shaman who made his home there.

Developers have always eyed the canyon, first it was for water for a growing Palm Springs and a road was constructed to facilitate the extraction process. This was relatively minor and caused little immediate change. The next major challenge was the construction of the Palm Springs Aerial Tramway, which was highly controversial and was strongly opposed by environmental groups, but to no avail and the tram opened in 1963. Around this time, Riverside County Flood Control built a levee that further fragmented the Cone. It would be more than 25 years until the next serious threat.

In 1989 another developer, Mark Bragg, envisioned a major golf/hotel/housing project and purchased 960 acres in the heart of the Cone, along with a smaller parcel along Highway 111. After discussions with the city, a development agreement was announced that would allow this project to be built on both sides of Tramway Road. As part of this agreement the steep and rocky hillside slopes to the north and south were transferred to the city as "mitigation." Local residents and environmental organizations led by the Tahquitz Group of The Sierra Club reviewed the development plans and it was quickly determined, this would be the beginning of the destruction of the Chino Cone. We were not about to sit back and let this happen.

When the agreement started to



COURTESY OF THE AGUA CALIENTE CULTURAL MUSEUM
The Chino Cone is named after Pedro Chino, revered by the Agua Caliente Band of Cahuilla Indians as a shaman. Chino died at more than 100 years old in 1939, according to the Agua Caliente Cultural Museum.

move forward, the (then) California Department of Fish and Game filed suit against the project on the premise that it would harm or cause the death of Peninsular bighorn sheep in the area. Ultimately, the suit was unsuccessful and the development agreement was extended until 2006. In 1997, the Tahquitz Group of the Sierra Club filed suit against the project extension and after a long, drawn-out battle in the courts the suit and subsequent appeal, it was not successful and the developer continued to refine his plans.

In 2004, a group of citizens concerned about Shadowrock and other major hillside developments formed Save Our Mountains. This group was dedicated to limiting growth in the hills and mountains surrounding Palm Springs. The tactics used were the election process and initiatives and referendums were placed on the ballot in 2005. This was partially successful and another development in south Palm

Springs was rejected by the voters.

The second measure, which would have prohibited all large hillside developments, including Shadowrock, failed by a narrow margin. Also in 2004 another organization was formed by a group of citizens, Friends of Palm Springs Mountains, which was also dedicated to protecting local hillsides and mountains. This group would eventually become key players in the Chino Cone battle.

In 2006, the City Planning Commission voted 5-0 rejecting any extension as it was not in compliance with the current zoning ordinance. The City Council then voted 3-0 and approved another 10-year extension. This resulted in a further lawsuit by the Tahquitz Group of the Sierra Club and the Center for Biological Diversity particularly regarding bighorn sheep issues.

Also at this time Save Our Mountains was planning for the next election and with more than enough signatures

a long battle

gathered for a measure to be placed on the ballot to overturn the council decision and in the following election in 2007, the voters with a 60-40 margin rejected the City Council decision and also voted for major changes in the city council.

At this time a private investment company acquired the Shadowrock properties and again threatened to start the development process, though they eventually realized that this would be extremely difficult. Friends of Palm Springs Mountains then stepped in and hired Pete Dangermond, a former director of California State Parks and a very experienced facilitator in purchasing lands for conservation, having worked on preserving the Indian Canyons in Palm Springs and similar work for the Riverside Lands Conservancy among many others.

Pete saw this not just as Shadowrock, but in the big picture as Chino Cone as a whole and began negotiations with many landowners in the area. At the same time, he was consulting with federal and state wildlife agencies and the Coachella Valley Mountains Conservancy to bring together funding sources if land was available from willing sellers.

The first success was the purchase of 210 acres along Highway 111, which included Angel Cove and Shiprock in an area was scheduled for a major residential development. The Friends, pleased with this success, continued negotiations with the investment company — via Pete Dangermond and his assistant, Karin Winters — and eventually after much wrangling over price, legal issues and terms of sale, the Shadowrock properties were finally purchased and the sale recently closed. Along with city-owned conservation lands, more than 75 percent of Chino Cone is now preserved. Further acquisitions are being negotiated.

In conclusion, preserving Chino Cone is an exercise in persistence, tenacity and determination, with strong support of the residents of Palm Springs and judicious use of the legal and political systems.

Jeff Morgan is chairman of the Tahquitz Group of the Sierra Club and a board member of Friends of Palm Springs Mountains. He can be reached at jckmorgan@aol.com

The rattle makes a perfect warning system

The rattle worked.

Each summer I travel to Carlsbad Caverns to monitor the health and vigor of ocotillos on a study site established and permitted by the National Park Service. Unlike my sites in California, the ocotillos are thriving at Carlsbad with four times more plants per acre and many new ocotillos appearing each year.

Around one stem on each ocotillo, I have wired an aluminum, numbered tag so that I can distinguish one plant from another. I place the tags about waist high so that they can be easily located. Occasionally, high winds jostle the stems and a tag slips to the base of the plant. Such was the case with Ocotillo #9773.

As I approached the



James Cornett

DESERT SCAPE

plant I could see the shiny tag even though it was in deep shade and partially obscured by a small shrub. To read the number, however, I had to get close and turn the tag around so that the number faced me. I knelt down, leaned in on my elbows and reached with one hand towards the tag. Suddenly, I heard rattling not more than two feet from my face.

I like to think that I am a cautious fellow but I did not see the Western

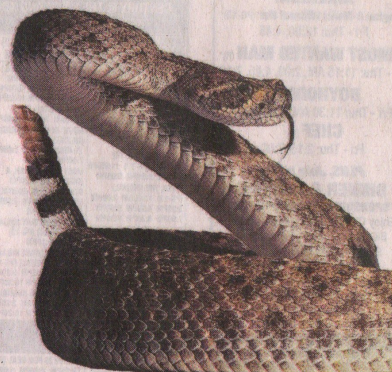
Diamondback Rattlesnake coiled in the shade beneath the ocotillo. I froze, and then ever-so-slowly withdrew my hand while simultaneously pulling back my head and torso. The three-foot-long snake continued rattling as I withdrew. At a safe distance, about five feet, I stood up and quickly realized I probably dodged a bullet, this time.

The Western Diamondback Rattlesnake is one of the most pugnacious rattlers we have in the Southwest and accounts for more venomous snake bites than any other species. Specimens I have encountered in the lower Coachella Valley immediately coil and rattle whenever approached. In contrast, the Sidewinder and Red Diamond Rattlesnake,

two other of our local rattlesnake species, often do not rattle relying instead on their concealing colors and patterns to hide them until the person moves on.

My ocotillo-obscured diamondback rattled in the nick of time and prevented what might have been a very nasty encounter had I been bitten. I would have ended up in the local hospital and I don't know how I might have retaliated against the snake. The rattle functioned perfectly. I was warned not to get closer and the snake avoided an encounter with a potentially dangerous species nearly a hundred times larger than itself.

After several deep breaths, I continued on with my evaluating individual ocotillos. The



The Western Diamondback Rattlesnake is one of the most pugnacious rattlers we have in the Southwest. COURTESY

snake stopped rattling and crawled down a rodent burrow.

Wouldn't it be nice if all venomous snakes had evolved rattles.

James Cornett is a desert biologist and author of "Rattlesnakes: Answers to Frequent Questions." Contact him at JWCornett@aol.com.

Yucaipa - Wildwood High Lands - it is a 18,000 sq. foot mansion where 4 young girls once lived and 1 scary night the pool boy, Fredrico, got very jealous of the older sister dating the Gardner, Pedro. So one night he got extremely upset and horny so he took the 4 sisters and stabbed them. He threw them out the top bedroom window down into the pool below. And there is where there bodies and spirits lay till this day. If you swim in the pool then they will drag u down to the bottom but not for dead.

Woman of 24 found to have no cerebellum in her brain

2014-09-10T18:00:00Z

newscientist.com

DON'T mind the gap. A woman has reached the age of 24 without anyone realising she was missing a large part of her brain. The case highlights just how adaptable the organ is.

The discovery was made when the woman was admitted to the Chinese PLA General Hospital of Jinan Military Area Command in Shandong Province complaining of dizziness and nausea. She told doctors she'd had problems walking steadily for most of her life, and her mother reported that she hadn't walked until she was 7 and that her speech only became intelligible at the age of 6.

Doctors did a CAT scan and immediately identified the source of the problem – her entire cerebellum was missing (see scan, below left). The space where it should be was empty of tissue. Instead it was filled with cerebrospinal fluid, which cushions the brain and provides defence against disease.

The cerebellum – sometimes known as the "little brain" – is located underneath the two hemispheres. It looks different from the rest of the brain because it consists of much smaller and more compact folds of tissue. It represents about 10 per cent of the brain's total volume but contains 50 per cent of its neurons.

Although it is not unheard of to have part of your brain missing, either congenitally or from surgery, the woman joins an elite club of just nine people who are known to have lived without their entire cerebellum. A detailed description of how the disorder affects a living adult is almost non-existent, say doctors from the Chinese hospital, because most people with the condition die at a young age and the problem is only discovered on autopsy (*Brain*, doi.org/vh7).

The cerebellum's main job is to control voluntary movements and balance, and it is also thought to be involved in our ability to learn specific motor actions and speak. Problems in the cerebellum can lead to severe mental impairment, movement disorders, epilepsy or a potentially fatal build-up of fluid in the brain. However, in this woman, the missing cerebellum resulted in only mild to moderate motor deficiency, and mild speech problems such as slightly slurred pronunciation. Her doctors describe these effects as "less than would be expected", and say her case highlights the remarkable plasticity of the brain.

"These rare cases are interesting to understand how the brain circuitry works and compensates for missing parts," says Mario Manto, who researches cerebellar disorders at the Free University of Brussels in Belgium. The patient's doctors suggest that normal cerebellar function may have been taken over by the cortex – brain scans should reveal the answer.

A hole at the back (top) where the cerebellum should be (*Top image: Feng Yu et al.; Bottom image: Zephyr/Science Photo Library*)



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A hole at the back (top) where
the cerebellum should be
(Top image: Feng Yu et al.;
Bottom image:
Zephyr/Science Photo Library
)

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A 45-year-old Greek woman was buried alive this week in Peraia, a small town south of Thessaloniki in Greece.

A group of children playing near the grave heard the woman banging and shouting and alerted cemetery workers, who quickly tried to dig up the grave.

Tragically, the woman died before her rescuers were able to reach her inside her coffin.

Police are now investigating how the woman was pronounced dead by doctors treating her for cancer, even though she was alive.

A doctor at the scene confirmed that she was alive inside the grave and had suffocated to death while cemetery workers and police were trying to save her.

Dr Chrissi Matsikoudi told Greek TV channel MEGA: "I just don't believe it. We did several tests including one for heart failure on the body.

"It would have been impossible for someone in a state of rigor mortis to have been shouting and hitting the coffin like that."

A coroner is now expected to examine the body to try and work out what had happened.

The family of the woman told the TV station that they are considering filing a complaint against the doctors responsible for treating her.

<http://www.news.com.au/world/europe/woman-suffocates-in-her-grave-as-police-try-to-dig-her-back-up/story-fnh81p7g-1227072609375>

Burbank - Woodbury University -

This previous monastery is now a college. Mother Cabrini now haunts the campus. She was once one of the nuns that resided here. Her face is even sculpted into one of the buildings. The bell in the bell tower has been known to ring late in the night.

OHIO Dayton: An anonymous donation of \$50,000 will help build a replica of one of the Wright brothers' earliest airplanes, the 1911 "B" Flyer.

Yolo - Woodland -

Woodland opera house - said to be haunted by the ghost of a fireman killed when the original opera house burned down. The area of the basement where a wall fell on him and killed him is the site of the haunting. some people also report someone up in the balcony, they smell cigar smoke.

Yorba Linda - Yorba Linda Church -

Security personnel have reported feelings of being watched and followed during lock up procedures. EVP has been recorded in all buildings as well as outside. EVP includes the number seventeen when asked how many there were, and when asked what their names were "Kenny", "David", and "Jeremy" can be heard on tape. When a cold chill was felt near a closet, the question where are you was asked. "Hidden inside" was the answer.

Yorba Linda - The Yorba Family Cemetery -

haunted by "The Pink Lady." The origin of the pink lady is somewhat a mystery, but she appears on the night of June 15 every other year. On these occasions, curious locals can often be found keeping watch around the cemetery, hoping to catch a glimpse of her. There is a story about her death. On prom night, her and her boyfriend were on they're way to the dance, on Orangethorpe St. her boyfriend pushed her out of their carriage and onto the train tracks, where she was killed by an on coming train. The reason people call her "the pink lady" is because she was wearing a pink dress on the night of her death. if you want to know more about her, just go to the Yorba Linda library and look in the old newspaper section.



If we learned anything from American Werewolf In London, it was 'Stay off the moors' (Picture: Metro)

It looms large in horror classics such as Bram Stoker's Dracula, as well as more modern tales such as An American Werewolf In London.

But the villages and moors of Yorkshire have topped a real-

If you didn't know already, Yorkshire truly is a horrifying place

life poll of the most monster sightings.

The county has experienced 615 unexplained encounters – the highest number in Britain, a study of ghosts, sinister sounds, big cats and bumps in the night in the past 100 years suggests.

Lionel Fanthorpe, a researcher into the paranormal, compiled the findings from archives, police reports, eye-witness accounts and investigative records.



Fotor0916193011

He found that Britain has more than 200 reports of vampire sightings, compared with just eight in Dracula's homeland Transylvania.

'Certain areas of Britain may be referred to as 'horror hotspots' not solely because of their vampire reports but also because of the number of reports of general paranormal phenomena emanating from them,' Mr Fanthorpe added.

Yosemite - Ahwahnee Hotel -

There are World War 2 Ghosts on the mezzanine level and the 3rd floor!

Yosemite National Forest - California Pines -

California pines is located in the majestic Yosemite Forrest, where people have been known to see apparitions, & have an actual physical experience with the ghosts of Indian's from the 1800's.

Yosemite National Park - Camp 6 -

In a tent in camp 6 a guy hung himself. Now, during the nighttime hours on any given night, you see some one swinging from the wooden frame beneath the tent.

The Palm Desert Demon

by Talia

When I talk to people about this, they think I'm making it up or just give me funny looks, but this is the honest truth of what happened.

In 1987, I was carpooling home in my new Trans-Am with a male co-worker named John at 2:30 a.m. We just finished our shift at a local nightclub in Palm Desert, California. He did bartending and I served cocktails. We had to drive many miles home as we both lived in the "high desert" area above Palm Springs, some 30 miles away.

At that time, there was much undeveloped land on either side of the roadways we took to drive home. John was a smoker and I was not. John suddenly wanted to smoke a cigarette. I did not want him smoking in my car on the way home, so I pulled over on a deserted side street to allow John to exit the car and proceed to smoke. There was no street light on the street we pulled over on, no traffic at that time of the morning, just the moon. Before exiting the car, John dropped his lighter on the passenger floorboard and he began to fidget to find it on the floorboard.

Suddenly, we both had this strange feeling that something huge was hovering over the top of the car. Neither of us said anything, but we both felt the exact same thing. We were so scared! We looked at the hood of the car and I could see what looked like huge wingtips flapping very rapidly, with individual feathers fanned out on the ends. The wingspan stretched over the entire hood of the car. This "thing" was huge. And, it was not a bird in the moonlight.

Next, I felt this terrible feeling like doom or evil pouring over me like someone was pouring a huge vat of honey on top of my head, and this doom feeling started dripping down over my body. I next felt as if this huge "thing" was going to land on the top of the car. I started sinking down in my seat as if to avoid having this "thing" land on the car and crush me. My friend John, had the identical feelings and reactions I did, but we still had not said one word to each other during this entire incident. We were so freaked out!!!

I decided that the only way to save us was to start the car and then I raced the heck out of there. On the drive home we talked about our perceptions on what just happened and that is when we found out that our thoughts and feelings were exactly the same, even though we had not spoken to each other while it was happening. That made me really scared. We had no idea what that was, but we both felt this was something evil that was trying to hurt us.

I do not drink, smoke or take drugs. I am a sane, level-headed, mature Christian person and I still am freaked out by what happened to us way out there on that deserted road in the desert. I have no logical explanation. I have asked several people though the years what this could have been, and some said it may have been a demon looking for a soul to take.

[< Previous story](#) | [Next story >](#)

Do you have a paranormal tale to tell?
[Click here.](#)

He Got There Before He Arrived

by Eula White

My mother, Eula White, was born in October, 1912. She grew up in rural Alabama and Florida in the 1920s. She told a lot of stories of the people and of the events of those days, most of them of interesting but ordinary events. But one day she told me a story of an unusual event that she had directly experienced as a young girl along with about a dozen other women and children. "I remember this event well even after all these years," she said, "precisely because it was so unusual."

"In those days," she told me, "rural Alabama was still kind of backward. Little electricity and horses and wagons the only transportation for many farm folk. I remember it was a bright summer day. Early that morning the other women and I had gathered on the front porch of the Hawkins' farmhouse to shell quite a few bushels of peas and beans for preserving and just to talk as we worked. The younger children were playing in the yard. Mr. Hawkins came out on the porch and told Mrs. Hawkins that he was going to town on business. Mr. Hawkins saddled his horse, and as he rode through the big gate directly in front of the porch, Mrs. Hawkins reminded him to bring home a big sack of flour. He answered her with a grunt and rode off.

"About mid-afternoon we were still on the porch shelling peas. We looked up and saw Mr. Hawkins approaching the house. The road leading to the house came off the main road and was about 300 feet long, and ran directly up to the porch. So we could see him coming quite clearly. Thrown across the saddle in front of him was a large white, cloth sack of flour and cradled in his left arm was a brown bag of other groceries. We watched as he rode up to the gate, and he stopped there, waiting for someone to open it. One of the boys ran to the gate and opened it. Then, in full view of all of us women and children, Mr. Hawkins vanished. He just disappeared, instantly.

"We sat there for a second or so, just astonished. Then, terrified, we began screaming. After a few minutes, we calmed down. But were still shaking and confused. We just didn't know what to do. So after a while we went back to shelling peas. But all of us, the children too, huddled up there on that porch, afraid. Mrs. Hawkins made one the boys close the gate.

"About half hour later, we looked up and again saw Mr. Hawkins riding toward the house with that same white sack of flour across the saddle in front of him and that same brown bag of groceries in his left hand. Again he rode up to the gate without a sound and stopped. None of us had the nerve to open the gate. We were all just too afraid to move. We just sat there staring at him, waiting to see what would happen next. Finally, to our relief, Mr. Hawkins spoke: 'Well, is someone going to open the gate for me?'

"Mr. Hawkins," mother said, "got there before he arrived."

[< Previous story](#) | [Next story >](#)

Do you have a paranormal tale to tell?
[Click here.](#)

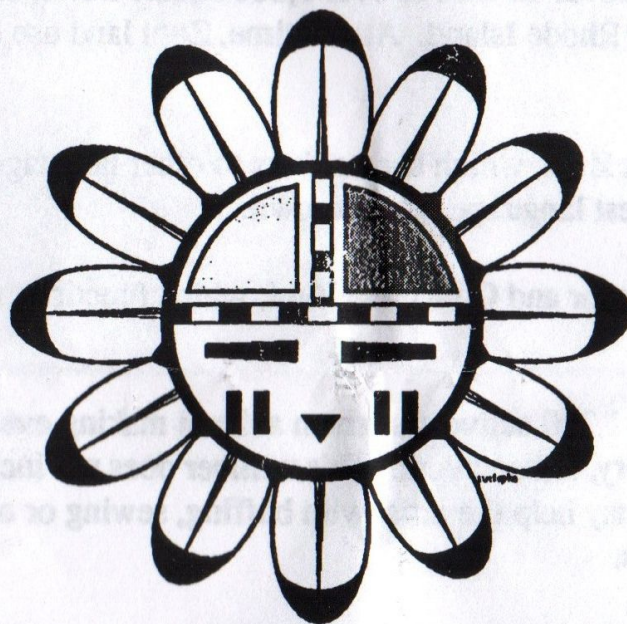
Yuba City - Yuba City high school theater -

the ghosts of students who died in a bus crash in the 70s have often been seen on the stage. Opening night of the musical fiddler on the roof was disrupted by the lights not working. Apparitions have been seen by the light cage and the costume closets. Cold spots are always felt in the tool room.

Altadena - Zane Grey Mansion -

Owners noticed that the house had very cold spots near the fireplaces, library, kitchen and pantry. The kitchen clock would cease working when certain people entered the kitchen. From time to time you can hear someone walking across the butler's pantry floor, to the formal dining room.

***THE PEOPLE
AND
CRAFTS
FROM THE
PUEBLO OF ZUNI***



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Sibert Seciwa - Zuni
Vita Seciwa - Navajo-Laguna***

ZUNI FACTS

The Zuni Pueblo is located 35 miles south of Gallup, New Mexico on the border with Arizona, although all of the reservation falls within New Mexico. The Zunis are the largest of the twenty "Pueblo" tribes in New Mexico and Arizona. They were also the furthest from the colonial Spanish headquarters at Santa Fe, which explains the relative intactness of their culture.

There are just under 9,000 Zuni tribal members today, who have lived in their present location since 650 A.D.

The Zuni lands cover an area of over 1,600 square miles, almost 30% larger than the state of Rhode Island. At one time, Zuni land use covered 500,000 square miles.

The Zunis speak Zuni, which has no links to other languages in the world and is the smallest language group known.

There is a Governor and Council in Zuni, which functions much like a state government.

There are about 1,200 active craftsmen at Zuni making everything from jewelry, to pottery, to beadwork. This number does not include family members who may help the artist with buffing, sewing or other production related activities.

Around 60% of the tribe's income is from craft related enterprises.

The Zuni Pueblo is open to the public, although visitors are asked to be discreet in their picture taking, etc. At an elevation of 6,800 feet, and near the Great Divide, Zuni is pleasant in the summer, yet it is located far enough south that winters are not bitter.

ZUNI POTTERY

Although the subject of symbolism is questionable in most areas of Native American art, there is universal agreement among specialists who study Zuni pottery as to the meaning of geometric and other symbols found on Zuni pottery. In an arid land where agriculture in the past was only possible by controlling rainwater runoff and directing it into fields, water and the animals associated with the seasonal rainfall are the predominant symbols on

pottery.

Tadpoles, dragonflies, and frogs symbolic of early, mid and late summer rains and the seasonal ponds formed by them are commonly found on pottery. The stepped rim on cornmeal bowls is representative of the rainclouds. Hatching, that is the drawing of fine parallel lines is not only a decorative touch, but also a symbolic illustration of falling rain.

The deer often seen on Zuni pots is called "the deer in his house". The deer has a heartline running from his mouth to his heart representing the life or spirit of the animal.

Today there are only twelve potters producing for the collector market, with the dominant families being the Nahohai's, Peynetsa's, and Kallestewa's. With so few potters and such high quality, a Zuni pot is truly an investment.

ZUNI FETISHES

Zuni Indians believe that within each inanimate object there lives a spirit. The spirits of each animal represented by a fetish, reside in that fetish. Different fetishes have different powers; bears are for healing and strength, eagles are a good luck symbol, frogs are a water symbol, etc.

On the back of some fetishes you will see a bundle, usually incorporating an arrowhead and beads. This is an offering or gift to the fetish from the carver. The carver knows that the better he treats his fetish, the better it will perform.

In ancient times the Father of the Medicine Societies, Po-shai-an-kia, established predatory animals as the guardians of the six directions. Each of the six directions is associated with a different color and animal. The guardian of the North is the mountain lion (yellow); West, the bear (blue); South, the badger (red); east, the wolf (white); Above, the eagle (multi-color); and Beneath, the mole (black).

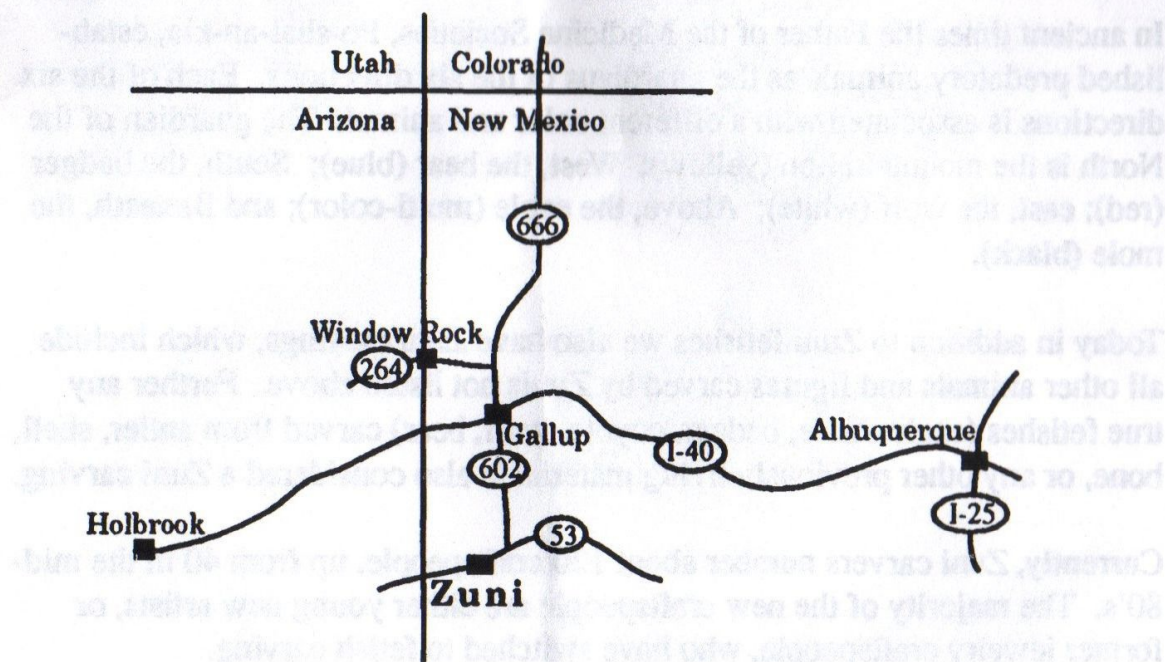
Today in addition to Zuni fetishes we also have Zuni carvings, which include all other animals and figures carved by Zunis not listed above. Further any true fetishes (eagle, mole, badger, coyote, wolf, bear) carved from antler, shell, bone, or any other previously living material is also considered a Zuni carving.

Currently, Zuni carvers number about 120 craftspeople, up from 40 in the mid-80's. The majority of the new craftspeople are either young new artists, or former jewelry craftspeople, who have switched to fetish carving.

The demand of fetishes is growing dramatically, as Zuni fetishes are one of the most sought after of the Native American crafts.

FETISHES AND THEIR MEANING

- Eagle** - Spirit, a connection of the divine
- Deer** - Gentleness, the power of gentleness
- Bear** - Strength, introspection, the power of the soul
- Snake** - Transmutation, life-death, rebirth
- Turtle** - Longevity, a symbol of Mother Earth
- Coyote** - Trickster, laughter, humor
- Wolf** - Teacher, pathfinder on the never ending journey for survival
- Mountain Lion** - Leadership, resourcefulness
- Beaver** - Builder, strong sense of family and home
- Fox** - Camouflage, protection
- Badger** - Aggressiveness, perserverance
- Horse** - Along with the Raven, has the possession of healing powers
- Frog** - Invoke the Spirits to provide rain in drought areas
- Ram** - Used to secure an increase in flocks
- Buffalo** - Endurance to overcome one's weakness



Zuni Fetishes

Tied to the back of many fetishes are medicine bundles tightly bound with sinew. Coral in the bundle represents ocean life, blue represents birds, black represents night creatures, brown is earth and white is winter. Some fetishes have an inlaid stone arrow. It is called a lifeline or heart line. Beginning at the mouth where breath gives life, it points to the soul where faith and inner strength preside. The arrow that is placed on the fetish is given for protection and good luck. Zuni fetishes are not manufactured nor are they produced on demand. Each carving is a handmade work of art.



-  Armadillo: slow, sure, in no hurry. Gets things right. Keeper of the home
-  Badger: independent, may be sought out for healing based upon knowledge of herbs
-  Bat: guardian of the night, cleaner
-  Bear: strength, introspection, spiritual journey through life
-  Beaver: power of working and attaining a sense of achievement, builder
-  Buffalo: endurance to overcome, great emotional courage, provider to all
-  Butterfly: the art of transformation, the ability to know or to change the mind
-  Coyote: the master trickster who tricks himself, laughter, humor, and foolishness
-  Corn Maiden: honored for nurturing her people with the flesh of her body, corn
-  Crow: the keeper of sacred law
-  Deer: the power of gentleness
-  Dog: loyalty, noble, a true and loyal friend
-  Dolphin: trust, loyalty, spirit of friendship
-  Duck: spirits of those who have passed on
-  Eagle: creator, teacher, loyalty, great integrity, spiritual connection to the great divine
-  Elk: teaches that pacing yourself will increase your stamina
-  Fish: purifier, character, ability to hide emotions
-  Fox: camouflage, ability to meld into one's surroundings and be unnoticed
-  Frog: bringer of rain and abundance and fertility
-  Hawk: messenger of the gods, to observe the obvious in everything you do
-  Horned Lizard: self-reliance, longevity, protects ancestral bounty
-  Horse: swiftness, strength, enlightenment, possesses healing powers
-  Hummingbird: messenger, stopper of time
-  Lizard: conversation, agility
-  Lynx: the knower of secrets, clairvoyance ability
-  Mole: protector of the growing crops and underworld
-  Moose: headstrong, unstoppable, longevity
-  Mountain Lion: power of leadership, ability to lead without insisting others follow
-  Mouse: scrutiny, paying attention to detail
-  Otter: laughter, curiosity, mischievous
-  Owl: can see what others can't, essence of true wisdom, deception

flip over for more animals



-  Parrot: symbolic to the sun, as rainbows are the product of rain and sunlight
-  Pheasant: confidence, attraction, flamboyance
-  Procupine: the power of faith and trust
-  Quail: sacred spirit, ceremonial, holy
-  Rabbit: virtue, serenity, low curiosity, quiet talent, restrained passion. The special guardian of women in child birth, also associated with safe birth and long life for children
-  Raccoon: bandit, shy, resourceful
-  Ram: sense of self worth, assures an increase in flocks
-  Raven: magic, the messenger of the great mystery, a change in consciousness
-  Seal: family oriented, possesses power in numbers
-  Sheep: charity, elegance, passion. Best at the art. Talents bring riches
-  Skunk: vary, conspicuous, intense
-  Snake: power of creation, of transmutation, life, death, and rebirth
-  Spider: creative patterns of life
-  Squirrel: natural intelligence, saver, protects reserves
-  Turkey: smart, elusive, festive
-  Turtle: oldest symbol of Mother Earth, longevity, the art of grounding
-  Wolf: teacher, pathfinder, sharing of your knowledge, never ending journey

The Six Directions

	Sky	
	Multi - Color	
	Eagle	
	North	
	Yellow	
	Mountain Lion	
West		East
Blue		White
Bear		Wolf
	South	
	Red	
	Badger	
	Underground	
	Black	
	Mole	



An Algerian man who says he is gripped by Jinn (ghosts) has turned into a vampire, attacking people and animals in his village to suck their blood.

Newspapers in the north African Arab country said Abdul Hadi has turned into a real vampire and developed a strong appetite for blood.

The papers quoted the man and his family as saying he has been gripped by a female Jinn named “Queen Najma bint Al Ahmar” and that she always speaks to him.

“He has started to carry out strange rituals and love blood sucking...sometimes he falls unconscious, his face goes tight and his eyes become white...he simply becomes like a beast,” a family member was quoted as saying.

“He has turned into a real vampire and has started to attack any human or animal that he sees...we had no choice but to lock him up in his room.”

Newspapers said Abdul Hadi lives in Girdaya town in south Algeria but they did not mention whether he would undergo treatment.

[Homepage Image Courtesy: Shutterstock]

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Staff Writer, Al Arabiya News
Wednesday, 17 September 2014

The Islamic State of Iraq and Syria (ISIS) has shocked the world with its beheadings and mass killings and now an alleged member has declared that the group relishes "drinking blood."

Self-claimed ISIS militant Rabie Shehada, known as "the Palestinian slayer," made the chilling statement in a video recently posted online.

"I swear we are a people who love death for the sake of God just as you love to live. I swear we are a people who love drinking blood. We came to slaughter you," he said in the video.

"We love dying for God as much as you love life," he also said in the brief footage.

The 26-year-old militant is believed to be from Nazareth, a city in northern Israel with a predominantly Arab population, according to an Al Arabiya correspondent.

According to the correspondent, he studied mechanical engineering at a college in Nazareth Illit. He reportedly quit university and disappeared three months after joining.

It was later found that he went to Turkey and crossed into Syria to join the moderate rebel Free Syrian Army (FSA). He later switched to the radical extremist ISIS, according to the correspondent.

In ISIS, he took the nom de guerre of Abu Musaab al-Safouri, after the village of Safouri near Nazareth.

Al Arabiya's correspondent said his family – he has a wife and a son - remain shocked and are hesitant to talk openly about him.

Last Update: Saturday, 20 September 2014 KSA 10:31 - GMT 07:31

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